

## **Excerpts from the Diary of Catherine Granville**

a Schoolmistress at Cerne Abbas

*April 1908 to August 1910*



Catherine Granville (centre) with her sisters, Edie and Bee  
*(photograph taken at about the time of Granville's departure for Cerne Abbas, 1908)*

## Introduction

Catherine Granville worked as a schoolmistress at the village school in Cerne Abbas for a little over two years. Arriving in the Spring of 1908, Granville stayed in the village until the summer of 1910. During this period, she kept a diary in which she recorded her thoughts and chronicled the events she experienced while living in Dorset.

In 1994, the Cerne Historical Society was fortunate in acquiring a photocopied set of pages from this diary from a niece of Catherine Granville, Mary Brassington. These pages solely covered the period of Granville's stay in Cerne Abbas and, although the page numbers imply that the diary had been kept for some time previously (our record starts on the page which she numbered '92'), the Society has no idea whether the full version of this record remains extant although it has been reported that parts of it have been lost.

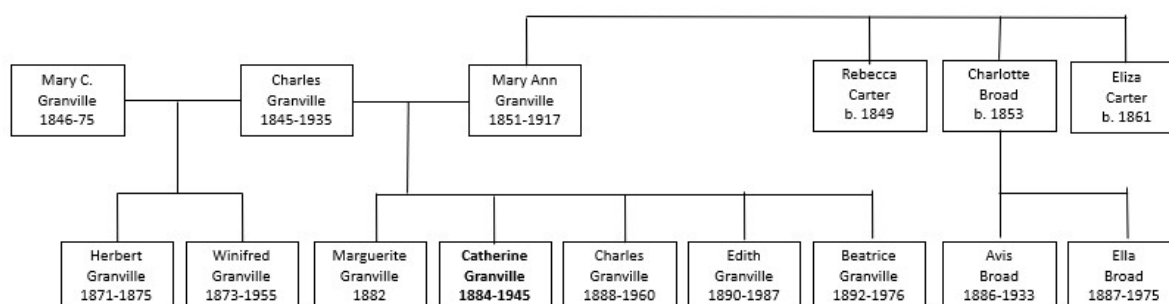
Until now, Granville's diary could only be read in its original, handwritten form. Although her writing is mostly legible to the modern reader, the photocopied diary pages' non-electronically searchable format, combined with its length, led to difficulties both in finding and extracting information from the document. It is hoped that this current transcription of Granville's diary will facilitate the unlocking of much of its valuable contents and provide a readily accessible resource for any social historian with an interest in rural life in Edwardian Dorset.

## Catherine Granville's Family

Catherine Granville was born 1884. She was the daughter of Charles Granville (1845-1935) who himself was born in Suffolk, and his wife Mary Ann (née Carter) (1851-1971), originally from Morden in Surrey. The two were married in 1878. Mary Ann was Charles' second wife, having previously married Mary Caroline West (1846-1875) in 1870. Charles had two children from his first marriage; Herbert Charles Granville (1871-75) who died in infancy, and Winifred 'Winnie' Mary Granville (1873-1955). He later fathered a further five children from his marriage to Mary Ann; Marguerite, (b. and d. 1882) who died as a baby, Catherine 'Kitty' Martha (1884-1945), Charles 'Char' Barry (1888-1960), Edith 'Edie' Rebecca<sup>1</sup> (1890-1987), and Beatrice 'Bee' Mary (1892-1976).<sup>2</sup>

Catherine's mother, Mary Ann, had several siblings, a number of whom are referred to in the diary. Principal among these were Mary Ann's three sisters ('the aunties') Rebecca Carter (b. 1849), Charlotte Broad (née Carter) (b.1853), and Eliza Carter (b. 1861). Charlotte Broad had two children, Catherine's cousins, Avis and Ella.

Catherine Granville's immediate family is shown here:



<sup>1</sup> Later Edith Rebecca Twallin, died at Liskeard in 1987.

<sup>2</sup> Later Beatrice Mary Whittle, died in Richmond-upon-Thames in 1976.

## Catherine Granville's Life

Catherine Martha Granville was born on 27 June 1884 in Barking in Essex. At the time of the 1881 Census, her father, Charles Granville, registered his occupation as being a 'time keeper', but with no further details as to what such employment involved. Ten years later, and still resident in Essex, he described himself as a 'builder's clerk'. Catherine Granville spent her early years in Barking and in her diary she recalls the Bonfire Night celebrations in the town and attending church services there.

At some point after the birth of their youngest child, Beatrice, in 1892, the Granville's moved to Kent, taking up residence at Yew Tree Cottage in the village of East Farleigh, two miles southwest of Maidstone. It appears that the move prompted Charles Granville to diversify his career as, by 1901, he is recorded as 'fruit grower' although he maintained his occupation in the building trade. Catherine would have been aged about ten at the time of her family's move south.

Catherine attended the village school at East Farleigh and evidently was a bright pupil. She was awarded the position of 'pupil teacher', a role which saw her, while still officially a pupil at the school, take teaching responsibility for the younger students. She must have shown promise as a teacher as in 1902, aged 17, she was admitted to the Diocesan Training College at Exeter to begin a course aimed at preparing trainees to take up teaching posts in Anglican controlled elementary schools. Entry into such establishments was dependent on a personal recommendation from a teacher or clergyman. She qualified as a teacher in 1906, as recorded in the *Exeter and Plymouth Gazette* (8 October 1906 p3). Shortly afterward, she took up her first teaching appointment at a school in Maidenhead.

While Catherine was at Exeter, her father put the family home at East Farleigh up for sale (*Eastbourne Gazette* 15 November 1905 p4). It was quite a desirable property, described as 'Detached, double-fronted house (bay windows), pleasantly situated, about two acres good garden and fruit plantation'. It is not clear when the property was sold, but the Granville family had moved to the Bognor suburb of South Bersted by 1907. Charles Granville had an interest in Bognor even before he moved there; earlier in 1905 he had been involved in developing some new houses on Gloucester Road in the seaside town (*Bognor Regis Observer* 12 July 1905 p6). Further, two of his wife's sisters – Catherine Granville's aunts Rebecca and Eliza – both lived at Bognor, running a guest house there.

While staying at Bognor in April 1908, the then-unemployed Catherine Granville was offered a teaching position at Cerne Abbas School. This moment marks the start of the diary entries held by the Cerne Historical Society. She was to stay at Cerne for the next 27 months, although she returned regularly to Bognor during school holidays.

Her diary entries from that time provide in insight into Catherine Granville's personality and worldview. She, and her family, appear to the modern eye as an epitome of Edwardian respectability. All were regular church attenders – Catherine Granville was shocked by the sparse congregations at services held at Cerne Abbas. They were patriotic. Catherine was thrilled to see the Navy's ships when moored off Portland and took exception to her brother's friend Frank Fielder's complete absence of patriotism. Politically, they were enthusiastic Conservatives. Catherine herself clearly enjoyed nature, for which Cerne served her well, and culture, for which the village didn't. When in Bognor she frequently visited the theatre and attended concerts. In contrast, she found Cerne Abbas dull and, on occasion, seemingly lonely. When she first arrived in Dorset it was springtime, and she made the most of the opportunity to explore the countryside during the good weather. However, by her first winter in Cerne it is possible to detect a certain ennui in her writing. She seems to have yearned for some excitement, as illustrated by the candid joy she confesses

feeling when her lodgings were flooded as the River Cerne burst its banks. Escaping from Cerne on her bicycle provided many of the highpoints of her time in Dorset. Despite this, she was grateful to have a teaching job in the village and was left facing an uncertain future when the school dispensed with her services, apparently due to falling pupil numbers, in July 1910.

The available diary entries end in August 1910, and it is not clear what happened to Granville immediately after her departure from Cerne Abbas. However, by the following spring she had gained employment once more, returning to Exeter as a teacher at the West of England Institute for the Blind. While there, Granville met Henry Carver Souter, a fellow teacher originally from Manchester. Blind from birth, Souter taught music at the Institute in addition to playing the organ at Exeter Cathedral. The two were married at South Bersted on 21 July 1915. The couple remained living in Exeter, childless, for the remainder of their lives. It has been reported that Granville's family later came to regard Catherine and Henry as being a wealthy couple. This may be true; Henry Souter rose to become the Head of the Blind Institute. Catherine Granville died in Exeter, aged 61, on 13 November 1945.

#### Principal People Mentioned in the Text (and abbreviations used)

<i>Quoted Name</i>	<i>Also referred to as...</i>	<i>Details</i>
Aunt Charlotte	Aunt Lottie	Granville's maternal aunt Charlotte Broad. B. 1853. One of the 'aunties'. In 1911 she was living at Thornton Heath, Croydon.
Aunt Eliza	Aunt Bessie	Granville's maternal aunt Eliza Carter. B. 1861. One of the 'aunties'. In 1909 she was running a guest house in Bognor.
Aunt Rebecca	Aunt Lylie	Granville's maternal aunt Rebecca Carter. B. 1849. One of the 'aunties'. In 1909 she was running a guest house in Bognor.
Avis		Avis Broad, Granville's cousin
Bessie (Aunt)	<i>See Aunt Eliza</i>	
Rev Barclay		Rev William Barclay, the vicar at Minterne Magna
'Bee'		Beatrice Granville (1892-1976), Granville's youngest sister.
Blanche Froude	Blanche Langbridge	Blanche Langbridge (née Froude), Granville's friend from East Farleigh, Maidstone.
Brandwith (Rev/Mr)	Mr Brandwith Mr Brandwithe Mr Brandwrath	Rev. Francis William Brandreth, the vicar of Buckland Newton
Buck (Mrs)		Eleanor Susanna Buck (b.1849), a family friend of the Granvilles who was living in Tottenham.
Buck (Clara)	Clara	Clara Eleanor Agnes Buck (1879-1962), the daughter of Mrs Buck who also lived in Tottenham.
Butt (Mr)		The school inspector
John Chaney	'Jack'	John Chaney (1886-1943) married Granville's half-sister Winnie in 1909 while in India.
'Char'		Charles Barry Granville (1888-1960), Granville's brother.
Clara	<i>See Buck (Clara)</i>	
Clark (Miss)	'MC'	Martha Emma Clark (1869-1958), a friend of Mrs North's who made regular visits to Cerne. A native of Cerne Abbas, at some point after 1901 she moved to Bishopstone near Salisbury to take a job as a schoolmistress.

<i>Quoted Name</i>	<i>Also referred to as...</i>	<i>Details</i>
Cockcraft (Rev/Mr)		The Rev. William Owen Cockcraft (1863-1932). The former curate of Cerne Abbas, he married Caroline Gundry in 1908.
Dad	Pa	Granville's father, Charles Granville (1845-1935).
'Edie'		Edith Granville (1890-1987), Granville's sister.
Ella		Ella Broad (1887-1975), Granville's cousin
Fielder (Mr)		A friend of Charles Barry Granville.
Goodlands (Miss)	Miss Broadland Miss Goodland Miss G	Lily Blanche Goodland (1885-1985) was a supply teacher who worked alongside Granville at Cerne Abbas from April until Mid-May 1910.
Gundry (Rev/Mr)	Mr G	The Rev. Henry Dickinson Gundry (1831-1914), the long-serving vicar of Cerne Abbas, a position he filled from 1878 until 1913.
Gundry (Mrs)	Mrs G	Sarah Fanny Gundry (née Pope) (1829-1915), the wife of the Rev. Henry Gundry.
Gundry (Lt. Col/Col.)		Henry Bowden Gundry (b.1856-1916), the eldest son of the Rev Henry and Sarah Gundry. He served in the Royal Artillery and was later lord of the manor of Broadhembury, Devon.
Gundry (Miss)		Caroline Jane Gundry (1860-1932), the only daughter of the Rev Henry and Sarah Gundry. She married the Rev William Cockcraft in 1908.
Gundry (Rev. Hugh)		The Rev. Raymond Hugh Gundry (1864-1946), the youngest child of the Rev Henry and Sarah Gundry. He succeeded his father as the vicar of Cerne Abbas in 1913.
Hannent (Miss)	Miss H	Annie Eugenie Hannent (1889-1964), a school teacher who worked alongside Granville at Cerne Abbas from April 1908 until February 1909.
Haysom (Miss)	Miss H	Lily May Haysom (1887-1972), a supply teacher from Swanage who worked alongside Granville at Cerne Abbas during June and July 1909.
'Jack'	<i>See John Chaney</i>	
Jeffrey (Miss)	Miss Jeffery Miss J	Granville's predecessor as Cerne Abbas schoolteacher. She made occasional visits to Cerne after leaving for Ryme Intrinsica.
Kelly (Mrs)		Winnie Granville's mistress while working as a nanny in India.
'L'	<i>See Lionel North</i>	
'Lion'	<i>See Lionel North</i>	
Lionel North	'L' 'Lion'	Lionel George North (1895-1966), the youngest son of Mrs North, Granville's landlady while she lived at Cerne.
Lottie (Aunt)	<i>See Aunt Charlotte</i>	
Lylie (Aunt)	<i>See Aunt Rebecca</i>	
'M'	<i>See North (Mrs)</i>	
'Madam'	<i>See North (Mrs)</i>	
'Madame'	<i>See North (Mrs)</i>	
Mater		Granville's mother, Mary Ann Granville (née Carter) (1851-1917).
'MC'	<i>See Clark (Miss)</i>	

<i>Quoted Name</i>	<i>Also referred to as...</i>	<i>Details</i>
Morris (Miss)	Miss M	Christina Ethel May Morris (1890-1972), a schoolteacher from Stroud who worked alongside Granville at Cerne Abbas from February to June 1909.
Miss G	<i>See Goodlands (Miss)</i>	
Miss H	<i>See Hannent (Miss) or Haysom (Miss)</i>	
Miss J	<i>See Jeffery (Miss)</i>	
Miss M	<i>See Morris (Miss)</i>	
Miss P	<i>See Paxman (Miss)</i>	
Miss R	<i>See Rendell (Miss)</i>	
Miss W	<i>See Willment (Miss)</i>	
Mr G	<i>See Gundry (Rev/Mr)</i>	
Mr U	<i>See Upward (Mr)</i>	
Mrs G	<i>See Gundry (Mrs)</i>	
Mrs N	<i>See North (Mrs)</i>	
Mrs P	<i>See Parry (Mrs)</i>	
Mrs T	<i>See Turner (Mrs)</i>	
North (Mr)		Granville's landlady's deceased husband, Charles North (1866-1905), who had formerly been a vet and latterly the landlord of the Royal Oak.
North (Mrs)	Mrs N Madame Madam 'M'	Alice Maud North (née Northover) (1865-1954), Granville's landlady throughout her stay in Cerne Abbas. She was widowed in 1905 and emigrated to Australia in 1925.
'O'	<i>See Oswald North</i>	
Oswald North	'O' 'Oswy'	Charles Francis Oswald North (1891-1952), the older son of Mrs North, Granville's landlady while she lived at Cerne.
'Oswy'	<i>See Oswald North</i>	
Parry (Mrs)	Mrs P	Rosalie M J Parry (1845-1919), the church organist and music teacher to Granville.
Paxman (Miss)	Miss P	Louisa Anne Paxman (1890-1987), a schoolteacher from Lambeth who worked alongside Granville at Cerne Abbas from May to July 1910.
Poole (Mr)	<i>See Pope (Mr)</i>	
Pope (Mr)	Mr Poole	The Rev. William Raymond Pope (1868-1941), the vicar at Godmanstone.
Rendell (Miss)	Miss R	Florence Mary Rendell (b.1891), a schoolteacher from Dorchester who worked alongside Granville at Cerne Abbas from September 1909 to March 1910.
Sherry (The Misses)		Two friends of Granville's landlady Mrs North; Emma (1852-1920) and Eliza Brewer Sherry (1862-1945).
Stedman (Miss)		Rosa A Stedman, a schoolteacher friend of Granville's from East Farleigh, Kent.
Turner (Mrs)	Mrs T	Mrs North's aunt, a visitor from Guernsey.
Upward (Mr)	Mr U	Alfred Arthur Upward (1865-1932), the headmaster at Cerne Abbas School during Granville's stay.
'W'	<i>See 'Winnie'</i>	
Willment (Miss)	Miss W	Emma Willment (1887-1974), a fellow teacher at Cerne school for the duration of Granville's stay. She lived with her family at Barton Farm
'Winnie'	'W'	Winifred Mary Granville (1873-1955), Granville's half-sister. She had worked as a nanny and moved to India in 1907. She married John Chaney in 1909.

## Notes on Transcription

By convention, the original spelling and grammar has been followed. Where Granville makes errors in either, these are identified as '[sic]'.

The original pagination of Granville's diary has been maintained in this transcription, allowing a direct comparison with the original document.

The dates of entries are presented in a standardised format (dd.mm.yy). This is based on Granville's initial structure for dates, but which she abandoned after a few months.

The original punctuation has been included in the text. The sole exceptions occur with the use of square brackets. These indicate points where the transcription of a particular word is uncertain – as represented by [?] – or where an entire word has proved indecipherable – represented by [??].

Ian Denness  
Cerne Abbas  
November 2021

***This is the First Page of the Copy of Catherine Granville's Diary held by the Cerne Historical Society***

*Pages 92-93*

12.03.08 Thursday. Lovely weather. Good news at last. 'It never rains but it pours'; I have practically had the offer of two schools to-day and have accepted the Mixed Church School of Cerne Abbas near Dorchester. I am to be as [sic] an Uncertified Mistress under a master, a Mr Upward<sup>3</sup> and I am to teach the lower standard of 35 children with a salary of £45 rising to £60. Lizzie went home.

13.03.08 Friday. Still fine. I had a letter both from the Vicar, Rev. Grundry<sup>4</sup> and a widow lady with whom I shall lodge – Mrs Maud North.<sup>5</sup> She boards and lodges for 11/- per week.

15.03.08 Sunday. A few extracts from Winnie<sup>6</sup> letter – 'Some of the nurses are going home in March. It makes me feel a wee bit homesick though I don't want to come home really. I should come back again directly as I like the life very much so far xxxxxx I think I told you ... that the Rajah's son (I believe she means grandson) was to be married. There are great festivities going on every evening for the last month. The city is illuminated every night, bands playing and processions with elephants dressed up. I should like to see it, but we are not allowed to go to the native part, unless we have a man with us. Last Saturday the Rajah gave a garden party to all the big folks [?]. Mrs Kelly took baby and I. Oh it was lovely xxxxxx Big trays of sweets, cakes, fruits and things were handed around all the time xxxxxx The bridegroom came round and shook hands with everybody xxxxxx He is a little boy of 13 or 14 not older. He looked so nervous and tired of it all. The bride lives a good way from here. She is of a much better family than the bridegroom though he has [?] money. The festivities are to cost £50,000; they are to go on until next month. Mrs Kelly went to one of the dances at the Palace last night but of course I had to stay with the baby. At the garden party we ended up by going in one of the drawing-rooms and seeing a Nautch [?] girl dancing. I did not think much of her though she tried to be fascinating. There were fireworks at the finish but we did not see those, as I had to bring baby home as it was nearly 8 o'clock. Monday we went to the sports of our regiment xxx We had tea up there. Mrs Kelly took us home in her cart. She put us down at the gate and went on to the club. She had only gone a few yards when the horse [?] turned the cart over in the ditch. Mrs Kelly and the [?] were thrown out but luckily were not hurt. Mrs Kelly's elbow was cut and she had some bruises. The [?] was taken to the hospital, but came home the next day. Wasn't it a mercy baby was not in; he would have been killed. We shall always have to go in a tonga[?] now. Today we have been to the Rifle sports and I enjoyed myself very much xxx Saturday we are going to the [?] sports.

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<sup>3</sup> Alfred Arthur Upward (1865-1932) was born in Flintshire, the son of a game keeper. He had previously taught in Luton, Beds. He died at Ferndown, aged 67, in January 1932.

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. Henry Dickinson Gundry (1832-1914). He was the vicar at Cerne Abbas from 1878 to 1913.

<sup>5</sup> Alice Maud North (1865-1954), née Northover, was born in Jersey. She married Charles North (1865-1905) on 26 August 1890 at the Town Church in St Peter Port, Guernsey. Charles North was born in Spilsby, Lincolnshire, but moved to Cerne when only a few months old. He was later employed as a farrier living at The Lodge (1891) before taking on the licence of the Royal Oak in June 1899. By the time of Charles North's death, his family had moved 'Belle Vue' in Cerne Abbas. On 31 March 1925, Alice Maud North emigrated to Australia, dying in Victoria in 1954.

<sup>6</sup> 'Winnie' is Winifred Mary Granville (1873-1955), Catherine Granville's half-sister. She had worked as a nanny for Mr and Mrs Cayley at Lovely Hall near Blackburn, and continued as a nanny after moving to India in 1907.



NOTE: Pages 94-96 missing

Pages 97-98

...do all the business. Lily Gregor [?] is their sister.

26.03.08 Thursday. Went to tea with Aunties.<sup>7</sup>

29.03.08 Sunday. Lovely weather and a strong breeze during the afternoon. Charlie came home and brought a friend (Mr Fielder<sup>8</sup>); good-looking but can't say I like him, far too self-confident and has absolutely no patriotism. He is a clerk at the Savoy. His father is a professional gardiner [sic] to Foster Clarke who has bought a house at Boughton Mount.

[*Note in the margin: 'Died Easter Day 19.04.08 pneumonia from a chill'*]

30.03.08 Monday. Lovely weather the first part of the day. Dad, Mater and I were out this afternoon when suddenly the fire bell began to ring. Dad went to see what it was and found that a house, where an invalid lives, in Glamis Street had caught fire but was soon extinguished.<sup>9</sup> Another chapter of my life, one of home life, closes and a new one begins tomorrow; may it be a long one.

01.04.08 First of April, April Fool's Day.<sup>10</sup> Started school this morning; have standards III and IV ; number present in this school this morning 122; Head master, infant mistress, supplementary, pupil teacher and myself on staff.

31.03.08 Tuesday. 'Belle Vue' Cerne Abbas.<sup>11</sup>

I started from Bognor at 9.37 and reached Dorchester at 4 having changed 5 times, Barnham, Havant, Cosham, Eastleigh and Brockenhurst. Then came the 8 miles ride to Cerne Abbas. Mrs North met me at Dorchester and as Mrs Gundry had come in by trap I had nothing to pay. Cerne is a very old, quaint and interesting Roman village. 'Belle Vue' is very old-fashioned, low ceilings, timbered, windows with tiny panes, numerous passages leading nowhere and an interesting 'privy'. The Cerne River flows through the garden which holds trout and eels I'm told. There are nice lawns attached and in front of the house the river is crossed by a tiny wooden bridge connecting the lawns. Between here and Dorchester are three villages. Charminster has a very fine church tower and the next village has a lunatic asylum for the county. The third village is Godmanstone. Originally I hear Cerne Abbas was an important place once with its Abbey and Priory but decay has claimed ever since the monks left the village. Many of the cottages have figures of saints and apostles over their front doors. There are just the remains standing of the Abbey and Priory. The whole village lies...

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<sup>7</sup> Granville's aunties were her mother's sisters; Rebecca Carter (b.1850), Charlotte Broad (b.1853), and Eliza Carter (b.1861).

<sup>8</sup> Frank Richard Fielder (1889-1908).

<sup>9</sup> This incident was reported in *Bognor Regis Observer* 1 April 1908 p5.

<sup>10</sup> Granville's dairy entries are not ordered chronologically here.

<sup>11</sup> 'Belle Vue' is now 8 The Folly.

[31.03.08 continued]

...in a valley. There are two very high hills to left and right of this house; Black Hill to the right and Giant's Hill to the left. On this latter hill is a huge figure of a giant wielding a club all cut in the chalk. Flowers grow very plentifully here primroses, violets and later cowslips and daffodils, bluebells. As far as I have seen the village it contains two saddlers, a draper, a general store, a post office (two posts and two deliveries) and a police station, the latter is quite a grand building and boasts a sergeant and constable though so far I have seen neither. I have forgotten [sic] the lawyer who has an office here. Unfortunately all seems in decay. Mrs North says she has known 40 houses to be pulled down as useless and dangerous. The River Cerne runs through the village. This house was once a house attached to a tan yard; the old sheds etc behind are now falling into ruin. The school was once a silk factory.

02.04.08 Thursday. Dullish weather. Having said a little about Cerne I'll go on to say a little about the Cernites as I know them. First of course comes my landlady Mrs Maud North. She is rather tall, fair and rather nice-looking and lady-like in manner. She is a widow of two years. There are two sons. The eldest is Oswald – a 6 foot lanky lad of 16, shy country boy with a broad Dorset accent.<sup>12</sup> The younger one Lionel is not so tall for his age, 13, is rosy cheeked and plump, also talks very broadly, in fact I have a very great difficulty in understanding either of them.<sup>13</sup> Oswald is in a lawyer's office in Cerne; Lionel is at school. The elder keeps a goat and the younger is hatching out ducks. Then between them is an Irish terrier Mike, and some fowls. The fourth inmate of the house is Miss Hannet the infant teacher.<sup>14</sup> She is only 18 but has won Matric [?]. She is short and in spite of being delicate is a good hill climber. Now to go on [sic] to the school and its staff. The Headmaster Mr Upward is a fairly tall, dark, quiet man and a gentleman. He is about 35, married to a lively chatty lady and has two children, Philip aged 5 and a baby 6 months old.<sup>15</sup> Then I have met two of Mrs North's friends the two misses Sherry who keep a superior sort of general shop in the village.<sup>16</sup> They are sisters. One is very delicate and has been to Canada the other is deformed. In the evening we all went up Sydling Hill which overlooks the villages. East Hill is another. I have not seen the vicar Mr Gundry yet as he is away from home but I hear he is an elderly gentleman with an invalid wife, an almost invalid daughter and several sons away.

03.04.08 Friday. I must say it is colder than at home...

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<sup>12</sup> Charles Francis Oswald North (1891-1952). He emigrated to Australia and later worked as a bus operator in Victoria state, where he died in 1952, aged 61.

<sup>13</sup> Lionel George North (1895-1966). Like his brother and mother, Lionel also emigrated to Australia, dying in Victoria in 1966 aged 71.

<sup>14</sup> Annie Eugenie Hannent (1889-1964). Her first teaching position was as the infant's mistress at Cerne Abbas (1908-09). She later taught at Ealing Road Infants' School, Brentford (1909-25), Cardinal Road Infants' School, Feltham (1925-27) and Southville Junior Mixed School, Feltham (1927-30) before becoming headmistress at Tudor Road Mixed and Infants' School, Southall in 1930.

<sup>15</sup> Arthur Upward was married to Marian Emma Upward (1871-1955) and at the time had two children – Philip Alfred (1903-1987) and the newly-born Neville Arthur (1908-1966).

<sup>16</sup> Emma (1852-1920) and Eliza Brewer Sherry (1862-1945).

[03.04.08 continued]

...The breezes on the downs are decidedly fresh. This evening Miss Hannet and I went over Chescombe (otherwise the allotments) through the Cowlease (tracts of meadow land on the Downs and rather boggy in parts) and on to the Dorchester Rd and picked heaps of beautiful white and purple violets and primroses. These I packed and sent off to home. I have never seen such fine ones before or growing in such quantities. So far I have said little of the school. It consists of one big room and a small class room so you may imagine there is some squeezing and much noise. There are two playgrounds, both small and one much higher than the other. The children, well they are much like those of Farleigh.<sup>17</sup> Mr Gundry has written and asked me to assist in the Sunday School on Sunday afternoons from 2.30 to 3. After that they go to Church the 1st Sunday in the month when a service is held. Holy Communion, I hear, is only celebrated once a month at mid-day and a week-day service is unknown. Congregations are scanty and the choir is mixed and the men wear no cassock or surplice. We have just finished supper and you should see the hunks of bread and butter these boys can put away. I have been through Acreman Street the slums of Cerne. The most important street is Long Street. Besides the shops already mentioned I have seen two stationers, a builder's, a butcher's and a shoemaker's. This evening we saw a mouse run under the fender of the sitting room. Not only is the house old but everything it contains, pictures, furniture, carpets, china. Some of the things must be valuable I should think on account of their age, they must be family heirlooms for some of the furniture, picture, ornaments and chine look of a pattern fashioned 100 years ago.

04.04.08 Saturday. April showers. It was too wet to go out much in the morning though we did go and do a little shopping. There is a jeweller's shop, a posting inn, and various public houses among other places of business. This afternoon Miss Hannet and I went out for a walk to pick flowers. When we nearly got to the top of Black Hill a sharp shower came and what with the wind and rain we could hardly stand against it much less hear each other's voices. And now for a little more about 'Belle Vue'. I have a nice large bedroom to myself in the front of the house and there are three more that I know of. In the middle of the house a ventilating shaft goes up. There is also a great kitchen and two large sitting rooms besides several other large disused rooms which look like dungeons. Mrs North has many things of great age. In this room in which we are now sitting there is a sample worked by a great-aunt; it is dated 1811. Among the quaint old ornaments is a cup and saucer of the pattern when...

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<sup>17</sup> Catherine Granville worked as a 'Pupil Teacher' at the school in her home village of East Farleigh, Kent during the first years of the 1900s.

[04.04.08 continued]

...they were made without handles. Also there are two quaint drinking glasses of a by gone [sic] age, a Chippendale bookcase, a wool-work screen, a curious old glass vase, a rare old plate, old pictures; but these are only some among many. The hall is of stone and an ancient clock ticks on the wall in company with a pair of horns and a mounted fox's head.

05.04.08 Sunday. A cold, blustering, showery day; April showers without the sunshine and with cold March winds thrown in. This morning we went to church and really it is the quaintest church I have ever been into and likewise the service. I'll start with the building. Like the rest of Cerne Abbas it is very old but has a fine tower. The body of the church is divided from what in ordinary churches would be the choir by a stone roodscreen. There are no stained glass windows of pictures though some of them have a little colouring. The pews are very straight, rather high, narrow and shut in by little doors. There is no altar only a communion table. The only really noticeable thing in the building is the pulpit. That is one mass of beautiful old oak carving set very up and having a carved sounding board above, just such a one as you see in the old picture where Bishop Latimer is preaching. The place of a small book rest is taken by a large scarlet velvet cushion edged with scarlet fringe. The clergyman's seat and reading desk are combined which adjoins the pulpit and is similarly draped. The church is heated by two large closed in stoves, one near the table and one in the entrance to the nave. The service, if anything, is quainter than the building. The organist is a lady. The choir is mixed and not surpliced. Holy Communion is celebrated only once a month and then at mid-day; early celebrations are unknown. In the morning the psalms and nearly all the service, except hymns and the responses after the commandments, are said. No sermon is preached on the 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday of the month, no eastward position is used in the Creed, and few bow to the Holy name of Jesus. Instead of the 'Benedicite' the 'Te Deum' is sung and for the 'Benedictus' the 'Jubilate'. Then in the Communion Service where the priest celebrates by himself Mr Gundry says the words aloud. The collections are made in a kind of lined [?] scoup [?]. The morning congregation was less than 40 all told but evening was rather better. Evening service is rather brighter, psalms are sung and there are more hymns but they do not used [sic] the Ancient and Modern Hymns but a book called 'Common Praise'. It is so funny but just before the sermon, during the singing of the hymn, the minister leaves his seat, goes into the vestry and...

[*Note in the margin:* 'The table is covered with a large, fine damask table-cloth']

[*Note in the margin:* 'In repeating the Creed etc. everyone goes there own paces [?]' ]

[05.04.08 continued]

...changes his white surplice for a black one. He preaches very well (he is about 75) though rather long.

In the afternoon I went to teach in the Sunday School for half an hour (2.30-3.0). It only numbers about 30-40 members, of which I had 13 of the eldest girls. There are two other teachers, Mr Upward has the elder boys and Miss Way the younger children. Mr Gundry came to open school. He seems a very nice gentleman. After school Madame and Miss Hannent met me and we went for a walk on the Dorchester Road with the Misses Sherry but it was too rough to be quite enjoyable. Master Lionel and his dog went off on the quiet returning late to tea with a rabbit as the fruits of the afternoon's walk.

Miss Hannent has a headache all day and Mr Upward's little boy is ill.

[*Note in the margin*: 'The 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday in the month is supposed to be children's service but rarely [?] comes off. Mr G is chaplain of the Union and he goes there on Sunday afternoons']

06.04.08 Monday]. Miss H and I went for a short walk in the evening up Alton Lane. She told me of her sisters and brothers, at least there is only one brother and he is studying poultry farming with the idea of going out to a farm in Canada next year. Miss H has two sisters one older and one younger. The elder one is 24 and in an American firm of manufacturing chemists in the office to one department. American business system does away with books and use cards. The younger sister is a very delicate girl of 14.<sup>18</sup>

[*Note in margin*: '[??] is now with Irish [?] Company']

[*Note at the foot of the page*: 'Now with the elder sister Constance 4.4.10']

07.04.08 Tuesday. This evening Madame, Miss H and I went for a long walk of 2 miles to Nethercerne; it is a small village nearer Dorchester than Cerne but similar in style. We passed the corn mill driven by the River Cerne on our way. Returning I picked my first cowslip in a field under Black Hill.

08.04.08 Wednesday. Lovely fine weather. We went to a lantern lecture at the school on Dr Barnado's [sic] children in Canada. It was given by the Rev. Seymour [?] Secretary for Exeter. It was very interesting and the slides were good. I had a letter from home and Edie sent me some pressed flowers from the Holy Land, 'the Lily of the Field' and some wild mignonette which she had bought from the Holy Land exhibition now at Bognor.

09.04.08 Thursday. Lovely weather; the wind has entirely dropped. This evening Miss H walked to Lady Wood[?] a distance of 8 miles there and back. On our way we passed through the village of Minterne Magna. It is a very spick and span place and is mostly occupied by people connected with Minterne House the home of Lord Digby whose estate lies for miles around. There is only one shop and that is the post office...

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<sup>18</sup> Annie Hannent's sisters were Constance Leonora Hannent (1885-1948) and Dorothy (1895-1957), her brother was Frederick Charles Hannent (1887-1951).

[09.04.08 continued]

...On our way as we entered the village we saw a very quaintly built place shaped like a Bishop's mitre. We picked lots of primroses, daffodils and ferns and might have got quantities of violets on our way back only it was too dark. From the edge of the wood we saw the famous hunting ground of Blackmoor Vale. On the right is Silver Mount and further on Dogbury.

Lionel has just shown me a very curious watch which has been given to him. The case is of some heavy white metal. The dial has a picture of a mine and two miners and one, so long as the watch goes, works his pickaxe. It has to be wound every 12 hours and takes 200 turns.

10.04.08 Friday. This evening we went in the Park. It is a natural one almost opposite Giant Hill and lies in the valley and on the hill sides which bound it. Primroses and violets grow there in profusion. Miss H has a beautiful fan given to her. The sides are of carved ivory and the other part of fine white silk muslin. On it are hand-painted sprays of apple blossom and butterflies with silver sequins dotted about.

[*Note in margin*: 'Hannent']

Her father buys up etc. hay and straw for some firm in London.<sup>19</sup> She has an uncle and an aunt who own a large provision store in Putney and she believes they [?] our cousins at 'Kenilworth'.<sup>20</sup>

An uncle of hers is just dead and she is expecting £50 with which she hopes to enter college.

[*Note in margin*: 'She did neither 10.08.10']

11.04.08 Saturday. Rained from 10 this morning and still raining at 7 o'clock. Mrs North has a friend come to stay.<sup>21</sup> She travelled up by carrier and has been exactly 2 ½ hours on the road.

12.04.08 Sunday. Rainy and dull all day. The service is unutterably dull. Only Miss H came in the morning and in the evening I went alone, the others have colds, out of sorts, etc.

13.04.08 Monday. No rain but little brighter than yesterday. We did go out this evening to and through 20 acres, the name of a very fine meadow towards Up Cerne.

14.04.08 Tuesday. Cold and dull until about 6 this evening. I went out to the Park and got lovely large violets and sent some to Char. Also I sent off to Robinson Brown, Macclesfield for two pieces of blouse stuff; one blue and pale green.

I have not described my journey down so I will do so now...

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<sup>19</sup> Walter Franklin Hannent (1856-1912)

<sup>20</sup> Frederick and Annie Hannent, who were living in Chiswick in 1911.

<sup>21</sup> Mrs North's friend appears to have been Miss Clarke (see entry for 11 April 1910). This is Martha Emma Clark (1869-1958), who was born and raised in Cerne Abbas but had recently moved to Bishopstone near Salisbury to take a job as a schoolmistress. She returned to Cerne during the school holidays.

[14.04.08 continued]

...Left Bognor at 9.37 reached Barnham at 9.48 where I had to change. Drayton has a church tower similar to South Bersted as also have Bosham and Emsworth. It seems a characteristic feature of Sussex churches. At Havant came my second change. At Farlingham is a race course. Then change at Cosham. On the hill, opposite the station is Netley Hospital.<sup>22</sup> Next on the left the train passed Hayling Island and its ships. Opposite Portchester station is ruined castle standing on a spit of land far out from the mainland. The coast is very much broken up just here – arms of the sea are in all directions and many land-locked. Then came Fareham and Botley. Eastleigh I changed for the fourth time where I had over an hour to wait. Passed through St Deny's. At Southampton the train lines are within an easy stone's throw of the sea. From here and for some distance up the line there is a great deal of waste land, or rather thick liquid mud – neither as use as use as land or water. At Redbridge was no stop. Then we passed through part of the New Forest not a continuous growth of trees but belts of pines etc interspersed with common land covered with gorse and heather and here and there houses. Brockenhurst I changed for the 5<sup>th</sup> and last time until I reached Dorchester and then an 8 mile drive; in all a journey of some 8 hours.

15.04.08 Wednesday. School to close for three weeks for hooping [sic] cough. Mr Upward's two children are down with it. The ordinary Easter holiday is 10 days. I had made every preparation for spending time in Cerne but now I'm going home. Mr U has given me the morning off (school closes at 12am on Thursday) so I can catch the carrier and go with Miss H who also has time off. Naturally having such a short notice for changing plans we are very busy this evening.

16.04.08 Thursday. A beautiful bright warm day though breezy. We (Miss Clark, Miss H and myself) started for Dorchester by Thorne the carrier as the church clock struck 10. Two passengers were already inside and by the end of the journey we numbered 10. I have heard of 24 finding accommodation but how I can't imagine. We passed through a part of Dorchester but I only saw one building of notice – an ancient grammar school. The three of us then took the train at 1.8 (the carrier's cart took 1 ¾ hrs) MC left us at Poole and I left Miss H to continue her journey to London at Bournemouth. The wind had gone down by now but rose again as the afternoon advanced and with it clouds of dust. My next change was Southampton West and here one of my old College chums...

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<sup>22</sup> Granville is mistaken here – Netley Hospital was 13 miles from Cosham.

NOTE: Pages 111-114 missing

*Pages 115-116*

...scoop it out with a spoon. It is his [?] I have some huge tomatoes to get tomorrow morning. You can get them 2lbs for 3/4 d. The insects are getting appalling. They only seem to come out at night and then they fly round the lamp. We always have dinner on the veranda at night, so they can get in easily. Big spiders with long legs xxx; they are called 'jerri mundleams'. They say they attack scorpions xxxxxx Mrs [?] killed one the other evening and it was so interesting to watch the ants. Big black ants came and ate it up. Did I tell you I was vaccinated last Saturday but it has not taken xxx Smallpox is rather bad among the natives xxx

25.04.08 Saturday. Terrible weather like December; cold, wind, snow, hail, rain, blizzards; one or other continuous through the day; no one went out except when obliged to do so.

26.04.08 Sunday. A little better but dull and cold. Char came home on a holiday. We all, except Dad who went to Bersted, went to St John's in the evening.

27.04.08 Monday. Rain, rain nothing but rain, mist and mud. The following is taken from Sir Frederick Treves' *Highways and Byways in Dorset*. 'The high-road from Sherborne to Dorchester passes through Holnest and Minterne Magna, and after climbing laboriously over the chalk hills drops into Cerne Abbas. There was a time when Cerne was a stately place. It is humble enough now, although it is still dignified on the maps with capital letters. Cerne owed its greatness to the Abbey which was founded here in AD 987 by Aethelmar, Earl of Devon and Cornwall. The sacred settlement passed through the varied experiences which were usual to abbeys in early days. It was attacked and plundered at one season, and endowed with lands and gold at another xxx The holy house grew in power and magnificence, while about its walls sprang up a grateful town only too eager to live upon the crumbs which fell from the rich monks' table. For many years the Abbey guarded and sheltered Cerne. Then came the Reformation and now the town shields in its bosom the few poor relics of the long dead Abbey. In the annals of the monastery there is one episode of interest. Here, in the spring of 1471, came Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI, with her only son xxxxxx Henry VI had been deposed, Margaret had been defeated at the Battle of Tewkesbury, and hugging her son to her bosom and dragging her idiot husband with her, she had fled to France xxx When the great Warwick sided with her, the drivelling king was dragged over to England again and was restored for the moment to the throne xxx She landed at Weymouth, only to learn that on that very day Warwick had been defeated at Barnet...



[27.04.08 continued]

...and killed, that the King was imprisoned in the Tower xxx It was then that she and her boy came across the hills from Weymouth and sought sanctuary within the quiet walls and comely gardens of Cerne Abbey xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx Of the Abbey little now remains but the gatehouse xxx It possesses a most exquisite two-storied oriel window, the casements of which are separated by shields and bands of panelling carved in stone xxx The town of Cerne Abbas, when viewed from Dorchester Road, is a cosy settlement tucked away in an amphitheatre of sage-green hills. There are many trees in the town so that compared with the poor bare downs that close in on it, it looks warm and comfortable, and curled up like a dormouse in a sunny corner xxx The joy went out of its life when the Abbey was taken away. The inhabitants in their affliction tried to make of the place a manufacturing town. They made boots xxxx they made beer and became for a time famous. They developed a market. They took to smuggling, and met for a time with most encouraging success. Nothing, however, went well for long in Cerne. One enterprise after another failed. There was still the great high road left with its coaches, for Cerne was a comfortable stage from Dorchester. When railways made their brutal advance into Dorset the heart of Cerne gave way utterly; the coaches ceased one by one, and from that moment Cerne Abbas has never smiled again. It is a clean, trim old-world town, which has remained unchanged for many years. Its streets are quaint and picturesque, for they all belong to the England of the coaching times. No two houses are alike; some are tiled, some thatched, some roofed with stone. In not a few of them the first floor overhangs the causeway, according to the forgotten fashion xxxxxx There are many bright flowers in the midst while through the town runs a cheerful stream whose banks are protected by white posts and rails xxxxxx Its Giant. This colossal human form is carved on the slope of one of the barren hills which surround the town. The figure is of great antiquity and dates – so the learned say – from pre-Roman times. Of its history and its purpose nothing is known. The Giant is a fine figure of a man, for he stands 180' in height; the length of each of his fingers is 7', and the length of the club he wields 120'. "A short way from Cerne, on the Dorchester Road, is Nether Cerne, a village long since depopulated"

Farther [sic] along the road is the unspoilt village of Godmanstone where by the side of the stream is the smallest place of entertainment I have knowledge of. This is the Smith's Arms inn, a building of such humble stature that it is possible to touch the top of the thatch. There is a post office in Godmanstone, but as it is projected too much into the road, a corner has been chipped off it, a procedure that seems to have been simpler than the widening of the highway...

NOTE: Pages 119-120 missing

*Pages 121-122*

...we are in death”

We heard that Avis is ill with measles.

05.05.08 Tuesday. Rain all the morning; cleared in the afternoon.

06.05.08 Wednesday. Bee and I went to the theatre again and saw “The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown”.<sup>23</sup> The acting was very good and the piece very laughable. Captain Courtney falls in love with a ward in Chancery, Miss Bridon. She elopes from the school where her guardians have placed her and meets at the house of a brother officer’s, from there they are married. Miss Rodway, the principal of the school and a lawyer follow on her track only to find she is married and a warrant is issued against the captain. The second act is the adventure of Captain Charles Courtney as ‘Miss Brown’ niece of his friend the Major in the ladies’ school kept by Miss Rodway. In the 3<sup>rd</sup> scene all ends well the Captain and his wife suddenly coming into the title of Count and Countess.

07.05.08 Thursday. Lovely weather. Dad, Mater and I went to tea with the aunties. They have a Roman Catholic lady with them now, Mrs Leslie Clarke, just over from France (she is English). Her son is tutor to a French Chilian[?] boy whose home is a very grand place near Paris. We saw some of her beautiful evening dresses, etc.

08.05.08 Friday. Warm but dull. My last day at home before returning to Cerne Abbas. Dad had a letter from Emily Spear saying their father is dead. Mrs Spear keeps well. May Gregar [sic] was down for the week end a few weeks ago. Now she has gone with her father and mother to Switzerland. The Indian Border War is successfully over for us but the country seems in a state of great unrest.

09.05.08 Saturday. Very warm and bright. Started on my return journey to Cerne Abbas. At Cosham soldiers were getting [??] field pieces and gun carriages on railway trolleys preparatory to sending them away. Everywhere the grass and trees are vividly green; and buttercups shine like cups of burnished gold in the meadows. I met Miss H at Dorchester. Together we took the bus[?] from the station to where the carrier[?] starts. Starting at 4.40 after stowing away many parcels of various shapes and sizes and containing many different articles we [??] on until we reached Godmanstone where the carrier’s wife stayed long enough to have tea and on again. In Godmanstone a receiver for the [??] telegraph has been erected at much cost by the [??] and claims to be an improvement on the Marconi system as the messages cannot be tapped in course of transmission by an outsider. Our ride was enlivened by our fellow travellers county[?] gossip, affairs of the heart etc delivered in the [??] Dorset dialect with a great deal of...

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<sup>23</sup> A play originally staged in 1895 and written by Robert Buchanan and Charles Marlowe (aka Harriet Jay).

[09.05.08 continued]

...the 'u' sound and really difficult for a stranger to understand. One old lady handed round peppermint drops; I had one to be sociable, but I hate the things. A working man finished smoking a rank[?] cigarette, a small boy munched a huge piece of moist cake so with various other smells and a roof close to your head it became a trifle oppressive. Madame came to meet us on the road and Lionel was mounted on the back of another boy's bicycle. Oswald's goat has little kids, such dear frisky little things. The ducklings are now all grown and disport themselves on the river. The chicken family has also grown and increased.

10.05.08 Sunday Cerne Abbas. This morning we went to Church and this afternoon to Black Hill for cowslips. We each got a great handful, and children had got bunches before and yet it made no noticeable difference. It was lovely with the smooth green hills rising up all around, golden gorse crowning Black Hill, the fresh green of grass and hedges, the sweet scent of cowslips, the brilliant blue sky and all spoke of 'peace'.

We have just returned from Minterne Church three miles from here but it was worth the walk. The church, dedicated to St Andrew, is a very pretty one with stained glass windows and many monuments and brasses to people of note. A very large one is in the side chapel to the Napier family allied with the family of Lord Allington[?] and the Worsleys[?]. One of the windows is to a Dudley[?]. Not only is the building bright and cheerful but also the service. The vicar, the Rev. Barclay, is a handsome, tall, powerful energetic man.<sup>24</sup> His wife plays the organ, one daughter the violin, one son reads the lessons and another son and daughter were in the congregation.<sup>25</sup> All of them are finely made. The eldest son so white haired though quite a young man. The vicar[?] himself is anything but an old man yet he too is perfectly white; it adds rather than detracts from his appearance. The music both instrumental and vocal is very nice [??] use the ancient and modern and this evening we had the grand old hymns we all know and love 'Lead Kindly Light'. 'Nearer my Soul to Thee', 'Son of my Soul' and the Easter hymn 'Come ye Faithful'. The choir is surplised. Such a change from Cerne.

11.05.08 Monday. Began school again. Morning bright, evening rainy. There is a new piano in the school.

12.05.08 Tuesday. Lovely weather. We went cowslip picking this evening. Miss H is sending them home for cowslip wine. Yesterday Lionel brought in four rooks which were shot on a neighbouring farm. They need to be made into a pie. The middle portion of the backbone and its flesh cut out as they are not good to eat.

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<sup>24</sup> Rev, William George Barclay (1860-1930). A graduate of Downing College Cambridge, he was appointed as rector of Minterne Magna in 1887, a post which he filled until 1914, after which he transferred to Charminster with Stratton.

<sup>25</sup> Barclay's wife was Henrietta Barclay (1857-1935), and his children were Netta Mary Viola (1886-1963), Hattie Elaine (1890-1963), John Cedric Hargreaves (1893-1937) and Harry Webb (1894-1908).

13.05.08 Wednesday. Bright and cloudy by intervals. Rook pie not bad, flesh was dark and a trifle coarse. More rook-shooting this evening 51 in all of which Lion [sic] brought in half a douzaine[?] [sic].

14.05.08 Thursday. I woke up to find it raining hard and it kept on continuously until 12 o'clock. This evening it was nice but chilly as night approached.

The workmen are in this house; came suddenly this afternoon to take up the floor of the right hand sitting room. I never saw such wood, thoroughly rotten through and through.

This evening we went into the ancient cemetery of Cerne. It is just beyond the church by the Abbey Farm. In one corner apart is St Augustine's Wishing Well containing the purest water in Cerne. It is clear as crystal. A legend owns that St Augustine once stayed at Cerne Abbey. It was a very dry summer and the water supply was short. The Saint repaired to this place, pronounced a blessing over it and the present spring bubbled up.

15.05.08 Friday. Woke up again to a pouring wet day which continued steadily until this afternoon. This evening it was lovely but of course very damp. To-night it is moonlight.

16.05.08 Saturday. Fine and bright. Miss H and I spent the morning in the Park; parts are one mass of flowers, primroses, cowslips, pink champions, bluebells (I found one white), wild garlic, archangels, wood anemones and a kind of reddish anemone similar to French ones, dog violets, milkmaid, cow parsley, purple bed orchids, wild alums[?] not to mention pink daisies and golden buttercups. They say wild cats still live in the recesses of the Park, savage animals, larger than the domestic cat. I saw some magnificent rams with large curling horns in a field.

17.05.08 Sunday. It has been a magnificent day and the country looks beautiful. Mr Gundry is away from home so former curate, Rev Cockcroft, and reputed lover of Miss Gundry, is taking service and I must say it is just a trifle [??] Sunday School is open again and Mrs G came to open it in the afternoon. Miss Way was away so Mr U and I had to divide up the children between us about a dozen each. This evening Miss and Mrs Gundry came to church. It is the first time I have seen them. Miss G, I hear, does not come often. Mrs, I hear, is a dear old lady but looks like a washerwoman not a vicar's wife.<sup>26</sup> Fever has broken out in one of the cottages.

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<sup>26</sup> Rev Gundry's wife was Sarah Fanny Gundry (1829-1915) and his daughter was Caroline Jane Gundry (1861-1932). The Rev. William Owen Cockcroft married Caroline Gundry later in 1908.

18.05.08 Monday. Glorious weather. Miss H and I went up Black Hill this evening to gather cowslips for wine. Black Hill rises by small natural terraces (most of the hills round do) to a considerable height. The crown is covered in gorse commonly called 'fuzz', here now in bloom. We met one old lady gathering the old dead wood for fuel. To get it to the bottom she simply tied it up in bundles and sent them rolling. You get a splendid view from Black Hill – smooth green down, meadows with sheep and cattle, some tilled land, a river or stream in the valley, to the right quiet sleepy Cerne Abbas clustering round its church, to the left the small village of Nether Cerne two miles away. Rooks are cawing, blackbirds whistle, thrushes sing, swallows twitter, sheep are bleating mingled with the ring of the sheep bells, cattle low, the cuckoo calls and miles away faintly borne on the evening breeze can be heard the sound of a train. The nearest station is really[?] Newton Buckland<sup>27</sup> 5 miles away but such terrible hills lie between us that no trap will go and it is impossible to walk. Mr North was a vet. Mrs North before her marriage was a Miss Northover.<sup>28</sup> Poor Oswald's mother-goat died this evening so now the kids will have to be brought up by hand.

[Note in margin: '?? In partnership with his uncle]

19.05.08 Tuesday. Mr Upwards has been examining stds [i.e., standards] III, IV, V and VI in writing (composition and dictation) and arithmetic. It is a grand day again.

20.05.08 Wednesday. By way of a change I have had stds IV, V, VI to examine in reading, geography, history, poetry, grammar, mental arithmetic and nature study and give him a written report on each subject. Fancy me having to criticise my own Head – rather ticklish work. We had a lovely day; I have never seen the sky so blue as it was at 9 o'clock.

21.05.08 Thursday. Lovely weather though rather cooler this evening. I have had charge of the upper division where Mr U examined the infants. Oswald went fishing this evening in the Cerne and caught a very large eel turning the scale at 1½ lbs (on our own premises). Lion[el] also of a sporting frame of mind brought in two rabbits. The butterflies here are called 'napps'.

22.05.08 Friday. Beautiful on the whole though rather cooler than yesterday and some rain and hail fell at noon. We all went fishing again (at least...

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<sup>27</sup> Granville is mistaken, the station five miles distant is at Maiden Newton.

<sup>28</sup> At one stage Charles North was, like his father, a veterinarian. Maud North's maiden name was Northover.

[22.05.08 continued]

...Miss H and I looked on). Two were caught one weighing 1 3/4 lbs and one a small one.

23.05.08 Saturday. Grand weather. In the morning we climbed Giant Hill and walked around the Giant. He is fenced in with iron railings and covers an acre. It was cleaned out last year by some ladies. From the summit of the hill you can get a splendid view of miles of country. Miss H is thinking of buying a second hand bicycle in the village so we had it in the afternoon to try it. I helped Miss H who couldn't manage it all at first and practised myself a bit. I was surprised to find how well I could manage.

24.05.08 Sunday. Cool, even chilly this evening. We went to church this morning, Mr Cockcroft preached a very good sermon.<sup>29</sup> Rogation Sunday and Empire Day. Mr Gundry is still away. This evening Mr Poole of Godmanstone preached.<sup>30</sup>

25.05.08 Monday. Been bleak and damp.

27.05.08 Wednesday. It has been a grand day; quite hot. It has been quite exciting in Cerne to-day; lots of motors have been rushing through the town on their way to Dorchester for the opening of the Bath and West of England Show.<sup>31</sup>

28.05.08 Holy Thursday - Ascension Day. It has been grand weather. We took the children to church this morning at 11.30, at least as many as are of the Church. The congregation consisted of the organist Mrs Parry, the sexton, Miss Gundry and about 60 children plus teachers.<sup>32</sup> This evening Miss H and I went to Upcerne Church. It is prettier than Cerne Abbas though smaller. It stands in the grounds of Captain Digby. Lady Lillian Digby is the organist. The woodwork is very old. The woodwork of the roof terminates in largeish[?] stone heads, each being different.

29.05.08 Friday. Oak Apple Day.<sup>33</sup> It has been a lovely day. Cerne school is again on the sick list – this time for measles. We closed this morning for a fortnight. This afternoon we walked out to meet Miss Jeffery, my predecessor. She is over for the week end. She is a very pretty girl.

30.05.08 Saturday. It rained heavily during the night and looked so very uncertain in the morning that we abandoned our intention of cycling into the show but hired a...

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<sup>29</sup> Rev. William Owen Cockcroft (1863-1932)

<sup>30</sup> Granville has misspelt the name of Rev William Raymond Pope of Godmanstone.

<sup>31</sup> The Bath and West Show was formerly held at a different venue each year. The 1908 Show was staged at Dorchester and ran from 27 May to 1 June.

<sup>32</sup> Rosalie M J Parry (1845-1919) was a local music teacher living in what is now 14 Duck Street (1901).

<sup>33</sup> A now largely-forgotten annual celebration of the 1660 restoration of the monarchy.

[30.05.08 continued]

...wagonette and drove[?] in. Lionel cycled; Oswald would not go at all. We got in Dorchester about 3 o'clock. The town was all decorated with flags and triumphal arches (representing old stonework) were erected across various roads – one in London Road and another opposite the Great Western Station. Before going into the Show we had tea at the Soldiers' Home. Then we went on to the Show itself. It was very similar to the one I saw at Maidstone some years ago. Everything to do with agriculture was shown – horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, dairy produce etc, carts, carriages, farm implements, seeds, cattle foods, Canadian grains etc, flowers, forestry, bee-keeping etc. Among the horses Lieutenant-Colonel Gundry, one of Mr Gundry's sons, had taken two prizes for hunters.<sup>34</sup> Mr G is very proud of them. Some tiny black cattle, Kerry breed, were shown. Some of the rams were tremendous animals. We saw two incubators at work and watched several chicks come out of their shells. The fowls were fine, but the poor ducks looked grubby and miserable away from their favourite element; there were also some turkeys and geese. I at[?] only saw two motors there. There was also a collection of nature drawings etc from different schools. We left the Show about 7.15 and went into the Borough Gardens to see the illuminations which were very pretty and to hear the band. Dorchester we left at 9 o'clock. I have never seen such a collection of vehicles of every sort – motors, cabs, carts, traps, tubs (governess[?] cars – a Bucks word), wagonettes, brakes, farm-wagons, cycles. They filled every inn-yard and overflowed into all the side streets. It was a most peculiar sight as we drove along – a thick mist arose from the river and enveloped us in a damp blanket and shut out the hills and almost all the hedges though they were so close to us. But above the stars shone brightly and the summer lightning[?] played at times quite vividly.

31.05.08 Sunday. It was most brilliant again. We four women of the house went to Matins. Mr Gundry is back but seems more feeble than ever. This afternoon we sat out on the lawn. In the evening we went to church again. Mr Brandith[?] preacher of Upcerne or rather he takes Upcerne for Mr Gundry, his own parish is Newton Buckland.<sup>35</sup> There was quite a congregation for Cerne.

## JUNE

01.06.08 Monday. Has been very oppressive all day; it rained heavily last night and is raining now (10.20pm). A little child has been buried today. We went up to the vicarage to get our cash this evening and then I went in to see Mr and Mrs Upward. I signed my papers; no stamp on one. Roses are coming out on the front and peeping into my window. They have (so it seems to me) a...

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<sup>34</sup> Rev. Henry Gundry and his wife had four sons, one of whom died in infancy: Henry Bowden Gundry (1856-1916), Charles John Gundry (1857-59), Algernon William Gundry (1858-1922) and Raymond Hugh Gundry (1867-1946). Henry Bowden Grundy was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Royal Artillery.

<sup>35</sup> Rev. Francis William Brandreth (1867-1943)

[01.06.08 continued]

...very funny custom to let people know before hand when there will be services in the church, the bell is rung at 8 o'clock in the morning for Matins and at 10 o'clock for evensong.

To-day is the last of the West of England Show in Dorchester.

02.06.08 Tuesday. Hot, steamy weather. In the afternoon we went to see over the ruins of the Abbey. Only a very small portion is left – not a quarter of the original pile – is left [sic]. What is left is a kind of keep that contains four rooms, one above the other. The rooms are not very large. The ground floor is a kind of cellar. To reach the other rooms you ascend a very narrow winding stone staircase. In one room are the remains of beautiful tiles. Two rooms have magnificent and large windows adorned on the outside with much stone sculpting. There are large fireplaces – these are in good states of preservation and you[?] can look up and see the sky in the great chimney places. On each[?] are numberless names of residents and visitors. The building of the Abbey, like the origin of the Giant, is lost in antiquity but it is thought to have stood since Christianity was introduced into England and [??] was when the Romans occupied Britain (43-410). A legend asserts that St Augustine visited it. We saw an owl's nest in a crevice in the ruins. [??] have grown in the crannies and a small sycamore flourishes high up on the walls. Opposite to the Abbey proper stands a building supposed to have been the chapel and has a window similar to that of the Abbey though smaller. It is used as a store house.

03.06.08 Wednesday. It has been a lovely day and so hot. Lionel has a young magpie, caught in the woods, which he hopes to rear and to teach it to talk.

04.06.08 Thursday. Beautiful weather still. Miss H with Miss Wilment<sup>36</sup> started off to see Miss Jeffrey. They left Cerne about 10 o'clock.

I had a letter from Mater and also several others etc enclosed. Edie wrote to Mrs Hunt but they have so many applying for posts as young ladies maids that she will not be put down on the register. They had a heavy thunderstorm on Monday. Auntie Lottie sends 5 sheets on Avis' illness.<sup>37</sup> It seems it has [??] her heart bad and that for the future she will have to be very careful. There was also a letter from Miss Stedman.<sup>38</sup> She is still at East Farleigh; going to Wales this Whitsun to see Miss and Masters. Tommy and the new man are awfully thick but he will take no notice of Amy so they can't make a match of it. Amy is doing nothing. Blanche Froude is to be married this July.<sup>39</sup> Mabel Martin is still unmarried and Miss Martin still at St Michael's. There was also a newspaper from Mrs Rowe giving[?] an account of Empire Day at the schools in Maidenhead...

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<sup>36</sup> Emma Willment (1887-1974). She was still held the position of 'School mistress' at the time of the 1911 Census and married Arthur Seward in 1912. Her brother, Thomas, is commemorated on the Cerne Abbas War Memorial.

<sup>37</sup> 'Aunt Lottie' is Granville's Mother's Sister, Charlotte Broad (b.1853). Avis Broad (1886-1933) was Aunt Lottie's eldest daughter, and therefore Catherine Granville's Cousin and almost her exact contemporary.

<sup>38</sup> Rosa A Stedman is recorded in the 1901 Census as being an 'Assistant Schoolmistress' at East Farleigh near Maidstone.

<sup>39</sup> Blanche Caroline Froud (1883-1960) was a friend of Granville's from East Farleigh who also became a school teacher. She married teacher William Langbridge at Maidstone in 1908. By 1911 they were living at Sunbury-on-Thames.



[04.06.08 continued]

...The Duke of Norfolk has a heir born to him.

05.06.08 Friday. A beautiful day though cooler. Miss Hannent returned soon after noon.

06.06.08 Saturday. Clear but cool decidedly. Mrs North has told me a romantic story of Cerne handed down to her. The story is connected with the house in Duck Street on the left hand side next to Paulley's the saddlers'. Some 60 years ago, perhaps and even probably more, there was where the present house stands a much smaller and poorer dwelling covered in thatch and with an old tree growing in the yard behind it. In this house lived a poor couple with two daughters named Bragg.<sup>40</sup> Now they had in their possession two vases of Italian workmanship and with an inscription in that language which[?] were kept on the mantelpiece in the room facing the street. One day there came to this door a poor Italian begging for bread but was repulsed. Looking in however he saw these two curious vases on the mantelpiece and begged to inspect them closer[?]. This was also refused. In reply to the refusal he answered words to the effect – 'Well, no matter but I can tell you that where those vases came from treasure is hidden'. The Italian went away and nothing more was heard of him as far as Cerne was concerned. But the couple evidently followed his advice for they did discover treasure hidden beneath the roots of the tree in the garden – jewellery of great wealth, coins etc which when turned[?] into current coinage realised many thousands. With the proceeds the old house was pulled down and the present one took its place, a grand staff of servants was kept (several nurses for the children of a nephew who came to live with them) and they lived a life of great ease and comfort for many years. Then the wife and two daughters died. It is said that both daughters were buried in their ball-dresses and wore jewels of great value. After that trouble began. The old man lived with his nephew and wife and their children. (The nephew was the sole heir). The wife was a wicked woman. The tale goes that she even put things on the stairs over which the old uncle might fall and hasten his death. She however plotted in vain for with the exception of the house the money was left away – charities I believe. The nephew and his family came to extreme poverty and he and his wife drank themselves to death. Some of the relative [sic] took pity on the children and educated them and in after life the girls all made good marriages. The Bragg's tomb stands in the corner of the oldest part of the churchyard guarded by iron railings. The inscriptions are obliterated by time and weather...

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<sup>40</sup> The 1841 Census records a family of four named Bragg registered in the first house in New Bridge Street (i.e., Duck Street). The residents of the house were a tailor Charles Bragg (b.1816) who was blind from birth, his wife Maria (b.1821) and their two daughters Ellen (b.1837) and Mary Ann (b.1839). By 1851 the Bragg's had moved to Puddletown where they ran the Sun Inn. By 1871, Charles Bragg, by then a widow, had returned to Cerne where he ran a beer house in Acreman Street.

[06.06.08 continued]

...There's another story of many years ago. This one is connected with a house still standing next to the Congregational Chapel. It is a long oak-beamed thatched roofed house right on the street. Years ago this was a public house and where the various clubs resorted. It even in its prosperous days numbered 500 women belonging to one club and on fête days they paraded the town in white dresses and blue sashes. Well one day the landlady of the house was cooking pancakes when sparks from the fire flew out of the window and alighted, not on her own roof, but the roof of an adjoining building then used as the Congregational place of worship. The thatch blazed away and there was nothing left of the old chapel. Since then the public house has become a private dwelling and a new red-brick chapel has replaced the old one.

A third story deals with more modern times when Madame was a little child and lived with her parents in Cerne. In their employ was a man of bad character – one of a number of brothers all rogues (it is said that when one of their wives lay dying to hasten her death the husband fired a gun off in the dying woman's room). This particular one employed by Mr Northover<sup>41</sup> was at last dismissed for drunkenness etc. He left Cerne and went to Weymouth and got employment under a Union master his equal in roguery. He quarrelled many times with his employer and was dismissed several times but was always received back on account of being a good workman. At our time [??] entered the police force. Eventually a workhouse master's place fell vacant in Wales (Cardiff, I fancy) and with good testimonials from the Weymouth master he obtained the post and today flourished there I believe and on his rare visits to his native town arrives in style.<sup>42</sup>

07.06.08 Sunday. Bright and cool. We went to church this morning. There were very few people there. Miss Digby had her brother Captain Montague Digby. She has three brothers, Mr Lionel keeps a racing stable in the north, Captain George Digby and this one. Mrs Parry is away so Miss Purtell(?) (soon to be married to a sailor) took the organ.<sup>43</sup> It is a funny thing, but both of them have only the sight of one eye.

Lionel's magpie has 'turned up his toes' as he says.

Saw a hare race across a field.

Madame was organist at Upcerne church so we went too.

08.06.08 Monday. Chilly (Whit Monday)

09.06.08 Tuesday. Warmer. Saw a cuckoo fly across.

10.06.08 Wednesday. Lovely weather. Miss H lent me her bike and Madame and I went off to Dorchester. It was a fine spin. I saw the girl prodigy organist of Upcerne church. She has played there for...

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<sup>41</sup> Maud North's father.

<sup>42</sup> This is almost certainly William Moore, born in Cerne Abbas in 1872. In the 1891 Census Moore is recorded as a labourer living in Acreman Street, but by 1901 he was employed as a workhouse porter at the Weymouth Union. The 1911 Census locates him in Cardiff as Workhouse Master of the Ely Workhouse.

<sup>43</sup> Mary Ella Purtill (b.1877) married merchant sailor Albert Edwin Cornick in 1908. See entry for 25 June.

[10.06.08 continued]

...last two years and is now only 14. Her name is Claire Baker. She was a pupil of Mrs Parry. Another pupil was a farmer's lad who may become famous.

Arriving at Dorchester we went to the Soldiers' Home for dinner, then into the market to see if our ducks were selling. There were a good many pigs, [??] sheep and poultry, a few cows but dozens of calves. It suddenly struck us that being such a nice day and having landed in Dorchester we might as well have a few hours at Weymouth. So to Weymouth we went. The journey down, 8 miles [??] return [??] by either Great Western or Southwestern by train ...[??]... Strawberry gardens and lovely countryside, especially at Upwey. N.B [??] must pay our respects there. On the backwater of the Wey we saw a large place where swans are raised. Weymouth is a very pretty place consisting really of two towns – Weymouth proper and Melcombe Regis. Weymouth was raised to prosperity by George III. His statue is in one of the principal streets near the front and a figure of his majesty mounted on horseback is cut out on the hillside on the left of the town. The land is cut into by three bays. The first has white cliffs stretching far out on the left and the Nothe [??] [??] on the right. The second is between the Nothe and the breakwater and the third is bordered [??] by Portland on the right. The Alexandra Gardens lie in the first bay. They are pretty gardens but what is especially notable are the shelters [??] provided – built in quaint style of rustic wood and thatched. Marionettes were performing while we were there.

The Nothe has a fort at its extreme [??] point. You can walk nearly all round it. The draw-bridge is said to be so easy to manage that in case of surprise one man could manage it. Great guns are [??] round. The breakwater is shaped something like this



It is built of Portland stone dug out by convicts. There were a good many battleships also out in its bay beyond. Portland is a high rugged peninsula crowned at the centre [??] point by the grim convict prison. It is shut in by high stone walls so nothing can be seen from outside. The town lies at the foot of the hill. It is a barren place altogether.

There is both beach and sands at Weymouth. We saw the usual donkeys, deck [??] chairs, singers and stalls there. The jubilee clock occupies the central position of the esplanade. We were ferried across to the Harbour front and went to see the great ships which ply between Weymouth and Jersey and Guernsey. There was one being re-gilded, the Roebuck, such a beauty. One comes in and one goes out every day with mails and passengers. The outward bound one starts about 1 o'clock from Weymouth.

There are two bathing pavilions and numerous bathing machines with a ...[??]... on the sea front...

[10.06.08 continued]

...There is also a pier and pavilion in the course of construction. We saw Christ Church adjoining the Dorset Infirmary and opposite the South-Western station and also the parish church of St Mary's – an enormous building holding 2500 people.

I must not forget to mention the ruined castle of Sandfoot which we saw. It stands on the edge of a cliff nearer Portland. It was built by Henry VIII.

After tea at a restaurant we returned to Dorchester and cycled back to Cerne in the cool of the evening.

At five o'clock we saw some of the sailors come off the ships. We saw the patrol in the streets. On the way home we saw Hardy's monument. It stands on a hill some little distance on the left after leaving Weymouth.

11.06.08 Thursday. Bright but not nearly so warm. Miss H and I went to a concert at the school. The dramatic society of Piddletrenthide gave a short, supposed to be, Persian play. I have never had a better 6d. worth of fun in my life. It wasn't that the play was funny (rather serious generally speaking) but the actors etc were. We had front seats and so had full view of the actors' dirty boots; also the play behind the scenes. The acting was crude indeed and a little dance they gave was too funny for words. Then one church-warden and one of the principal farmers of Cerne gave a comic song called 'My Little Wee Dog' in which the audience joined in right heartily. I have since heard that this song was first given by its singer in Cerne two years before his eldest child was born and she is now 21. It appears at nearly every entertainment and is received with joy by the inhabitants at every fresh appearance. It even had encores.

12.06.08 Friday. Weather similar, Lionel has given me a woodpigeon's egg.

13.06.08 Saturday. A drizzling rain fell all the morning and it was decidedly cool. Mr Upward sent over to say that school will not open on Monday but giving no definite date when it will do so. Measles are worse than ever. I hear Lionel has two young jackdaws.

14.06.08 Sunday. Fairly bright weather but cooler than I care for. Miss H has had bad news from home. Her father has lost his [??] through paralysis. They have known that it was creeping up him, that he can [??] hope to be [??] and that in time he would have to give up but this to [??]. He at any rate has [??] suddenly. It means I fear very little ...[??]... and that he is dying.<sup>44</sup> She has also her brother out of employment and a cousin [??], of 14, suffering from heart disease and may die at any time...

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<sup>44</sup> Annie Hannent's father, Walter Franklin Hannent, didn't die at this time, instead he lived until 1912, dying on 28 October.

[14.06.08 continued]

...We went to Cerne church this morning. I think there were fewer people there than ever.

15.06.08 Monday. Fine and bright. We have been out nearly all day. Went to the Park this afternoon; saw lots of rabbits and some dear tiny things. Also saw a young beautifully marked viper asleep on the [??]. Miss H is giving up the idea of going to college; will work instead[?] and is selling her bicycle and encyclopaedia.

16.06.08 Tuesday. Rained steadily all the morning. We went out this evening with Miss Wilment. Saw a water rat swimming. Afterwards went to get the keys of the school to look for some books – seemed so dreary our footsteps echoing in the dirty and empty rooms. Then had to go and see Mr Upward [??] baton presented to him by Cerne choir.

17.06.08 Wednesday. It rained all the morning but cleared at noon and became a beautiful day. We had made arrangements for going to Weymouth but [??] too late so tramped two long country miles into Sydling St Nicholas. Every house has a garden filled with flowers and many gardens have nothing between them and the road. Nearly every house has a [??] bloom on its walls. We caused a stampede in the schoolyard – a stranger, we are told, is a novelty. The girls were practicing the maypole dance. Sydling boasts a Wesleyan and a Baptist chapel besides its church. The Baptist Chapel is dated [??] and stands at the entrance to the village nearest Cerne. The church is enbosomed in trees. A fairly broad river flows through. Besides the places of worship there are 3, I believe, small general shops and a good many thatched houses of various shapes and sizes. The village lies [??] the steep Sydling Hill. Miss H has given one her photo.

18.06.08 Wednesday [sic]<sup>45</sup> Waterloo Day. Grand weather. Miss H and I went to Weymouth. Madame lent me her bike so we were able to cycle in. Arrived at Dorchester at 10.30 and got into Weymouth 12.15. We went by the motor train. These are ever so much wider and nicer and run very much more easily than an ordinary train. We stopped at every station - Came Halt, Upwey Wishing Well, Upwey Junction, Radipole Halt. Coming back we did not stop anywhere. When we arrived at Weymouth we went to a shop and got some cakes which we afterwards ate in the gardens near the barracks and before you reach the Nothe. After skirting the coast we turned inland. We saw the torpedo works situated out in the sea and also saw some vessels loading up with Portland stone. Not a single warship was there this week. We saw the boat go out for the Channel Islands about 1.45. We went into the gardens on the North Parade and watched a game of tennis; also we saw a good number of schoolboys come to the bath. In the town itself we went through the market, a handsome building. We saw the town hall, Drill...

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<sup>45</sup> Granville records the day incorrectly; it is a Thursday.

[18.06.08 continued]

...Hall etc of the Church Lads' Brigade, and the almshouses given by Sir Henry Edwards.

19.06.08 Friday. Grand weather again. We spent the morning in the allotment. We have a dear little tiny kitten come to join the happy family. After sundown, even on brilliant days, it is decidedly chilly here.

20.06.08 Saturday. Nice weather. Miss Wilment and I cycled out to Piddletrenthide and then on to Piddlehinton. Between these villages and Cerne is a very steep hill (steeper and higher than Black Hill) called Piddle. It was hard enough pushing our bikes up but to make matters worse the whole way up from base to summit is covered with large stones. These are never rolled in except for what the farm wagons do in going over them. The other side is a gentle slope all the way but we could not make use of it for the stones. On the top of Piddle Hill they were casting the hay. Piddletrenthide and Piddlehinton lie in the valley of the river Piddle. Piddle is an English word meaning water and Piddletrenthide is the 30 hides of land on the Piddle. This was the land given to Emma or Aelfreda[?] her English name on her marriage as second wife to Athelred the Unready. She was the only daughter of Richard I Duke of Normandy surnamed the Fearless and mother of Edward the Confessor. On Athelred's death in 1016 she married Cnut or Canute and became mother of Harold and Harthacnut. Piddletrenthide is a long village bordering either side of a high-road. We went into the Church of All Saints. It is a very pretty one, so different to Cerne. It has a beautiful tower, the square tower surmounted by ornamental spires, ornament Early English I believe, of many Dorset churches – Charminster, Piddlehinton, Cerne Abbas. There is a fine Norman doorway. Also there are various old memorial tablets to the family of Collyer or Collier with their shield bearing three heraldic bats (there is a large family of Colliers living opposite – saddlers wonder if these are any connection). Piddlehinton = the lower Piddle village is a mile or so further on. It has its own church. It is similar to that in the adjoining village but has an embattlement round the top of a smaller square turret joined on to the tower.

21.06.08 Sunday. Bright and breezy, warm in the sun but chilly out of it. It is the longest day; sunset at *<blank space left unfilled in original document>* pm. Lionel is not well has been in bed the best part of the last two days.

22.06.08 Monday. Grand weather. Lionel has developed measles of the good old English sort.

23.06.08 Tuesday, It was the best and hottest day we have had. Miss Willment and I cycled to Sherborne 11 miles out. We passed through the village of Minterne...

[23.06.08 continued]

...Magna, Middle Marsh, Holnest and Long Burton. Middle Marsh <original underscore> is a very straggling village. Its church is on the high road. Holnest <original underscore> has in its churchyard, immediately opposite the church, a huge mausoleum <original underscore> to an extremely eccentric old man of the name of Drax of whom it is said he feared not God, the Devil nor man. Certainly strange stories are told about him. He and his two daughters lived on their estate away from everyone. When he felt inclined he would send a peremptory message to his creditors telling them to come to him on a certain day and at a certain hour. They would come and after a short desultory conversation he would dismiss them. This might happen half a dozen times before he would pay them but being an excellent customer they dare not say a word in remonstrance. (Mr North during his lifetime had a great deal to do with horses and cattle was often served so). On his estate is a high tower and the story goes that every year from the tower of it he made his men rehearse his funeral procession while he looked on, himself just getting into the coffin to see if it would fit. His coffin he kept by him for years. His daughters were kept practically as prisoners on his estates, the lodge-keepers acting as jailors but by some means or other one became acquainted with a neighbour's son. One day the young girl begged a lodge-keeper's wife to let her through the gate in order to get some flowers. The young man was near with a carriage and they eloped. The father held certain estates from his wife on condition that when his daughters married they should be handed over to the brides. Hence the reason for their captivity. Not only were they never allowed beyond the Park Gates but no one man was ever allowed to see them. His nephew he kept out of certain estates as long as he could, 21 years, and all that he could was willed away to charities. His income amounted to £15,000 a year, of which it is said he only spent £2,000. During his lifetime he always kept a pack of blood hounds round his house as he said 'to ward off the Devil'. He always wore a tall white hat tilted at an acute angle. On his death thousands went to see him buried, out of curiosity probably. Mutes[?] and all the paraphernalia of sorrow were hired from London. Now he lies, as the tale goes, amid splendid carvings on a level with the windows of his mausoleum and it goes on to say that he ordered a newspaper to be put in the window every day. The reason for placing his burial place so near the church is said to be 'that his spirit might wander in the sacred building at will'. Mrs North has a photograph of this dreadful old man which he signed and gave to the family. Long Burton <original underscore> looks a more thriving place than most Dorset villages. It has a church, a temperance hall and a chapel, I think. The road is a good one all the way often shaded by large trees. A long, gradually sloping hill leads into Sherborne. Sherborne <original underscore> is an ancient town, dating back to the monastic times and now as then noted as a place of learning...

[23.06.08 continued]

...First of all we went to the Abbey *<original underscore>*. It is a very fine large church, but what is especially noticeable is the beautiful groined and decorated roof by the choir, not only the roof, but the walls are one mass of stone carving depicting the Resurrection. There are two notable tombs, that of John, Baron Digby and his two wives (dated 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> centuries) and one to the Walcott family – a knight in armour and his lady in stiff ruff[?]. Several others are defaced – of Bishops I think. Among the list of Bishops of Sherborne are Ealdhelm[?] (its first one), and Asser (I don't know whether this is the one who wrote Alfred's life).

Opposite the Abbey are the almshouses of ancient architecture. After this we went into the town and had lunch and dinner just as you please to call it; and then went into the Gardens *<original underscore>* opposite the South Western Station. We rested there for an hour before the more oppressive heat was over.

Then we left the Gardens and cycled into the Park *<original underscore>*. This we found out afterwards is private. Any way we had a fine spin, saw the Castle and startled a herd of deer. The Castle belongs to a branch of the Digby family. Part of the Castle is inhabited, part in ruins. Sherborne Pageant, held in 1906, was against this ruined portion. A large lake stretches for some distance through the Park. In winter skating is allowed. Now it is almost covered[?] in yellow waterlilies and irises. Sir Walter Raleigh and his lady once lived in Sherborne Castle. The episode of the Irish servant throwing the tankard of ale over him is supposed to have taken place here. Then we turned back to town again and refreshed ourselves before starting our homeward journey.

Before starting we sat in the enclosure opposite the Abbey. There is a cross *<original underscore>* erected to the Digbys. At each corner is a figure – one represents a monk, another a minstrel, a third Sir Walter Raleigh and the fourth a bishop.

We started back as the Abbey clock struck six and took nearly two hours to reach Cerne.

24.06.08 Wednesday. Warm and not too bright. Lionel rather bad; two more fresh cases. Nurse came this afternoon. I had my first strawberries today. Haymaking is in full-swing all round. Mr Gundry's youngest son, the Rev. Hugh Gundry, is in Cerne with his wife. Had a living[?] meal[?] Madame sold 5 of her ducks; got 4s/6d a couple.

25.06.08 Thursday. Glorious weather. Miss Hannett and I went to the church this morning to see a wedding. The church was really prettily decorated in white roses etc and pale pink canterbury bells and roses. The bride was Miss Ella May Purtil and the groom Mr Albert Cornick an officer in the mercantile marine. She had two bridesmaids, her sister Miss Purtil<sup>46</sup> and his niece Miss Cornick. The first was dressed in primrose and the latter in pink. The bride...

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<sup>46</sup> Olive Louisa Purtil (1874-1962).



[25.06.08 continued]

...wore white with a large ostrich feather in her hat a gift from a sister who is lady's-maid to Lady Selcombe. It came from South Africa. They live almost opposite the church as there were no carriages. Her brother gave her away.<sup>47</sup> He is a schoolmaster in London. We saw Gale go off to meet him at Dorchester last night. It was quite a grand affair. The service was choral, the bells rang and the constable guarded the church door. Cerne turned out in delight and I know there were a good many more there than on Sundays. Mr Gundry and Mr Hugh Gundry officiated and Mrs Gundry assisted the choir. Mrs Cornick is going to live with her mother for a time as her husband has to go away again soon.

26.06.08 Friday. Glorious weather; the sky has now been for some days a deep brilliant blue. The Queen of Spain has another son.<sup>48</sup>

27.06.08 Saturday. Still perfect weather. It is my 24<sup>th</sup> birthday. I had a parcel from home containing a cake, chocolate, music, two books – 'Dombey and Son' and 'American Notes'. I had letters from Mater, Aunt Rebecca<sup>49</sup>, Nan Prowse, Aunt Lottie<sup>50</sup> and post-cards from Winnie, Gwen Fuller, Madame, Annie Davis, Edie, Bee, Avis and Ella<sup>51</sup>. Miss Hannent gave me a piece of Giant china and Madame a tape-measure.

28.06.08 Sunday. Still brilliant as ever though every evening it is prophesised we shall have rain. Lionel is better and out in the garden this afternoon.

29.06.08 Monday. We have started school again but a good many are still away. It has been lovely weather; not dark until past 9 o'clock. Mick caught a rat in the back kitchen this evening. Heard from Char. He has been in Northampton.

30.06.08 Tuesday. Still beautiful weather. Miss W and Miss H have started collecting for the school treat.

## JULY

01.07.08 Wednesday. Lovely weather.

02.07.08 Thursday. Grand weather though hot. We are having lovely strawberries. Mr U has his brother staying at his house. There are a good few visitors in Cerne I believe. Pay day but it seems to be gone as soon as you get it when board and lodging is paid. Lionel is quite well again now and is busy hay making. The farmers are having a grand season this year. Madam and I cycled to...

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<sup>47</sup> John Henry Purtill (1880-1951).

<sup>48</sup> Infante Jaime (1908-1975), the second son of King Alfonso XIII and Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg.

<sup>49</sup> Catherine Granville's mother's sister, Rebecca Carter (1849-1910).

<sup>50</sup> Charlotte Broad (née Carter), another Granville's Mother's sisters (b.1853)

<sup>51</sup> Avis and Ella Broad are the daughters of Aunt Charlotte, hence Granville's cousins.

Pages 153-154

[02.07.08 continued]

...to [sic] Nether Cerne this evening.

03.07.08 Friday. It has been a beautiful day. Mr U brother (some say it is Mrs) came in school this morning.<sup>52</sup> Mrs North has a photo album with a musical box in the cover.

04.07.08 Saturday. Lovely weather. Madam and I cycled to Dorchester in the afternoon. We saw Judge Jeffery's lodgings (now a shop, Groves men's outfitters) and the Court House where in 1685 he condemned 292 persons to death for the part they had taken in Monmouth's rebellion. The market was on but not so many farmers as usual as haymaking is now on. There were plenty of strawberries, 4d. per lb. We saw the portion of Roman wall still standing and went through 'The Walks' lined with trees for which Dorchester is noted.

05.07.0 Sunday. Warm though the sun is not quite so brilliant. There were quite a lot of people in church also at the Eucharist.

06.07.08 Monday. Dad's birthday. It is quite chilly this evening.

07.07.08 Tuesday. It is cooler and duller yesterday [sic]. This afternoon a little rain fell for a few minutes. By this afternoon post I received a parcel from India. It was swathed in thick muslin and tightly sewn up and affixed was a large form giving name and address of the sender, name and address of receiver, what the box contained and its value in rupees and English money besides various items of postal information. Inside wrapped in much tissue paper and shavings were two buckles shaped like mulberry leaves of a kind of mosaic work, chips of real turquoise set in black and gilt. One was for me and one for Lizzie Turner. They came from Cashmere.

This evening a cycling club rode through Cerne.

Mr Upward's brother has gone; Mr U himself left me to the entire charge of the school this morning, for about an hour, went to see him off I suspect.

08.07.08 Wednesday. It has been cold and wet so different to the beautiful weather we have been having.

09.07.08 Thursday. It has been a thoroughly wet, stormy day.

12.07.08 Sunday. It has been a much brighter day to-day and so far (8 o'clock pm) no rain has fallen. Yesterday it rained all day and we did not cross the threshold. A year ago today I was at Maidenhead.

13.07.08 Monday. Much finer but it rained heavily at lunchtime...

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<sup>52</sup> Arthur Upward had one brother, Herbert Upward (b. 1871).

Pages 155-156

[13.07.08 continued]

...The bride and groom<sup>53</sup>, now husband and wife, came home last Thursday evening. Now he is down with the measles and his ship sails next Tuesday week. This day last year I was seeing Maidenhead Regatta.

14.07.08 Tuesday. Showery. Winnie had just gone to Germany a year ago now she is far away in India.

15.07.08 Wednesday. No rain fell all day though it was dull.

16.07.08 Thursday. Rain, rain, rain, rain, and still rain.

17.07.08. Showery. We walked to Up Cerne this afternoon. Very gloomy but no rain.

19.07.08 Sunday. Very much brighter and warmer, and lovely to-wards evening. The cattle and horses are mounting the hills again to graze, that is a sign that of fine weather I am told. They come down to the valleys when it is going to be wet.

20.07.08 Monday. Fine again. I had a letter from Winnie. She sent me some crests, a tiny scorpion, and the wings of a fly which like the moth will flutter round a light and its wings drop off and it crawls away.

A little girl of 6 was away from school to-day and Miss H made inquiries about her. The answer was "She is working the elevator only they give it a 'h'" [sic]. Then when she seemed in doubt as to the truth of the statement and asked the children, it came in chorus "She always does it". She appears that she [sic] leads the horse round and round and so sets the machinery working. I heard an owl screech near my window last night; it was eery.

21.07.08 Tuesday. Oswald's 17<sup>th</sup> birthday. We gave him a little prayer book.

All our holiday arrangements are altered. The treat is put off until Thursday Aug 6<sup>th</sup> so we shall not get away until 7<sup>th</sup>. Monday will be a half-day holiday for the treat but no notice will be taken of Bank Holiday.

The weather is lovely again.

The Socialists paid us a visit last night and gave a lecture with the gramophone from their travelling van in 'the Square' [original underscore].

22.07.08 Wednesday. Lovely weather again.

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<sup>53</sup> Mary Ellen Purtill and Albert Cornick – see entry 25 June 1908.

Pages 157-158

24.07.08 Friday. Lovely weather. Miss W and I cycled to Dorchester after tea.

25.07.08 Saturday. A misty rain falling.

26.07.08 Sunday. Perfect weather. There is an air of excitement over the town especially among the boys – the show is encamped in the field for the Fête tomorrow.

27.07.08 Monday. Lovely weather. Foresters' Fête for Cerne. School opened in the morning until 11 o'clock. At 11.45 there was a service in the church before which, headed by a brass band the Foresters had paraded the principal streets. Then after the service which was the heartiest I have heard in Cerne Church (Rev. Barclay from Minterne preached), the men adjourned to the marquee erected for the purpose in a field next to the Workhouse and had dinner. After dinner we joined the merry makers (everyone comes from miles around and makes holiday). There were the merry-go-round braying out popular tunes in a most doleful manner, swing-boats, cocoa-nut shies, try-your-strength machines, Aunt Sally, a shooting range and various other stalls and booths. In the afternoon there were pony races, bicycle races, flat races etc.

Towards the evening the band played dance music and dancing was the thing.<sup>54</sup>

28.07.08 Tuesday. We are busy dressing dolls for the treat.

30.07.08 Thursday. Still lovely weather. Miss Clark, Mrs North's friend has come for a few days, has come [sic] and well you know it for the amount of conversation (I was going to say 'jaw') those two can get in in a given time is surprising.

I have finished my doll; dressed it as a baby in a night-gown and cap.

August 1908

01.08.08 Saturday. Perfect weather. This morning we did needlework on Chescombe Seat (allotments) and this afternoon read in the Park. We saw a grass snake killed and another (both good size) wriggle away in the brushwood.

02.08.08 Sunday. Still perfect weather. I have just returned from Sunday School. It is a very small one here – 30 is a very good number in the afternoon and less in the morning. There was a children's service this afternoon, 30 school children, the clergyman, the...

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<sup>54</sup> This fête was mentioned in a brief report published in the *Western Daily Press* on 31 July 1908 (p7): 'Among the rustics who attended a local fête at Cerne Abbas was Michael Mullett, who was born in 1813. He enjoys vigorous health, and is full of lively recollections of his youth, among them that of playing cudgels on the village green'.

Pages 159-160

[02.08.08 continued]

...organist, one in the choir and one or two others. A Baptism followed, 2 babies, and now they are out of Church (all in less than an hour).

04.08.08 Tuesday. Very oppressive weather all day.

05.08.08 Wednesday. It has come in rather cloudy and a little rain fell this morning. We have broken up, at last, for three weeks. I never saw boys work harder than they did this morning in fixing the desks as tables. Miss Hannent has gone home to-day.

06.08.08 Thursday. A not very promising day to start with. We (4 of us) began cutting up bread and butter and cake about 9.30 and were hard at it until nearly 12 o'clock. At 3 o'clock a procession was formed and really it was a pretty turn out. Some of the children were in fancy dress, others had decorations of their own; everyone had something flags or decorated poles. Then we marched all through the town with the Sydling band at the head. The band was rather out of tune. The infants in two wagons brought up the rear. After this came tea in the school. Tea finished, the children rushed off to the Vicarage Field while the band and visitors had tea. Then we went down. During the evening prizes were given for the best fancy dress and decorations. The first prize went to the Queen of Hearts. Her brother was a clown or rather fool in motley. Among them was a clown, sunflower, marguerite, a girl to represent Turkey, a Turkish soldier, an Italian organ girl, a little girl as a witch, Red Riding Hood besides several other pretty dresses. The best decorations were a complete model of a set of swing-boats, a bicycle and other very pretty ones. Altogether I was agreeably surprised to see the number, variety and prettiness of it all. Other prizes were given for window plants. For amusements there were swing-boats, cocoa-nut shies and ordinary swings and in the evening there was dancing for the older people. Soon after nine o'clock the band ceased and the fête was over for another year.

07.08.08 Friday. A lovely day and I started from Cerne, the carrier's only passenger until we picked up more on the road. I took charge of an old lady who had never travelled alone before and who was going to Portsmouth; got her out of one train at Bournemouth and secured another, ditto at Southampton then left her bound for Portsmouth while I changed at Cosham. Finally I arrived home at 8 o'clock after a wait of two hours at Havant. Found all well at home, 'Merton'<sup>55</sup> seems quite an elegant mansion after 'Belle Vue'. Mater has lodgers – Mr Parish, his invalid wife, Katie Parish, their 16 years old daughter and Alec, 10.

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<sup>55</sup> Merton was the Granville family home in Gordon Avenue, South Bersted, Bognor Regis.

NOTE: Pages 161-165 missing

Pages 165-166

[24.08.08 continued]

...Pictures on the Pier. Shanley and Carter have taken it over now and it is full every night.

25.08.08. Still very windy. Miss Down, Bee's chum, came up to supper.

26.08.08 Wednesday. Very dull and some rain (9.30)

27.08.08 Thursday. Edie, Bee and I went to see 'Julius Caesar'. One of the actors, Mr Charles Maunsell who took the part of Decimus Brutus one of the conspirators against Julius Caesar stayed at Auntie's.

28.08.08 Friday. Gale blowing and very heavy seas. Mater and I went to see 'The Christian'.<sup>56</sup> It is splendid though I do not like parts. But it is very little like the book. One speech is from 'The Manxman'.<sup>57</sup> I know because I have just come across it there.

29.08.08 Saturday. Started on my return journey and came in for two heavy thunderstorms and one very heavy rain storm but between the sun shone brilliantly. Train didn't arrive in Dorchester until 4.45. Carrier starts back at 4.30 so left my luggage at the Cloak Room and was contemplating finding a tea shop preparatory to tramping the 8 miles to Cerne but as luck would have it (it was a direct answer to prayer when I really saw no hope of it being answered) the Carrier's wife met me. Miss H had arrived by an earlier train and so they had waited for me. Afterwards I heard that the other passengers were getting a trifle impatient after ¾ of an hour's wait; there were 9 of them.

30.08.08 Sunday. Well we [sic] back again but I can't say I feel exactly joyous; of course I am grateful for having a school to return to but I must say it seems rather dull here. We went to Church in the morning. There were 7 people in front of us in 14 pews. I watched Mr Lionel Digby and he didn't know how to sit still and really I felt bored. We started on "Poor sinners again". Mr Gundry did remind me of Parson Quayle.<sup>58</sup> I wish we had a John Storm here.<sup>59</sup> In the evening I went alone. The congregation immediately in front of me swelled to 13. Another "Poor sinners" and another tired looking young man.

31.08.08 Monday. Quite cold and rain. This evening it rained and blew furiously from 4.30 to 8.30.

## SEPTEMBER

01.09.08 Tuesday. Wretched weather, cold, raining on and off all day, sun only shone for a few minutes. The Wesleyan Sunday School, about 30, went to Weymouth today.

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<sup>56</sup> 'The Christian' was a 1907 play by Sir Thomas Henry Hall Caine (1853-1931), a dramatization of his 1897 novel of the same name. Now largely forgotten, during his lifetime Hall Caine was enormously popular and was the highest paid novelist of his day.

<sup>57</sup> 'The Manxman' was another Hall Caine novel, first published in 1894.

<sup>58</sup> Parson Quayle is a character in 'The Christian' by Hall Caine (see note above).

<sup>59</sup> John Storm is the hero of Hall Caine's 'The Christian'.

Pages 167-168

02.09.08 Wednesday. Rain on and off all day, more rain than anything else.

03.09.08 Thursday. Ditto.

04.09.08 Friday. Like the rest of the week.

05.09.08 Saturday. It was quite nice. I stayed in bed until dinner time but the window was wide open and the sun came in directly so it was nice. In the afternoon Miss H and I walked up Alton Lane and in the evening on the Dorchester Rd. Char has just finished his tour and arrives in London tomorrow. I have had quite a lot of correspondence from him since he came back – postcards from Melrose, Ripon, Lincoln, Cambridge and besides shortbread from Scotland and a little book called “The Imp of Lincoln” – a poem.

06.09.08 Sunday. Fine though not so nice as yesterday. Next Saturday or the Saturday after we are to take our Sunday School children to Weymouth for the day. Mr U let a hint fall that on Friday and today they made a special effort to come; (4 never been before) can’t think where their consciences are.

07.09.08 Monday. Lovely day.

08.09.08 Tuesday. Some rain, fog in the evening.

11.09.08 Friday. Oswald tried to enlist [sic]. He borrowed the sergeant’s bike and started for Dorchester at 7.15 in the morning in order to catch the Dr. at the recruiting office soon after 8 o’clock. It was no use though. They would not pass his eyes as he could not read the small print at a distance. He is disappointed but perhaps as Colonel Gundry, the Vicar’s soldier son, is interested in him he may find a way yet of getting into the army. At present he is a clerk to Mr Cole, the lawyer in Cerne, at 7s. 6d. a week.<sup>60</sup>

12.09.08 Saturday. It was a lovely day, clear and crisp early but quite hot at noon in the sun. Miss H and I walked to Badcombe Down, the highest point in Dorset. From the top you can see the Bristol Channel I am told but though we took a small telescope the mist did not lift sufficiently for us to see any great distance. Sir Frederick Treves, the Dorset surgeon who successfully performed on the King and was knighted for it, says the air on Badcombe Down is like champagne. We found a nice lot of mushrooms and the finest blackberries I have ever picked. Also we discovered a partridge’s egg and gathered some heather but little seems to grow here. It was a good seven miles walk.

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<sup>60</sup> In 1911, Alfred E A Cole recorded his occupation as ‘Clerk to Cerne Union etc etc’.

13.09.08 Sunday. Cold, dull day. We four went to Church. The 12 pews in front of us only had two people. Harvest Thanksgiving is to be on Thursday evening at 7.30pm but although there is to be a special preacher we have none of the evidences of harvest about the building as Mr Gundry would consider it Popery.

Yesterday Lionel brought home some apples. Madame baked them. Then he calmly informed her that he had bitten them all so no one else should touch them. (Greedy little beggar!) At this his mamma laughed heartily as though she thought it rather clever than otherwise. Mr L is a bit too clever I think. He is the darling and says and does entirely as he likes.

I went to Church alone in the evening and we had quite an exciting sermon. To begin with we had the usual 'poor sinners'. He himself says it is unpalatable doctrine; it's very monotonous. He spoke enthusiastically of a meeting of the Revival order. That wasn't as extraordinary except that we seldom get a story thrown in. Just as I thought the dear man had done he started abusing the Roman Catholics (he is rather fond of the subject I'm told though it is the first time I have heard him). It seems they have sent over a legate and proposed organising a procession through the streets of London exhibiting the consecrated Host. He described it as a piece of paste shut up in a box and worshipped as God. He called it ridiculous, idolatrous blasphemy. Altogether it was very much like one of Mr Hamlyn's discourses in "A Lost Cause" only an educated one.<sup>61</sup> Mr G has evidently no toleration for them.

14.09.08 Monday. Fine, ideal autumn weather.

15.09.08 Tuesday. Cold and wet until 2.30pm then cleared up splendidly.

19.09.08 Saturday. We (the Sunday School) went to Weymouth and didn't I have a ripping time. We left Cerne in two wagons for the children and a wagonette for us at 8.30am in pouring rain. The morning we spent in strolling around Weymouth (it cleared when we reached Dorchester), went into the fashionable church of St John's. After dinner Miss W, Miss H and I hired a small boat and went out to one of the men-o-war lying out in the Bay. We went on board the "Africa", 16850 tons and carrying 850 men.<sup>62</sup> One of the sailors was told off to show us round and we did have a fine time. She carries two 9.2 guns, 10 12 pounders besides smaller guns some of which are used on shore in times of war. The largest are covered in by armour plating 12" thick and send shells over 8 miles. This ship has the most and heaviest guns in the Channel Fleet. We saw a torpedo (horrid thing like a bright shark) and the place where it is hoisted up...

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<sup>61</sup> *A Lost Cause* is a 1905 novel written by Cyril Arthur Edward Ranger Gull (1875-1923), published under his pen name Guy Thorne.

<sup>62</sup> HMS Africa was a Royal Navy battleship. Launched at Chatham in 1905, it was decommissioned at the end of the First World War and was scrapped in 1920.



[19.09.08 continued]

...also the torpedo netting made of steel chain to protect the sides of the vessel but the sailor told us that occasionally one will leap the netting and fall on deck. All the steering gear, compasses etc. and most of the guns are wrapped up in oil-skin covers. When not in use a ram is run into the guns to keep them dry. To see everything properly you do not want your best things on as there is so much oil about. Then everything seems to have a dial for focussing. "It is easy when you know it" as our guide said but most puzzling when you don't. He showed us the guns (rifles) and bayonets and took one down and showed us exactly how it all worked. It holds 10 cartridges. I shouldn't fancy a bayonet in front of me. They have a device for locking the trigger in case of accident when advancing. Then we saw the cook-house, the sick-bay, quarter deck, bridge etc. The sick-bay was occupied; I saw one in bed. The quarter deck is the largest open space. Here the officer of the watch and one or two men were on duty. There was also someone on the bridge. The funnels for the smoke are tremendous things like great factory chimneys only not so tall. There are numerous narrow bridges over the main deck and really in our boots we had to step carefully and also on the little flights of steps all edged with metal and generally having a highly polished step at the top. Nearly all the men were bare-footed and some very oily through cleaning metal work. There are compasses on board one above the other and all connected so that in wartime should one be damaged another can be used. (Everything seems to be fitted up so that if one thing fail something else is to hand. If the electric light apparatus is wrong then lanterns are used and so on). All the metal round the compass is magnetised and on either side of the box are large magnetised metal balls. Then we saw the kit bags – long soft leather bolsters with a brass plate one end bearing a number. The sailor showed us his. He said they get a lot of clothes in voyage. We were by when [sic] seven bells were struck – 3.30 and heard "Come to the cook-house door boys" – the bugle call for tea. Defaulters have it on deck which he said is rather liked than otherwise. Then we saw them signalling by flags and the telegraph – a set of signals like those used on the railway. We saw the electric station and heard the dynamo which drives it and lights up the ship. We saw the bunk escapes where the men may escape in case one part of the ship is damaged, and the...

[19.09.08 continued]

...great iron doors, inches thick to shut off one part of the vessel from another when in action. The guns and nearly all the machinery is [sic] worked by hydraulic power. Then we saw the medicine store and where the wounded are brought down and the lift that brings them. The magazine we could only pass by – a thousand shells of each kind are stored. We looked down into the ammunition room and one of the sailors brought us a roll of charge to look at and one of the shells. It can only go off if the point is truck very hard and that is not the thickness of a pencil. The cable is an enormous thing, links a foot long and as thick as your fist. One of the sailors gave us a piece of cordite which is used for fusing in the guns. It is made up in thin semi-transparent brown sticks. We saw the pinnace come in. These are the scouts in the Navy. And we saw one of the men climb up a rope ladder and crawl along a boom to get on board for tea. Smoking time begins at 4 o'clock. We saw the coal holes. They coaled last week. Wednesday they leave for Sacrb?? This is the most heavily armed vessel in the Channel Fleet. We saw the limelight apparatus, the canteen, the lantern room, the armourer's forges. The "Africa" was drawing 28" in the Bay. There were about 15 men-o-war in and one in dock for repairs. Among them was Lord Beresford's ship the "Edward", the "Argyle", "Triumph", "Dominion". There was to be a ball on one and the quarter deck was covered in. A sailing Regatta was on – over a hundred boats of various sizes took part. We saw one ship which was originally made for the Chilean government but they couldn't pay for it so we did. All the vessels are painted grey and some as the "Africa" have scarlet bands round the funnels. Some have four funnels, some three and some two; the "Africa" had two.

I was very much struck by the politeness with which every man treated us. Although we were about 3 to 300 not even by a look was there the least familiarity and the one who showed us round was very interesting in his explanations.

20.09.08 Sunday. Rained in torrents from 8 till 12 o'clock and no one went to Church. Miss H was not well so Madame and I went alone to the Harvest Festival at Upcerne Church in the evening. It was very prettily decorated.

21.09.08 Monday. Fine. Oswald tried again to inlist [sic] this time at Yeovil. He walked 13 miles altogether but no use – his eyes as below. They thought it is through writing so much on white paper and if he could get employment out of doors they might be alright.

I had a box of goodies from the Exhibition which those from home sent, cards, a Rose of Sharon, sweets (Blarney's Kiss, an Irish sweet and Canadian molasses), books, scent, a book...

Pages 175-176

[21.09.08 continued]

...a bracelet.<sup>63</sup>

22.09.08 Tuesday. Rain.

23.09.08 Wednesday. Still rain. I had a hamper from Char, a large currant cake, a smaller sultana one, a packet of chocolates, 5 large pears, a lot of walnuts, and two tins of preserved fruit – one pears and one apricots.

26.09.08 Saturday. A lovely morning though it did not keep so nice in the afternoon. Miss H and I went blackberrying in the morning and Miss W and I in the afternoon. We really set out to get mushrooms but not one could we see. But we did see two hares – one as large as a small dog.

27.09.08 Sunday. Rain, and more rain.

28.09.08 Monday. Damp, misty, dull generally.

29.09.08 Tuesday. Like a Turkish bath. Night school began; twice a week at 7 to 8.30; subjects arithmetic and geography. Only 10 go, Lionel is one. Mr U gets 12 a night I am told.

30.09.08 Wednesday. To-day it has been lovely only still hot and very damp. The stone hall and passages look as though they have just been washed. My trunk is green in places with mould, the seat of my bicycle was thick with it and a book on my dressing table was also coated.

## OCTOBER 1908

01.10.08 Thursday. Bright and hot: an Indian summer.

02.10.08 Friday. Ditto.

03.10.08 Saturday. Very hot. M and I cycled to Dorchester. I went to see an exhibition of pictures. Among them were some by Mr John Shapland<sup>64</sup> our former Head in the Art School Exeter and there was one there by Miss K Walters; it's the same name and style of picture as one of the art mistresses at Maidstone. (Not the same I have since found out; her name was Le[?].

04.10.08 Sunday. Still magnificent weather. We had fresh peaches this morning, afternoon and evening.

05.10.08 Monday. Dull, damp, misty. One of the infants had diphtheria.

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<sup>63</sup> The exhibition that Granville refers to was the Franco-British Exhibition held at Shepherd's Bush from 14 May to 31 October 1908. Hosted as a celebration of the Entente Cordiale signed in 1904 between Britain and France, the exhibition was a hugely popular, and provided the backdrop for the 1908 London Olympic Games.

<sup>64</sup> John Shapland (1866-1929?)

06.10.08 Tuesday. The school is disinfected also the stream. The Sanitary Inspector was round to inspect the buildings.

07.10.08 Wednesday. Weather same as Monday and Tuesday. There is a comet to be seen only I haven't seen it yet.

08.10.08 Thursday. Weather ditto. I went to Minterne Harvest Festival alone and the whole 3 miles, in the dusk, I scarcely saw a soul. The church was packed. I got there a quarter of an hour before time and had to have a back seat. Lord and Lady Digby were there and their three little girls with their German governess. (Lord Digby married rather late in life – about 50 – a Miss Hood only 23 and now they have 5 children. The eldest boy, 15, is away at school. The eldest girl is 12 and the youngest is a boy of 5). The Church was very prettily decorated. There were 4 clergymen. The Dean of Salisbury preached. Afterwards I waited for Miss Sherry and she introduced me to servants of Minterne House. We went into the coachman's house. They have it beautifully furnished.

09.10.08 Friday. It rained all day.

10.10.08 Saturday. Cleared and we had sunshine. Miss W and I cycled into Dorchester to do a little shopping.

11.10.08 Sunday. Bright but cooler. I have a fit of the blues. To begin with the congregation in the Church this morning was less than usual – 10 in 24 pews counting our own – the service unusually dull and the sermon, unspeakable. Only Miss H and I went. M wasn't ready in time so went out for a walk instead. The boys are left in charge of the house Sunday mornings. O does the cooking such as it is while darling L gets up late and then lounges about.

Then came dinner and it seemed the last straw. The meat was cold, tough, soppy, and served up on the same dish as we had it hot yesterday. The potatoes were mashed and lukewarm. To crown all second course consisted of baked rice only. I don't like cold meat and mashed potatoes, and rice is my pet aversion. So this afternoon I am consoling myself with walnuts and chocolate and am going to Minterne this evening.

19.10.08 Monday. It rained all day yesterday and today everything is thoroughly saturated, air, earth and things on the earth. Edie has at last got a situation with a lady at Notting Hill for £20 a year. She started on Thursday.

20.10.08 Tuesday. It rained hard all day. But really very few children stay away; most of them live in the village. I had a cake from Mater and an enclosed letter from Winnie which is as follows:- "About 3pm...

[20.10.08 continued]

...we started for our picnic xxx We drove to the silk farm where they keep the silkworms. They have plantations of mulberry trees about the size of gooseberry bushes. The mulberries grow the middle at the bottom nearly on the ground. We picked a lot ourselves and the natives picked a lot for us to take away. They are much smaller than English ones and are long and thin and not nearly so nice. The leaves are all chopped up fine for the silkworms and are on big trays made of bamboo. We saw the worms in different stages, from a few days old till the time when they had finished eating. When they are ready to spin they are put on huge trays with little divisions and they spin the silk xxx They have to be boiled before the silk will unwind. A few of each lot are put away for the eggs. It takes 8 cocoons to make 1 thread and there are from 300 to 600 yds on each cocoon according to the different kinds xxxxxx It is all wound on huge reels, then sent to Japan and England to be woven. From the farm we drove to some temples. In one was a huge elephant cut out of a solid block of stone. It had flowers threaded like necklaces all over it and was covered with grease or holy oil. It smelt horrid. In another temple was a huge bull, also hung with flowers and covered with oil. All the temples have a priest in charge. They won't let you go in, only stand at the door and look. We saw an offering being made. They had a hollow stone in front and they broke cocoanuts and poured out the milk, then lighted some incense and waved it about and rang bells. The people standing round all put their hands together and bowed and made signs xxxx Sometimes they will let you go in if you take your boots off. Some temples have lovely carving and are big and grand while others are small, plain and uninteresting".

21.10.08 Wednesday. Rained, if anything, harder than ever. The Inspector came in the afternoon. Towards evening it cleared and at night a frost set in.

22.10.08 Thursday. So to-day we have it cold but bright.

31.10.08 Saturday. Warm but very muddy. I saw a heron lying in a field; looked as though it had killed by a stone. About 3'.

November

01.11.08 Sunday. Warm and very misty this morning. Lovely for a few hours this afternoon. The country looks lovely with its various shades of green and brown and gold under the beams of the red autumn sun. I have now been here seven months. Winnie has just been a year in India. Sausages and bread 1st course and cornflour and jam second for dinner – bread and butter for supper.

02.11.08 Monday. Fairly warm and bright though somewhat misty. No pudding for dinner and the pudding with the meat doughy.

13.11.08 Friday. Scripture exam. Rev. Barclay examines, very nice man. Dancing class began; 15 joined. Half holiday this afternoon.

11.11.08 Wednesday.<sup>65</sup> Shorthand class began. We are six – Miss Wilment, Miss Hannent, Mr Hardy, Oswald, Lionel and myself. There was a Marionettes' Show going on at the same time in the next room.

15.11.08 Sunday. Bright, not too cold, medium damp.

18.11.08 Wednesday. 2<sup>nd</sup> shorthand class, 9 present.

19.11.08 Thursday. Had a box of sweets from Edie.

20.11.08 Friday. Miss W away from school with a bad cold.

21.11.08 Saturday. Warm and bright in the morning but turned to a gale and rain as evening came on. I cycled into Dorchester to do some shopping.

22.11.08 Sunday. Dull very and a gale getting up again. Mr G is not well so we have fresh preachers. Mr Brandwrath in the morning and the one from St Peter's Dorchester in the evening.

23.11.08 Monday. Miss Willment still away.

24.11.08 Tuesday. Miss W back again.

26.11.08. Heard from Esther[?]. Miss Epps retired on ill health. Mr Charlton resigned. Mr Parry Head (of Carmarthen T[raining] College).<sup>66</sup>

28.11.08 Saturday. Miss W and I cycled into Dorchester; the wind was strong and the roads rather heavy so it was somewhat hard work. We did not go the usual but turned off when we got to Charminster and went through that village. Sir Frederick Treves in his book "Highways and Byways in Dorset" says "Charminster is a rambling place of gardens, with many old thatched cottages and an ever cheerful stream – the Cerne. Its church is full of memorials to Trenchards, and indeed the stately tower was reared[?] some time in the early years of the 16<sup>th</sup> century by that Sir Thomas who built the Mansion of Wolfeton". (On the left as you go into Dorchester from C). Charminster to me seems so picturesque and has a very winding main street...

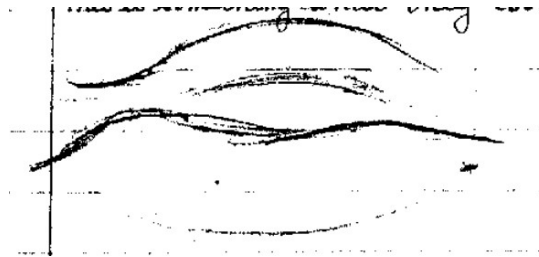
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<sup>65</sup> Granville has non-chronological entries on this page. I suspect that she left a gap between her entries for the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> of November with the intention of inserting some information for the days between at a later date, but never did so.

<sup>66</sup> Rev Albert William Parry (1875-1950) served as principal of Carmarthen Training College from 1908 to 1949. Prior to that appointment he had been the head of the Day Training College at Exeter (at which Granville had studied) and Professor of Education at Exeter University.

[28.11.08 continued]

...Finally we reached D and after shopping Miss W took me to see the famous Maumbury Rings. They stand just outside the town. It is supposed to be a Roman Amphitheatre. Grass covered embankments 30 feet high shut in an almost circular space. On the inner slope is a terrace where audiences sat. There are two gaps in the embankments one broad where the beasts were driven in and opposite a smaller where probably the dead carcasses were carried out. This is something what they look like.



Outside Dorchester, just before you enter the town from Cerne is a large British camp – Poundbury. The embattled towers which lead to Dorchester Barracks give one quite the idea that there is a fortified castle beyond (but there isn't).

I have mentioned the Grammar School before. Adjoining it is Napper's Mite, a small cloistered almshouse founded by Sir Gerard Napper 1615.

29.11.08 Sunday. Very dull day, thick mist envelopes the hills and a drizzling rain falls. I was awake nearly all the night with neuralgia and Miss H is in bed with a bad head again.

06.12.08 Sunday. Quite bright and sunny. The congregation in Church was smaller than ever – only 3 in front of me – a girl, a young lady and a lad.

13.12.08 Sunday. Dull weather. Had some rain every day this week but the nights have been splendid – the moon was brilliant.

18.12.08 Friday. The Inspector was in in the afternoon for an hour 2-3 to examine the children going in for labour certificates. There were 8 children – 6 girls and 2 boys. They were examined in reading, arithmetic and composition. Two[?] of the girls were our own the rest came from villages round.

19.12.08 Saturday. Rain. It has been little else for the last fortnight and the roads I hear are in a terrible state.

20.12.08 Sunday. Raw cold weather. Our Organist, Mrs Parry, is away for a month so a former pupil has taken her place for a time. He is quite a genius. He was a farm lad when she began to notice him. Now the head organist from Dorchester has taken him up and this young man plays for him at Fordington Church on Sundays and drives a grocer's van in Dorchester during the week. He can play though better much than Mrs Parry.

23.12.08 Wednesday. Colder and drier. Much more like Xmas than it has been yet; people hurrying by all day to Dorchester to do their shopping in Dorchester and to see the market. Miss H went off at 3 o'clock. The fox hounds went by school just before and such a lot of pink coats to join the meet at Minterne. It was pretty sight.

24.12.08 Thursday. Christmas Eve. Started from Cerne at 9 o'clock. My conveyance followed Miss Scott's carriage closely all the way. The train left D at 10.26 and ran as far as Southampton without a change. The amount of traffic was less than I had expected. Reached home exactly at 3 o'clock; have never done it so quickly before. Found Dad and Mater well. Bee didn't get home until 11 o'clock. We went down to see the shops – very little evergreen decoration and holly since very scarce indeed. Real Xmas weather cold and dry. Dad and I went to meet Char by the last train. It is 9 months since we saw each other. He is very much changed – looks older and has a moustache.

25.12.08 Friday. Christmas Day. We went to early Communion and Matins. The Church was prettily decorated. Weather still cold and dry. The usual feasting etc and stockings of course. In mine I had combinations from Dad (of course Mater really got them), 2 pairs of stockings from Mater, a small Gladstone from Char, a Prayer and Hymn Book from Bee and a box of sweets from Aunties. I went in to see them Thursday evening. They could not come up to us as they have people staying from Buxton.

26.12.08 Saturday. Boxing Day. Edie came by the 1.30 train but had to return at 7.15. She looks well, has got thinner and quite smart. Miss Binnie had given her a blouse length of pink delaine and a fashionable collar (miles high) and Sir Alexander gave her 5s. A lady who had stayed there gave her half a dozen handkerchiefs. She (Edie) brought me two handkerchiefs and a piece of music – selections from the "Merry Widow".

27.12.08 Sunday. Heavy snow and very cold. We picked up some cuttle fish thrown up by the tide.

28.12.08 Monday. Very cold. Char returned to London by the 7.20 train in the morning and Bee started work again.

29.12.08 Tuesday. Snow fell heavily all day, a regular blizzard. Bee did not go back to the shop after dinner, it was so thick.

30.12.08 Wednesday. Heavy frost and bright sun. A terrible earthquake has taken place in Southern Italy. Messina is destroyed at 50 to 100 thousand persons have perished.<sup>67</sup>

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<sup>67</sup> The Messina Earthquake occurred on 28 December 1908. An estimated 80,000 people lost their lives.



31.12.08 Thursday. Quite foggy.

1909

01.01.09 New Year's Day. Still foggy and snow on the ground. The Xmas parcel arrived from India. Mater had a table cloth. She is quite proud of it. It is a navy blue cloth heavily worked in gold and coloured silks. Dad a bottle of real Indian chutney and a lovely fine Panama hat. Char had 2 flannel shirts. Edie and Bee and I had alike – a piece of embroidered muslin for a blouse and a pair of native heelless slippers. Beside that I had a lot of curios for my museum. Aunties had a fine embroidered afternoon tea cloth.

02.01.09 Saturday. Foggy and still a little snow left on the ground. Char came, Sunday.

03.01.09 Sunday. Muddy. Winnie is engaged to be married to a Mr John Chaney. He is head chauffeur to a Rajah and has 8 cars and men under him. His [??] is 8000 rupees a year (=to about £300 to £400) and a furnished bungalow). He is about 4 miles (I believe) from Bombay. They seem to be very much in love with each other. All being well they will be married at the end of April or the beginning of May.<sup>68</sup>

04.01.09 Monday. Mater and I went to tea with aunties. The people who they have are sisters of the great Manchester artist Lomax who has painted among many pictures "The Elopement", "Jolly Companions", "He had Spoken Lightly of a Woman's Name".<sup>69</sup>

06.01.09 Wednesday. Three of Bee's friends came to tea etc. Miss Legg (she knows Cerne), Miss May and Miss Palmer who is a Somerset girl and very much like Bessie May. We played cards etc.

08.01.09 Friday. We all went to a quiet party at aunties. We had just returned about 11 o'clock and were getting off to bed when a loud peal came at the front door and Char came in. He and a gentleman had just come down from London. He will stay in Bognor for a week of perhaps even a fortnight. Oh the irony of fate, just as I am returning to Cerne.

09.01.09 Saturday. Started back for Cerne. Left Bognor at 9.37. Dad and Char came to the station with me. Char has lent me his mandolin so I have bought it along with me. Miss H and I came by the same train from Bournemouth but did not see each other until we landed at D. She had order [sic] a trap so I also used it. She has brought back a plum-pudding and [??] iced-cakes, fruit. She also told me all her presents:— a white spotted net blouse over a white silk slip for evening wear; a tiara also for evening wear; combs for the hair, set elaborately with brilliants, a grey fur (says its smoked fox what ever that may be) and a gold necklet with chains dangling from it of green Irish marble. It was awful coming alone – the roads I mean.

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<sup>68</sup> Winifred Granville married John Chaney at Jubbulpore, India on 27 October 1909. Chaney was born in 1886 at Boltonwoods, Bradford in Yorkshire.

<sup>69</sup> The 'great Manchester artist' was John Arthur Lomax (1857-1923).

10.01.09 Sunday. It rained hard first thing this morning. The bell rang for Sunday School but in the morning no one arrived. Mr G started on 'Poor Sinners' again at least he always gives it to us. The church is decorated with evergreens. Nine people in front this morning and three of those children.

15.01.09 Friday. Snow fell during the night and next morning we found everything under a mantle of snow but it soon disappeared as the sun gained in strength.

17.01.09 Sunday. Very muddy out. Mr G was away and we had Mr Cockcroft his former curate. Miss H is leaving Cerne and going back to her old school at Brentford.<sup>70</sup>

18.01.09 Monday. Very dull and some rain.

19.01.09 Tuesday. Took my children out for a geography lesson on the River Cerne.

20.01.09 Wednesday. Very sharp frost but otherwise a beautiful day. The hounds met at Goose Green – the little patch of grass just outside this house. We were out by 11 and did not return so Miss W and I got on top of Giant Hill to watch – you see for miles around. Got back by 1 o'clock. Found only tinned salmon and biscuits for dinner. Mrs N had got some treacle to make a pudding but when the hounds came along of course she must go chasing off to Upcerne and our dinner was of no consequence. I took std I and II 32 out for an hour this afternoon to observe the dicky-birds.

21.01.09 Thursday. A heavy frost and a thick fog first thing but it cleared and became a beautiful day by 11 o'clock with the sun shining brightly. I have a very bad cold. Had a letter from Mater this morning. Char still in Bognor.

07.02.09 Sunday. Bleak and cold. Haven't written in here for over a fortnight. Nothing much has happened. A week ago I had a letter from Mr Chaney.<sup>71</sup> I'm getting quite an old maid. Miss H went to the Vicarage to tea last Wednesday. Miss H is leaving Cerne to go to her old school at Brentford.

12.02.09 Friday. Edie's 19<sup>th</sup> birthday. It seems only the other day she was 10. I had some iced little cakes from Mater, part of her birthday cake. Mater has had her photo taken and I am to have one when I go home. Char has returned to...

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<sup>70</sup> Ealing Road Infants' School, Brentford

<sup>71</sup> Chaney is the fiancé of Granville's half-sister Winnie.

[12.02.09 continued]

...London after a 5 week's stay in Bognor. He took his aunt Lylie and Bee out to a concert one night and at different times took them out in a trailer and now they feel quite desolate without him. Even Mater went out one afternoon.

13.02.09 Saturday. Piercingly cold. To-day is the great Candlemas Fair – Hiring Fair – in Dorchester. Waggoners with their whips tied with coloured ribbons, shepherds with their crooks, farm labourers etc go to town to be hired for the coming summer. I've read of such things but never thought they were practised now.

I have bought some material for a new dress – a dark green stripe.

14.02.09 Sunday. Still very cold. St Valentine's Day. Mine was the Rev Holderness Chaplain at Portland who was over to preach on Missions to Seaman.

17.02.09 Wednesday. Mr Hands, the Inspector, came to the shorthand class and stayed about half an hour.

18.02.09 Thursday. Bright. Quite an exciting day. First there was the wedding of Miss Emily Derriman and Mr Hugh Diment. Secondly the cry of wolf (i.e. inspector) was raised. Thirdly Miss Hannent departed from Cerne and lastly the new teacher is appointed. Of course the first was the largest and most important item. Miss Derriman is the youngest daughter of the mill-owner.<sup>72</sup> Mr Diment is the youngest son of Mrs Diment and now owner of the Abbey Farm.<sup>73</sup> He is a gentleman farmer. Both sides are well off. There were 50 guests at the wedding and nearly all relations. It was a very quiet wedding. Mr Derriman objects to all show. They walked to Church and returned to the breakfast in the Dr's motor.<sup>74</sup> She was married in her going-away gown of biscuit colour and electric blue and looked very nice. She had neither veil or bouquet and only one bridesmaid unless you count her little nephew and niece. She is 34 I think and he is 28 but she is pretty and looks very much younger. The guests were also sensibly and nicely dressed – mostly in coats and skirts. The church was decorated. Mr Diment is a church-warden. The bells rang and everyone who could crowded in. I have never seen such a congregation before. Mr Gundry was assisted by his son the Rev. Hugh. After the breakfast Mr and Mrs Diment drove into Dorchester and took train for London where they spend their honeymoon. The farm hands had a supper Friday night and the mill-hands on Saturday. The streets were decorated. The Inspector did pass through Cerne but did not call here...

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<sup>72</sup> Emily Jane Derriman (1876-1933).

<sup>73</sup> Hugh Diment (1880-1950).

<sup>74</sup> Cerne's village physician, Dr Ernest Edmund Dalton (1863-1949).

[18.02.09 continued]

...Miss Hannent went off at about 3 o'clock. Mrs North went into Dorchester with her. She went by the same train as the bride and bridegroom. She has been 13 months here and everyone thinks a tremendous lot of her. Two teachers have been out from Dorchester but the one chosen is from Stroud in Gloucestershire – a Miss C. E. May Morris; a very good looking girl (according to her photograph) and 5 feet 7 inches in height.<sup>75</sup> Her father is a schoolmaster and she comes from a secondary school.

20.02.09 Saturday. A glorious day like summer. I went to Dorchester. Going in a mile from town my back tyre sprang a leak and I had to walk.

21.02.09 Sunday. A better day even than yesterday. Fewer at church than ever this morning.

24.02.09 Ash Wednesday. Took the children, church ones, to morning service at 11. Were 6 minutes late. There were only 6 others besides ourselves in the congregation. Were out again at 20 to 12. Went to school in the afternoon.

I had a letter from Miss Stedman. Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> Russell Honeysett was married to Lily Sharp and they are going to live by the station (Farleigh).<sup>76</sup> Also the same day Albert Tuff (was a schoolboy at one time when I was there) was married.<sup>77</sup>

25.02.09 Thursday. Mater sent me her photo. Aunt Bessie is now at Bognor.<sup>78</sup> She has given up her house at Richmond. Aunt Rebecca has not been well.<sup>79</sup>

26.02.09 Friday. Very cold and fine snow fell. Our jumble sale went off A1. It was held in the School so we had a day's holiday. £16 odd were taken for Church expenses. There were 8 stalls – old clothes, boots, new things (chiefly underclothing) household things, fancy goods, hats, blouses and refreshments at which I assisted. Old clothes sold out first. The show opened at 4 and we left at 9 o'clock.

27.02.09 Saturday. Snow on the ground and falling on and off all day and to crown all bitterly cold. I went in by Gale's to meet Miss Morris. She is tall, slight, delicate looking girl with big brown eyes and medium brown hair with a very quiet manner. Her full name is Christina, Ethel, May Morris. She has three brothers 24, 15 and 11 and one sister 13. The eldest is paralysed in one leg. Harry the second one is with his father and a clever boy. The sister is Winnie after Bee's style I should imagine. Her mother is very tall. Her father is something of an author and has had some of his work illustrated and published. Also he used to play the organ.

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<sup>75</sup> Christina Ethel May Morris (1890-1972). By 1911 Morris was employed as an elementary school teacher at Lyneham in Wiltshire. In October 1919 she married John Badger at Llanfechain in Montgomeryshire. She died at Stoke in 1972.

<sup>76</sup> William Russell Honeysett (1886-1946), like Granville, was recorded in the 1901 Census as a 'pupil teacher' living at East Farleigh in Kent, but he later took up employment in the village as a Farm Bailiff. Lily Sharp (1881-1963) was raised in the village of Hunton, 2.5 miles from Granville's home at East Farleigh.

<sup>77</sup> Albert Thomas Tuff (1886-1950) was two years younger than Granville and, as a resident of East Farleigh, would have been her contemporary at the village school. As recorded by Granville, Tuff married Annie May Dann in 1909.

<sup>78</sup> Catherine Granville's aunt – her mother's sister - Eliza Carter (b.1861).

<sup>79</sup> Catherine Granville's aunt – her mother's sister - Rebecca Carter (1849-1910).

Pages 195-196

28.02.09 Sunday. Miss M doesn't care for the service here. Not surprised.

03.03.09 Wednesday. Snow deep on the ground. No shorthand.

06.03.09 Saturday. Mater's birthday. Rained a heavy cold rain all day without a single break.

07.03.09 Sunday. Sun very bright this morning. Mr Gundry has a cold so Mr Brandwith [sic] took the service this morning. Mr G turned up this evening. A glorious moon has risen.

24.03.09 Wednesday. A thick wet fog envelops everything; the Hunt met at Cerne today. It has rained hard all day. The wind still rising (7.30pm) and raining hard.

25.03.09 Thursday. Sunshine and rain this morning and a heavy wind this evening but this too dropped entirely by 10 o'clock. We got out of school by 4.15 (lately it has been 4.45 sometimes before we left the premises). Mr U was going to hear the choral competition at Dorchester. Mrs N played at Upcerne this evening. I went too but we were only 14; all told. Coming back we saw some wild ducks fly over. There are also lots of wild pigeons here.

26.03.09 Friday. Actually no rain all day. In the evening I took Miss M to the top of Piddle Hill from which we could see Hardy's Monument near Abbotsbury and back by Alton Lane.

27.03.09 Friday. Nice and fine weather. We went for a walk in the morning. In the afternoon I started out for Dorchester; got a mile or so on the road and then a pedal came off so I had to turn back. Miss M is making a blouse for Madame.

28.03.09 Sunday. It has rained hard all day. I did not go to Church in the morning. There were 9 children at Sunday School this morning and 14 in the afternoon.

29.03.09 Monday. It rained all or nearly all day.

31.03.09 Wednesday. Dr Barnardo's yearly lecture was given in the schoolroom. A good many of the slides shown were to do with the Watt's Home in Norfolk where boys are trained as seamen.<sup>80</sup>

April

01.04.09 Thursday. A year ago to-day I entered Cerne School for the first time.

02.04.09 Friday. Weather seems to have taken a change for the better. We have a half holiday for the choral competition this evening...

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<sup>80</sup> The Watts Naval Training School, where underprivileged boys were trained for entry to the Navy, was opened outside Dereham, Norfolk in 1906.

[02.04.09 continued]

...between Piddletrenthide and Cerne. Dr Davis of Wells Cathedral is to be the judge. Piddletrenthide won.<sup>81</sup>

03.04.09 Saturday. Fine and dry though practically no sun. I cycled into Dorchester in the afternoon. Oxford won the boat race by 3 lengths.

04.04.09 Sunday. Beautiful bright morning though cold.

05.04.09 Monday. Weather as yesterday.

06.04.09 Tuesday. Beautiful weather.

08.04.09 Thursday. Started for home; arrived 6.30. Aunt Rebecca is staying with us her health is very critical the doctor says.<sup>82</sup> Aunt Bessie has taken 'Hunton'.

09.04.09 Good Friday. Magnificent weather. Bee and I went to part of the Three Hours Service. Edie came home. We all went to church in the evening.

11.04.09 Easter Sunday. Still beautiful weather. When we returned from Matins we found Char. He had been invalided home for German measles – doubt whether it was measles myself. He looks well and is better looking than ever.

12.04.09 Easter Monday. Bognor seems full. Rain set in towards evening.

13.04.09 Tuesday. Edie returned to London. Rain and dull weather generally. Bee of course had to return to business. In the evening Mater and I went on the pier to see animated pictures.

15.04.09 Thursday. Char and I went to the Assembly Rooms in the evening to a variety entertainment; we came out when half over; it was too dreadful. Annie Hall came down by excursion. She does not seem changed at all.

17.04.09 Saturday. Started back for Cerne. Bee is with me. The carrier's cart was dreadful; I wonder we emerged alive. It made me think of the Black Hole of Calcutta. We had to sit so closely that we couldn't move and the air was like an oven. The old ladies indulged in gossip in broad 'Dorset'.

18.04.09 Sunday. Fine, but so far not brilliant. Bee's impression is that you couldn't possibly hurry even if wanted to in Cerne and even asked at 9.30 whether anyone in the village was awake.

24.04.09 Saturday. Stormy to start with but fine afterward though not brilliant. Bee and I started for Weymouth. First of all my pedal came off after we had got a mile out of Cerne and we had to return to get it fixed up again. Then we made a 2<sup>nd</sup> start and twice had to stand up for the rain...

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<sup>81</sup> This is Dr Thomas Henry Davis (1868-1947), the organist at Wells Cathedral.

<sup>82</sup> Aunt Rebecca died at Bognor on 10 November, 1910 (*Bognor Regis Observer*, 16 November 1910 p4).

[24.04.09 continued]

...but finally we did reach Dorchester about 12.15. There we had dinner. Then took 1.10 motor train to Weymouth. I took Bee all round our usual walk but there was nothing going on. No fleet in. We got back about 8 o'clock.

29.04.09 Thursday. Bee is 17, our baby 17 to-day.

May

01.05.09 Saturday. Very cold but brilliant at intervals; several times between 9 and 11 o'clock it came on to snow a few big flakes. Bee returned home; we went in by Thorne and took the bicycle with us so I could ride back (Friday (yesterday) Bee went to Sherborne – she cycled there and then took the train to on to Yeovil). I met ever so many Cerne people in town. Bee left by the 1.08 train. After she had gone I wandered round the gardens for an hour or so and watched a game of bowls.

02.05.09 Sunday. A very brilliant morning but is now (3.30pm) is [sic] clouding over. I have seen some very bright rainbows lately. The country is lovely just now though things are rather late this year. The cuckoo has been about now for over a week. While we were in the middle of having tea a cousin of Mrs N and his wife drove up in a large red motor. They just had tea and were off again.

06.05.09 Thursday. We have had grand weather all this week except for high winds. It was the day of the choral competition at Weymouth. Mr U and Mrs N among others were off to hear it. We had a half-holiday so I was in command during the morning. The Pavilion at Weymouth (only lately built) was thrown open to the public and a band played all day.<sup>83</sup>

07.05.09 Friday. Still grand weather. Piddletrenthide came out 6<sup>th</sup> or 7<sup>th</sup> on the list: Winfrith was the winner of our division.

08.05.09 Saturday. Beautiful weather still. I had a parcel from India (W is now in Simla). In it were 3 embroidered handkerchiefs and a jade (a kind of emerald green stone) necklace for Edie and curios for me – a piece of soap stone, hoof of a native cat, peacock feathers, curious seeds, pomegranate flowers, silvered leaves, a sweet lime etc. Miss M, Madame and I went cowslip gathering in the afternoon; there are quantities about. At dusk we two went for a stroll under Black Hill. What peace and beauty the hills speak. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Alice Maud Lane was buried. She was one of my pupils when I first came here but has not been for almost a year. She died of dropsy. She was 9 years old and a nice quiet child and an orphan.<sup>84</sup> Quite a number of people of various ages I have known seem to have died in the last few years and so I suppose it will be until I too leave this beautiful world for I hope the perfect rest.

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<sup>83</sup> The original Weymouth Pavilion was opened on 21 December 1908 and was destroyed by fire in 1954.

<sup>84</sup> Alice Maud Lane was born at Bournemouth in 1899. By the time of the 1901 Census she and her older sister, Mabel Annie, were living with her grandparents, William and Elizabeth Lane, at The Folly in Cerne Abbas.

09.05.09 Sunday. A perfect day for the high wind that has been blowing all the week has dropped. I have a cold.

10.05.09 Monday. Lovely weather; a trifle fresh first thing. I have had 5 gypsy children to-day; dirty, ragged little wild animals and absolutely cannot do a thing. Miss W is teaching Miss M to ride her bicycle.

11.05.09 Tuesday. Still beautiful weather. We went to a meeting of the Bible Society. There were only 19 all told. The speaker told us some of the difficulties of translation. There is no such thing as 'the flowers of savage speech woven to form a chaplet for the brow of Christ'. A real savage language has often hundred of words to do with devil-worship but those to do with even moral qualities there are none. Then some others have a very exact, brief language and others very round about as for instance the Paraguay Indians of South America who would translate 'butter' by a word literally meaning 'the-juice-of-the-milk-of-the-udder-of-the-cow'

12.05.09 Wednesday. Very hot. My cold worse and my voice almost gone. I had Char's photograph.

13.05.09 Thursday. Still bright but a trifle chilly. There has been a large fire at Bowditch's farm at Uperne – a great barn burnt out, a quantity of [??] and 16 fat pigs.<sup>85</sup>

14.05.09 Friday. Beautiful weather. Miss Jeffrey came over for the week end.

15.05.09 Saturday. Bright, a trifle cloudy and cool. Busy at needlework.

16.05.09 Sunday. Weather as yesterday. Miss M told me this nature rhyme.

'Oak before the ash – splash

Ash before the oak – soak'

The oak is out in leaf this year first – wonder if we shall have a rather dry season. I saw a hedgehog also a water-hen. Miss J went back to Ryme Intrinsica (Dorset villages are blessed with names as long as their street) and we went to Minterne Church.

17.05.09 Monday. Char comes of age to-day. Fine generally, a few spots of rain fell at noon. Our last shorthand class.

18.05.09 Tuesday. Just come up from a dinner of fried eggs and bacon (1 a piece) and a wind puff. Really this is four days she hasn't troubled to really cook – Saturday was cold pork and custard (pork I believe she had already cooked, custard takes about 5 minutes and no trouble at all) Sunday ditto with tinned pineapple; yesterday brawn which she doesn't make and a jam roly-poly with very little jam.

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<sup>85</sup> The fire at James Bowditch's farm was first noted at 10.15pm on Monday 10 May, and it is surprising that Granville only notes this three days after the event. The report in the *Southern Times* (15 May 1909 p7) confirms that 16 pigs died in the fire, along with a cart and a wagon shed with granary, and the piggeries. The estimated cost of the damage was £250. 'Fortunately, all the property, both live and dead, were insured'.



20.05.09 Holy Thursday Ascension Day. Very bright and warm. We took the children to Church; there were only three in the congregation beside. The evening service was cancelled as Mr Gundry's throat was bad.

21.05.09 Friday. Warmer than yesterday; 77° in the sun. Miss Morris has gone off to a managers meeting this evening near Swindon.

22.05.09 Saturday. Still lovely. Miss M did not return.

23.05.09 Sunday. A slight breeze has sprung up. Mr Gundry did not appear in Church this morning; has a bad cold and Mr Brandwith took the service. It was just an hour sermon and all. Rain was prayed for this morning. Mr G took the evening service and as there was no sermon we were out again in less than an hour. Miss Morris has the post (a school near her home) and walked back from Dorchester.

24.05.09 Monday. A very heavy thunderstorm during the night. The lightning was intense.

28.05.09 Friday. Weather much cooler all this week and some rain has fallen. Miss Willment has had the day off to go to London. We have broken up for a week's holiday.

29.05.09 Saturday. Oak Apple Day.<sup>86</sup> Miss Morris started off for home. She went by carrier and I followed on my bicycle. We strolled round town, had some dinner and then I saw her off from the Great Western Station. Then I did a little shopping and afterwards went into the Gardens. The flowers are lovely; all kinds seem so fine this year, in colour, size and quantity. At four o'clock I met Dad and we got back. In the evening we went round Upcerne.

30.05.09 Whitsun. I had a card and a small bust of Shakespeare from Char. He is at Stratford-on-Avon and is going into Wales for the next week. Winnie is going to Cashmere. She is at present at Simla. Lovely weather here again.

31.05.09 Whit Monday. A lovely day. Lionel spent the day at Weymouth. He said it was crowded. I took Dad to Sydling in the morning and he took some photographs of the church. The afternoon we spent on the Giant.

Tuesday and Wednesday the weather completely changed; cold and wet.

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<sup>86</sup> Oak Apple Day is the annual celebration, now largely forgotten, of the Restoration of the monarchy under Charles II in 1660.

03.06.09 Thursday. Dad and I drove in by carrier to Sherborne. It was dull and bitterly cold. We went to the Abbey and Gardens and saw the Almshouses, the Schools and the ruins of the old Castle.

04.06.09 Friday. Rained hard all day.

05.06.09 Saturday. Tolerably fine as we set out for Weymouth and made the usual tour. In the evening we watched the roller skating on the rink by the Pavilion. Miss Morris returned.

06.06.09 Sunday. Rain again. A short heavy thunderstorm passed over about 2.30 so we had no Sunday School.

07.06.09 Monday. Dad returned home. School opened. Measles broken out. Weather began to clear again.

08.06.09 Tuesday. Weather nice again. After tea I dragged Miss M up to Minterne to a sale of Work and Village Fête in the Rectory Gardens. It was very pretty. There was a sketch acted and dancing on the lawn.

09.06.09 Wednesday. A bit cloudy. I have arranged for music lessons with Mrs Parry our organist. It is to be 10s. 6d. a quarter (Mrs N wants 2s. 6d. too) for 2 lessons a week of  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour.

10.06.09 Thursday. Had my first music lesson with Mrs Parry.

11.06.09 Friday. A wet morning and fine afternoon I had my share of the parcel from India – a jade necklace similar to Edith's, a curious white metal spoon and a golden coloured metal lizard. They are all of native workmanship. The spoon is an elaborate affair. The handle is a scorpion and in the bowl is carved out the figure of an idol.

12.06.09 Saturday. Fairly fine, some rain and rather cold. Miss M gave me her photo. She has taught me to make a baby's woollen bonnet. Thunder-storm in the afternoon.

13.06.09 Sunday. Fair. Mrs N 42 birthday. Miss J has sent her a white embroidered blouse, Miss M and embroidered collar, Lionel a box of biscuits, Oswald sweets and I gave her a bow for her neck. I had a letter from Janie. She has been down to Reunion. Mr Jones has had a baby daughter. Measles has broken out again. Same time as last year but they won't close the school if they can avoid doing so. Captain and Lady Lilian Digby have left...

[13.06.09 continued]

...Upcerne. It will make a difference to here I expect they were so liberal and the Lieutenant of the County is not.<sup>87</sup>

15.06.09 Tuesday. Miss W and I started collecting for the Sunday School outing. There will not be a treat for the Day School this year as Captain Digby is not subscribing. They have always had it before. We started with Mrs Diment at the abbey farm. We went into the drawing room. It is a lovely old house; I should be proud to be mistress of such a one. But all the houses we went in have lovely old furniture, china and old pictures. Mr Dibin, the Head Inspector, came in.

16.06.09 Wednesday. Had a heavy thunderstorm between 2 and 3 o'clock with hail.

17.06.09 Thursday. Lovely day in more ways than one. Mr Butt the Inspector came about 10 and didn't go much before 4 this afternoon. He has looked into everything; drawing, arithmetic, writing books, needlework, reading, history, geography etc. I feel pretty finished.

18.06.09 Friday. I'm inflamed with a desire to do some cooking as I have just learnt two easy recipes:-

Junket:- materials – 1 pt of new milk, 1½ teaspoonful of liquid rennet (buy it in 6d. bottles), a little sugar, nutmeg; method:- bring the milk with sugar to blood heat ( °), pour in the liquid rennet, allow to stand a minute, pour out and allow to set and when cool grate a little nutmeg on it. When poured out it should look like milk.

Macaroons:- materials – 3d. tin of condensed milk, ½ lb of desiccated cocoanut: method – mix the ingredients well, drop on a flat tin and allow to brown.

19.06.09 Saturday. Misty rains fell on and off all day.

20<sup>th</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup> Showery and not a bit like June.

25.06.09 Friday. Rain. The doctor came to examine some of the children.

26.06.09 Saturday. Rain several times. Miss Morris left soon after nine o'clock. I went to Dorchester and saw her off. She has a school at Lyneham near her home which is Avening near Swindon. Mrs N has her aunt here from Guernsey; a widow. Just seen I have the entry against this day last year 'The Queen of Spain has another son'; now she has a daughter: three children and she is not yet 22 years old.<sup>88</sup>

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<sup>87</sup> The Lord Lieutenant of Dorset in 1909 was Colonel John Mount Batten (1843-1916).

<sup>88</sup> The Infanta Beatriz of Spain (1909-2002), later Princess of Civitella-Cesi.

27.06.09 Sunday. My 25<sup>th</sup> birthday; how old I am getting. I had presents from Dad, Mater, Bee, Mrs N and letters from Mater and Nan. Miss Hannent sent me a box of flowers, roses sweet williams, syringa and pinks. Miss Morris gave me 'Wild Ruthvens'.<sup>89</sup> From home I had 5s. Mrs N gave me a piece of china with the arms of Dorchester.

It has rained on and off all day; spoilt my best hat this morning.

28.06.09 Monday. First fine day all through we have had this month. The supply came in the morning from Swanage. Her name is Miss Haysom.<sup>90</sup> She was trained in a London College, is short and plays very brilliantly. Her voice sound very much like Avis.

[Note added at a later date:] Is now (1910) in a school in Swanage.

29.06.09 Tuesday We had a very severe thunderstorm in the afternoon. I had some more presents – an iced cake, chocolates and a Peter Pan collar and a tie from home. Edie sent me a piece of light blue stuff for a summer dress. Char gave me a hair brush and comb. Also I had cards from Thornton Heath and Edy.<sup>91</sup>

30.06.09 Wednesday. Miss Haysom is a chapelite (Wesleyan) so does not take scripture. She was at Minterne on supply this winter. She has an invite for this week end there. Her voice is exactly like Avis'.

#### July 1909

02.07.09 Friday. A lovely day. Miss Haysom went after afternoon school for the week end to the Cruttendens. The former headmistress married Lord Digby's chauffeur.<sup>92</sup>

Miss Willment and I went out for a hunt for fossils; we found ever so many. A few small ones (shells in sandstone) I brought with me the larger ones I left 'to be collected for'. They were among a great heap to make up a lane. We also found some mushrooms; one was 28 inches in circumference and two were 16½".

Haymaking is in full swing. We have had several lots of strawberries.

Mrs Turner (Mrs N's aunt) has been telling us about France. Some of the things I blush to think of even. But of other things. Girls never go out alone; they are always chaperoned. With their mothers they go to the parks where the band plays. The people sit in a circle around the bandstand, men on one side, ladies the other and any man may come up, bow and ask for a dance and the girls are allowed with perfect strangers. After the dance they are returned to their mothers.

The French have but two meals a day, breakfast and dinner, but breakfast consists of 5 to 7 courses. They eat a great deal of bread and drink quantities of cider and claret. A bottle of claret for each is the...

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<sup>89</sup> 'The Wild Ruthvens' was a novel by Curtis Yorke first published in 1889.

<sup>90</sup> Lily May Haysom (1887-1972). She was trained as a teacher at Avery Hill Training College in Eltham, Kent.

<sup>91</sup> Thornton Heath, Croydon was where Granville's aunt Charlotte and her cousins Avis and Ella lived.

<sup>92</sup> Ada Mary McMahon married Charles Richard Cruttenden, Lord Digby's chauffeur, in 1908. They were still living at Minterne Magna school, where Ada Mary was head, in 1911.

[02.07.09 continued]

...usual thing. Vegetables are served as a dish by themselves. Only one knife and fork is provided whatever the courses may be.

Then I think they are very cruel beside indecent. They have large fairs. At these fairs you see lambs slaughtered, roast on a spit and then go and buy it. They are skinned and cut up almost before life is extinct so that the flesh shall be tender.

03.07.09 Saturday. Grand morning but came in very misty towards evening. Mrs N and Mrs T went off to Weymouth for the day so I was alone except for the boys at meals.

04.07.09 Sunday. Weather better than yesterday. Mrs T in bed all day with a bad cold. Darling Phillip came to Sunday School this afternoon. Mr Gundry has gone to Upcerne to preach so we shall have a change. Independence Day in America.

06.07.09 Tuesday. Dad's birthday.

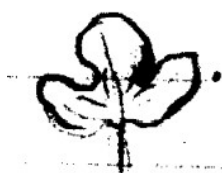
08.07.09 Thursday. Lovely day, hot sun first but cool wind. It was the Dorchester Police sports day at Dorchester.

09.07.09 Friday. Pretty fine all day except for cold winds but turned in a pouring wet evening. Miss Haysom has gone to Minterne again for the week-end.

10.07.09 Saturday. Rain on and off all day. I only went out for a little while in the evening. Mrs T down again. Amy Oatley has failed and is going to try as a nurse in a workhouse.<sup>93</sup> Russell Honeysett has a son.<sup>94</sup> This day 2 years ago W was starting for Germany. We are having similar weather and had a thunderstorm as to-day.

11.07.09 Sunday. Rain on and off all day. We had a lay preacher this afternoon from Dorchester to give a children's service in the schoolroom.

Mrs N has a black arum in bloom. It is not really black but a dark purple and at first had a very objectionable smell. The leaves are like this



15.07.09 Thursday. A wedding in Cerne. Mr G half an hour late, believe he had forgotten it. St Swithen's Day, just a few drops of rain but much warmer. A wedding in Cerne. I went to the Congregational Chapel in the evening.

16.07.09 Friday. Very warm even close but not a ray of sun all day. Miss Haysom away again for the week-end at Minterne. I have an invitation to go to Tottenham.

17.07.09 Saturday. Weather as yesterday. Mrs N and Mrs T went to...

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<sup>93</sup> Amy Constance Oatley (1888-1961) is a friend of Granville's from East Farleigh. Her father was the village schoolmaster.

<sup>94</sup> Russell Honeysett's son was also named Russell (Allen) Honeysett (1909-1981).

[17.07.09 continued]

...Dorchester for the day.

18.07.09 Sunday. Warm and Sunny. Edie and Char are going home to-day before Edie goes to Beer. Char has been down to Aldershot. Winnie has now left Simla and is in Cashmere. In 1907 I was in Maidenhead at this time.

21.07.09 Wednesday. Oswald's 18<sup>th</sup> birthday.

22.07.09 Thursday. The Church Sunday School trip. Between 30 and 40 of us started out from Cerne in 2 brakes at 8.30am. There were no visitors this time except Mr Upward's family. Mrs N, Mrs T, Miss Haysom, L and O came down soon after. Before dinner Mrs T went to see her luggage on board the 'Roebuck' and we went too – a jolly little craft.<sup>95</sup> Dinner was at 1 and two of the youngsters got lost but we found them after 20 minutes hunt. After dinner I went to see the boat off. Then we took the 2 lost ones in tow and went for a motor trip to Preston Beach and nearly got tipped out on the road. Next we climbed the Nothe and watched the Territorials who are encamped there. Finally we arrived back soon after 9.

I was thinking I might go to Germany this time 2 years ago but I never went. Now I'm thinking about India but I doubt if I ever go [sic].

We had fairly fine weather at Weymouth but a strong wind.

23.07.09 Friday. School again. Miss Haysom at Minterne again. Wind still rough.

24.07.09 Saturday. Wind higher than ever. Mrs N went to town so I kept house, that is three times lately.

25.07.09 Sunday. It rained so heavily this morning that I did not go to Church. The rain has ceased now but there is a very high wind. I had a card from Mrs T this morning. She said they had a very rough crossing on Thursday and every one was sick. Lionel and Oswald have taken to keep rabbits and last night O lost his and we had a grand hunt but to no purpose. This morning the little beggar skipped out frisky as ever. L's is white and grey O's is black. Oswald has just given me a nice little horse-chestnut tree. Avis and Ella were at Eastbourne two years ago; this year they are at Margate.

26.07.09 Monday. Very showery all day.

27.07.09 Tuesday. It has rained 16 hours to-day without a break and rained hard. The new teacher and her sister came over this afternoon; came from Dorchester.

28.07.09 Wednesday. As lovely a day as yesterday it was dismal. We have...

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<sup>95</sup> The Roebuck was a steam ship operated by the Great Western Railway which connected the Channel Islands to the mainland from 1897 until 1914 when it was requisitioned by the Royal Navy.

[28.07.09 continued]

...broken up for a month.

29.07.09 Thursday. Started in Gale's waggonette at 9 o'clock. Madame to Guernsey, Miss Haysom to Swanage and myself home to Bognor. Miss H and I travelled together as far as Wareham where she changed. I reached home soon after 3 o'clock Dad met me. Marjorie and Francie Flack are here.<sup>96</sup> We went out on the front in the evening and also paid a visit to Aunties. There is a ladies' string band on the bandstand this year. I fancy it is the same band that went under the name of the Main Band at Earl's Court when the Women of all Nations was on.<sup>97</sup> One plays 'The Better Land' on a silver cornet just as I heard it there. There is also the Town Band, troupes of singers (Uncle George, Walter Howard's and the Queues[?]<sup>98</sup>), sand artists and the clown not to mention some acrobats, conjurors, ventriloquists etc. Bognor seems to have more visitors than ever before. The 'Worthing Belle' came in after a cruise in the channel at dusk.

30.07.09 Friday. Warm. Mater had one of her attacks in the evening. A great many Brigade Boys coming in. Many seem older than usual, average is 16 I should think.

August

01.08.09 Sunday. We went to the Drum Head Service in the morning on the brigade Boys' camping ground. The Bishop of Rochester preached. In the evening we went to St John and heard the best sermon I have heard for months. Mr Lee preached. Lovely day.

02.08.09 Monday. Bank Holiday. Dad, Bee and I went for a row in the morning – Bee can manage the oars very well. There were crowds of people on the beach. Bee ('her shower', Dad and I went to see the Animated Pictures on the pier. Bee seems to attract the boys; this is the 4<sup>th</sup> if not more she has had.

03.08.09 Tuesday. Lovely day. I went to catch the 2.23 train to Victoria and found it didn't run, so came back, had some tea, and caught the 5.8. Dad is not at all well. I reached London Bridge at 8 o'clock – half an hour late. Mrs Buck met me. She is quite little like myself. We went in the lift to the electric Underground Railway. It was very stuffy. Beyond being warm I should not have known it was summer, so smoky and foggy. We took the electric to Aldersgate St and then changed for Finsbury Park station. Then we took the tram. Part of our way lay through Green Lane. 15 years ago it was a country lane now it is very a very busy thoroughfare with more trams than I saw even in B'Ham. We passed by Finsbury Park of 120 acres. Finally arriving at 450 West Green Road, South Tottenham. Mrs Buck keeps an oil shop and also a china shop. Clara is a tall girl but I do not remember them at all. I suppose I was about 8 when I visited them before.<sup>99</sup>

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<sup>96</sup> Marjorie L (b.1894) and Frances M Flack (b. 1900) were two sisters who, in 1911, were living in Battersea with their mother and carpenter father. Their relationship to the Granvilles is unknown.

<sup>97</sup> 'Women of all Nations' was the main attraction at the Women's Exhibition which was hosted at Earl's Court, London, from 5 May 1900.

<sup>98</sup> In the *Bognor Regis Observer* of 25 August 1909 (p4), Walter Howard described himself as a 'Royal banjoist and entertainer'.

<sup>99</sup> Philip Buck, Clara's father, was an 'oilman' with his own shop. Clara Eleanor Agnes Buck (born 1879) assisted in the family business.

*Note: Pages 217-228 missing*

Page 229-230

[25.08.09 Continued]

...morning until 4 in the afternoon: some of the flashes of lightning were very sharp and the thunder heavy. Mrs Chaney and I went to see the Children's Fancy Dress Competition on the pier in the afternoon. The 1<sup>st</sup> prize went to a little girl dressed as 'Cherry Ripe' and the 2<sup>nd</sup> to a Dresden Figure. First prize boy was an admiral and the 2<sup>nd</sup> a policeman. Then there were prizes for decorated hoops (boys) and sunshades (boys) [sic]. It went by vote. The best hoop was a cobweb and really very pretty. The prettiest sunshade was in mauve and green. There were 3 entries for hoops and 2 sunshades. In the evening was a Confetti Battle – good fun.

26.08.09 Thursday. Mr and Mrs Chaney went home.<sup>100</sup>

27.08.09 Friday. Eva Boorman came for a week's holiday. She has altered and has grown into a good-looking, tall, well-spoken girl.<sup>101</sup>

28.08.09 Saturday. Returned to Cerne. Lovely weather. I cycled from Dorchester and sent on the luggage. Our new infant teacher has arrived. Her home is in Dorchester. She seems a jolly girl and lively. Her name is Rendell.<sup>102</sup>

29.08.09 Sunday. I feel very chilly and homesick. Miss Clarke is staying here. I have just returned from Matins. If they would only not sing the 'Amens' I could get quite a comfortable nap. Miss Rendell thinks it very funny.

30.08.09 Monday. Another school year begun. Madame calmly announces that we make our own beds for the future. We saw a rick on fire. Had to have the engine from Dorchester. Cool. Beautiful moon.

31.08.09 Tuesday. Cold. Miss Rendell is 18 - 19 on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of this month. She has 3 sisters and one brother Simeon – Sim for short, 17. One sister is a headmistress 4 miles from Stoke-on-Trent (22), one is in the desk at Lipton's in Dorchester and one is a schoolgirl of 11.<sup>103</sup> Her father travels for Boon.

01.09.09 Wednesday. Rain and cold. Oswald has a week's harvesting, otherwise holiday. The Vicarage is being done up. Wonder if Mr G is retiring.

02.09.09 Thursday. Fine. Miss R had a young man over for the evening.

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<sup>100</sup> It can be presumed that Mr and Mrs Chaney were the parents of John Chaney, the fiancé of Granville's half-sister Winnie.

<sup>101</sup> Eva Annie Boorman (1888-1911) is a contemporary of Granville's from East Farleigh. In the 1911 Census she was recorded working as a parlourmaid for a family in Hampstead. She died later that same year.

<sup>102</sup> Florence Mary Rendell (b.1891). She was born in Basingstoke and later moved, as Mrs F. M. Cooper, to Wiveliscombe in Somerset.

<sup>103</sup> Florence's brother is Simeon John Rendell (1893-1982). The eldest sister is Elsie Victoria Rendell (1888-1975), the sister working at Liptons in 1909 is Alice Maud Rendell (1889-1969) and the youngest is Olive Marsh Rendell (1898-1962).



03.09.09 Friday. Nice day but frost early. Had salt junk for breakfast. It was intended for bacon but it was so tough and salt you could scarcely get it apart and eat it. Miss Rendell went home for the week-end.

04.09.09 Saturday. Rain all day. More salt junk: salt is all you can taste. Rain on the 4<sup>th</sup> September 3 years running.

05.09.09 Sunday. As lovely as yesterday was dull and sky very clear and blue. Miss R returned in the evening – with a friend.

06.09.09 Monday. Rain.

07.09.06 Tuesday. Fairly fine.

08.09.09 Wednesday. Rain and very dull and cold. The school children are to have their photos taken. Mater coming on Friday.

09.09.09 Thursday. Fine but cool.

10.09.09 Friday. Very dull and rain all day. Mater arrived at 5 o'clock. I sent Madame with a trap to meet her. After tea we prowled about in the lanes a little as it cleared.

11.09.09 Saturday. Until 11 o'clock it rained hard and I thought we should be in doors all day but it lifted a little and we went in by butcher Green. I'm glad we went into Dorchester for it turned out quite nice in the afternoon.

12.09.09 Sunday. Fine; of course we went to church. Mater thought it made quite a pretty picture; Mr Gundry in his black gown standing in the dark carved pulpit with its scarlet cushion.

16.09.09 Thursday. I had the day off to go and see Sherborne. Mater liked it better than Dorchester. We visited the Abbey and gardens. It was not a very bright day.

18.09.09 Saturday. Mater and I set out to spend the day. Three hours were spent in the carrier's cart, three in Weymouth and about two in Dorchester. Weymouth is quiet; hardly any visitors about.

19.09.09 Sunday. Mater and I went to Upcerne in the evening.

22.09.09 Wednesday. Mater went back home. Char has returned from Scotland and is on holiday at home. Edie is leaving Miss Binnie. Winnie is to be married the 27<sup>th</sup> of next month.

23.09.09 Thursday. Heavy mists hung over us all day.

24.09.09 Friday. Rain on and off most of the day. Miss R went home.

25.09.09 Saturday. Rained in torrents at noon. Miss Bennett (the supplementary at Minterne) came over to see Miss R.

26.09.09 Sunday. Dull misty morning but cleared up in the afternoon. Mrs N and I went to the Harvest Festival at Upcerne. Mr Brandwithe [sic] preached. The church was prettily decorated. Colonel Batten read the service [amended: 'Lesson']. He is Lord of the Manor.<sup>104</sup> Miss Rendell has returned.

28.09.09 Tuesday. Cerne Abbas Harvest Festival but the only decoration was that which I carried myself – a single scarlet dahlia. The Rev. Field from Buckland Newton preached a good sermon too. The Rev Barclay was there also.

30.09.09 Thursday. Went to Minterne Harvest Festival. The Church was beautifully decorated. Miss W and her sister Mabel came with me.<sup>105</sup> I went to a harvest festival this time two years ago at St Peter's Furze Platt.<sup>106</sup> I have now been here 18 months to-day that is something to be thankful for. Weather damp and mild as last year.

## October

01.10.09 Friday. Fine.

02.10.09 Saturday. Fine. Miss R took me to her home. Her home is in West Fordington the other end of Dorchester. It is a rather little house. I saw Maud and Olive who is the youngest, brother Sim and Ma and Pa. Pa is tall and bald and wore a snuff-coloured suit. Ma is dark and very talkative. Simeon

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<sup>104</sup> Colonel John Mount Batten (1843-1916).

<sup>105</sup> Like most of her siblings, Mabel Willment (b.1893) helped out at the family dairy at Barton Farm.

<sup>106</sup> St Peter's is a church located in Furze Platt, a northern suburb of Maidenhead.

is a rather tall, thin youth with a bright face and specs. They made me feel very welcome and very much wanted me to stay. Miss R had a very bad headache so she did not return with me.

03.10.09 Sunday. Wet and warm. Very few in Church to-day. Ethel Marsh took the organ and took it so well too.<sup>107</sup> Mrs Parry is away on holiday. Two years ago I was in Richmond.

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<sup>107</sup> Ethel Mildred Marsh (b.1893) was the daughter of Albert Marsh, the farmer at Francombe Farm in Acreman Street.

04.10.09 Monday. Rain nearly all day.

07.10.09 Thursday. Rough wind. Miss R has gone home. We have two days holiday for school repairs. Rain set in about 10 o'clock when the wind abated a little and it poured right on through the night.

08.10.09 Friday. Rather watery sunshine 8.30am. I cycled to Dorchester. Found Miss R getting ready for a dance. She had been to one the night before.

09.10.09 Saturday. Fine until evening when it started to rain as usual. I went nutting[?] with Miss Willment and her sisters Mabel and Nellie in the Park in the afternoon and we got 6lbs or more between us.<sup>108</sup>

10.10.09 Sunday. Rain, rain, rain. Winnie is in Srinagar. I have not been to Church this morning it is so dismal and wet.

11.10.09 Monday. Dull, more showers. School stores[?] in. It has rained all this week.

15.10.09 Friday. The Dr came to examine those who are leaving. I acted as chaperone to the girls.

16.10.09 Saturday. Wet. Miss R did not start for home until the afternoon. We had similar weather last year.

17.10.09 Sunday. Some rain of course but finer on the whole and we did have some sun. 'Truly the light is sweet and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun' Eccles xi 7.

24.10.09 Sunday. Rain rain rain rain with a parcel of cakes and sweets from home and [??] various [??] letters between. Miss R is home again for the week end. Char is at Boughton teaching some one. Edie has left her situation and is at home.

25.10.09 Monday. Turned very cold. Have come to bed early because the fire is out. Miss K[?] Sherry has come on a visit to M. Our launderess' (Mrs Drew) husband is dead.<sup>109</sup> No rain actually all day and a beautiful moon light night. There's been an entertainment at the schoolroom this evening. Winnie's last day with Mrs Kelly.

26.10.09 Tuesday. Pouring wet day. Written scripture exam begins to-day for 3 days – the older ones compete for the Bishop's (Salisbury) prizes.

9.30pm Belle Vue under flood. I discovered it first trickling in at the front door; then it rushed in both back and front. The rooms down stairs are knee deep in water. Some of the furniture is upstairs but most is standing in the water. The bottoms of skirts, boots and stockings are saturated. The lawn is a lake. You can hear water gurgling in the kitchen. Coals, books and papers afloat. The river is a foaming torrent and over its banks. The school is under water and the night school boys were dispatched in all haste.

Flood going down rapidly (no one abed yet) but a most eerie wind has sprung up and the night looks very wild. Everyone especially the boys are wildly excited. Candidly I enjoyed it rushing about with furniture and rugs and having a scramble supper in the bedroom.

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<sup>108</sup> Nellie (1894-1966) was the youngest of the Willment siblings

<sup>109</sup> Granville's launderess was Agnes Drew (b.1840). Her husband, George Drew (1829-1909), was buried at Cerne Abbas on 24 October.

Blanche Froude, Langbridge now, has a son.<sup>110</sup> Miss Tapsfield is married.<sup>111</sup>

27.10.09 Wednesday. The wind grew in strength and boldness until it sounded like Old Nick round the house exulting over the disaster. O was up past twelve last night sweeping...

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<sup>110</sup> Granville's friend from East Farleigh, Blanche Langbridge, gave birth to William Langbridge junior in 1909.

<sup>111</sup> Miss Tapsfield is Edith M Tapsfield (b.1873), another resident of East Farleigh. In 1909 she married Frederick Arthur Richardson, a hatter and outfitter based in Muswell Hill.

[27.10.09 continued]

...all the water had disappeared from the house and garden this morning.

Winnie's wedding day. The last I heard was that it was to take place from the Padre's house at the Wesleyan Chapel Jubbulpore. Mater had made a cake and sent me some. We were able to have dinner in the kitchen, a boil egg and bread and butter 1<sup>st</sup> course, bread and butter and a banana 2<sup>nd</sup> course. We haven't had meat to-day. Tea was in the sitting room – only half dried up. Mrs complains of feeling ill – hasn't done much except read a novel all day. There was a wedding at the Congregational Chapel – a farmer married a farmer's daughter (no one in Cerne) also a funeral. Miss Rendell is at a whist drive to-night in the reading room.

28.10.09 Thursday. Miss R got first prize – a silver photo frame and a silver hat pin. The cold win still blowing and rain. Miss Sherry went back.

29.10.09 Friday. Cold and bright. Had a telegram from home. W married. They cabled over. Miss R went home. A couple of cases of chicken-pox about. Miss Sherry gone back.

30.10.09 Saturday. Bright and cold. Frost. Owing to the heavy rains we have had lately the ground is saturated.

31.10.09 Sunday. Very cold and wet. I have been here a year and 7 months now. Sunday School this afternoon boasted 12. I started for Church is evening [sic] but came back after a few steps; it is pitchy dark, very windy and raining hard.

November

01.11.09 Monday. Payday.

04.11.09 Thursday. Bright autumn day. Miss R went home for a dance.

05.11.09 Friday. Guy Fawkes Night. The children had a few coloured lights and masks and the boys amused themselves with a cannon but that was all. I can remember at Barking the boys and even men made a regular holiday and regular processions were formed through the streets with fireworks and bonfires at night.

Miss R went home as usual. I go to practise every night at Mrs Parry's now.

06.11.09 Saturday. Bright autumn day. Miss Willment and I went out for a walk in the afternoon to Sydling. We picked quite a lot of blackberries. There were hundreds of rabbits running piecemeal on the hillsides. Miss W found a fossil of the sea-urchin kind.

07.11.09 Sunday. A lovely autumn morning; the first since Sept 12<sup>th</sup>. The fleet is in at Portland and sailors are everywhere. Madame has the order for all the old ruinous places at the back of the house to be pulled down. Seven weeks to Xmas. The stained glass window is settled so now it remains to get it and put it up.<sup>112</sup> Mr Brandwithe was in Church this morning. I had no one in front of me this morning.

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<sup>112</sup> The window referred to here was of stained-glass and it was to be installed in St Mary's church as a memorial to Henry Hodges, the parish's long-serving clerk.

08.11.09 Monday. Bright. Oswald brought home an almost wild kitten. The first time it got loose it promptly bolted up the chimney and was there the best part of the day before he could be fetched down.

09.11.09 Tuesday. Hard white frost. Lord Mayor's Day and the King's birthday. Miss R is now on with the Mr Marshes – was out for 2 hours last night with them talking.<sup>113</sup>

10.11.09 Wednesday. Bright and cold.

13.11.09 Saturday. I had a parcel from Char – an iced cake, a tin of peaches, some preserved ginger, a box of preserved fruits and a lot of chocolate biscuits. He is very good to me. Miss W and I cycled to into Dorchester. I got a few Xmas things.

14.11.09 Sunday. A copy of Winnie's letter to Mater: "You will have received the telegram long before this telling you that we were married on the 27<sup>th</sup> ... I am pleased to tell you that everything passed off very happily. I left Mrs Kelly on the 25<sup>th</sup> and went to stay with one of Jack's friends ... Jack was at his bachelor quarters near by and kept popping in ... He had his cart in Jubbulpore so took me for a drive in the morning and evening. Our wedding passed off very nicely. I got to the church at 4 o'clock where Jack met me. Mr Rowe gave me away. I didn't feel very nervous, and I spoke out bravely. You should have heard Jack. His voice was heard all over the church. There were quite a lot of people there and when I came out, my babe threw rose leaves over me as I was getting into the carriage. My dress turned out quite pretty after all, and everybody said I looked very nice. About 30 people came to the house after the ceremony ... We had quite a little dinner party then went to the Assembly Rooms for the dance. There were about 200 people, we had the Rifles band and everything went off A1. Everybody said how they had enjoyed themselves. I know I did. We left off dancing about 2 a.m. and then sang 'For he's a Jolly Good Fellow' and they carried J round the room, then we shook hands all round and drove away, so ended our very happy day. Oh dear I was happy. Thursday we spent quietly at Mrs Rowe's. We left Jubbulpore for Bombay by the 7 p.m. mail. There were a lot of people to see us off at the station and as the train was going, they let off a lot of signals, which sounded like guns. We had a first class carriage reserved all the way and finally got to Bombay at 1 p.m. Friday. I love Bombay, it is so nice to be in the bustle again. I could almost fancy I was in London. J took me for a motor drive in the evening and showed me all round ... It is nice to think I haven't got to be in to put babies to bed etc".

19.11.09 Friday. Cold, bright weather and hard white frosts all this week. The Scripture exam. Mr Barclay thanked me for teaching the children and said they answered well. Twelve certificates were awarded. A week or so ago I had a complement paid me by...

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<sup>113</sup> The 'Mr Marshes' are likely to have been the Marsh brothers, Wilfred and Charles. They were the two eldest sons (aged 21 and 18 respectively) of farmer Albert Marsh of Francombe Farm, Acreman Street.

[19.11.09 continued]

...Lily Marsh.<sup>114</sup> She asked Mrs Parry how I played and she said "very nicely". Then Lily said "Miss Granville is clever at everything". It was not said in my hearing. Miss Rendell has gone home for a social. We had a half holiday.

20.11.09 Saturday. Same weather.

25.11.09 Thursday. Scrip. report in. I have V.G. to three sections, G to two and 12 certificates so feel pleased.

30.11.09 Tuesday. Been here a year and 8 months.

01.12.09 Wednesday. Had an awful row with Mrs N. Patched it up but shall not forget.

03.12.09 Friday. River very high again. Miss Rendell gone home.

04.12.09 Saturday. Some snow fell.

05.12.09 Sunday. Hail. Dark at 3.45. Haven't gone to church this evening – very dark and wet. Char is in Lincolnshire with 4 cars[?] for the coming election.

11.12.09 Saturday. Prize giving yesterday – medals, books and certificates for attendance. Six had attended without a break – 426 times, two of those were infant girls. One boy has seven medals and one six. Only the 1<sup>st</sup> class (those who have attended 426 times) get books. Mr Gundry gave them away. Rained all day. Half-holiday. Rain still descending steadily.

An extract from W letter. Rewah, via Sutna. 10.11.09.

[Note in margin: '32 miles from any white people or church']

... "I need not say I have enjoyed my honeymoon very much. Jack is a darling and has been so good to me. I have had everything of the very best. We have been out nearly all day either in a motor or a new Victoria. I can tell you I fancy myself these days, being handed into a nice carriage and driving about ... Jack knows such nice people in Bombay; people with jolly good businesses and nice houses. We have been out to dinner with them several times. I have had to leave this as Jack wanted me to go out. Now I must pack or I shan't be ready to go to-night. Jack has gone to the station to get the motor on the train"

Extracts from a later dated Nov 17<sup>th</sup>:- "We left Bombay last Wednesday night by the 10 p.m. mail. We were lucky to have a 1<sup>st</sup> class carriage to ourselves to Jubbulpore, where we arrived at 5.30pm Thursday. Our friends met us ... and took us to their home for the night ... We left Jubb. At 8.30am Friday and arrived at Sutna about 12. Went and had breakfast at the refreshment rooms and then Jack brought me up here (Rewah) in the motor. It is 32 miles from Sutna and quite good roads. I think I told you we are the only white people here. Our nearest neighbours are 32 miles away ... I was greatly surprised at my little home ... I didn't expect it a quarter so nice ... It is so pretty and fresh. I am awfully in love with it. Of course it is all on the ground floor ... We have a dining-room, sitting room, bedroom, dressing-room, storeroom, boxroom and 2 bathrooms ... If we have any visitors they can sleep in the big bungalow which is...

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<sup>114</sup> Lillian Beryl Marsh (1895-1972) was another child of Albert and Anna Marsh of Francombe Farm. She later moved to Farringdon in Berkshire.



[11.12.09 continued]

...only a few yards away ... I have had cordial invitations from friends at Jubb. And Sutna to go and stay with them if ever Jack has to go away for a day or two. So don't be anxious about me. Jack says he wouldn't let me stay here a night alone. He is going to teach me to shoot ... My bearer that I had in Jubb. is here with me. He is acting as cook, and gets on very well. It is a great relief to me as he can speak English. I can't understand any of the other servants. We have a very good bearer who waits at table, washes up, dusts, cleans boots and makes himself generally useful ... Then we have a sweeper who sweeps the rooms, washes the dogs and does all the dirty work, a Bheestic[?] who keeps the house and kitchen supplied with water and brings our baths, a Malay or gardener who does the garden, keeps the vases supplied with flowers and presents us with a buttonhole every day, a siyce[?] who grooms the horse and goes out with the trap and a chokadas who keeps guard round the house at night ... we have three dogs, 2 white terriers and a greyhound ... the ordering of meals bothered me the first day or two ... you see the cook goes to bazaar every morning and buys for the day such as meat, vegetables, chickens, eggs, charcoal, ghee (cooking butter) etc, then I have to take account every morning for groceries etc we ordered from the Stores ... Jack is in and out all day ... We get up a few minutes past 6, have [??] or a little breakfast, go for a drive until nearly 8, Jack goes off until 9, comes in to breakfast, goes away again from 10 to 12, potters about until 1. Tiffin or lunch, then we lie down and read or sleep until ¼ to 4 – tea. Jack goes out until 6 then he has finished for the day. We generally go for a walk or drive until 7, write letters, read, or play the gramophone until 8, then we have dinner, then we retire about ¼ to 10”.

12.12.09 Sunday. Miss Rendell stayed as the weather was so bad. Mrs N took the organ at Upcerne.

13.12.09 Monday.

15.12.09 Wednesday. Started examinations. Snow fell in the evening.

16.12.09 Thursday. Never known Mr U so thoroughly bad tempered as to-day. Snow fell on and off all day until this evening when it changed to rain. Pay day for Xmas. The Liberals hold their first meeting at the school this evening. Mr Edwards (the Mayor of Bridport) is putting up against Colonel Williams the Conservative Candidate for South Dorset.<sup>115</sup>

22.12.09 Wednesday. I was awaked [sic] at 4 o'clock in the morning to hear that the river was in flood again. It was pitch dark, cold, the wind blew a perfect hurricane, the rain descended, and the water swished below waist deep. M was roused by the dog when the water had risen, and no one knew it. Twenty young chickens were drowned; the hen just saved. The cat was found...

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<sup>115</sup> Granville is mistaken here. Colonel Williams was standing for the West Dorset constituency.

[22.12.09 continued]

...floating round the kitchen in a bath. The school bell rang as usual but I was let off and got off in Thorne's van. It's the most exciting ride I ever had. Five places from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile in length were covered on the road – water was washing through the gates like weirs; miles of meadow were under water like the sea. Finally I got home at 7 o'clock. From Dorchester to Southampton I assisted a mother and aunt with a family and from Southampton to Chichester I helped a lady who was ill. They were surprised to see me for of course I was two days before I expected.

23.12.09 Thursday. Rain. Went to see the shops. The arcade was very prettily decorated with shrubs, evergreens, beautifully berried holly and artificial fruit and Japanese lanterns. I saw aunt Lylie. The town band was out.

24.12.09 Friday. Bright but very muddy. Xmas Eve. I heard Char's gramophone for the first time. It is very good. Hung up stockings.

25.12.09 Xmas Day. Char never came; the first time he hasn't been with us. Mater, Edie, Bee and I went to early communion and afterwards we girls to matins. In my stocking I had a book of music from Bee and a piece from Edie, a pair of knickerbockers each from Dad and Mater also a third from Char. Bee also gave me a blouse purse.

26.12.09 Sunday. Eva Boorman came for the day.<sup>116</sup>

27.12.09 Monday. Boxing Day. In the afternoon was a marathon race from the Bedford Hotel in High Street to the Market Cross Chichester and back. A good many entered; one was a boy of 13. He got a prize for his pluck. We went to our aunt's yearly party. We took the gramophone and had some dancing. Very high sea.

29.12.09 Wednesday. Very dull weather. We had our party; Bee's friends at Webb's and one's sweetheart. I call him the pussy cat because he wore a huge bow of spotted silk.

30.12.09 Thursday. I went to tea at aunties.

31.12.09 Friday. Aunt Bessie and Aunt Lylie came up and we had a semi-party.

01.01.10 Saturday. New Year's Day. A very damp fog. I've received 27 cards altogether. The election excitement is everywhere. Pa is busy canvassing every day and attending meetings nearly every evening. No concerts, plays or anything else.<sup>117</sup>

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<sup>116</sup> Eva Annie Boorman (1888-1911) is a contemporary of Granville's from East Farleigh.

<sup>117</sup> A General Election was held in the United Kingdom between 15 January and 10 February 1910. In 1912, Charles Granville was reported by the *Bognor Regis Observer* (13 March 1912, p5) as being a member of the General Committee of the Bognor Conservative Association, so it might be presumed that he was canvassing for Lord Talbot, the Tory candidate during the 1910 election.

08.01.10 Saturday. Started on my return journey, leaving Bognor at 9.37 and arriving here at 6.20. I met Miss Rendell at Dorchester. All the water has disappeared but the roads are in an awful state.

10.01.10 Monday. Black Monday. Started school again. Very dismal weather. I went to a children's Demonstration at the congregational Chapel:- songs, drills, duets on the piano, recitations, etc.

11.01.10 Tuesday. Snow, hail and rain, sometimes one, sometimes all three together but something continually.

12.01.10 Wednesday. Weather ditto.

14.01.10 Friday. Choral practise at Minterne School. Roads no joke.

15.01.10 Saturday. Didn't go out all day except in the morning to practise at Mrs Parry's. Drizzling rain. Town(?) quite in a state of excitement over pasting up the election posters.

16.01.10 Sunday. Weather worse than yesterday. Brilliant congregation of two in front of me and two children. Evergreens still up.

17.01.10 Monday. Rain.

18.01.10 Tuesday. A drizzle nearly all day.

19.01.10 Wednesday. Union concert. Miss R sang 'Miller and the Maid' and 'Coming Through the rye'.

20.01.10 Thursday. Servants Ball at Minterne House. Mr and Mrs Waygood and Miss Laura Derriman went.<sup>118</sup> I heard there were 120 there.

I went to the children's entertainment at the Wesleyan Chapel. The building was crowded. It was nearly all recitations said in the usual sing-song childish fashion. Then we had a few gramophone records.

21.01.10 Friday. Polling Day for South Dorset in which come Dorchester and Weymouth. Miss R went home.

22.01.10 Saturday. Magnificent day, a hard frost and brilliant sunshine. The poll was declared in Dorchester. The Conservative member is in with 1432 majority. Mr Hambro is a young man of 26 just married the year. His opponent was a cotton man from Lancashire. M was in town.<sup>119</sup>

23.01.10 Sunday. As miserable weather as yesterday was fine.

24.01.10 Monday. Very rough night and a miserable day. M and I went to a Conservative meeting at the school. It was very orderly and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. We had some extremely good speakers. Those who vote against tariff reform must be fools indeed.

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<sup>118</sup> Harry Waygood was a grocer based in Cerne Abbas and Geraldine was his wife. Laura Derriman's father was a retired Cerne Grocer.

<sup>119</sup> The election that was declared was for the South Dorset constituency in the General Election . Angus Valdemar Hambro represented the Unionists while Sir Thomas L. Scarisbrick represented the Liberals.

25.01.10 Tuesday. Bright and sunny. Polling day for West Dorset so we have a holiday as the school is the polling station here. The children started shouting at 7 o'clock this morning. Oswald is door keeper. I saw Colonel Williams the Conservative candidate for West Dorset. I hear some of them kept it up until 2 this morning and came to blows. The Liberal man, Mr Edwards Mayor of Bridport came to Cerne but I did not see him.

26.01.10 Wednesday. Poll declared, Colonel Williams is in with a majority of...

[26.01.10 continued]

...1252. This is said to be the largest one in England in proportion to the number of voters – between 6 and 7000. Grand weather, bright, hard and cold. Two years ago the people of Bognor expected to have completed the improvements on the Pier on a very grand scale. Now the time is up and the only improvement is a small widening of it. Snow fell during the night but not much.

27.01.10 Thursday. Very cold indeed. Snow fell pretty steadily from 12.30 until 5.30 then rain set in. Miss R has begun lessons on the organ. She was going home for a party to-night but could not on account of the snow.

28.01.10 Friday. Was awoken before six by Mr Cornick saying the river had risen and it might be over the banks any moment. Luckily it only rose to the level of the banks. I went to the choral society in the evening. The wagonette picked me up going and I came back with it all the way. Miss R started for home but returned as the roads were so bad.

29.01.10 Saturday. It is a regular surprise packet to draw up the blind every morning and see what the weather is. Yesterday's rain cleared every bit of snow away yet when I looked out this morning everything was white again with a fresh fall. Then to-day we have had three or four snow storms, some hail, some brilliant sunshine, thaw and now it is freezing hard. Even the vagaries of the British climate are a surprise to us who ought to be pretty well used to them by now. Dorset now has 3 Conservative members and one Radical. Lord Talbot got in for the Bognor division. Edie has another situation at Compden Hill W and goes to-day. Char is home for a week.

30.01.10 Sunday. Fine over head but very muddy underneath. Miss R here for a wander.

31.01.10 Monday. M has been asked to give music lessons to Lily and Elsie Hook<sup>120</sup> – Mrs Parry is leaving Cerne soon to go and keep a house or rather flat for her only son (John) at Streatham.<sup>121</sup> He has just been appointed manager in one of Leverett and Fry's [sic] branches.<sup>122</sup> Indirectly it was through the manager at the Bognor branch leaving. Her daughter Rosalie has another child, a son to be christened John Harold Bishop.<sup>123</sup> I have been here now a year and 10 months.

## February 1910

01.02.10 Tuesday. Wet, wet and the ground like a tapioca pudding. It is just two years ago since Carlos II of Portugal and his eldest son were assassinated in Lisbon.<sup>124</sup> There are fearful floods in Paris. Half the city is under water and whole streets are abandoned. They fear typhoid from burst sewers etc and there is scarcity of food. Hundreds are out of work.<sup>125</sup>

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<sup>120</sup> Sisters Edith Lilian 'Lily' Hook (b.1896) and Elsie Annie Rosalie Hook (1900-73) were the daughters of Thomas and Annie Hook who ran the Greyhound Inn in Cerne Abbas, located at the eponymous Hook's Corner.

<sup>121</sup> In the 1911 Census, Rosalie Mary Parry is recorded living with her son John at 278 Brixton Hill, Lambeth.

<sup>122</sup> Leverett and Frye was a chain of high-class grocery stores

<sup>123</sup> Mrs Parry's daughter was Rosalie Mary S Parry (1877-1943), who married Henry George Bishop in 1905. By the outbreak of the Second World War she was working as a headmistress at a school in Worcester. Her second child, was actually named Harold John Bishop, was born on 25 January 1910.

<sup>124</sup> Granville is incorrect – Carlos I, not Carlos II, was assassinated alongside his eldest son, Luis Filipe, in the Lisbon Regicide of 1 February 1908.

<sup>125</sup> Over \$1.5bn worth of damage was reported in Paris when the Seine rose almost 30 feet above its usual level in January/February 1910. However, no deaths were recorded.

02.02.10 Wednesday. Candlemas. Rain the early part and the river rose but not too high. Madame not well. Miss Rendell went home for a social.

03.02.10 Thursday. Bright over head in the afternoon but rain in the morning. Miss Rendell didn't turn up until nearly 10 o'clock, the bicycle went wrong and she had to walk.

I had a large piece of wedding cake, Mater sent on, from India.

There has been an accident of the Brighton Express to London at 4.30pm. Seven were killed beside injured. It happened that Edie went by a train on the same journey just before. It took place at a small station, Stoa's Nest, 3 miles from Croydon.<sup>126</sup>

Dad's had a bad cold. The skating carnival was on at Bognor.

04.02.10 Friday. Very damp. Miss Rendell didn't go home.

05.02.10 Saturday. A misty rain fell all day. The stained glass window is put in at last but not in an at all conspicuous part of the church.<sup>127</sup>

06.02.10 Sunday. Rainy. Miss R stayed in Cerne.

07.02.10 Monday. Damp. Mrs N's first music pupil came (Lily Hook).

08.02.10 Shrove Tuesday. Pancake Day. Another pupil (Minnie Adams). There was a lecture on emigration to Canada by the Allan Line.<sup>128</sup> The room was crowded. The pictures on the cinematograph [sic] were very good showing track laying for railways, potato sacking, apple picking, onions, bisons [sic], reaping and threshing wheat, salmon fishing on the Fraser, canning of the fish etc.

09.02.10 Ash Wednesday. Weather much brighter – no rain or snow fell. We took our children to church in the morning. Mrs N went off to Upcenre in the evening. I went to church. Snowdrops, a few violets, primroses, and celandine are out.

10.02.10 Thursday. Fine until 5 o'clock and then it came on to pour. We teachers and the elder Sunday School girls went to tea at the Vicarage.

11.02.10 Friday. Fine. There was a dance at the schoolroom from 8-2. Neither of us went.

12.02.10 Saturday. Miss Rendell went home. Very nice out walking. Edie's ~~19<sup>th</sup>~~ 20<sup>th</sup> birthday. (I made sure she was only 19). Two years ago to-day we three girls went to see "Macbeth".

13.02.10 Sunday. Not so bright but fine enough for a walk in the afternoon.

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<sup>126</sup> The accident at Stoa's Nest station actually occurred five days earlier, on 29 January. The following year the station name was changed to Coulsdon and Smitham Downs.

<sup>127</sup> The stained-glass window that was installed in the church was in memory of Henry Hodges who had served as Cerne's parish clerk for 57 years. It was paid for by his grandson, J.D. Earle Hodges of Weybridge. See *Coventry Evening Telegraph* 25 February 1910 p4.

<sup>128</sup> By 1910, the Allan Line was one of the world's largest privately-owned shipping companies and was held the contract with the Royal Mail to convey post to and from Canada.

14.02.10 Monday. Fine until night when it came on a gale. The river rose and two houses in Duck Street had it in. I heard from Edie Streeter, also from our Edie.<sup>129</sup> She is leaving with Mrs Harris. Char has left his firm too. Valentine's Day, but never received one in my life.

15.02.10 Tuesday. Stormy – hail showers. Miss Sherry's [sic] came to tea.

16.02.10 Wednesday. Fairly fine. The memorial window was unveiled this afternoon by the Archdeacon of Dorset. We did not see anything though. Miss Rendell is leaving Cerne to go to a school in Staffordshire with her elder sister. Water in again in...

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<sup>129</sup> Edith Dorcas Streeter (1884-1969) was a fellow schoolmistress who was then living in Maidstone.

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[16.02.10 continued]  
...Duck Street.

17.02.10 Thursday. Miss R and I went to service at Upcerne and Mr Gundry drove us back. Wind rose to a gale by midnight.

18.02.10 Friday. Wind again arose towards night with violent storms of rain. Had an extra choral practise at Cerne school.

19.02.10 Saturday. Wind wilder than ever. Hail.

20.02.10 Sunday. A perfect hurricane at times and sharp lightning with thunder, rain and hail. Miss R and I opened school this afternoon and after a ¼ of an hour's ringing of the bell 3 children arrived.

23.02.10 Wednesday. Bright generally. Some thunder and rain at 3 o'clock, hail in the evening. The evenings are getting out.

25.02.10 Friday. Miss R went home.

26.02.10 Saturday. Winnie is in Bombay. Rose Bishop has failed her exam.<sup>130</sup> They are building a theatre at Bognor. A year ago to-day was our jumble slae.

27.02.10 Sunday. No rain all day. A year ago to-day I first met Miss Morris. I had Sunday School all to myself this afternoon.

28.02.10 Monday. Rained in torrents all day and really it looked like another flood. Miss R didn't appear until the carrier arrived in the evening. I saw a woman wearing the old fashioned pattens<sup>131</sup> going clack, clack down the street. Another month ended and I have been here now 1 year and 11 months.

March 1910

01.03.10 Tuesday. Lionel got a bad cold and hasn't been to work to-day.

02.03.10 Wednesday. Weather ditto but with a cold wind and rather gloomy. L still home. Miss Rendell is leaving Cerne – she is the 4<sup>th</sup> I've seen here – Miss Hannent, Miss Morris, Miss Haysom and Miss Rendell.

03.03.10 Thursday. Still fine and bright but cold. Music lessons ended.

04.03.10 Friday. Still fine. Miss Stedman is leaving Farleigh after 19 years there. Her mother is dying and she is going to keep house for her Father.<sup>132</sup> Mrs Bartlett had died suddenly this winter.<sup>133</sup> Fred

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<sup>130</sup> This could be Rosalie Bishop, Mrs Parry's daughter (see entry for 31 January 1910).

<sup>131</sup> Pattens were wooden overshoes.

<sup>132</sup> Rosa Stedman's mother, Ellen, died in late May, 1910. In the 1911 Census, Rosa is recorded living alone with her father, Henry, at Alford on the Surrey/Sussex border. Henry died in 1923 and Rosa in 1924.

<sup>133</sup> Mrs Bartlett was Alice Bartlett, who died early in 1910 aged 43. She was an acquaintance of Granville's from East Farleigh.



Froude is emigrating to Canada.<sup>134</sup> Mrs Langbridge (née Blanche Froude) has a baby girl but it is very delicate. She herself has been very ill.

05.03.10 Saturday. Still fine. Miss R and I went flower-gathering in the Park. Considering the bad weather we did not do badly – white violets and primroses. I had a long letter from Fanny. They are having their hot season. She sent me some pressed flowers – one called the Flannel Flower.

06.03.10 Sunday. Rain until 2 o'clock. Miss R has gone to tea at Mrs Marsh's. She knew Mabel, who is home for some epidemic at her school, before she came here. Then Miss R is out with Charlie Marsh every night.<sup>135</sup>

07/08.03.10 Monday and Tuesday. Weather got the miserables again – rain and two days without sun.

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<sup>134</sup> Frederick Edgar Froude (1888-1952), Blanche's younger brother, knew Granville from her time in East Farleigh. He emigrated to Canada in 1911. He died in North Vancouver, British Columbia, in 1952.

<sup>135</sup> Mabel was Ellen Mabel Marsh (b.1889) who, in 1911, is recorded as a schoolteacher based at Burley in the New Forest. Her brother, Charlie, was Charles Herbert Cyril Marsh (1890-1961) who, by 1939, was resident at Barton Farm.

10.03.10 Thursday. Very gloomy and wet all day.

11.03.10 Friday. Fine, but very cold towards evening. Minterne practice. There is talk of a concert in April. Miss R went home.

12.03.10 Saturday. Very cold and wet all day. This day 2 years ago I first heard of Cerne Abbas.

13.03.10 Sunday. Bright but cold except in sheltered sunny parts.

14.03.10 Monday. Ditto

15.03.10 Tuesday. Ditto. Went to see Mrs Parry.

16.03.10 Wednesday. Ditto. Went to Upcerne to-night.

17.03.10 Thursday. St Patrick's Day. Grandma died 6 years ago today.

18.03.10 Friday. Mrs Parry's sale of part of her furniture before leaving Cerne. Part of it she takes to Brixham with her.<sup>136</sup> She showed me some of her china and glass she is taking with her; it is lovely old work. She has given me her address and asked me if at any time I am near to call and see her. The Earth began to go through the comet – Hailey's Comet which crosses our path every 75 years. Snow fell heavily twice during the day but did not lay.

19.03.10 Saturday. Fine but very cold. I was out walking and cycling by myself all day. Miss R was home.

20.03.10 Sunday. Weather ditto. Mrs Parry's and Miss Rendell's last Sunday in Cerne Abbas.

22.03.10 Tuesday. Mrs P left Cerne. Fine.

23.03.10 Wednesday. Broke up for 10 days. Miss R last day here. Oswald found an adder beautifully marked. Weather fine. Miss R and I went out flower gathering under Waim [sic] (the field behind the Union). It is quite new to me. It looks as though there has been a landslip there at some time.

24.03.10 Thursday. Weather gloomy. Cycled into Dorchester and caught the 10.30 train arrived at Bognor 3.5. Edie has another situation in London.

25.03.10 Good Friday. Char came home – not in work yet. Bee and I went to part of the 3 hrs service.

26.03.10 Saturday. Easter Eve. Bright. Heard of Alice Wooller's death. She died at Hove of consumption in her 28 year. Horace died two years ago of the same. Now Mrs Wooller has lost her husband, and youngest and eldest children.<sup>137</sup>

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<sup>136</sup> Rosalie Mary Jane Parry (1845-1919) actually moved to Brixton, not Brixham. In the 1911 Census she is recorded living with her son, John, on Brixton Hill. She died in London, aged 76, in 1919.

<sup>137</sup> The unfortunate Mrs Wooller was Alice Wooller (1851-1944). She had five children. The death of the oldest, Alice Ann Wooller, is the referred to here by Granville. Mrs Wooller's only son, Henry Horace Wooller (1885-1907) also died at Brighton. Her husband, also Henry, had died in 1900. Earlier, the Wooller family had lived in Maidstone, and it is likely that Granville knew them from that time.

27.03.10 Easter Day. The church (St Mary Magdalene) was very prettily decorated. Dad, Bee and I attended the Sacrament at 8 (I heard there were 700 at the celebration at 7 o'clock) and Char and Mater at 12.0. In the evening we went to St John's. Both morning and evening and in both churches it was packed.

28.03.10 Easter Monday. Beautiful day. In the morning we had a boat out and I tried my hand at rowing. The boat hadn't been in use for some little time and so leaked. The bottom of our skirts were wet through and we had to bail out a good bit. In the afternoon we went on the Pier to watch the skating. We saw several races. After tea we had a little dancing. Char can...

[28.03.10 continued]

..dance a treat. There was a carnival in the evening on the Pier but we did not go to it but went to hear the band instead.

29.03.10 Tuesday. Spent the morning on the front. Char returned to London by the 5.20 train.

30.03.10 Wednesday. Went on the front in the morning. We all went to tea at 'Farleigh'.<sup>138</sup> Bee went skating.

31.03.10 Thursday. Bright. Went on the front with Dad in the morning. I have been here (Cerne Abbas school) just 2 years. There is a fancy dress Carnival at the Assembly Rooms this evening but we did not go.

April 1910

01.04.10 Friday. All Fool's Day. Strong wind blowing and very cold.

02.04.10 Saturday. Returned to Cerne. Lovely day. At Havant a part [sic] of Boy Scouts were just going off to Hayling Island. Now for Cerne news. Michels are going away in 6 weeks' time and Frank Cheeseman is taking the business over also a wife. No teacher has been appointed yet so a supply is to come again – a Miss Broadland from Sherborne. She is to arrive Tuesday.

03.04.10 Sunday. Cool and fairly bright. Mr Martin preached this evening. Adams played the organ.

04.04.10 Monday. I'm to take over stds I and II.

05.04.10 Tuesday. The supply teacher arrived – Miss Goodlands.<sup>139</sup> She comes from Sherborne. She is rather older than we have had yet. Choir practise at Cerne. A little rain.

06.04.10 Wednesday. A little rain during the night. Had a card from Clara. Her father is on the County Council again with 622 votes against 97.<sup>140</sup>

07.04.10 Thursday. Rained all day. I went to tea with at Mrs Guppy's a farmer's wife; they live on the Upcerne Road. I met Mr Tom Willment (Miss Willment's brother) who is dairy chap as they call it here to Mr Guppy. Mr T is like Oswy – very shy.<sup>141</sup> Also I met the minister of the Congregational Chapel - Mr Thompson a renegade of the Church. The farm house – once a mill and still called Tucking Mill - is a very funny one and such tiny rooms and only one door which leads to the dairy and all.

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<sup>138</sup> 'Farleigh' was a guest house located in Gloucester Road, Bognor. In 1911 it was the home of Eliza Carter (b.1861), Catherine Granville's maternal aunt.

<sup>139</sup> The supply teacher was Lily Blanche Goodland (not Broadland or Goodlands) and, at 24 years old, she was a year younger than Granville.

<sup>140</sup> At the election held on Tuesday 5 April 1910, Clara's father, Philip Buck, was elected to the West Green Ward on Tottenham Urban District Council. He had served as a councillor for many years and, prior to 1910, had sat on the local Education Committee. There were two seats available in the ward and three candidates to take them. Buck (629 votes) and FJ Hollier (552) took them, leaving the nominee of the local Ratepayers Association, Thomas Woolcock, (97) trailing in third place.

<sup>141</sup> Thomas Willment (1888-1917) lost his life at the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battle of Ypres during the First World War.

08.04.10 Friday. Fine. Mr Butt came. He examined the school in the morning and the labour candidates in the afternoon.

09.04.10 Saturday. Beautiful day. Miss Goodland cycled into Dorchester to see friends. I went out to pick primroses.

10.04.10 Sunday. Still lovely. Miss Goodland's brother has cycled over – arrived about 10 o'clock and came to church this morning. He is tall, fair, not particularly good-looking about 27 I should think.<sup>142</sup> He is an assistant in a chemist's shop in Sherborne. Miss Sherry is in Cerne. Mr Goodland senior is a gardener.

11.04.10 Monday. Fine. Miss Clarke came. She arrived exactly to the day last year – 1908 I mean.

12.04.10 Tuesday. Wet. Had rain this day for three years.

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<sup>142</sup> Arthur Llewellyn Goodland was 31 years old at the time of his visit.

13.04.10 Wednesday. Wet.

14.04.10 Thursday. Miss G cycled home to Sherborne and returned next morning

15.04.10 Friday. Had a fright, thought another Inspector was coming in – turned out only someone to see the head.

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16.04.10 Saturday. Cold and windy. Miss G cycled into Dorchester to see about a school she is applying for near home (didn't get it).

17.04.10 Sunday. Bright and fine if rather cool out of the sun. Cerne Confirmation. I'm sure the chapels were poorly attended this morning. We sat squashed 5 and 6 in a seat – generally I occupy one to myself. There were 36 candidates from Cerne, Upcerne, Nether Cerne and Godmanstone. Lionel was one. The men and boys numbered 14, the girls 22. Several I know were chapelites who never go to church. The Bishop of Salisbury officiated. Mr Pope of Godmanstone carried his crook, Mr Gundry won't.<sup>143</sup>

18.04.10 Monday. Rain. Mansell Gale has joined the yeomanry.<sup>144</sup>

19.04.10 Tuesday. Warm and rain. Dr's car broke down.<sup>145</sup> Lottie Loader (our Monitress) has joined the choir.<sup>146</sup> Primrose Day and every child decked with them though not one knew why they wore them(?).<sup>147</sup>

20.04.10 Wednesday. Close and dull. Choir practice at Minterne schools.

21.04.10 Thursday. Very close, dull and rainy. Another new pupil for music – Fred Bowditch.

22.04.10 Friday. Had half holiday for concert. The Ladies' District Choir sang their pieces. Then we had violin solos, pianoforte solos, 2 sketches, songs comic and sentimental, also one in German. Miss Waddington (from the Dr's) gave the violin. She also sang two songs – one was in German.<sup>148</sup> The Misses Sparkes' gave their sketch 'A Model Mistress' and the A.D.S. of Minterne gave 'Tea and Scandal'. Miss G went home.

Mrs Bert Cornick (née Miss Ella Putrell) gave birth to a son.<sup>149</sup>

23.04.10 Saturday. Dull and much cooler. Mr Upward and family moved together into what was Mrs Parry's house next 'The Elephant' in Duck Street.

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<sup>143</sup> Rev William Raymond Pope (1868-1941) was the vicar at Godmanstone.

<sup>144</sup> Mansel Gerald Gale was a Cerne Abbas villager. He enlisted to the Dorsetshire Yeomanry on 30 March 1910 and was discharged on 5 December 1914.

<sup>145</sup> Dr Ernest Dalton is rumoured to have been the first in Cerne Abbas to own a motor car.

<sup>146</sup> Charlotte Annie Loader (1893-1979) was the daughter of a general labourer and, by 1911, was working as a domestic servant. Later she married Leonard Martin and found employment as a nurse while living at Cann near Shaftesbury. She died in North Dorset late in 1979 aged 86.

<sup>147</sup> Primrose Day was celebrated annually to mark the death of Benjamin Disraeli and, consequently, was more widely respected by Conservatives like Granville than it was by Liberals and Radicals.

<sup>148</sup> Doris Mary Waddington (1887-1950) was the Governess to Dr Dalton's five year-old son Ernest Vincent Dalton. She lived with the Daltons at The Lodge.

<sup>149</sup> The son was Harold Cornick (1910-1942). He died in January 1942 after the merchant ship on which he served, the SS Culebra, was attacked by a U-Boat off the coast of Bermuda.

24.04.10 Sunday. Bright and warmer. Had a hail storm at 9.30am. There is to be evening communion next Sunday as well as Sunday morning. Mr Charles Collier's and Miss Sarah Bragg's banns were called for the first time. Tinned salmon for Sunday dinner. Nora Bushrod has gone as servant to the Vicarage.<sup>150</sup> The old houses by the church are pulled down. One of the stones bears the date 1576.<sup>151</sup>

27.04.10 Wednesday. Heard the cuckoo for the first time this year.

29.04.10 Friday. Bee is 18 to-day. She is on holiday at Acrise 4 miles from Folkestone at Mr May's farmer-friends of Edie's.

30.04.10 Saturday. Dull but warm. Miss Goodlands and I cycled to Hermitage through Minterne and Hillfield. We went to visit friends of hers – farmers. You take the road through Minterne then turn to the left at the top of Dogberry Hill and continue through Lady's Wood. Then comes Hillfield – a very straggling village – and so on to Hermitage through Holnest Park. Very very pretty, especially now with the primroses starring[?] bank and coppice, but very...

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<sup>150</sup> Born in 1897, Nora Evelyn Bushrod was likely to have been one of Granville's former pupils.

<sup>151</sup> The church green and the Cenotaph now stand on the site of the demolished houses.

[30.04.10 continued]

...very rural is Hermitage and in winter very dreary and lonely I should think when trees are bare, flowers are dead and mud and mist surround them. It is a long way off the highroad. We saw Mrs Scott, an old schoolmistress, Miss Scott, a young one, her girl cousin Miss Rachel \_\_\_\_? and Miss Scott's brother Fred.<sup>152</sup> We spent a very pleasant evening – music and gossip then rode back to Cerne. It is about 5 miles from Cerne.

Extract from "Highways and Byways of Dorset":-

"Hermitage:- The place is well named, since it is very far from the haunts of men. This tiny Rip Van Winkel village lies at the foot of High Stoy, the most engaging of all Dorset hills – a hill 800 feet, made up of green slopes, a cliff, and a mantle of trees. There was once a hermitage here belonging to the Order of St Augustine".

On our way back we looked in Hermitage church. It is a tiny ancient building but more of a church than that of Cerne. Miss Scott is organist. She and her cousin had been arranging the altar flowers.

01.05.10 Sunday. Dull. The candidate's first Communion. A fair number of girls attended but not a solitary boy. That's Cerne all over. M. thinks Lionel is too young. I suppose she is for she has never been since I came here. Miss Goodland and I went to Upcerne in the evening. We saw a magpie.

04.05.10 Wednesday. Hail storms early, bright after but cool. While out for a walk I saw a couple of partridges, a hare and a pheasant.

05.05.10 Thursday. Ascension Day. The Doctor appeared in the morning so I was sole in command of the children at church. The rest of the congregation consisted of 3 people, parson, organist, and 3 girls in the choir. In the evening we went again – no children and one or two extra in the congregation. Two years ago to-day we heard of Frank Fielder's death.<sup>153</sup>

06.05.10 Friday. Bright and stormy. Hail showers every half-hour.

07.05.10 Saturday

The King is dead; long live the King. The postman brought round a vague rumour at 8 o'clock but it was not until 10.30am a telegram came confirming it. He died quite peacefully at midnight. He has been suffering from bronchitis lately and it is thought he took a chill from walking on the damp lawns of Sandringham. He died at Buckingham Palace after a reign of 9 years – Jan 22<sup>nd</sup> 1901-May 7<sup>th</sup> 1910. It must have been rather sudden towards the last for he transacted business until his death between fainting fits which seized him. He was born March 10<sup>th</sup> 1841 so he is 69 years old. The new King is to be called George V. Afternoon and evening the bell tolled and flags fly at half mast high from the Union, the Police Station and the Red Lion. It is a serious thing for the country as it is in a terribly critical state. It's the comet, people will say, it always brings ...

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<sup>152</sup> The Scott's lived at Manor Farm in Hermitage. Alfred and Rosa Scott lived their with their son Frederick, their schoolteacher daughter Alice Louisa, and two other daughters, Edith and Florence .

<sup>153</sup> See entry for 29 March 1908.



[07.05.10 continued]

...disaster and ruin. It appeared at the conquest of 1066; during the revolt in Stephen's reign 1141; at the death of John; the disturbances in Scotland in the reign of Edward I; during the troublesome times of the latter end of Edward III's reign when the king fell into old age and decay (about 1366); during the weak reign of Henry VI and the Wars of the Roses; during the year of the Plague 1665; when plots were forming against James I and again when Charles II reigned; and in 1759 during the war in America and Wolfe was killed at Quebec.

08.05.10 Sunday. Still very stormy. The swallows are back. I have a silver bracelet from Brother Jack – silver plates about half an inch square engraved with some Hindu god.<sup>154</sup> It comes from Bombay. Bee has returned from Acrise.

09.05.10 Monday. George V proclaimed in London.

10.05.10 Tuesday. The Choral Competition. We started from Cerne at 8.45. I and 4 others went in Mr Barclay's motor to Dorchester as there was not enough room in the brake for all. From Dorchester to Weymouth we went by train. The competition began at 10.30. We went to the Jubilee Hall some went to the Queen's Hall. It was rather gloomy. The hall is large and rather dark, the stage was draped in black and purple and nearly everyone wore black. There was scarcely a spot of colour and when present of the most subdued shades. 25 choirs of various kinds competed. Cerne didn't win but had 123 marks out of 160. The piece I liked best was "A Hymn before Battle" by Davies sung by the men's choir. Dinner was at the Weymouth Hotel at 1 o'clock. Then we strolled on the front until 2.45 when all the choirs met in the Jubilee Hall to sing "We Never Will Bow Down" by Handel, and marks were read out. A thunderstorm raged but we did not hear it for the noise – or volume of sound, which you please. Then tea at the hotel, a stroll on the front (several 2<sup>nd</sup> class cruisers were in the bay) and motored home. We came all the way up from Weymouth and from Dorchester to Weymouth or rather the other way round was done in 20 minutes. I thoroughly enjoyed the latter. The school children stared open mouthed to see me whizz past in state.

11.05.10 Wednesday. School again.

12.05.10 Thursday. Mr Charles Collier (the saddler opposite) was married to-day to Miss Sarah Bragg. The wedding took place at 10 o'clock, a short peal was rung on the bells. They have gone to London for the honeymoon. A little thunder this morning. From about 7.30 to 8.00 this evening I saw the grandest and most awe-inspiring sky I have ever seen. First came a sheet of black and coppery cloud. Then in front of this flaming ragged clouds of the most lurid description shot up from behind Black Hill and during this the background of the sky became more threatening every moment. Then came a rainbow, but gradually growing in intensity. Lastly this faded until everything went dark and rain descended in torrent. I fancy [??] people thought the end of the World had come.

13.05.10 Friday. Broke up for a week. Miss Goodland gone. Miss Hannent arrived.

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<sup>154</sup> 'Brother Jack' is Granville's half-sister Winnie's recently acquired husband.

14.05.10 Saturday. Came home. Cycled to Dorchester and caught the 10.23 train. Flags half mast in every direction, from church towers and shipping in harbour. Reached Bognor at 2.55. Weather turned in very warm. The theatre is getting towards completion. Mater got a bad arm – rheumatics I think. Both Dad and Mater look older. Bee much quieter. All the aunts well.

15.05.10 Whit Sunday. Still beautiful weather, warm and gentle soft wind blowing. Bee and I to the early Eucharist. Then Dad, Mater and I went to Matins at S Bersted.<sup>155</sup> In the evening Mater, Bee and I went to the new church of St Wilfred's. It is only half built at present but the choir and altar is beautiful. I don't think I have yet seen a more lovely. One simply stands in fascination before it and gazes in awe at its beauty. There are no pews but chairs painted green. The cross is carried before the choir. It reminds me of St Margaret's and St Paul's Barking, 14 years ago – what an age to look back upon? After church we go on Church Parade on the front and listen to the Band play the Dead March in Saul.

16.05.10 Whit Monday. Lovely weather continues. It was a very quiet Bank Holiday though a great many people were down.

17.05.10 Tuesday. Char's birthday. He is 22. He has not been home this holiday; is with some one in London – South Kensington. Beautiful weather.

18.05.10 Wednesday. Thick sea fog but bright and warm beyond. It cleared towards evening and the sunset was most lovely, both sea and sky were of shell-pink hue. Thunder storm during the night.

19.05.10 Thursday. Hot, close and a sea-fog. Thunder storm at night. Lightning very vivid.

20.05.10 Friday. A universal day of mourning; business of every kind was suspends [sic]. The King was buried at St George's Windsor. Through out [sic] the Kingdom services were held in churches and chapels at 10 o'clock. They were crammed so much so that St John's had to hold two services, one at 1 and one at 2 o'clock. All the local bodies went, firemen, fishermen, boy scouts, territorials, and boys' brigade. Bersted has its own brigade now. Among the crowds scarcely anything but black, grey or white was seen and black prevailed. Everyone was very quiet. Aunt Lylie came to dinner. Lily Wooller and her fiancé cycled over from Hove to tea.

21.05.10 Saturday. I return to Cerne Abbas. I arrived here 6.30. The new teacher Miss Paxman cycled over from Dorchester. She is one of 9; 5 sisters and 4 brothers (the middle one) and her home is Camberwell. She wears specs.<sup>156</sup>

22.05.10 Sunday. Bright and warm. Either they are at gun practice at Weymouth or someone is having a heavy storm near – thunder rolls continually. We had an anthem this morning from Sp[?]'s "Last Judgement". Ambitious for Cerne. Miss Way sang a solo.

23.05.10 Monday Fine and warm. School again. Another shifting of children...

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<sup>155</sup> South Bersted is the parish in Bognor in which the Granvilles lived.

<sup>156</sup> This is Louisa Anne Paxman (1890-1987) who was aged 20. Her parents, George and Marion, were living in Lambeth in 1901 with eight of their children, plus a nephew and a lodger.

[23.05.10 continued]

...Miss Paxman has 3 sisters and one brother older than herself and 3 brothers and one sister younger. The eldest brother is married and has one child. One older sister is a teacher and one a nurse (has been in India 6 years) to Colonel French's children now home for 2 years.

24.05.10 Tuesday. Still fine. Empire Day is not kept this year on account of the King's death.

25.05.10 Wednesday. Still fine.

26.05.10 Thursday. A trifle cooler. Went to Chescombe to see the comet at 10pm but could not do so.

27.05.10 Friday. Warmer again. Went out again to see the comet but could not.

28.05.10 Saturday. Real summer weather. Miss P and Mrs N cycled to Dorchester. A heavy rain and hail storm at 12.30am

29.05.10 Sunday. Dull but warm: some rain. A year ago to-day I saw Miss Morris for the last time and Dad came down to spend Whitsun.

30.05.10 Monday. Rain and cool. Miss Paxman's eldest brother is a restaurant cook and makes wedding cakes, ices them etc.<sup>157</sup> Edie is at Bath. There is a Park there and a fine abbey. Two years ago we went into Dorchester to see the agricultural show.

31.05.10 Tuesday. Last day of May, and dreary at that, rain though it cleared towards evening. Dad with me this time last year. Miss Stedman's mother died.

June 1910

01.06.10 Wednesday. Some rain. Heard from Miss Goodland. She is on supply at her home town – Sherborne. The swallows are building under the eaves of the school.

02.06.10 Thursday. Finer than yesterday.

03.06.10 Friday. Perfect weather.

04.06.10 Saturday. Again perfect weather.

05.06.10 Sunday. Dull – working for rain. Rain from 11am to 8pm.

06.06.10 Monday. Very heavy rain; thunder: fine evening.

07.06.10 Tuesday. Heavy thunder-storm and rain at 1 and again at 7. Miss Caroline Jane Gundry (49) is to be married in July by the Bishop to Mr Cockcraft former curate. Thick, hot mist in the evening.

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<sup>157</sup> This is George William Paxman (1885-1929).

08.06.10 Wednesday. Thunder and heavy rain in the evening. One of Miss Paxman's brothers is a blouse cutter in a warehouse another is a carpet maker.<sup>158</sup> He was in Hope Brothers at one time.

09.06.10 Thursday. Was taken faint towards 4 o'clock. Went to bed at 7 o'clock very unwell.

10.06.10 Friday. Heavy thunder-storm at 2am. Rained in torrents. Heavy damp mists all day and rain again from 4 and it is still raining (10.10pm). Tommy (the kitten) caught a mouse, brought it into the dining room and there lost it under the piano.

11.06.10 Saturday. Heard a cuckoo in a tree next to my bedroom window calling for a long time. His tune was changing, sometimes he could only get out 'cue' instead of 'cuckoo'. Close, dull and a warm mist all day. We walked to Sydling in the afternoon.

12.06.10 Sunday. Still some thick warm mist. Plants are growing a pace. Had a most...

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<sup>158</sup> In the 1911 Census, Albert Patrick Paxman (1893-1971) is recorded as a blouse cutter. Edgar Paxman (1894-1915) was recorded as a 'blind maker' in 1911, and was killed during the First World War while serving as a rifleman in the London Regiment.

[12.06.10 continued]

...edifying sermon this morning on how we are all going to Rome as hard as we can, coming under the influence of the Papal See etc. Why preach about it in Cerne of all places in the World. It amuses me and doesn't alter my opinions in the least. We have been miles this evening. Starting from Upcerne church we went through Minterne Parva (Little Minterne) then climbed a zig-zag road which leads to Buckland Newton and which we saw in the distance. Lovely lanes we went through with oceans of wild flowers and heaps of large ferns but as solitary as the Backwoods of America.

13.06.10 Monday. Mrs N's birthday. Quite a piece of romance. About 5 o'clock comes a knock at the door and there is a visitor. He stays to tea and talk in private. It turns out it is Mr North's brother from Canada who no one has seen or heard of for 17 years. He came expecting to see his brother – his brother has been dead for some 3 years or more.<sup>159</sup> He (the brother) is over for a holiday and has only landed a few days. Mrs N hasn't seen him since he was a boy.

15.06.10 Wednesday. Miss P and I went to Alton St Pancras – a small pretty village over Alton Hill.

16.06.10 Thursday. Fine and bright. I had a very pretty wreath for my hat (roses, primroses, lilac all pink and blue forget-me-not) my birthday present from Mater.

Miss Paxman's nurse sister is 26 and had always been in one family. The eldest child is a boy of 9 now at school. Her present charges are 4 and 2. This is the second time she has been home from India. At present she is at Maesbury[?] in Shropshire. The youngest of Miss P's sisters and brothers is a school boy 13.

A couple of wagon loads of school children (from Middlemarsh and Holnest I think) have been by today – a school treat.

Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece and their children are staying in Bognor, also Princess Victoria and Miss Knollys.

17.06.10 Friday. Fine but cooler. The anniversary of Grandma's (Mrs Carter) wedding day.

18.06.10 Saturday. Beautiful day. Miss P and I walked to Sydling in the morning. Waterloo Day 1815. A dense white mist came up from the meadows about 8.30pm.

19.06.10 Sunday. A perfect day. What do you think! Yesterday evening while I was alone practising (Mrs N and Miss P had gone cycling) Oswald began smoking a cigarette. I didn't actually see him but I smelt it and saw one in his fingers. How I smiled to myself. I don't know whether it was his first but he ate a good supper after and seemed none the worse.

One day as Miss Paxman (the nurse) was walking along a road in India, with her children and a couple of dogs, a tiny monkey suddenly darted from a tree bordering the road side and clung round her neck. She could only get rid of it by the men taking the dogs a little way off. It was frightened by the barking and came to her for protection.

There has been a quarrel in the choir: Mr Marsh and all his family...

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<sup>159</sup> Mrs North's husband died five years earlier, in 1905.

[19.06.10 continued]

...have left it – 2[?] sons and a daughter.

20.06.10 Monday. Lovely day and night.

21.06.10 Tuesday. Cooler. Cat stole a haddock intended for our dinner. The children brought me some meteorites picked up in a ploughed field. The longest day. The sunset was glorious: looked like some pictures you see of Vesuvius in eruption.

22.06.10 Wednesday. Cool again.

23.06.10 Thursday. Rain in the evening. Miss Florence Nightingale is dead.

24.06.10 Friday. Saw 3 barn owls fly over the fields as the sun went down. Not a sound did they make as they slowly flew, rather close to the hedges and fairly near to the ground, in search of supper. They are the first I have seen flying.

25.06.10 Saturday. Rain early and heavily between 3 and 4. Mrs N and Miss P went off to Weymouth for the day: started before 9.

26.06.10 Sunday. Cool again. Miss Gundry and Miss Willison have joined the choir.<sup>160</sup>

27.06.10 Monday. Dull and cool. My 26<sup>th</sup> birthday. From home I had a cake, chocolates, 2 books and a pair of green stockings. Mrs N gave me two pieces of heraldic china. Then I had cards from 6 and 3 letters from Mater, Bee, Nan, Avis, Ella, aunt Lottie, Miss Stedman, May Wood and Mrs N.

28.06.10 Tuesday. Breezy. Had a letter from aunt Rebecca and cards from May Morris and Gwen. Jessie Costen has married a Mr Burgess.<sup>161</sup> There has been an eviction the village to-day [sic]. Miss Paxman's father is a motor driver to some firm (the Kennington Taxicab Motor Company). Had another p.c.

29.06.10 Wednesday. Breezy.

30.06.10 Thursday. Last day of June. I have been in Cerne School now 2 years and 3 months. Wonder if I shall be here much longer.

Cerne Races were on 3 to 5pm.<sup>162</sup> Crowds went – brakes, motors, cyclists and pedestrians besides vehicles of all sorts. A lot of children away from afternoon school. Edie sent me a pair of brown kid gloves. I saw another owl fly over – the bird of ill omen the last were.

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<sup>160</sup> Frances Willison (b.1887) was a farmer's daughter originally from Buckinghamshire.

<sup>161</sup> Jessie May Mills Costen was the twelfth child of the farmer and grocer John Costen and his wife Ellen of East Farleigh, Kent. She would have known Granville since childhood. She married Frederick Burgess in 1910.

<sup>162</sup> The traditional refreshments were absent from this edition of the Cerne Races. The *Southern Times* reported that 'James Francis Watson, licensee of the New Inn, Cerne Abbas, applied for an occasional licence to sell in the field today (Thursday), on the occasion of the Cerne pony and galloway races. Superintendent Dennett entered a strong objection against the application, saying the meeting was of such short duration, from three o'clock till 5.30, and the Elephant and Castle Inn only half a mile distant, that he thought the license quite unnecessary, especially until 7 p.m., as was asked. The Justices refused the application'. *Southern Times* 2 July 1910 p7.

July 1910

01.07.10 Friday. Stormy and not nearly so warm as last month.

02.07.10 Saturday. Weather as yesterday. I am in misery wondering whether I shall lose my situation here. O God help me!

03.07.10 Sunday. Stormy and cool. Several brakes have been by this afternoon. Some thunder.

04.07.10 Monday. Cool though fine. Independence Day. Found a bee orchid.

05.07.10 Tuesday. Rain from 3.30 onward. Cerne invaded by King's Royal Rifles on manoeuvres. They arrived about 12 and are encamped on Alton Hill for the night. They have come from Maiden Castle where they camped last night.

06.07.10 Wednesday. Cool but finer. Dad's birthday. We walked to Nether Cerne. Returning through fields and by the river we startled some wild duck.

07.07.10 Thursday. I have notice to go. At least they say do not want 2 certificated teachers...

[07.07.10 continued]

...the school I know is going down but I rather expect it is the usual though Mr U says I'm not to look at it in that light.

Superstition or no the owls foretold truly.

08.07.10 Friday. 3 years ago I was in Berkshire.

09.07.10 Saturday. Dull, misty, warm at intervals. Started to pack.

11.07.10 Monday. Warmer a little. Winnie and Jack are starting for Karachi and from there start for England in "The City of Glasgow" July 20<sup>th</sup>.

Been to the Congregational Chapel tonight to hear "Katie's White Robe".

13.07.10 Wednesday. Perfect day. Mr Rolls the aviator who cross the channel successfully was killed at Bournemouth yesterday while in flight.<sup>163</sup>

14.07.10 Thursday. Perfect day. The Congregational Chapel are out singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" to a concertina – marching round the village, some 9 men and 3 girls. Amy Oatley is engaged.<sup>164</sup> Roger Munn is to be married shortly. His sister Alice has developed consumption and has had to give up nursing.<sup>165</sup>

15.07.10 Friday. Fine. They have started widening the water course. St Swithun's and no rain. I had a snake skin given to me.

16.07.10 Saturday. Rain early, dull after, rain from 2pm and thunder 6.30pm.

17.07.10 Sunday. Rain and very gloomy. Very scanty congregation. Alice Gregar is nursing, Emma Spier at Southsea. Nellie (her sister 'Alice' I mean) is in Switzerland for her health. Nan Prowse is going to China in October if the riots in Hunan are over by then Hong Kong she hopes to reach in November. She is marrying a Mr Stevens – a missionary.

18.07.10 Monday. Dull and cool but brighter towards evening. Heard from Winnie. The "City of Glasgow" is due at Marseilles Aug 5<sup>th</sup>. The monsoons are blowing. Last year Winnie was a nurse in Cashmere now she is with her husband in Karachi.

19.07.10 Tuesday. Dull generally. Miss Scot's gardener showed us over Barton Lodge gardens (Miss Scott and Miss Digby her niece are away).<sup>166</sup> The roses are magnificent. He gave us some.

20.07.10 Wednesday. Close until evening. Exams I class.

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<sup>163</sup> Charles Rolls, of Rolls-Royce fame, died aged 32 while flying his plane over Southbourne and was the first Briton to be killed in an automated flying accident.

<sup>164</sup> Amy Constance Oatley, an old friend of Granville's from East Farleigh, married Frederick Turk in 1918.

<sup>165</sup> Siblings Roger Norton Munn (1885-1952) and Alice (b.1887) Munn lived in Hunton, Kent, a village close to East Farleigh.

<sup>166</sup> Both Eleanor Blanche Wilhelmina Scott (1841-1914) and her niece Katherine Diana Digby (1867-1932) were still resident at Barton Lodge for the 1911 Census.



21.07.10 Thursday. Damp and dull. Exams still, I and II. Miss Paxman had an accident in her room. One of the babies pinched the top of her finger off in a desk. She took her off to the Dr at once and he bound it up. Oswald 19 to-day.

22.07.10 Friday. Still damp. Exams III std.

23.07.10 Saturday. Fine but high wind. Miss Rendell came for the week end, arrived by carrier in the evening. She looks well. Likes the school very well but feels homesick and doesn't care for the people – too Brummagem. She has stds I and II 50 children. She goes back Aug 13<sup>th</sup> after 7 weeks holiday – measles gave them 3 weeks extra.

24.07.10 Sunday. Pouring with rain and cold. Mr Gundry called his daughter's banns for the first time. Mr Cockcraft has to call his own. The wedding is to be on the 10<sup>th</sup> of Aug.

25.07.10 Monday. An improvement on yesterday but stormy and very cold towards night. We had a whole day's holiday for the Forester's Jubilee fête. A band (Sydling St Nicholas) was playing in the streets soon after 10 o'clock...

[25.07.10 continued]

...Then at a quarter to twelve we all trooped off to church where there was a service for the members. After that they had their dinner at the Elephant and Castle we in Belle Vue. About 2 we started off for the fête field. There were the usual stalls, merry-go-round, swings, shooting gallery, etc. Prizes were offered for decorated bicycles. 1<sup>st</sup> prize went to Old Mother Hubbard. Besides these there was Snow, a Rainbow, Court of St Austin, a Starry Night and some others. Following that came horse-racing. Later in the evening there was dancing.

26.07.10 Tuesday. Bright but wind very cold.

27.07.10 Wednesday. Dense, white damp fog all day.

28.07.10 Thursday. Warmer and finer though some rain. Miss W, her sister Mabel, a friend, Miss P and I went to Piddletrenthide or Pydeltrentide pageant.<sup>167</sup> Although only a village (smaller than Cerne) I should say the pageant was A1. The evening performance began at 6. It was divided into four episodes. The first was a Goidelic Village at the close of the Neolithic age. This was so good I'll give it in detail. People wearing skin clothing were using flint implements. Children were being taught by a druid. Then came in 2 hunters with a slain wolf at which they all sang a weird wolf song. During all this women were busily preparing a meal – the quern[?] etc. When ready they all set too – the elders throwing portions to the youngsters (N.B. novelty for your next picnic). After that came news of a British invasion, followed by a war song while one daubed the warriors with woad. They march out to meet the foe while a Druid prophecies.

Episode II was a British tribal gathering at 650ad at which the chief gives his daughter to a Prince of Wessex. It ends with a priest, with young Aldhelm at his feet, speaking of the changes to come.

Episode III was perhaps the prettiest when King Ethelred gives the manor to Emma his Queen 1003. The costumes were very good indeed. In the 4<sup>th</sup> episode Queen Emma and King Canute (she married him when Ethelred was dead) present the manor to the Abbot of Winchester. This was very grand and stately. In the finale procession they sang a Dorset dialect song:-

When I zet me down to whome,  
An' I think o' they that hroam  
What they tell of var-off land, in the zun or in  
the lew,  
Then the thought do come to mind  
If a land y'ell ever vind,  
Where the housen be zo whomlike, or the  
maids zo vair and true  
Yen nay zeek a land like Dorset,

But ye'll never come across it,  
Though ye zearch the wide world over,  
From the Nothe to Timbuctoo  
There be no volk as will no 'bide  
By their peaceful country-zide,  
But by trapesing after vashions, zummit strange  
and zummat new,  
They be took'n up wi' towns, but give I the  
breezy downs,

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<sup>167</sup> The pageant was promoted in several newspapers, including the *Wells Journal* (28 July 1910 p7) which reported that 'An interesting pageant will shortly take place in the Vicarage Ground, Piddletrenthide, Dorset. A company of over 100 have been rehearsing diligently for many weeks past, and they will perform four episodes relating to the history of the place...The Dorset dialect will be used in the latter scenes, and the costumes have been carefully designed from contemporary drawings of the various periods'.

[28.07.10 continued]

And the lambs aveeding sound I, by they many  
or by they vew.  
Ye may zeek a land etc.

An' there's zum do zay #'tis best  
Vor to zail out to the west,  
To the yankees and the prairies where a man  
may get his due,  
But there's room enough for I,  
And zo do let I live and die  
Mid the green vields of old Dorset, and my wold  
friends kind and true.  
So God bless the land of Dorset,  
And may trouble never cross it,  
Though it sweep the wild world over from the  
Nothe to Timbuctoo

Unfortunately squalls of rain kept coming on and the last procession was spoilt by it. Then it rained in torrents. I took refuge in a lean-to and waited until dusk when the rain ceased but a dense damp fog came. It was nearly ten before I reached home. I dare not go by the field which is the shortest way. The way seemed endless tired and wet as I was. Not a soul did I met [sic] until I reached the out-skirts of the village.

29.07.10 Friday. Finer again. Miss Rendell went home.

30.07.10 Saturday. Finer. Lots of motors went through. Miss Paxman joined the choir.

31.07.10 Sunday. Perfect. My last Sunday in Cerne. Clouded over (2pm). Heard the night-jar.

01.08.10 Monday. Bank Holiday – a day's holiday from school. Rained heartily in the evening.

03.08.10 Wednesday. Paid Miss Willment a visit. She had a bicycle accident Sat and hasn't been to school since. Oswald in charge of the Union. 35 books to be kept. Had 14 tramps in.

04.08.10 Thursday. Broken up. So another chapter ends. What so next? Both Mr Gundry and Mr Upward gave me good testimonials. Been to see Mrs Gundry and also Miss Gundry's wedding presents. Then went over to Barton Dairy (Miss Willment's) and saw over it. The milk is poured into great shallow zinc(?) pans for the cream to rise. Then we saw cheese being made – some curd in a large vat and some in a press. They make 3 daily.

05.08.10 Friday. Came home and left Cerne for ever probably. Started at 10 and reached here soon after 8. The heather on the hills as I passed in the train was lovely. Stormy. Found lodgers in – a clergyman and his wife from Nottingham.

06.08.10 Saturday. Warmer. Pier being widened. Town very full.

07.08.10 Sunday. Warm and rain towards night. Char came home. Looks well has shaved off his moustache.

08.08.10 Monday. Came to London. Mrs Buck met me at London Bridge.

09.08.10 Tuesday. Mrs B and I had a day in the city(?). The chief things we saw was [sic] the National Gallery and the National Gallery of Pictures. Of the masters of National Gallery I remember best were Gainsborough (Mrs Siddons) Constable and Rembrandt. The picture I like best was the "The Execution of Lady Jane Grey...

***This is the Last Page of the Copy of Catherine Granville's Diary held by the Cerne Historical Society***