

A JOURNAL AND SOME RECOLLECTIONS

The following notes, jotted down from time to time, as the writer found leisure, or the inclination led him, that those who come after may be enabled to form an idea of the thoughts and doings of an individual during the period immediately following the Great War – the events are not, he hopes, likely to be stirring or violent in any way, as after the Nations struggle since 1914 it will be good for all to have time for recovery, to stop, take breath and look round for a moment, before endeavouring to put right the damage and destruction from which a battered world is suffering.

The writer wishes these pages to be kept, as the small grain of interest they may contain and which he hereby places in the mold of time can only develop with the passing of the years.

That he delayed the writing of a diary until his 63rd year is a fact that will be placed to the author's credit by the kindly reader.

Royal Academy of Arts
London
July 1920

Joseph Benwell Clark

1920

Jany 2

A diary should at least start with a New Year and an event.

Being at home for my Xmas holidays, I go with Mr. Nobbs (solicitor's Clerk) to see Mr Tite , builder, of Abbey Street, Cerne Abbas; with a view to purchasing an old house which he bought recently from the Rivers Estate; after offering him £275, I agree to purchase the Elizabethan house in Abbey Street (on the W. side) for £300, paying him £30 deposit and giving him right of way to adjoining garden on the W. side of my stable, in exchange for the loft over the gateway entrance, the loft formerly belonging to the next house (Mr.W. Whittle's residence) now also Tite's property. After over 40 years in London I look forward to spending the remainder of my days in my native village, with my younger sister (Alice) to keep house, with Chris and Frank near at hand. Since 1885, after leaving Mornington Road, N.W., wither I went after living with Uncle Joe at 394 and 396 Camden Rd. I have lived at 22 King Henry's Road N. W. 3, my present neighbours being R. W. Maddox in the upper flat and H. R. Hall (of the British Museum) in the floor below, and have during that time furnished my rooms, consisting of a studio, a bedroom and a smaller room with such necessary things as my very limited purse allowed, and in addition as many beautiful objects as I could afford to by during my various hard earned holidays, in the rubbish shops of Camden Town.

Jany 3

Today returned to town travelling by the Carrier's motorbus to Dorchester, thence by G.W.R. at Dor. Called on my brother William, tailor of South Street and insured my house for £500* (increased to £1,000 Sept. 1920) in the Sun Fire Office for which he is agent.

Jany 14th

An alarm of fire as I was getting up at 8o'clock on the railway at the back of my studio, a signal box, the basement of which contains oil, blazes finely, but is nearly under as I leave the house at 9a.m. for the days work at Burlington House.

Sat. 17th

H. Festing Jones calls for me at 1 at the Schools, lunch at the Villa Villa in Gerrard St., where my young friend Freda joins us, she returning with me to see a new treasure, a piece of old Chinese needlework given me as an Xmas box by that excellent man and former pupil Douglas S.Gray, who was twice badly wounded in the War in Flanders, the first time shot through the chest, recovering he was sent out again and was shot in the left wrist.

19th

So far the mildest January I remember, the thermometer standing at 53 F in my bedroom with window open. I rise at 7.30 to be at the Schs. At 9.30 as there is a busy day ahead. Walked by way of Regent's Park and Marylebone High Street. Eight new probationers 5 for the Lower and 3 for the Upper Schools, all young and keen and promise to be interesting, also at 9.30 come new models to pose for the fortnight. Tuke is visitor for the month, we were students together in the early 80's at the Slade School, University College, London under Legros, he grows bald as I have done, the chief difference being that he brushes his hair upwards in a vain endeavour to hide the marks of the hand of time. I don't! Bread and cheese lunch in my room, as the prices

at the restaurants are too high. My letters this morning include the fire policy (payment to be renewed 25 December 1920) had not time today to enquire after the Keeper (A.C.Gow) he poor man has been confined to his room for 3 months and it looks as though he would stay there until the end comes.

Jany Fri. 23

Students Fancy Dress Ball at the Warncliffe Rooms, Great Central Hotel, dinner at 7.45, I in the chair, The President (Sir A.Webb) and Lady W. arrive at 11.30. 300 present, its success due in a great measure to the directing power of C. H Jaques, one of my students, he poor fellow deaf from concussion, a shell burst in Salonica, I think; home by mid-night, leaving them at it.

Sat. 24

Very quiet at the Schools, everyone worn out and subdued, but youth soon recovers- rose early 7.30.

Sun. 25

Slept late, carpentering all morning making frame for copy of old print which I have coloured of Burlington House, for my new place when the time comes.

Feb 5th

Yesterday to St. James's Piccadilly to the funeral service of the late Keeper, many members & associates present, body of the church full – did not go to Finchley to the burial.

Feb 6th

Wrote to Henry sending him particulars of my house and garden, in which he takes a brotherly interest, he is one of the best gardeners I know and his advice will be of the greatest service – shall make the N. wall good first to enable me to plant some fruit trees, shall see Cheeseman on the subject at Easter when I go down.

Feb 10th

Comes Vereker M. Hamilton to my studio, where he has not been for many years, with his usual generosity he brings some Perriadori tea from his Ceylon estate.

Feb 11th

The tea comes, a great luxury after the wartime tea. I have been taking on the score of economy – also come my new Australian boots (military) £30 from Jones Brothers, Holloway, very good and broad enough at the toe, a rare thing in ready made boots, the usual shape being absurdly pointed & useless to me. Vereker tells me by letter his son is designing some building work at Chourtaile & would like to come to Cerne Abbas when I am there, an architect's advice may be of assistance, but I have my own ideas as to what I want done & how to set about it.

Feb 29th

Poor Mrs. Gow! Her husband was buried early in the month & now her only son, who was at the funeral, ret'd to Hailebury sch., measles, pneumonia & died, a good little fellow of 14 or 15 years – so unfair it all appears.

March 30th

To Sotheby's salerooms, during the lunch hour bought 3 lots of Jsuba (Jap. sword hilts) and a small lacquer box (Jap.) £8.8.0 the lot, gross extravagance but they are good and could not resist buying, as I have long wanted some Jsuba, H. F. J. called at 4 & we went to fetch my purchases at the sale rooms.

April 2nd (Good Friday)

The term ended yesterday so I by S.W. railway to Christchurch, stayed at the Warren Café as my cousin W. J. Payne, with whom I always stay when there has his family at home, supped with the Payne's. Harold's baby is the Infant Hercules, 1st Prize, Gold Medal and SOME infant, smiles all the time.

3rd Saturday

On to Dorchester. Dined with brother William, who complains of rheumatism, he is over 70 and has hitherto hardly had a days illness, a strong man and still active and occupied with his business. Walked down to Cerne arriving in time for a late tea. The 8 miles grow longer!

5th (Bank Holiday)

Called on Joe Sprake at the Lower Farm, who agrees to let me have flints from his Estate for building.

6th

Arranged with Frank Cheeseman (builder) to meet me at 11 at my house, measured my rooms, garden etc. Arranged with him to build a 55yds wall, 8ft high at the n. adjoining the house to keep off the cold winds, which can and will blow there, 400ft above the sea level. He is also to paint the gates outside, repair the laths supporting the slabs of stone which form the roof and is to repair the chimney of the back kitchen, much to be done, so make a beginning, Cheeseman to arrange with Tom Waygood as to carting flints.

April 9th

Left Cerne by the Carrier, called on Mr. Moxton, solicitor, Dorchester and paid him £275, the balance due for the house, plus his charges, £5. He was in Court so went with his clerk to find him. Then by S. W. to Bursledon to visit C. Fred Fox, an old schoolfellow and father of my god-daughter Dorothy, now Mrs. Colson. Fox met me at Southampton West Station, then by tram, outside in heavy downpour to Docks Station and so to 'The Lawn' he has settled down there after 40 years service in the Capital Counties Bank, many years as manager at Winchester to a well earned rest with his books, his pottery and his pictures and his garden to attend to and, lucky man, a good pension to keep the wolf from the door.

(Col. Colson very badly wounded in Flanders (shrapnel))

May 5th

My father's birthday, he was born in 1821 and died on the day Napoleon died.

Sunday 11th

Returned to town to begin work tomorrow with Sir W. Llewellyn as Visitor, pernicketty person, the girls call him Aunt Nelly.

22nd

To Cluse's the brass workers of Tottenham Court Road to fetch my German shell case given me by Freda, she having brought it from St. Mihiel where she was motor driving for the American Army. Cluse having put a ring at the fuse end to make a gong for my new house, that I may call myself to breakfast of a morning. Cost 12/- with brass chain (rather much I consider). Mrs. W. B. Grohmann came to the school at 1, we lunch, she full of relief work for the Tyrolese who are suffering horribly from lack of the necessities of life.

12th

Dine at the Café Florence with W.C. Copperthwaite and family after visiting Cooper of Patterson, Candler & Sykes in Chancery Lane over the matter of Conveyance etc. of property at Cerne.

21st

Sent the deeds to the Winchester Bank (now Lloyds)

22nd Sat

Calls H.F.J., we lunch and I take him to Fairfield House, Old Charlton, tea, he returns to town and I remain until Monday, sitting all day Sunday in the garden in the sun and generally enjoying myself.

***Father used to tell us as children, his Grandfather's (shepherd) rhyme of the months in good Dorset as told to him, doubtless when he was a boy.

January rising	not long fust (first) August
February Spring	September pa'tridge shootin
March'll sarch (search)	October, Zerne (Cerne) Vair (Fair)
April'll try	November, bong vire (bonfire)
May'll tell 'e wether thee's d'live or die	December, Christmas

Soon come June

And by and bye July

“Somat ‘r’ nother all the year round, d’ye zee Henry”- Having reached September the shortening of the days evidently affects the rhyme.

May 31st (Monday)

To the Café Monica at 7 to dine with brother Henry, his wife and daughter Kathleen. I told them that I had in my will left my new house to Kathleen as I thought that the proper course as Frank as senior should leave his to Jack the boy (K's brother). We to the Gaiety Theatre, I suppose I grow too old to enjoy such stuff as they provide at that house. I refer to the Theatre not the restaurant.

June 5th

To Lord's after school where I always enjoy an hour or two, given fine weather and good cricket, it is a sit down job which after always being on my feet is a good change as is the change from indoors to the sunlight. In fact I know of few places in London more restful to the eye than Lord's in June.

Saturday 12th

To Gogin's at Richmond, crowded trains, everyone hot and worried looking, arrived there, walk to Queen's Road by way of the Terrace, thunder storm brewing, reach the house just as hail falls, then a deluge, the garden a river and the steps to the basement a waterfall, continued until after supper when I left in a lull, no sooner had I started for the station, perhaps a miles walk than it came down more heavily, if possible, than before, wet through but home by tube and to bed at once, no harm done. Gogin leaves for Red Hill at Xmas.

24th

Quarter day, usual cheque, but no honorarium for doing the Keeper's job since October.

25th

Now in the 10th year of my Curatorship and the 20th of teaching in schools, as I was with Frank Calderon(?) at the School of Animal Painting at 54 Baker St. from 1901 to 1909, begin to grow weary of the job but the young people have kept me young and flexible, fortunately during all these years until the war touched our pockets I was able to save sufficient money to buy a house and put by enough to bring in a small income against my old age. Mentioned to the new Keeper that at a former Keeper's death (Croft's 1911) the Council gave me £50 for 'carrying on' during his illness, so the precedent is there for them to do so again. We shall see!

June 20th Saturday

Walking home through Regent's Park this afternoon stopped to watch a cricket match between two elevens, one of the hands of a firm of tailors and the other of printers, with foremen of each trade acting as umpires, the printer in a frock coat and straw hat, the other, always correct as far as dress is concerned, in the regulation white coat. The printers who were fielding wore various costumes, short leg in brown trousers and white shoes with a bright blue scarf around his waist. The bald patch at the back of his head growing redder as a hot sun beat down on him and his exertions. Point on the other hand was attired in white trousers with braces, brown boots and a red cap. A burly tailor, A, was batting at one end and a young man, B, an apprentices perhaps, at the other; A's only stroke which he brought off with great skill and success against a slow bowler, was a lofty swipe to the one, anywhere between short leg and long on, he managed in an extraordinary way to get all kinds of balls there, no matter where or how they pitched, making many 4's and once a 7, 2 for an erratic overthrow, which again produced another as it was returned wide of the wicket (much excitement). At this point of the game a fast bowler at the Zoo end hit A hard on the leg, he wore no pads, whereupon he limped out of his ground rubbing his shin and was stumped by the energetic printer who kept the wicket. Much applause from supporters of both parties and shouts of 'good old Andrew' from the Printer's friends, the inference being that they're Works are this side o' water or it would be 'Obbs, or a few years ago 'Ayward.

24th

Waited after 4 to see my colleague H.J. Bosdet, Curator of the Evening Schools, he tells me that he has bought a house in Jersey, his native district, and should be able to sell his present house, which he built in 1911, at a good profit. He has been at the Schools for 38 years, but now finds the heat of the Life rooms and turning out at night to return to Golder's Green in the winter months tries his lungs and renders him liable to chills. The war has made him busy with work, he is an artist in stained glass and just finished some windows for Childe Okeford Church in Dorset. When Fox and I were in Utrecht in 1912 we met him there and went to see his glass in the English Church there.

30th

Today comes to see me at the Schools Uncle Joseph Clark, his wife and daughter, Margery, he is 86, active for his years and on his way to visit the Summer Exhibition. I showed him the casts from which he drew in the 50's at Trafalgar Square when he was a student at the R.A. He tells me of the death of I.N. Lee an old friend of his.

July 5th

Sent my will to the Bank, drawn up by Cooper and witnessed by Wm. Fitt, clerk, who has now acted thrice in a similar capacity. Says he hopes to do so many more times on my remarking that this is my last. The Wag! Letter from Cerne from Christian, who tells me that Cheeseman has begun the building of my N. wall, good.

8th

Freda and Mimpriss dine with me at 8 to go to the R.A. soiree, 2,000 present, home by midnight, weary.

12th

At 5 to Vereke, his studio is next door to Chervil Gallery, King's Road, Chelsea to see his paintings of Russian Ballet, took F. with me and afterwards with her an Mimpriss to take the air to Golder's Green by bus, dine and walk to Hampstead, explore The Heath, the old town and walked to Fitzjohn's Avenue to Swiss Cottage, where we part, I by bus to Primrose Hill Rd. so home, bed 10.30.

13th

Lunched at The Sceptre in Warwick Street as I have done on most days of late, a queer old place, a Chop House of Dicken's period, founded 1830, mahogany panelled green painted walls, pews to seat 4 people, tables of the same wood without cloths, good plain English fare at moderate cost. My old waiter has been there for more then 40 years, to such a place Sam Weller took Mr. Pickwick on a celebrated occasion when the 'Old 'Un watched them through clouds of tobacco smoke.

14th

On Wednesday evenings our housekeeper is 'off duty', so I am to dine out, a perfect July day, comes Dickey to the Schools as I am leaving, so I carry her off for a ride in the Country. 'Anywhere' she says, 'not Richmond', bus passing, room for two, Camden Town, tram waiting, open upper deck, up we go, Barnet, no tea, 6.30 dine Inn, old place, landlord son of old proprietor, coaching house, good garden, salad newly gathered, cold ribs of beef, bottle old Burgundy, redcurrant and raspberry tart, cheese, all the better, walk cool of evening to Totteridge, sweet smell of hay, swifts, cows feeding, winding brook, village boys at cricket, peace and delightful quiet, home by tram 10.30. The subject of smells opens up a large field, chapter at end.

19th Sunday

To Golder's Green to call on H.J. Bosdet, tea in his garden, his wife away in Holland, he tells me that he has a possible purchaser of his house coming tomorrow and that if they come to terms he goes to Jersey in September.

20th

Fear I caught a chill yesterday, sitting in the shade of the house after walking from the station and getting hot, up at 5, sore throat.

27th

Yesterday to Highgate New Cemetery, to the funeral of George Wetherbee, at noon, arriving too soon talked to Sir Hamo Thorneycroft and his wife who were also early arrivals. They just returned from Italy.

29th

A letter from the secretary last week enclosing cheque £50 for doing Keeper's work during the late Mr. Gow's illness and after his death. Expected more. Greedy.

30th

Bosdet leaves the Schools after 38 years service. He is to dine with me at Frascati's on Monday next.

Tuesday 3rd August

GWR to Dorset, lunch with William and home by the carrier's van.

4th

Worn out so sleep all the afternoon, too tired to go and see the progress made with the beginning of the N. wall.

5th

Find Tom Pidding at work on the E. end.

6th

I begin work digging trench for further foundations.

7th

Paid Cheeseman for wall to this date £38.17.6

8th to 16th

One day much like the others- begin work sometimes at 7, sometimes at 9 (after breakfast and finish at 7.30.

17th

Comes D. Gray on a visit, we stay at my house as lodgers, he to paint and I to build. Meeting at meal times.

23rd

Tom, bribed by Tite the rival builder, leaves his job with me and joins him – so I build many yards of foundation work, a back aching job.

30th

Comes Richard Barnes in Tom's place, a Londoner, soldier in France, quick, imaginative, amusing, a marked contrast to old Tom, a dull companion, monosyllabic and slow, but a good mason.

September 5th

Gray leaves on his motorcycle via Bere Regis, Xch (Christchurch?) and Winchester to Clapham Park, his home.

September 18th

A wet day, our work covered up, we go to the sandpit in 'Nor' Mead to draw and sift sand, two loads. I prefer the colour of the Cerne Green Sand to the Moreton sand we have been using, and it's as good for our purpose- should I build later on shall use it (not so sharp as Moreton so we discontinue using it)

20th-27th

We have now completed 55yds of foundation and the work draws to a close, Dick will finish in a few days. I want a rest badly for my often bleeding hands to recover.

28th

I leave for Burseldon, calling at Dor. on William to increase insurance of house to £1,000. Fox meets my train at Southampton West.

29th

Mr. Elliot, strawberry grower, promises to send to Cerne a dozen runners, Royal Sovereign and Sir Joseph Paxton- Frank will place them in his garden until I want them.

October 2nd

Return to town, arrive 4.30.

Monday 4th Term begins, schls 9.30- find my physical condition much improved by the hard work and regular hours of the last two months, shall be glad to go and live in my own house and be employed in my own job, which gives such zest to work, after being engaged for 40 years, indoors and for 20 of those years working for others. The house, will, I see want much

done to it before one can live there comfortably, the roof, particularly wants attention, and must be mortared from the inside to keep out snow- this must be done as soon as I ca afford it.

9th Saturday

Lunch at The Sceptre where Old John, the waiter, tells me they ‘are closing down’ on Saturday next, the lease having expired- he has been their for 42 years, an excellent waiter and a good fellow. I am sorry for him, but the cashier tells me no doubt “John has a long stocking hidden away somewhere”. So I told John that I looked on The Sceptre as being as permanent as the Bank of England-John- “nothing certain Sir, in this world but quarter day and death”. Walking home by way of Soho, saw white Chinese crackleware figure (female) but shop closed for the day.

10th Sunday

To Old Charlton, to the Copperthwaites, 12.30 Charing Cross, lunch and sup. Talk over our holidays, theirs was spent in Provence with Lady Holroyd and Michael. Home by 10 o’clock.

11th Monday

Called Curio shop in Noel Street, Soho and bought white Chinese figure 45/-, a blue and white Delft pot 10/- and lustre patterned plate, Sunderland ware 5/-. Afterwards to Gamages to buy winter socks and a scarf, both Australian, good and cheap

13th

Call on Mr. Cooper, Chancery Lane, after School, ask him to send me his account for Will etc.

The cost of my North wall, 55yds long.

F.M. Cheeseman to Aug. 6 th	38.17.6
“ “ Sept. 27 th	46.17.6
Tom Waygood for cartage of flints from Sydling Hill 21 loads @ 5/-	5. 5.0
Joe Sprake for flint “ “ “ “	5. 5.0
3loads of Longburton stone from the Congregational Chapel @7/-	1. 1.0
A two foot rule for Dick (who broke his)	4.2
11 o’clock beer and tobacco for Dick and myself	1.4.0.
Beer, Tom Piddin	2.0
Barnes 10/- (tip)	10.0
	£99. 6.2

Not far off the £100 which I anticipated it would cost me- the value of the wall is not to be estimated in £.s.d., the joy of it will extend to those who come after me and will, I hope, be as fully appreciated by them as it is by me, without it the garden would be no garden, exposed as

it was to the N. and N.E. winds- the wall on the W. by the Mill Stream, of which little remains and that covered with a centuries growth of ivy, I intend to build of brick, 5yds. and 5ft. high, The bricks will cost more than flint but the labour will be much less - the plan of the wall I have given to Barnes, who will carry the work out as I wish when the time comes. (note Dec. 1928 this scheme has not been carried, the hedge will serve)

16th

Gray calls for me at 10'clock. We lunch at The Sceptre for the last time, at least under the present management; call on Strang, he out but Mrs. S. tells me of their doings during their holiday in Scotland. Her Father and Mother grow old and forgetful,. She and her Aunt talking to the old man in the Drawing room, he leaves the room and tells his wife that he has had enough of the two strangers in there. He could not find his false teeth, search is made high and low, he then finds them – in his mouth.

19th

Hall brings Skilbeck to take coffee this evening, Maddox joins us later, a merry party. S. much interested in my collection and work. He then talks of Poynter and Slinger of the 'old Slade days', though he was not a student with us there, one story of Slinger, who had rooms in Hampstead Road who had picked up a gutter-snipe of a newsboy at Gower Street Station to sit for him one evening. The youngster remained silent for an hour plus and S. thinking he must be unwell asked him what was the matter. "Ad a farver once, wore a silk 'at 'e did. Twisted 'is gut and died, now I a;nt got no farver!" He also told the story of Sally Mathews, a well known model in the '80's and Poynter. Sally called on the painter, rang the bell and down came P., Sally – "Mrs.Brown toldme to call", P. "Mrs. Brown, time she was dead. Go away and don't interrupt me". Sally waited on the doorstep for a quarter of an hour until the future President had settled down to work and then rang again. Again P. came down and opened the door, Sally "Keep your hair on"! Poynter's rejoinder is not handed down but we can imagine it was to the point as he is also said to have said that "the Bargee has not the monopoly of all that is best in the Anglo-saxon tongue". I remember Sally M. in the front row of the chorus of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas at either the Opera Comique or Savoy, a very beautiful figure, she may have had a voice, she certainly had good legs, one usually finds the good voices in the second row.

21st October

Mrs. B.G. calls, she is on a short visit from Tyrol, show her the miniature which Miss Morgan has copied for her from the old one, a family portrait of a Peninsular Warrior, which was buried in their garden during the Great War with other valuables and which is almost destroyed by damp and mould, it is to be restored from the other, which she thinks will be good with one or two alterations. She pays me the 2 guineas which I had advanced to the painter.

27th

Frank, good man, has bought two seats for me from the old Wesleyan Chapel in Long Street, 20/- each, they are of pitch pine, 8ft. 6ins long and will do well for garden seats. He will store them for me in his coach house until I want them. I send him by parcel post a pair of Australian boots which are too small for me as a Birthday present. I have bought two pairs of the same kind, a size larger, at Jones Bros., Holloway, with shirts and vests, also Australian, surplus war goods. The boots 30/- and 35/- and the shirts 3 for 37/-. F. tells me the strawberries are in bloom. (see 29th Sept.)

October 29th

Lunched at the Schools as I have done of late. To Fortnum and Mason's for chocolates for the sisters, which I send by post. Finished plan and elevation of my house and garden showing the wall, scale of 1/10th inch to foot.

November 1st Monday

Did not go out of the house yesterday, busy carpentering, making a box in which to keep my neckties; hinges demand very exact workmanship, had to fix mine twice but alright in the end. On my way home on Saturday bought for 30/- at Hartley's, a Japanese vase in the shape of a carp, 11 ½ ins. High, the colour is green, gold, pink and white, he is a fine fellow, with his outstretched fins, full of force and buoyancy. If ever an artist enjoyed carrying out his conception the little Japanese potter who fashioned him enjoyed his work, it radiates fun and good temper (fancy a fish showing these qualities). Japanese netsuke, often and their models of Ho-Tai and Fuke-Roko-Jin, always have in them this spirit of festa and friendliness; as the crowd coming out of the tent, where the fat woman is shown, at a country fair in England, has it; it is more than the amusement of the moment, deeper seated and more primitive, it is THERE and even Sch. Board Education can't kill it, though it does its darndest to do so.

Nov. 5th

To Hartley's on my way home to buy a Creece (?), which I saw when I bought my carp. I visit him too often for my pocket but not for my appetite, Hall, to whom I showed it on reaching home, says it is Javanese, a good specimen and very cheap at 13/6d, the sum I paid for it.

Nov. 6th

The appetite grows by what it feeds on, saw three more Creeces at Gregory's shop in the Chalk Farm Road this morning on my way down to the Schools, 30/- the three, paid 15/- deposit to secure them, they are good but not so rich in design as the first I bought, which is beautifully damascened with a carved, hard brown wooden haft, one of the new lot has an ivory haft, the other two wooden. Today H.F.J. is to call for me at 1 at the schools and we are to go down to Richmond to see the Sogun's after lunch. The fogs of the past week have been depressing and trying, not perhaps as thick with smoke as I have known them in the 80's, but bad enough to make one wish to be out of London and in the pure air of Cerne or elsewhere, any old where! Perhaps economy in coal, due to the strike, has made the atmosphere less smoke laden than of old, anyhow there is enough of it to make one's throat, eyes and nose very uncomfortable and to affect one's spirits. On Thursday I dined at Mrs. P. Turner's, 73 Wimpole Street, to meet old Mr. Hopkins who as the Treasurer of the Red+, when they were at the schools during the war, used most days to call on me in my room to escape all the women folk for a few minutes and have a cigarette and a chat, a good old fellow but apt to bore one with the tales of his travels and he seems to have been nearly all over the world, several times. Mrs. Turner was Matron of the Red + party with Countess of Gosford (President), Lady Bland-Sutton, Lady Manners, The Dowager Countess of Jersey, Lady Lane, Mrs. Burmand, Mrs. Mackenzie on the staff assisted by about 250 workers.

Nov.10th

Lunched with H.F.J. at his club (New Universities) on Sat, then to Richmond, found the Gogins well, but as they both talk at once it is difficult to follow either, impossible to follow both, returned by the 9pm train and home by the tube- the Gogins go to Red Hill to live at Xmas in a house belonging to Mrs.G.

Thurs. 11th

Today meeting Prof. D. Laurie who came to the Schools to prepare for his lecture on the Chemistry of Colours, went with him to the Arts Club (40 Dover St.) to lunch. Roast beef, the joint. Don't presume to dictate "but their horseradish sauce used to be good here" I remark, he calls the waiter and the sauce is produced as good as ever.

Friday 12th

At 4 to Laurie's lecture, my 'call' on him takes that form, his new pale (almost lemon) Cadmium a capital colour and his new poster crimson Hunnish in its intensity, and nearly permanent too! Horrible thought. This reminds me of a story, Fred Barnard looking at a picture by Holman Hunt (portrait of a boy with an apple or apples) at the Grosvenor Gallery, where I exhibited that year (in the 80's) sighed and said "Damn it, all in permanent colours too! Hunt was great on permanency. The picture I remember was one of a rosy cheeked child with apples in his or her hands.

Friday 19th

The Diary has been put aside for a week, have been busy with Schoolwork and some gesso work, restoring an old boss in plaster which hung in the nursery at home for 50 years or more. I found it broken in two, and the modelling worn, am making a case to protect it in the future. On Wednesday last came Miss V. Hildyard and her old Aunt Maraquita, they had been to the Galleries to the Spanish Exhibition of pictures, and took me on the way. We had not met since before the war. Death has been busy in their family, as tho' he had not been fully occupied with the rest of the world. Mrs. Hildyard and Mrs. Neane, sisters of Aunt M. have both gone the way of all flesh, good, kindly and very Victorian both of them. On Monday morning last walking through Regent's Park I noticed the seagulls had come in in great force, blown inland by the fierce gale of Sunday, the first time I had seen them this Autumn. More leaves remain on the trees than I remember on the 15th November in spite of the gale. The dry autumn has given them a firmer grip on the boughs than usual.

22nd Nov.

Hall came to see me this evening bringing with him my Roman coin mended by Mr. Ready of the British Museum, as it is fragile it must be put under glass in a small frame which I shall make. Yesterday and today frost and in the West End dense fog this morning, here (22) sunlight.

23rd Nov.

Still E. wind and cold. Barometer falling.

27th Nov.

Bought today in Harvey and Gove's shop in Vigo Street 3 silver tankards for my house, to entertain my friends with a draught of ale when they come to see me, as I hope they will (a proper setting for a proper drink).

29th Nov.

Walked down by way of the Park to the Schools, these dark days the models pose from 1.30 till 3.30, which enables me to get away earlier, it is a method I adopted some years ago and it works well, I find, from the middle of November to the end of term. Yesterday I nearly finished the mahogany frame for the Roman coin, a cut mount of glass either side.

Dec. 2nd

This morning on my way down to Burlington House I bought in Chalk Farm Road, 5 chairs for my house, plain, wooden, not coloured or varnished. The dealer Mr. Mills tells me they came from a sale of War goods, well made and strong, they are admirably suited for rough use and the shape is better than the usual Windsor chair one gets at the price I paid for them £2.5.0. for the set- I shall stain them with 'Solignum' or water stains and wax polish them, that will keep me busy in my spare time until the Xmas holidays which begin on the 18th December. Wrote to C. F. Fox to tell him I shall be leaving town that afternoon and can look him up 'en passant' if convenient to him and Mrs. Fox.

Saturday 11th

Mr. Gregory, second-hand furniture dealer, came to see me at 3, he is to repair a mahogany table for me and exchange for one which I have had for many years. I also bought a case of shelves which will be useful in my house, price 18/6d. The small table he is to repair has a leaf at each end, square legs and is of the Sheraton type. He is to allow me 30/- for my table which I bought in '85 for I think 12/6d. I was then furnishing a room in the Hampstead Road which I used as a studio and bought the chairs and the table in George St. Hampstead Rd.

Dec, 18th

Travel by the 4.30 Waterloo to Southampton West where C, F. Fox meets me and then on to Bursledon, where I stay until the 22nd when I go to Dorchester and stay at William's the night- I find him better in health.

23rd Dec.

By Thorne to Cerne where I find all well.

29th Dec.

Received £2.2.6. from A. Short for rent to Xmas

31st Dec.

Return to town by G.W.R., and so ends the year, 1920. A year of heavy taxation and heavy expenditure. Fortunately by doing without many things, which I formerly thought necessary, I have been able to pay my way and invest some money.

1921

21st February

Nothing has happened this year worth recording until today, when I handed a letter to the Keeper to say that if the President of Council can see their way to granting me a pension, I would, at their convenience, send in my resignation.

23rd Wednesday

Mr. Senis tells me not to send in my resignation until the summer and that a pension will be granted – Mr. Dixon says probably a 50th of my salary multiplied by the number of years service – but that the Council's recommendation must be confirmed by the General Assembly when they next meet.

April

Jones much better, called for me at the Schs. And I to lunch with him at his Club. (N.U.C. St. James's)

Saturday 16th

To the Schools at 10a.m. and to St. James's, Piccadilly to the funeral service (Strang's) at 11a.m., where I meet Arthur Cochrane, to lunch with him at his Club at 1p.m. (the Junior Athaeneum) and afterwards to a wedding, reception at the Hotel Rembrandt, Brompton at 3.30p.m. C. Copperthwaite marries Miss Jackson. Wilson remarked that I only "wanted a christening thrown in to make it all complete". A busy day and I am ill.

Thursday 19th

To lunch at the "Villa Villa" where I have not been for some months. Rejected pictures being returned from the R.A. – what dashed hopes each picture represents, what heartbreaks!

Thursday 28th

For the past month or more I have been ill, suffering from an abscess in the left ear and its after effects, the pain until it burst intense, now only the inconvenience caused by deafness remains. The bursting process perforated the drum. This in time, will, I hope, disappear. This afternoon to Chancery Lane to see Cooper on business, leaving him and passing through Lincoln's Inn Field, sat a while in the sun; one of the quietest spots in busy London. There the grass grows greener than any spot in town. The shade of the trees and the purple grey of the surrounding buildings making a suitable background to the patches of sunlight- there the wood pigeons and sparrows all add to the peace of the scene. A few children with their hoops and skipping ropes make a quiet contrast to the turmoil and bustle of the Strand and Holborn- supper at Prosser's and home by tram-car to the Mother Shipton.

Saturday 30th

Private View at the Galleries. Mrs Copper to lunch with me at the Comedy and then to the 'show' where we meet with Lady Holroyd, crowd of people with their 'best clothes' on. Orpen's "Chef" an outstanding portrait, very good! But I must go again to see the exhibition, as I sit writing I hear the constant foot fall of visitors in the Galleries, above my room, a familiar sound these past eleven years during the summer months, diminishing at the end of June when the fine days lure people to the country, up the river, to race meetings and to see cricket.

May 3rd Tuesday

10'clock brings Percy Lovell to take me out to lunch where I heard about his visit to Dorset the other day- at 4.30 p.m. to Chancery Lane to see Cooper, missed him, he being at the Courts, will call tomorrow.

5th May Thursday

This date 100 years ago Father was born, on this date 100 years ago Napoleon died. When we were children at Cerne we heard the rumblings of echoes of distant 'Napoleon thunder' when guns were fired at Portland "The French were coming"! Sarah Hodder our nurse used to threaten us with "Boney" if she considered us "naughty". Sarah was a gaunt strong woman and on our daily "walks" drew Frank and myself, at that time, in a go-cart, the tires made of iron, four wheeled in which we sat vis-à-vis. On one occasion on the Dorchester Road, at the open part by cow-leaze, a wild cow charged through the hedge and frightened our party. How vividly I remember our stampede to Washing Pool to the gate and home by way of Chescombe. The cow, I imagine. Had been robbed of her calf and was furious and possibly dangerous. F. and I could not have been more than 5 and 4 years of age. I also remember our walks to Miss Norman's School, by the tanyard. I went when I was 5 and have a clear recollection of a tramp in the Stocks on the patch of green in front of the house which was then Mr.Gillingham's (saddler and ropemaker) shop (or was later) near the bridge – which Mr.Chas. Way or Jonathan Hardy has since told me he remembers being built to span the ford. – the same stocks being removed from the Police Station in recent years are now outside H. Dominy's (?) in Abbey Street. All this is out of place in a Diary, some day, when I have time, these reminiscences must be put in their proper place – but I find that as I write about one thing my thoughts are led away by association of ideas and that unless I write them at the moment, others supplement them and they are forgotten. My best ideas, or so they seem at the time, come into my head when I awake early and think without thinking, brilliant, original, but they don't get written, the act of writing, if I had a notebook to hand, would take the bloom off their butterfly wings.

9th May

As an example of this I awoke early this morning, it was still dark, with the impression of a dream very clearly defined in my mind of a letter from Mrs.Strang in which she stated that she had been asked to write an article for a paper on her late husband "but as there are many things which you will know better than I do, perhaps you will come on Tuesday to supper, read my paper and make additions" whereupon I being yet half asleep, wrote in my mind my memoir with corrections, alterations and minute facts, the letter was such a reality that I wondered where I had mis-laid it, got up and looked for it; Tuesday, if the match M.C.C. v Kent is not finished I will go their (Lord's) first and then to Hamilton Terrace instead of this afternoon after School as I intended, rather a nuisance, wet wicket, all over today probably before I can get there, but there, it was a half dream, half reality, the usual stuff that dreams are made of. It

is now just a month since the climax of my ear trouble arrived- I am much better in general health and the sense of hearing is returning to the damaged ear, thank you! No further bulletins will be issued.

The season has been unusually free from rain for months, but yesterday and today, warm rain has fallen in showers on a grateful earth – should like to be out of doors, in the country to enjoy it, to sniff the odour of the damp earth and the spring growths and see the beauty of it all- however only twelve more weeks of bondage and I shall be free to sniff to my heart's content, shall I then be any happier? Perhaps.

Tuesday 10th

Reached Lord's at 5 o'clock yesterday, saw Kent batting a good innings by Harding and Solbe, a youth promising well. That old warrior J. T. Hearne, still bowling and keeping his length, but without success, basked in the sun. At my age and after the fatigues of the day's work there are few places or scenes more restful and refreshing to the nerves than Lord's on a fine evening in May. The green turf, the quiet and a blackbird piping. Turning back to June 5th 1920 I find I have said the same thing before, never mind this statement only confirms my opinion – walked home by way of Regent's Park, the blossom nearly fully out, very early, it is often June before there is such a show.

Friday 13th

During my indisposition my diary was neglected and I have forgotten to say that the Council wrote a very friendly letter in which they accepted my resignation and later one from the Secretary stating that the General Assembly had confirmed the resolution with regard to my pension. £80 a year, paid quarterly, beginning at Xmas 1921, my salary to be paid to Michaelmas, all this as it should be, as I feel I am leaving with good grace. Dr. Johnson told Boswell that in writing a "diurnal" the subject of the weather and such unimportant matters should not be touched upon. I do not agree, surely there are days of delight, such as today, that should not only be recorded, but which deserve a hymn of praise, sung out at the top of one's voice, the temperature with the window open in my room (Schools) 70o, that alone deserves mention, one lives again; this reminds me of an entry which occurred periodically at the end of May in a diary I once saw belonging to Mr. Bond of Tyneham, Purbeck Isle, written by a former squire, it was somewhat cryptic, "L.O.W.P." or something of that kind, meaning we discard, "left off winter pants". I shall L.O.W.P. in a day or two if this temperature continues. Packed away my eiderdown quilt until-----?

Saturday 14th

"The Devil he once fell ill"- I have been smoking again for the past week – and enjoying it. Whit Sunday tomorrow, owing to the coal strike and the consequent difficulty of running trains, there will be little holiday making, though that will not affect me, as the Schools are not closed on Whit Monday. We are a conservative body and Bank Holidays were invented since our foundation in 17....

Monday 16th (Bank Holiday)

Rode down this morning on my bicycle, very little traffic in town so was able to come by way of Regent Street in Regent's Park. Cart horses assembling for the annual Show, everything shining in the sun, harness, chains, bits, horses and even their iron shoes burnished and

sparkling. Last year I did not bike to the Schools once, during the war there was less traffic, I constantly rode – as the way is down hill and I can run down in 20 minutes easily. I find that in owning a house, I possess also a Castle in Spain and derive a great deal of pleasure in furnishing it in my mind, engaged in this one is apt to forget the question of cost – castles in Spain are always filled with the works of Valesquez, fine tapestries, soft carpets, hanging lamps and lustrous pottery of Moorish origin. Don Quixote is a near neighbour and reminds me in many ways of Colonel Newcomb, his man Sancho is a mixture of the elder and younger Weller, we are all very good friends. Sancho brings me a present of fruit from his master and drinks to my health in a goblet of wine, grinning all the while. Rosinante and Dapple, both getting on in years, have an easy time and may be seen under the shadow of a chestnut tree, head to tail, keeping the flies off each others noses. The Castle, though on high ground, has a level garden and I have been occupied for months in making the walls good, in draining and wheeling flints to make a sound base for my paths in sifting the smaller stones from the earth for the surface, over all a sprinkling of green sand. The lawn, around which the roses grow is of turf from the downs, that alone took some weeks to level and carry out to my satisfaction. The fruit trees against the new north wall are doing well – the nectarines particularly, strawberries too, sheltered by the same protection, are large, early and luscious.

Thursday 17th

The Park this morning has “an after the dance” air about it, deserted and strewn with the paper in which yesterdays crowd packed their meals, orange peel and banana skins, chairs scattered, even the squirrels slept, recovering from their orgy of nuts provided by the revellers of yesterday. One of the few people in the Park was a tramp under a tree, asleep. The cause of his repletion was possibly more liquid than solid, anyhow it was a fine morning for sleep. I on the contrary was “up betimes” 6 o’clock, the shadows thrown by the morning sun have, I notice, a very different quality to those of the evening, paler and sharper in definition, worked in my studio until breakfast (8 o’clock)

Kozu San, my Japanese pupil, translates for me the Chinese inscription on the base of my yellow bronze brazier, which as far as I could make out is for burning incense, He says the characters are old style Chinese and given in Japanese are “guioku do sei gen” in English, “Man who lives a pure life”. Guioku” also means precious stone. Kozu, is I find, a friend of a former student in the School of Sculpture who left to return to Japan in ’14 (war) named Tomo Saito – a bust of who, in bronze, appears in the Galleries this season by H. H. Cawood, who was a contemporary of his in the School. Cawood was wounded in the War, in the leg, and used to visit me on crutches, now, long since discarded.

May 20th Friday

Rising early, these light mornings call me up, I had an hours work sand papering one of the two old wooden chairs I bought on Tuesday on my way home at a second hand shop, 7/6d each, cheap as things go nowadays, they will find a place in the spare room at home. The next thing to do will be to stain them (water stain) and wax polish. On my return home, after a cup of tea, I set to painting, at present working on some sketches made some time ago, one way and another I am kept busy and consequently happy.

May 21st

Twelve months ago I saw a bronze Chinese bowl in a shop in the Burlington Arcade, £4 was the price. I had not the money to spare or would have bought it. Last week I again went to the

shop to buy a Chinese bowl which was in the window, 3/6, I think, and again saw the bronze bowl, so I asked Koze to come with me today and see it, he said "Ming", that settled it, so it is mine, also a blue Leeds mug, 10/-, a good specimen – gross extravagance! But the students who came to see it in my rooms at the Schools seem to get so much satisfaction out of it, that it is well worth it – see page marked in red at the end of this book.

Monday 23rd

On Saturday Jones called for me at the Schools, we lunched at his Club – Pommard, after which we both agreed we were both better. Wilson talking of tee-totalism, which he does not practice tells a story of his argument in favour of alcohol with a T. T. faddist who said "lions drink water" Wilson "I never saw one, but I've often seen asses". To return to our luncheon, we fed also, some excellent cold salmon, cold lamb, new potatoes, macedoine of fruit and cream. I TOOK IT ALL! Greedy, fortunately there was more. This morning a letter from C. Gogin apropos of my proposed weekend visit to them at Redhill on 18th June. In a postscript he says "What are they up to at the R. A.? It seems to me they are being inoculated with Bolshevik views. I am very glad over some of the recent elections. Big cracks in the edifice! Well if you will elect Lenin R. A. and Trotsky R. A. what can you expect"

25th May

Went after Schools to Lord's, Middlesex v Warwickshire, 1st day. Bus to St. John's Wood Road, went to milk shop to take a glass of milk, who should come into the shop but Dicky, took her to Lord's, on our arrival C. N. Bruce's wicket fell, five innings 144, MX soon all out. Durston the new MX bowler, nursery end, very fast, high delivery, hard wicket. The two or three wickets that fell before the close of play, he claimed one by a very brilliant catch at point, hard and high by S. G. White, who also batted well for 20 at the end of the MX innings. After the cricket called at Hamilton Terrace on Mrs. Strang. Temperature today in the shade 74F L.O.W.P. + W.V. (left off winter pants and vest).

26th

This morning on my way to the Schools an old "char", down at heel and hobbling along on tender feet as quickly as they would allow her to go, evidently due at her job at 9, to me "as it gone noine yet Dad? I, "Yes and it's gone 9.15 and you'll get the sack." "Dad"! Good heavens and I flattered myself that I was looking young and dapper this fine May morning. These are the shocks one gets now and then at my age, it still rankles but I will not allow it to spoil my day. Told my students who seemed to think it an excellent joke, heartless brutes. It was on such a morning at the same sweet hour, before new time was invented that a mule starting on his journey bearing a pack that seemed nothing to carry remarked "yes, my sire was a Arabian thoroughbred", noon came, the scorching sun poured down on him, the dust of the track stuck to his sweating heaving sides and nostrils, the flies in swarms, worried and bit him. The pack grew heavier at every mile and made him sore. The miles grew longer, his driver cursed him and prodded him, the road rougher, "no" said the mule " my sire was an ass" (AESOP) more or less. "Dad" indeed!

Friday 27th

This morning's post brought with it half a dozen strawberries in a tin box, sent by my sister from Frank's garden, the first fruits of my plants, except those the birds have had. She tells me in her accompanying letter of an accident to Joe Sprake, thrown by his horse, "no bones

broken” but these shocks to a person of 75, however active are serious and Joe is still active for his years, a light weight in the saddle and until the last few years one of the straightest riders to hounds in the Cottistock country. During the luncheon hour walking down Glasshouse St. I noticed in Marsh and Austin’s fruit shop window, strawberries, evidently of the same variety as mine, judging by their shape in baskets, say 10ins. Long by 8 by 4 priced at 18/- per basket! I did not buy them for lunch.

May 31st

Yesterday a letter from J. S. in reply to mine, expressing sympathy. “Not dead yet, hobbling about like a Devil on two sticks, the knot of my lash got under the saddle”. On my way home bought a mahogany wardrobe, mahogany dressing table, mahogany looking glass of a very good design and of good workmanship, old and wants some repair, but sound and a single wooden chair – similar to the last two I bought at the same shop E. Barratt’s at 267 High St., Camden Town – the next things are a wash hand stand and bedstead of mahogany to complete the bedroom. Went to Sotheby’s during lunch hour, sale of fine Japanese prints, bid for 2 or 3 lots but did not succeed in buying, just as well, the money has gone into the furniture.

1st June (Derby Day)

On my way down an airship sailing over on its way to Epsom, now and then getting lost in cloud – very like a whale. Put my usual shilling in the students’ sweepstake on the race and lost. This is my yearly gamble on perhaps twenty Derbys, the result has always been the same except on one occasion, at Frank Calderon’s School, when I won a few shillings, the moral is don’t.

2nd June Thursday

Up be-times and being early had time to spare on my way to Burlington House, called at Hartley’s and bought a couple of Japanese curios, a cloisonné plaque, black ground, storks, that I am particularly fond of that material, but having no specimen in my collection, it will serve, the other a bronze bowl, wide lipped with bent grasses at base. 30/- the two. Bought also in the Chalk Farm Rd. a small “two-decker” oak table with strip of inlay a’ top, 12/6d, a sound piece of furniture which when cleaned and polished will be both ornamental and useful – tables enough.

9th June Thursday

Returning to the Schools after the luncheon interval, the scent of hay was distinct in Burlington gardens – the reason being that owing to the coal strike, the atmosphere of town has been unusually clean and clear of late, “visibility good” to quote the weather reports. The smell carried me back through the mists of the years and I was again a boy at the 7 o’clock of my life (the morning at 7) and I am now at the 10 hour, the days work nearly over, the calm beauty of the summers evening to come (I hope). The hay making at home was a great holiday, A tent was pitched in the field by old John Child’s, two trestles and nine ash poles covered with canvas, a trestle table and forms furnished it. Dinner was at one when cold veal and ham pies with eggs and salad, followed by gooseberry fool, the pies thick with jelly, the sweets creamy, such banquets and such 7 o’clock appetites. When the last load of hay had been carried, the horses were turned out to grass, such kickings, snortings and cavorting, the grass pale green, the hedges in full leaf, the elder in flower, to this day when I see elder flower it brings to mind the old haymaking days as surely as the hay in Burlington Gardens. Another smell with later

associations is the rank odour of the privet in London suburbs which suggests summer holidays, that is a month later than the elder. When it arrives one begins to grow weary of London and long for the country and sea breezes.

20th June Monday

On Saturday, 2.45 train to Redhill to visit the Gogins for the weekend in their new home (Mrs G's property) where they have now settled down comfortably. On Sunday morning I walked by myself, a substantial journey, to Patterson Court to see the old place which I used to visit many years ago before Mr. Tom Nikalls died. The house is for sale with 42 acres, a beautiful situation, the old place neglected, the fences broken, sad. Extended my walk down the lane to the left. West Merstham, the sweet smell of hay pervading, and then finding a footpath across fields sauntered along, got over a couple of stiles and then laid me down to rest under a hedge of wild roses, closed my eyes, no one about, presently a terrier puppy came along and licked my cheek, perhaps like the story of the lion and Arthur Melville "nothing else could lick his cheek", a pretty young lady belonging to the puppy gathering wild roses, pretended to scold him for his presumption. I explained that I did not mind, indeed that I rather liked it, and might I hook down some roses for her with my walking stick (Gogin's). So she and I gathered roses, thorns in our fingers, which we plucked from each others skin, her eyes like the sky, her cheeks like the wild roses, her lips a rose. "Now I have as many as I can carry so thank you and good morning" –and I to sleep and then back to the Lyndens to lunch at 1.45. In the evening G. and I walk gently (he grows old) to Redhill Common, very beautiful, a broad view, clumps of trees on the hill, very paintable. This morning comes niece Kathleen to tell me that her Father and Mother are up in town with her and would I dine with them 6.45 at the Monaco.

21st June Tuesday

After dinner they to the theatre but I was too tired to join them, so after seeing them to the Oxford took bus home and so early to bed. Brother William who was on his way to the Oval to see the Australians play Surrey looked me up at the Schools at about 10.30. He is well and we hope to meet on Thursday eve. He and his wife on a visit to Percy Lovell. Writing to Mrs. Gogin to say how much I enjoyed my weekend visit. I tell her that I suffered no ill effects from wearing my thin suit (the wind was extremely cold during my stay) "because the warmth of the welcome made up for it." Quite sure that under less favourable treatment I would have suffered horribly. I forgot to say that on the bus home last evening one of Mr. J.B. Smith's (young) woman in the shop, sat next to me, she on her way home after a heavy day, 8 till 8, she looked weary. I "how long have you been with Mr. Smith?" 20 years, and I look upon you as my first customer", how nice of her to have remembered.

4th July Monday

It is some time since I attended to my diary, so much else to be done. Came Bell Lethaby to my room this morning. I read her some "bits" from my notes (poor thing) she says they are so good that I must carry on, and she is not given to flattery, so I must make time to do more, if only to please her; she is on my list of visitors to my house some day when the time comes. Since I last made an entry in my journal I have written to Short to say that he can leave my house before Easter '22. I will let him remain there rent free, failing that I must increase the rent which I am empowered to do by the Act. I also said that as I wish to make my arrangements I should be glad to hear from him before the end of June.

12th July

No letter from Short in reply to mine. “No Sir, I don’t sign no papers” he said when I asked him to sign an agreement, so I suppose “I don’t write no letter either”, very unsatisfactory people to have to deal with.

CERNE ABBAS

23rd December

My diary has been set aside for five months, packed up with my books and papers since the end of July since when my time has been so fully occupied with packings, unpackings and searching for things packed and house moving etc. The School term ended on Saturday 30th July, that evening I went to visit the Copperthwaites at Old Charlton and played tennis for a day or two, forgetting there was such a place as the R. A. of Arts. In August to Burseldon and on to Emery Down, Lyndhurst on a visit to my God-daughter – New Forest very beautiful and quiet. At the end of the month to Cerne where on a visit to Frank we talk over the housing question, his cottage adjoining his house will be vacant the end of September, why should I not take it and live there until the Abbey Street (Barnwells) house is vacant – why not indeed! Back to town, give the Railway Company notice to quit, dash off to the furniture remover, all is arranged. Packers will arrive early on the morning of 22nd October, Saturday. On the morning of Monday 24th the motor van comes, my goods are stored away. When all is ready I go to Waterloo, catch the 2,20 and staying the night at the Antelope in Dorchester motor over early on the 25th – to be there before the van arrives which it does presently before tea time. My goods and chattels are unpacked. Nothing need be said of the discomfort of the next week, those who have moved house will understand. Fortunately I am to stay next door as long as I wish, spending my days in the cottage moving furniture, hanging pictures and re-modelling the garden. On the 25th November my sister and I start housekeeping*****

23rd December

We are now settled down. The new fireplace in the small sitting room functions and the place is snug and comfortable. The hinges and locks of the doors have been oiled and cleaned and do their work, which they failed to do when we came. The front garden is put in order, plants removed and replanted, new roses added, bulbs are in and iris which I had sent from 22 King Henry’s Road. Today came Dick to stop a leak in the roof, a cold job, in a stiff nor’wester. He finishes at 4.30, in the dark almost. So tea is made and Dick sits for a while and smokes a cigarette and talks of the building of the wall and cabbages and kings, how very different and much better a companion than Parson Dobie, our Vicar, who called today and who does his best to be pleasant and agreeable – Dick on the other hand does not try, he can’t help it.

1922

January 11th

Until today my time has been fully occupied in the garden, planting bulbs in the newly made beds, roses bought at Dorchester are in and some purple Iris, which I had sent from 22 King Henry's Rd., a new privet hedge to take the place of some overgrown elders between my garden and Frank's is partly planted, but all these doings were stopped today as Harris and Dick arrived at 8.30 to clean out the well in the pump house. After removing the stones and oak beams at the top and pumping out the water a ladder was introduced through the roof and put down the well, the foot of it sinking some two feet into mud, putty like both in substance and colour. Harris goes down perhaps 10 or 12 feet with a bucket which he fills and hands either to Dick or to me, the third of the party carrying the mud to the garden where we spread it on the earth. We take turns to be the "carrier" and after a few hours are covered with mud. However mid-day sees the well clean and the afternoon sees the covering put back.

12th January

Comes Dick to cement the stones on the covering which we placed yesterday, he finishes at 11.30. Today George Way brings me a load of large flints from Sydling Hill with which I intend to build my "dry walls" in the back garden.

13th January

The frost too hard to allow me to do much outdoors as the spade will not cut the ground. I notice the whitish mud we put on the garden has turned to an earth colour, nearly as black as the rich soil, either the action of the air or the frost or both in some chemical action. I was interested and pleased to find that the small patch of lawn, being made, which I had levelled by my eye only, bears the test of a straight edge and spirit level in most parts to a nicety, the outcome of an eye trained to look at things for many years with the accuracy that drawing and criticising demands. I suppose. Geo. Way a dull person I thought, remarked on my observing that the stones we were carrying from the putt to the garden, were chilly to handle with the frost on them, "They d'say cowl'd as a stone" no one could have made a more apt quotation – so perhaps, after all, he is not so dull as he appears to be. Visited Joe Sprake in the evening and paid him 5/- for the load of stones, which with cartage makes 10/-. My god-son (Michael Jackson) to whom I sent the paint box of my childhood at Xmas, today sent me a chalk drawing in red and blue of the sea and ships with lots of flags and the sun in red, entitled "The Prince of Wales leaving for India, a very spirited work. He is, I imagine, 5 years old, perhaps 6. The work shows the impatience of youth and something of the fury of genius with its rapid sweeping recording of thought. I shall find a frame to fit and hang it in my bedroom.

January 13th

A few weeks ago we placed some cuttings of Lilac in a jug of water, today we notice that in addition to the green leaves, which have sprouted to two inches the blossoms are forming, on warm days they have been immersed in the rainwater tub to freshen them up. The jug is kept in the front room where we have a fire every evening and where all the sunlight that is going comes.

January 15th Sunday

Slept last night like a log from 10 until 9. Wet, stayed in all day.

January 16th

Today gardening at the back of the house, working from 10 until 4 o'clock as has been the case for many weeks past, when the weather has allowed and there have been few days when nothing has been done. Took tea by daylight for the first time this year and at 5 as I write, it is not yet dark. On Saturday Fred Curtis, Frank's boy, helped me to get out the rest of the elder stumps, took us some hours. In the place where it stood, which is now banked up, I today planted a beech sapling which we pulled up in the wood on Piddle Hill with another to balance the composition, which I planted a week or two ago, next to it I put in a Lilac sapling, south of it the steps leading to Frank's garden are now roughed out and a recess in which I propose to place a seat on a slab stone floor for the summer sunning is in the process of making – never was such a garden! Nor never will be – until next time. "New love, true Love", to quote R. K. is as applicable to gardens, I suppose, in one's later years, as to the other loves of youth and manhood. Looking back to the entry on 12th Nov. '20 I see F. Barnard's name, towards the tragic end of his life we used often to meet at dinner at a restaurant in Euston Rd., Veglio's, if he was in the right mood he was one of the most amusing companions for an hour I ever knew, a born actor, telling his stories without haste, with due pause and emphasis, never too long, and like O. Henry with a sting in the tail.

January 18th

Elsie, the maid, who is 29, tells me she remembers the donkey, Blackbird and boy (Beck?) who used to fetch water for the cottages of Black Hill Barn from Cerne daily and whose portrait I painted in the early 80's. Jones has this picture at Maida Vale now ('25?). Two wooden barrels were strung pannierwise across the donkeys back on a pad, these were filled and carried three times daily, but on Sundays when church bells told of the day of rest, Blackbird flatly refused to mount the hill more than twice. The painting, which was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, when first painted, now hangs in our kitchen, much to Elsie's delight. Speaking of donkeys, there was in our youth a team of "mokes" whose duty it was to carry lime for Mr. Curme, lime-burner, Giant's Hill (the house in which he lived in Alton Lane bears a tablet to this day J. C. 1834) in wooden panniers, boxes, with a hinged bottom, into which the lime was placed and carried to the fields to dress them with a white coating, which the frosts of winter pulverised. There were perhaps 20 of these donkeys and marching in single file with their loads seemed to me to bring Ali Baba very near home. They were unshod with the result that the older ones had long untrimmed hooves, walking always on turf of soft ground the toes turned up in a remarkable manner giving their feet an oriental slipper-like appearance, which gave emphasis to the Ali Baba theory. The door of the kiln at the foot of the huge chalk pit at the S. of the hill was the "open sesame" door of the entrancing story.

January 25th

In my young days many were the small birds killed by my catapult, recently an act of atonement and reparation has been made, in the garden at the back of the house a small post with perches and a table a-top has been placed for the tom-tits, robins and chaffinches to feed them. It has been placed near the kitchen window so that we may see them feed as we sit at breakfast. Today brazil nuts were suspended by wire with the kernels exposed so that the tits could get at them. One amused us by standing on the perch on one foot, holding the nut, to

prevent it swinging, with the other and pecking away at the kernel with quick glances around to satisfy himself that no enemy was at hand. The rain and E. wind today prevented any work being done in the garden. The small lawn is now more than three parts covered with grass, some of it turf from the downs, the rest weeds which I dig up and which promise to make a good lawn, planting them serves the double purpose of weeding the garden path and the cobblestones and making a lawn on which we shall take tea when the summer comes. The sprouts of lilac in water are now two and a half inches long, the buds of the blossoms remain much the same size as when I wrote on the 13th, perhaps when the sun shines again more growth will be made. Of late there has been no sun and much cold E. wind.

January 28th Saturday

The lawn nearly completed and the stone step at the far end begun and would have been finished today but wood sawing prevented. Fred Curtis coming at 2 o'clock. We set to work with the "cross cut" to reduce an old trunk to logs for the fire, this took us until 4 o'clock when a few drops of rain, the beginning of a heavy storm made us "knock off". Poor Miss Jones very ill, dying, but I hear she suffers no pain which is a good thing, poor dear. H. F. J. tells me that he too is ill, flu, but hopes to be about shortly, so many cases one hears of at the moment, Jackson, Cooper and Mrs. Gow, letters from whom reached me a few mornings ago, all told the same tale, either they or their households suffering from it. I am glad to be away from London and its fogs and flus. More than three months has passed since I left town it all seems a long holiday – without the "going up", being here (Cerne) is like going to the house in a "zoo" in which is kept say squirrels, beavers and ants, all going about there business, fetching and carrying and making no song about it, whereas London is another collectioun of houses, the homes of monkeys, parrots and peacocks and lions; the monkeys rushing about and chattering, the parrots and peacocks squawking to draw attention to their fine clothes and the lions, well, I once went to a party at the Halle's and Browning was there. The LION of the evening and he roared as if it was feeding time. An "at home" at Lady Murtanked's (?) is very like the parrot house, everybody talks at once and there is music somewhere to which nobody pays the slightest attention but it makes them shout louder to be heard, not that that matters either as people appear to be listening more to what the next group are talking about than to the person who is supposed to be addressing them.

January 31st

Slept badly last night, for some reason, attended unwillingly, as I always do attend concerts, a Monday unpopular, Sims Reeves, a yellow tabby and Dame Melba, a tortoiseshell were the stars of the evening, a neighbours dog took part at times in the entertainment, either this was unusual or I sleep through these disturbances, the only other occasions on which I have heard noise at night, apart from gales of wind, were when an owl in the autumn soothed with his soft hoot and when a distant flock of geese being prepared for the market, made cacklings at any old hour of the night. I daresay their grandmothers had told them how Rome was saved and they carried on the family tradition and were saving Cerne, anyhow, Xmas ended their careers and their cacklings. Yesterday came the wire netting that is to keep the Bolshevik hens, Mrs. Lenin and Mrs. Trotsky, who are probably subsidized by Germany, out of the gardens in front. They belong to a radical Publican and, I am sure, a sinner, who encourages them in their criminal ways, destroying flower beds and the like; they will get the shock of their wretched lives when they come "up against" the netting in a day or two. May I be there to see.

February 1st Tuesday

Miss Jones's sufferings are at an end. She died on Friday.

February 6th Monday

The first primrose we have seen in flower grew on Alton Hill on the left hand side of the road just beyond the field on the right, the last before one reaches the downs. (Mr. North's "ground" in our younger days). Trowel in hand the next day I went, dug it up and planted it in a flower pot. The warmth of the room soon brought half a dozen blooms out by tea.

February 10th

The days have been too cold for putting up the wire netting, easterly winds with frost for some days but bright and spring-like, the ground too hard with frost to plant my shallots but the bed is in readiness for them when the time comes and the broad beans. Snowdrops are in flower on the far side of the river at Mill Bank, where they flowered in my youth, just beyond the hatchway, where used to live the Kingfisher, perhaps a descendant still remains and will dart upstream, a flash of emerald.

February 19th Sunday

The primrose now has 24 blooms. Yesterday put up the wire netting on the railings to keep out the hens of the publican and the cat (m) of the gardener; they found themselves "up against it" this morning; as I was dressing at 9, I saw them walk across the road to come and scratch as usual, foiled, Ha! Ha! After we had finished wiring the fence I told Fred, who assisted, the story of the mouse who having sipped some brandy (pre-war) which had been spilt on the floor stood on his hind legs on the hearth rug and remarked "Where's your damned cat now?" F., could not, I think, see the application, and perhaps it is a little complicated. On Tuesday four months will have passed since I left London and although a great deal of hard work has been devoted to the garden, much more remains to be done. Old Dan Cheeseman once said "Gardenin's never a-done". A true word spoken by a good gardener. Sweet peas, indoors, are showing through the soil. This week I hope to plant broad beans and shallots. The ground was prepared last week but rain and wire netting prevented my planting as I had intended to have done.

February 20th

Planted broad beans and shallots this morning and dug up the ground deeply for the seed beds in the afternoon, am heartily tired and glad to sit by the fireplace – early to bed.

February 21st

The rains of last night made the ground too "cluggy" to work much in the garden, so took a walk to Up Cerne and back by way of Minterne Road with H. Dorning as a companion – I notice he grows deaf, perhaps I do not hear as readily as I used to do. I was born next door to him within a week or ten days of him. It is interesting to compare notes. I expect the two old boys one may see sitting in the sun in say, the garden of the workhouse in May, are comparing notes and talking over the "old complaint".

1923

August 5th

The last entry is 21st February '22. Time passes so swiftly when ones hands are full, though nothing of importance has happened to record, gardening, a motor ride with Dalton the Doctor as he goes his rounds, a walk to see the hounds and since May a weekly cricket match with the Up Cerne – Cerne Club. A visit to London in early June when I called at the Royal Academy, few of my old students remain. Called also at Sotheby's to see Major F. Warre, who is to sell my collection of books by Samuel Butler, 11 volumes. They were sold in July and fetched £34.10.0, which after their charges should be a good help towards re-roofing Barnwells, which has to be done as soon as possible.

Cricketing on June 23rd at Cattistock on a bad hard, bumpy wicket I received a severe blow on the nose from a fast and erratic bowler of the village blacksmith type, fortunately my spectacles were not broken into my eye, as they might easily have been. Dalton being present was able to render first aid and on our return home a stitch was put in. This ended my cricket career after some 60 years of the game. At present I act as umpire, the next stage will be scoring and then the bath chair! "66 retired hurt".

On 25th July George Warren came to prepare the ground for building a summer house and wall in the orchard of Barnwells, which I bought for £40 from Mr. H. E. Tite, with a view to making a connection between Frank's garden and mine. I had, meanwhile, levelled the ground for a lawn, which took about two weeks to do. Henry Festing-Jones being here on a visit, assisted by looking on at the burning of the weeds. The summerhouse is to face the S. and W., sheltered from the E. by the stable and by a wall on the N. It should be a good sheltered spot, with a view of the Park in the distance. The iron gate hard by, which Mr. Curtis has repaired for me, stood formerly in the '60's in our old garden. In Father's day it was made by Mr. Charles Curtis, grandfather of the present man, whose sons are also in the business. Tom, the son of Chas., having retired, spends his days for the most part watching the motor traffic at the corner of the street, Tibb's Corner as it was known in my youth. Of that same Tibb's I bought my 8 day clock in 1885, that is to say, it was bought at the sale of his goods before he left Cerne in that year, or died, I forget which.

September 16th

After nearly two months hard work in the orchard the summer house has its roof on, the floor ready for the final layer of cement, the lawn, that is to be, levelled, the place takes shape and begins to be as George says "some summer house and garden"! The days have been really hot, just the thing for drying the weeds and clippings from the fruit trees before burning. The slabs of stone for the three quoins have been ordered from Mr. Grassby of Dorchester. When in place, as they should be the beginning of next week the wall will be completed.

September 15th

A few weeks ago I made application to the Cerne Board of Magistrates, Mr. Brandreth of Buckland in the chair, to obtain possession of Barnwells as the Shorts, my tenants, make no effort to clear out. Mr. H. O. Lock of Messrs. Lock, Reed and Lock of Dorchester acted for me. Verdict, for the plaintiff with vacant possession on 1st November – so that is that., £3.3.0 for

Lock and 5/- fees for the Court paid to Mr. Randall. The only comment from Short giving his evidence was "He've a got two 'ouses and I a'int got narn". Loud, blustering and ignorant, he seems of the kind that go to form the supporters of the present Labour Party. Heaven help the country if they come into power until education has taken some of the conceit out of them and taught them how little they know.

16th September

The masons work in the orchard should be completed this week, after which I hope to have a spell off as we must wait until I get possession of the house to begin to make it habitable, too late in the year to think of re-roofing, we must find scope for our energies in-doors on wet days and small repairs on fine days outside, surface drainage, possibly a window in the place of the existing back door at the end of the passage opposite the front door. I have written to Mr. Bosdet of Jersey, who was formerly my colleague at the R. A. Schools, and who is a "stained glasser" to hear the cost of leaded light to go there, a bit 'o colour would be cheerful and a leaded window would be in keeping with the house. Being something of a prophet (every man of my years is either a prophet or a fool or both) I can foresee that with two doors situated as they are there must be a hell of a draught in that passage when the East winds blow in the merry month of March. The other door in the back kitchen will be all the exit we want in that direction and over that I intend, if fate is kind, to place a lean-to roof and shed of sorts, similar to my summer house, to keep out the westerly winds and rains – so there are schemes in the air enough to keep us busy until we move in, when! Shall we say February.

17th September

Yesterday Frank motored me to Kingston Park where the last cricket match of the season took place, he and I acting as umpire in turn. Up Cerne and Cerne combined v K. P. who won by two or three runs, a close and exciting game. Small scores on a wet wicket, good bowling, a heavy thunderstorm in the distance, some heavy rain storms, tea served in the house which is occupied by Major Hanbury. Percy Lovell of our party, he happening to be on a visit to brother William's at Dorchester.

18th September

The retired Curator enjoys life up to the hilt, it all seems to good to be true, the levelling of the lawn approaches completion, Legros, son of my old Professor was here a week or two ago, an engineer, with knowledge of such matters, he says I shovelled about a ton and a half of earth. Having pruned the fruit trees after years of neglect there is much more refuse to burn, the last fire burnt for many days and nights, the ashes making good material for top dressing. Smoke smelling like farm fields in September brings back the joy of an autumn holiday after months of London, life for me now is all holiday and a couch fire when I want one. Yesterday came the rounded bricks for coping the orchard garden wall, I ordered grey bricks, the blighters have sent red ones, however they will have to go on and later they must be camouflaged, a dab or two of cement and perhaps some soot or creosote will take away their hideous newness and rawness. The rest of the wall is such a good colour, dappled and broken by the hand of time weathered to its surroundings that to put these hideous things on as they are on it is on a par with putting a Birmingham – Tottenham Court Road object d'art on a Chippendale sideboard, or giving a guest fried onions to eat and a fine Burgundy to drink at the same meal.

Reading today in a paper called "The Challenger" which comes with the magazines of the Local Club, I came across the following verse:

"She pushed me into the parlour,
Pushed the parlour door
Pushed herself upon my knee,
Pushed her kisser in front of me;
She pushed me off to the jewellers,
Near the Hippodrome,
Pushed me in front of the clergyman,
And then she pushed me home."

The Challenge is a Church paper, so perhaps the Great War has not been in vain if these are the changes that have been brought about – is this, after all, becoming a land fit for heroes to live in; it would almost seem so.

23rd September

NOTE: At this point reader (gentle or otherwise) you must turn this book around and begin again at the back of this leaf as I find there is no space left to continue this way.

24th September Sunday

For the past week we have had a fire in the hearth in the evenings in the sitting room. This brings the question of fire wood to the fore, spent the morning sawing and chopping and have now enough for the coming week and as I have ordered some cleft logs from Highfields we shall do, when that comes, for a while. Yesterday morning while George and I were at work in the orchard a seagull passed high overhead. G. remarked addressing the bird "you go back to Portland." Which brought to mind a remark Koju. My Japanese pupil made some two years ago as he was looking through my collection of Japanese prints and seeing one with a dragon depicted he said "You go back to China". Both the gull and the dragon are of evil omen, the appearance of the gull inland foretells stormy weather, at least that is the idea held by the Cernites, and the dragon, terrible and all devouring, comes to Japan from China, so my gentle Jap wished him to go back. Koju will have returned to Japan from his European tour. I wonder if the terrible earthquake of a few weeks ago which has shaken Tokyo and district so terribly has swallowed him up like a dragon from China, I trust not, his district is Naganoken, which is not given in my small map of Japan, must write to him.

7th October

Last Friday week Fred Tompsett and his wife arrived by motor from Colyton, S. Devon, their home. Stayed the night at the New Inn after supping with us. On Saturday after an early lunch, I returned with them via Bridport, Lyme Regis to Colyton. I am told that I once visited Lyme, but as that is about 66 years ago and I an infant in arms, have no recollection of that, one of my first journeys. We arrived at The Grove at teatime. On Sunday we motored to Seaton and Beer,

at the latter place lives John White R. I., we pay him a visit, talked of old friends, Geo. Wetherbee, J. S. Hill, both of whom died during or shortly after the War, the strain of which killed many men of their age whose sons were serving. White had several soldier sons, some of whom came home from the colonies at the call of the Old Country. He is a strong old man, simple quiet, hard working and I should say a man who has borne the buffets and blows of life as one would expect the father of colonists would, bravely and without complaint of any sort.. Colyton a quiet old town of 2,000 inhabitants, an interesting church with one or two monuments above the ordinary level, "the chokebone" tomb must originally have been of great beauty but the mutilations perhaps made by Cromwells soldiers have been feebly restored but things of great beauty take a great deal of hammering and restoration to lose all charm – "The scent of the roses"! Left Colyton on Tuesday, Fred driving me in his car and taking a holiday from his business, at my request we took the road to Marshwood, that I might call on Frank Calderon who is living there, found him, Mrs. C., Philip his son and his young French wife, and Joan his daughter. After a long talk, it is some years since we met, we resume our journey by way of Litton Cheney, a beautifully situated village, sheltered by a hill from the north at the foot of which springs a fountain, not unlike our well of St. Austins. I use the word fountain in the same sense that Mallory uses it, not as we use it, generally to describe a jet of water thrown into the air. We reach Dorchester at 3 after lunch at Bridport, at the Bull – Thorne the carrier is about to leave, I join him and so home.

The following days of the past week have seen me busy re-forming my orchard garden. The pathway from gate to gate now completed and ready for sowing with grass – Calderon is sowing his new tennis court, September, I take it, is a better month to sow the grass than April, the earth being warm with the suns of summer the seeds make root and get a better start than when sown in the spring – however! Tonight Earnest Dalton comes to supper, he leaves on Wednesday for Keble College, Oxford – a new ship to sail the old seas, to avoid or crash on the same old rocks, to be buffeted by the same tempests, to make. With luck, the same port or some other, that has sheltered so many storm driven vessels or perchance to add to the splinters and timbers which are strewn on the coast by the ever rolling seas. Chris and Frank to tea. Chris now 77 years of age on the 4th is still active and able to do her household work and to take interest in the Magazine Club which she has managed for many years, but which she now talks of giving up.

A few weeks ago Mr. Lee, a new resident at Cerne, now living in Rose Cottage, which he bought recently, gave me a polychromatic Delft plate, with ship in centre and house, a friendly act; to show him that I appreciate his kindness I am restoring an old Dutch painting which received damage in house moving for him. He is one of the very few people in Cerne who take any interest in matters connected with art. Formerly a Bank Manager in London he has retired and like myself now cultivates his garden and like myself occasionally does too much to it, at least so his wife tells me – but when one is absorbed it is not easy to know when the time has come to stop.

11th October

Today the water is trickling down from the spout of the well in Long Street opposite the Red Lion, the stream is an overflow from St. Austin's Well and the heavy rains of the past week have swelled the fountain – must take note next year and notice when the stream ceases to flow.

14th October Sunday

The inclement weather of the last week has stopped my work in the orchard. Short is, I see, having his potatoes lifted in the garden at Barnwells and I hear they may be leaving for Weymouth in the course of the week, but Rumour is a lying jade. We shall see what we shall see! I hope to heaven they will go tomorrow, to leave me free to put my house in order. Have nearly completed the carving of the oak door only the jambs, which are at Trowbridge's to do, they will not take me long when I get at them. Family tea party at Frank's today, talked over the matter of selling his cottage in which we now live. We shall probably leave it at Easter; he should get £300 for it. The new floor for the sitting room (badly wanted) and other repairs and cleaning will cost about £15-£20. We think it better not to advertise the house but try to sell it privately and make sure of good neighbours. Alice and I were to have had a day out at Weymouth last week but the gales and rains prevented – we will see what this week brings forth. Mrs. Fred Tompsett, writing last week, tells of damage to the gate at the entrance of the drive at The Grove, their house. Six trees blown down one of which fell across the gateway, smashing the gates and knocking over one of the stone piers, which are both high and solid – more expence! Much damage done throughout the country by a very fierce gale which sprang up suddenly and blew with great violence for a while from the N. W.

My old friend of D. C. S. days, Chas. Fred.k Fox writes this past week to say that his long projected visit to us will soon mature, the possibility of Barnwells being vacant is the attraction. There will be much to talk over when we see the house and many plans and schemes to discuss. It must be 30 years or more since he was last at Cerne. He and Chas. Holroyd came one summer holidays during Fathers lifetime, many changes have taken place during that time and much water has fallen over the waterfall in Mill Bank.

October 16th

Yesterday a fine bright day, Alice and I to Weymouth for the morning, Thorne to Dorchester(the carrier) at 9.45. G. W. R. 11.19 returning by 1 o'clock. Weymouth called at called at Wood and Sons and purchased a mahogany sideboard which I saw there some months ago, Mr. Lee having mentioned it. A good example of the cabinet makers craft of the Adam Brothers period. (1760, Geo. 3rd) Weymouth is at its best at this time of year, holiday makers and nigger minstrels have left, and the place seems its natural self, no frills and no nonsense. Today back to my digging in the orchard, found a fragment of blue-grey pottery with A. R. moulded on it (Anne Regina?) 1702-14. This makes the 4th fragment probably of the same beer mug. I have found, in addition, fragments of glass which I take to be Roman, and other bits of good old glazed pottery. My new folding beech-wood table and two chairs which I ordered by post from Gamage's of Holborn arrived this day by Thorne from the G.W.R. station. They appear strong and useful and were certainly not dear at £1.7.4 and the carriage, Thorne, 6d, Railway.....

October 20th

Today to Dorchester on a visit to brother William and his wife, Jessica. Travelled by the National Motor Bus, leaving at 3.18. Observed that the driver retired to the New Inn with a male passenger friend, where I presume they took liquid refreshment, which appeared to inspire him to drive furiously, perhaps we were two or three minutes late at starting, anyhow we dashed along at furious speed and though delayed by a drove of cows at Charminster and after stopping at the usual halts reached the Top o' town at 12 minutes to 4. Called on E. L. Ling, the Mayor and talked books. On the way saw Mr. Pouncy in his shop and ordered a pair of gaitors.

Pouncy an old friend and school fellow at G. P. de Winton's at 40 South Street about 1868, as was the successful Mr. Boon, the Grocer of Dorchester. He poor man. I learn, has become blind.

Sunday

Walked with William on the Poundbury Road, caught in heavy rain on our return, had to wear a pair of the brothers trousers much to the amusement of the party as they were a foot too short.

October 22nd

Called at Wood's and told them I would bring Mr. Fox on his arrival next week to see the new sideboard. With Jessie to the new Church of St. Mary the Virgin to see the oak work, the screen given by Mr. Pope of the brewery (the bachelor brother of the firm). A good example of modern oak work, light and delicate in design. The Church is much disfigured by the long iron pendant from the roof bearing the lights, gas, I presume. Back to Cerne by Thorne at 3 after shopping. I am told that Mr. Pope proposed to give a screen to St. Peter's Church but some lack of readiness on behalf of that Church Council made him withdraw his offer and in pique he offered to give it to the new building. Perhaps hardly the proper spirit in which to make gifts to the house of God anyhow the present was accepted by the Church authorities, perhaps they did not know, or perhaps they did, that they, the new love, were taking the bunch of blue ribbons which had been rejected by the old love.

November 1st

Came Mrs. Short at noon with the key of Barnwells, so shortly after C. F. Fox who is with me on a visit, go to inspect the house and premises. In a few minutes we had the grate and mantel out of the parlour and find as I expected a very fine old fireplace, about 6ft 6ins. Wide of Ham Hill stone. We also stripped off some of the wall papers, 3 coats of them in many places.

November 2nd

C.F.F. leaves by Thorne's bus.

November 3rd

George arrives and we set to work, the floor of the long room rotten so we rip it up, dry rot everywhere and joists badly laid – so decide to have anew floor with ventilation and all joists to be laid on new brick walls and all woodwork, floor and joists creosoted.

November 25th

Heavy work everyday and all day, but it goes on well. New hearths nearly completed in parlour and my bedroom where there is also an old hearth. I suppose XVth century. Am also making schemes and plans for the garden and tomorrow Bert Fox, who is recommended by George comes to dig the ground. The heavy frosts of the past week putting the ground in good order for roughing it up. If he is as good a digger as he is a cricketer, with natural gift for the game, he'll do. Paths are to be made and a court at the back door made much wider. So things will happen before Xmas comes. Events go so quickly at present that they tread on each others heels, or would if the General in command did not order the march of these events. I am to pay 4/6d a day and think he will be very useful in the garden and on wet days in lending a hand to George. A plain iron fire-back (for which I gave Dick 2/6d) is in its place in the parlour, must get

another for the upper room, perhaps a reproduction of an old one which can be bought in London for about £3.

1925

Tut! Tut!, twelve months and more have passed and my diary neglected! This sort of thing won't do!

January 11th

The only excuse I can offer is that the whole of my time has been taken up with Barnwells, new roof, new floors, in places much plastering, carpentering, painting and now and then gardening. At the moment the workmen are away putting roofs in order after winter gales. I am not sorry to be free of them as the days have been short and dark and it gives one a rest of sorts, i.e. a change of occupation, path making and so on. The window on the staircase landing looks very fine now it is in. Made by Mr. George Mitchell of Buckland Newton (cousin of the late Wm. Mitchell of Cerne) to my design, which I adapted from one in a Tudor house at Colyton, S. Devon, a drawing of which I made when on a visit to Fred Tompsett and his wife last summer, they motoring me to and fro. This evening I wrote to Geo. Mitchell telling him that I want him to make me two more leaded lights of another design for the stable loft window which faces the back of the house, so should be something worth looking at. The design of this new one, is a copy more or less, of one I find in a photo of a painting by Ian Steen of a Christmas scene, an interior reproduced by process in "Country Life", but I shall not order the new window until the bill comes in for the landing lights. Mitchell is one of the last of the old school of plumbers and glaziers. Melts and draws his own lead and knows his job thoroughly; and in his own way a good conversationalist, has a good memory and tells amusing stories of old inhabitants of the Blackmoor Vale. One I remember (that is old age, I suppose for remember) of farmer George Topp of Piddletrenthide, he, Henry Derrinan of Cerne and William Cross of Minterne Magna met at Buckland Newton at the Rev'd Brandreth's on some public business or Church matters, after talking for some hours, and one knows how dull these sort of proceedings are, the meeting terminated. When the Rev'd gentleman said "now Mr. Topp I suggest that we have a drop of whiskey before separating". Statements were always blunt and to the point "Now that's the most sensible remark I've a'heard you make this afternoon pa'son!

Yesterday came Cecil Fox, who does not go to school on Saturdays, to lend me a hand as he did during the Xmas holidays. I pay him 3d an hour he coming at 10, cocoa at 11, dinner hour when he leaves at 1, on some days he comes at 2 leaving at 3. He is a strong active boy and very helpful, wood sawing, path making and so on. The new staircase is nearly completed and soon I hope William Trowbridge will come along and complete it – I have the Oregon pine newels and rail for the right hand side ready for him to fix on the elm string course – the framework of the stairs I have strengthened by putting oak supports underneath – no creaking or giving "I don't think"! The coal cellar I have partitioned off, the floor at present is grouted, a coating of cement and sand to be added to so completed – a very good improvement.

The carved stone from Cerne Abbey, now in place under the landing window on the west wall which George and I put in a few weeks ago is mentioned in Hutching's Dorset as being built into a house in Acreman Street, that now owned by my carpenter Wm. Trowbridge. It was there in my boyhood but the Rivers family had it taken out with the view of removing it to Rushmore..... Cheeseman the builder who acted for them did as he was instructed but they failed to send for it after the sale – on seeing it in his workshop some years ago I admired it and he having no use for it gave it to me. That is the history of half a century or more of that stone, the other smaller piece of carved stone against the kitchen wall in the passage at my house, which is, I think, of Caen stone and probably part of a tomb or reredos in the Abbey Church I also obtained from a builder. On cleaning this carving I found parts coloured a brick red which

I hope some day to restore to something of its original state, except that the soft stone is badly weathered, perhaps a silicate will preserve it, will enquire and attend to it-----some day-----. Copperthwaite will know, or ought to.

Since Christmas Commander Tom Grohman brought his mother by motor from Weymouth where he is living whilst his ship is stationed at Portland, on the Wednesday following I returned their call and met Mrs. Tom for the first time – 2 boys, Peter and Michael perhaps 10 and 8 years old, well behaved children, Mama tall and pretty, fair haired. A diary is no diary unless it is posted up from day to day, one forgets in a week and when it comes to a year, Oh lor’! but I can’t promise to do much better this year as when I have finished the days labour I am too tired to think of such things. I will say that we hope to move into Barnwells in the spring when the days are lighter and drier – they have been wet enough, the Long Street a river for days with the rush of water from the hills, fortunately both my present abode and my own house are high and dry. That was one reason why I bought Barnwells.

January 25th Sunday

For the past week Old Tom Pidden (or Pidding) has been working in the garden at Barnwells for me. Old! I call him old but he is a year younger than I am, heavy, slow, rather dull, formerly a stone mason, he is nevertheless a good rough gardener and is of service to me in path making and clearing the ground which is full of weeds, matted with roots of nettle, withy vine, buttercup, dandelion and most of the weeds that worry the gardener. My time has been taken up with trimming old gooseberry bushes, so dense was the jungle that one could only go between the bushes with difficulty. That done I topped the fruit trees, apples and plums, with my new “long arm”. Working last Sunday, indoors, rather in the dark, with a sharp knife, preparing the place for a lock to the back kitchen door, the knife slipping I stabbed myself in the left hand badly, after treatment by Dr. Dalton and doing one handed jobs for a week it has healed well and will want little more dressing.

Yesterday Tom Pidding was “off for the day” to give evidence with “a cloud of witnesses” at Dorchester, in the right of way case at the Assizes, Harding v Frank was also a witness – Harding, of course, lost his case. He, it seems, was financed by a syndicate who own the property and wish to stop folk from using the path and drive to Topp’s Cottages, which has always been a public way “ever since the flood” Tom says. Certainly in the ‘60’s and in my boyhood we always, drove, rode and walked that way.

Charles Curtis and his son Fred came yesterday to make the iron canopy for the big fireplace in the parlour – Fred’s comment on the right ‘o way case was “Should think they’d be glad to see anybody up at that god forsaken place” (the Hill Barn where Harding lives). In the afternoon Fred was away doing his Yeomanry work so I was “mate”. The eclipse which has been boomed so much in the papers made us so dark that we worked by candle light. The afternoon was wet and gloomy, the sun not visible anywhere I should think, certainly not at Cerne whatever it may have been at Greenwich. Today sent cheque to Mr. Herbert Barratt for the Persian rug I bought when I was at Dorchester with Mrs. Baille-Grohman a week or two ago.

February 8th

I pay Tom at the rate of 5d per hour. Last week bought for £5 at Mr. Wood’s, Dorchester another Persian rug, larger and of more substance than Barratt’s – not a bad bargain I consider, good colour, rather worn at one end – Mrs Wood to have it repaired, she is a good over-worked soul.

The paths go along, the past week we have been taking up the buried footings of old walls, very hard, thick and deep – turned out 3 wheelbarrows of old iron, tin, glass and rubbish, in addition the load sent off when I took possession 12 months or so ago. The stone and mortar from the old walls will come in for the foundation of the paths I propose to make, one across to the orchard and another to the river, starting from the one made parallel to the North wall – no paths no garden I says!

February 15th Sunday

The new garden roller arrived last week £2.11.0 from Thurman's, Dorchester all 3cwt., but the lawn has been too wet to put it to use yet. Tom Pidding and I have continued breaking up the old wall in Levi Groves's garden. Levi was "Tawer and Parchment Maker", this fact was recorded on the front of my house adjoining my gateway in my youth and later was whitewashed over but in after years the ghost of the notice showed through legibly as the rain washed off the wash – then again it was covered with cement wash, so it is now buried. A Tawer is one who makes white leather I find in the Dictionary.

On the rainy days last week Tom and I fashioned 3 shelves for fruit etc. in my stable from the battens left over from the roof making last summer and placed pegs for the tools to hang. Tom says "do look like Lord Digby's". He has promised to bring me as a present two moss rose plants a "soovenir" as George would call it – or "Bucksheesh" i.e. a free gift, war terms – I say a free gift – loot is more the word. Two loads of cow manure arrived yesterday from Mr. Chas. Marsh, good for the roses and things. Fred Fox, son of Esau brought them and took away one load of old iron, glass and tins we have dug up – old bicycle frames, saucepans and such like, such a cleaning up and about time; this is not the first load I have had taken away. The old wall foundations are now all up at least I think and hope so. The rubble will make good path foundations – as soon as the earth is dry enough we shall set about them. Percy Lovell rode over yesterday and took dinner with us – Frank and Chris to tea with us. Alice to Church this evening. Frank and I a game of cribbage.

April 12th Sunday

Frank and I walked this morning to the top of Giant Hill from which one can see the new Marconi wireless posts on the Bridport road near Dorchester. The garden paths progress slowly, the borders and foundations are in their places. The Easter holidays will stop work for some days. Yesterday Jackson and Mrs. Jackson and 3 children arrived by motor car from Southbourne, they left at 4 o'clock to return. My old friend Vereke M. Hamilton has sent me his book "Things that Happen" in return I have sent him the M.S. of my Xmas story "The Bees and the Book", I tell him I can't allow him to have it all his own way. Tomorrow, if I live, I will have reached the 68th year of my life. I am still able to attend to my garden but find that I am glad to "knock off" work at 4 o'clock the time that Tom Pidding finishes his day. He begins with me at 10 o'clock and I pay him 5d per hour which is a low figure "these times".

July 5th Sunday

Another long blank in my notebook, but there seems to have been not time after the fatigues of the day since I last wrote. We are now in our house in Abbey Street. Alice and I working like slaves to get it in order. We moved in on Friday 13th June. Thorne the carrier moved our heavy furniture, Dick Barnes and George lent a hand and stayed until 10 o'clock that night to put up beds and so on. Since then I have been moving furniture, pictures, carpets and such like, besides gardening and building. The new wall on the S. side of the courtyard the pavement of

which I am doing bit by bit to quote William Trowbridge. As I write Wm., Jessie, Ada Payn and Mary come to see the house unexpectedly. Today a quiet day, letter writing, my correspondence having been neglected for some weeks under the pressure of other events.

The dry weather of the past month has been too much for the strawberries and green peas, though today we had some of each, broad beans have not suffered so much

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October 21st Sunday

We will make anew start after the lapse of years, beginning from “the tablets of my mind” as W.S. Gilbert says. A month ago I went to visit brother Henry at Stroud, stayed the week and on to London on Monday morning to visit my old friend Henry Festing Jones at 120 Maida Vale, found him fairly well (77) but very deaf. Dined one evening with the Clausen’s at Carlton Hill. Kitty is to be married on the 10th to Connor O’Brian whose hobby seems to be sailing the seas (round the world and back again) in a small boat and then writing books about it. At the dinner party was Miss Hawksley one of the “old girls” of the R. A. Schools.

During my absence from home I received a letter from Alice to say that Frank on return from one of his journeys on which, as usual, he had driven his car alone, complained of his heart and of feeling worn out. Dr. Dalton was called and he went to bed, where the Dr. says he is to remain for at least a fortnight. He has filled the post of Relieving Officer to the Board of Cerne Guardians for 37 years and has seldom taken a holiday for more than a few days at a time during this period. (Frank is 73 years old on the 23rd) On the following Monday I returned from London to find him very ill, thin and worn, unable to eat much. That is nearly a month ago, he still remains in bed, is a better colour and able the last few days to get up for an hour or two and sit by the fire in his bedroom, eats very little, dozes at times, but does not gain strength. Today Henry and Alice Mary arrived by car from Stroud to visit us and see Frank. They stay the night at the New Inn.

I have forgotten to say that during my visit to Town I called on the President (Sir Frank Dicksee) as I told him to pay my respects to the Royal Academy. He looks well, is erect and courtly. He told me that an operation for ----- is pending. He wished the doctors to postpone it until after the 10th of December when he resigns his presidency under the age limit (he is 75) they think it better to operate at once. While talking to him a message comes from his cousin Herbert Dicksee, who was at the Slade School with me, to say he is coming to see him. So I wait and have a talk with Herbert D. on our old days and old friends. Last week the sad news of the President’s death following the operation.

During my stay in Town I took my young friend Freda Hardman to the British Museum to call on Dr. H. R. Hall (son of Sidney P. Hall) who showed us the treasures from Hur of the Caldees. Freda dining with us at Maida Vale, when H.F.J. showed us during the evening his treasures, some very beautiful amber, some from Sicily which has a blue fluorescence in its dark shiny coloured depths, some old Chinese fans, carved ivory. Which are almost as delicate as lace. These belonged to his family and were given to an old friend who had dealings with China in the way of business, I think.

Twelve months ago I bought at Dorchester at Mr. Herbert Barratt’s in South Street, where he deals in furniture, curios, prints etc. an old oil painting, very dirty with several holes in the canvas – the price was £6. On getting it home I made a new stretcher for it, relined it with some war surplus linen, cleaned off the old varnish and grime of 160 years (the painting bears the date 1768) and find a very good picture. On the back of the old stretcher was written “Chamberlain’s Mill” on the front the initials Wm. T. and the date, who was Wm. T. and where the dickens is Chamberlain’s Mill. A line to the Librarian at the R.A. brings the solution of the first question “William Tomkins A.R.A.”, a reference to the “Royal Academy and its members” by Hodgson and Eaton and we are told “born about 1730, elected associate in 1771. Exhibited from 1769 until his death in 1792”. The scene of the painting was the next question

to be settled. My neighbour Henry Dominy came in to inspect the work and knew no more than I did where the mill was situated. On leaving my house he met Mr. Billy (what a name) another resident who was formerly a Miller – made money during the War and having bought a house in Long Street, retired and cultivates his garden, “Chamberlain’s Mill! Yes the next mill to mine at Affpuddle” Strange! Old Tom Tyrell who is over 80 and who comes to me in the summer time to weed the paths for a couple of hours when he feels equal to it and the days are fine told me that he had seen a well kept garden in Long Street belonging to Mr. Billy “ I don’t know if that’s ‘is name but that’s what they’d call ‘en” (Oct 22nd Old Tom ill a-bed). Mc. Donald another neighbour, who owns a car, took me over to Bere Regis the day following our discovery to find the Mill which lies to the south after the Church is passed. There we found the Mill, sure enough, but a new building, perhaps 100 years old in place of the one which Tomkins painted. A strange coincidence Mc’s wife was a Miss Tomkins. The property on which the Mill stands belongs now-a-days to a Mr. Debenham (of Debenham and Freebody) who is a wealthy man owning a considerable estate in the neighbourhood of Bere – the fine herd of Guernsey cows which we saw on the journey belonging to him.

October 22nd

This morning Henry and Alice Mary left at 11 o’clock in their car for Stroud. This evening come Percy and Mrs. Lovell to enquire for Frank. They have spent the day on their new farm (Barton Farm) sold after Mr. Joe Sprake’s death. Percy buying 871 ? acres, the house, tithe barn etc. for something less than £10,000 I believe – a nice property. The water meadows on the E. of the Dorchester Road as far as the “corner piece” by Pound Dairy and the hill ground and grassland on the right hand side bounded by the road to Sydling. Percy has bought some Exmoor sheep, shorthorn cattle, horses etc. Sparke’s two sons keeping what is known as Park Farm on the right of Sydling Hill round to the top of Weam and the field below, which strikes me as being a waterless property – true in the winter there’s Winterbourne stream but then it is in the hot days of summer that the cattle want good clean water, however that is their affair.

October 25th

This morning very sad news. A letter from A.J. Bartholomew from 120 Maida Vale telling me of my very old friend Henry Festin Jones’s death, “died in his sleep on the night of the 22nd”. The doctor is sure that he suffered nothing. The cremation is at Golder’s Green at 12 noon on Saturday. Owing to Frank’s illness I was unable to go to London for the funeral. The last letter I received from Eunice is I see dated 19th Oct.

November 4th Sunday

Frank still very ill, his legs asre swollen which is a bad sign I am told. I have just been to see him (6 o’clock) the time of my daily second visit. He is seated by the fire and is quiet, we talked of the cricket in Australia, M.C.C. v Victoria , in which he was interested.

Walked to Poynter’s Plain this morning with Alice, the autumn tints on the trees at Minterne and at Up Cerne a blaze of colour in the winter sun, a blue haze against the hills accentuating their beauty. F.Cheeseman’s farm at the Glove (Gluff) looking very prosperous, lots of cows (very contented) and a number of white hens in the orchard, hay ricks and so on all giving an air of prosperity and order.

At the end of September Mr. J.W. Lee and his wife left Cerne to live at Blandford, Mrs L. wishes to be nearer her church (Roman Catholic) than she is here – at least that is the excuse –

Lee had no wish to leave Cerne but Mrs. L. told me that as long as he was happy she was quite content – what people! How they deceive themselves and imagine they deceive others. I am sorry for Lee, his new house which is an old one (&1721) is in East Street, has a garden at the back (south) and he will make it comfortable with his good old furniture, chins, prints etc. the drawback of the place to my mind is the near proximity of the railway, remember that I lived for more years than I can say at K.H.Rd. N.W.3, at the end of the garden at the back ran the L & NW Railway and the North London Railway, so the reader can imagine that I have had enough of trains, their rumblings, bangings, whistlings and on foggy days and nights their fog signalling, explosions, enough do I say? Too much!

November 13th

There is much sickness in the village, neighbour McDonald and his wife, sore throats, Mrs. Miller's small boy, scarlet fever, the schools closed for some weeks as there has been several cases of Diphtheria amongst the children. Frank, poor fellow, is still very ill, he has now been in bed for seven weeks come tomorrow (Tuesday).

November 18th Sunday

On Friday last a ramping, raging hurricane, from the west, blowing in gusts of 70 – 80 miles an hour scattered slates, tiles and “wold vatch” about the streets, many boughs lie in the lanes and one fine old elm tree is laid low in the lane by Nor' Mead. It has fallen across the road making an arch above (between the high banks) under which the cows can walk. A similar fate befell it next door neighbour last winter, that has been sawn up and removed all except one big baulk which I notice is still lying by the roadside.

Today (Sunday) the morning being fine continued path making in the garden by the river, the boy, Basker Mabb, and I have been widening that walk when the weather permitted during the past week, he having a holiday as the schools have been closed for a month there having been four cases of Diphtheria in the village (1 death, a boy in Acreman St.). However, the “all clear” has been given and Basker Mabb goes back to his books on Monday, when I shall plough a lonely furrow.

The great diarist often tells us what he had for dinner and he is always amusing, so why should I not do so. This day a roast pheasant, two rashers of green bacon on his breast, (green bacon is slightly pickled pork) done to a second, bread sauce with onion, spice and pepper in it, sprouts, which I picked this morning, potatoes (either Dargill Early or Ally, both are good), washed down by an excellent glass of Barsac. Well, I doubt that his most gracious Majesty, King George V had a better dinner or enjoyed it as well as we did. Being the Sabbath and having a fire in the kitchen for the cooking of the bird, we dined in that room, everything piping hot as it should be, H.M. the K. probably did not dine in his kitchen, so that is where we have the pull over his Majesty. I would rather eat a pheasant in the kitchen served as ours was by one of the best cooks I ever came across (Alice Martha) than eat bread and honey in the counting house or was it the scullery! The pheasant was one of a brace given us by our good young friend Percy Lovell, the other is for brother Frank, I hope he will enjoy his tomorrow, though I fear his appetite is not good after such a long stay-a-bed, now two months come Tuesday. On Friday I called in the District Nurse who was married to young Fred Curtis, the blacksmith, she now comes in to help Christian, a good help too as she is young, strong, intelligent and knows her work.

C. Fred Fox of Burseldon, my old Dorset County School friend wrote a few days ago to say that as a subscriber to the National Art Collection Fund he is entitled to present a picture to the Gallery, he wishes to give "The Batchelor's Breakfast Table", which I painted about 1885? And which he bought of me then to the Welsh National Museum Gallery, Cardiff of which his eldest son, Cyril, (Ph. D. F.R.S.) is the Director. I tell him it sounds like a toot on the trumpet of FAME and that if it is accepted I shall, in the future, grow and eat more leeks, to show my loyalty to the Principality; to a Welshman I should of course describe it as a Blast not a toot. The subject of the picture is a corner of my sitting room at 22 King Henry's Rd., table, silver teapot and breakfast things, a maid at back going to the dresser cupboard. The picture was exhibited at the time at the Institute of Painters in Oils, Piccadilly.

I visit poor old Frank daily. I notice that he grows more tired and the effort of talking seems to take it out of him more – the dropsy now reaches the lower part of the body -.

November 19th

When I lived in London Town I "babbled o' green fields" now they are all about me, the greenest it is possible to imagine; November rains and November sun (we still get some between the storms) make a wonderful lush growth, the yellow of the maples and elms the dark green of the privet and holly which is now berried, the brambles and the silvery grey of the old man's beard very much the colour of my own are all a joy to look on. After Church, Parson C. F. Hall came in last evening to enquire after Frank. We talked of cabbages and kings, gales, ships, chimney pots and muffins. When on the matter of ships I told him of a voyage I made to Hamburg from Grimsby when brother Alfred was married, more than 30 years ago. (3rd Jan.) I am not sure of the date, perhaps early in January, very cold, we left England in thick fog I remember. As we neared Germany it cleared and was intensely cold, 10o of frost recorded. At Cushaven came aboard two pilots to take us to Hamburg, they boarded at night dressed in fur coats and caps; on the deck was a glass house with the foot of the mast in the centre round which was a circular table, this was our smoking room. The pilots joined us but we could not endure them for long they smelt like nothing on earth – except, I suppose, German Pilots.

One of the few passengers besides our party (William, Alfred and myself) was a young lady whose mother travelled with her but was confined to her cabin who was a friend of the Winzers, one of whom Alfred was about to marry. An old sea Captain who having done 30 years in America was on his way home to his Island in the Baltic which he had bought. At least he told us he had. "In der vinter I shall walk from der mainland, in der summer I shall row mineself."

But the story is this, on steaming up the Elbe, down which floated huge icebergs and round about them rowed white boats carrying men clad in white who were duck shooting – forerunners of camoflage. Again I wander, this is the story, dash it all! We ran aground in the early morning, I had gone to bed like the landlubber I am clad in pyjamas and feeling in my sound sleep that the engine had stopped and the ship had also lost its momentum. I jimped out of my bunk and opening the door which led to the Saloon ran into our retired Captain, fully dressed! He stared at me in wonder. "And you go to bed like that? I haf been to sea for 40 years and haf never had my boots off yet! You never know at sea". That I imagine to be the practise of the German Pilots alas!

This day for dinner the pheasant cold, followed by an apple tart, with the pheasant large tankard of ale – the apples newly blown down by the late gale from the topmost boughs of the tall tree in my orchard garden – a good cooking apple. Some rain and considerable wind from

the west, a wild sunset – a very dark dull day, Novemberish! This morning carpentering in the stable, knocking up a support for the new oil stove which came early from Weygood's shop. Found time between the rain storms this morning to plant a Lilac bush which I have raised in the orchard, of five years growth, it is now in its place in the corner by the mill stream.

The life of the writer of these notes has been much like the life of most people, struggle, jostlings and elbowings of the pushful ones, but perhaps he has been more fortunate than the majority in that in the evening of his life he has been able to get off the high road with its dust, din and hustle by the simple method of turning off at a tempting lane, grass grown, sheltered, quiet and pick such flowers that grow, listen to such birds that sing, watch the glow of sunsets, note the buds opening and in autumn, the changing colour in the foliage – and so in life's autumn evening be ready to go to rest willingly, satisfied, if one is ever satisfied, with the entertainment the day has afforded.

November 20th

The day being fair, thermometer over 50o, the remodelling of the path has got along from 10 – 3, except that at 12.30 neighbour Dominy and I walked and talked for half an hour up the road to Minterne and back. He, "The Mayor" knows all the village gossip and likes to impart it. Indeed it would seem that he resents being told anything and I suspect him of pretending to know already if one tells him news, a comical idiosyncrasy. He tells that the new Master of the Union Workhouse is Mr. Richards, the new head of the National Schools Mr. George, his assistant master Mr. Jones. This appears to be a minor Welsh invasion! The late master of the Union Workhouse, Mr. Stevens, is I hear (not from the Mayor) a candidate for Frank's post as Relieving Officer etc. and is likely to get the appointment. His return will be welcome at least by the sportsmen of the village, he is a good umpire in the cricket field a just and knowledgeable Referee on the football ground, is alert and fair and calm, evidently enjoying the games as much as the players. His new duties, will, I hope enable him to continue to give his services on the sports ground.

Last evening, Alice still going at 8.30 to sleep at Frank's house, as she has done for some weeks. Hall (vicar) came to have a smoke at 8.45, read him "A Sleeping Beauty" and "The Bees and the Book". I don't think he was bored and was quick to appreciate the points (such as they are) of the two stories – must try him next time with "On Such a Night as This" written before I left Town.

This morning's outing would be better described as a stroll rather than a walk. D. grows heavy and is unable to move as quickly as I am on account of his heart. Frank much the same. Did not get up today.

Yes, I remember, on Saturday last heard cheers in the football field (Weam Close) went thither, Cerne v Weymouth Banks, result Cerne 3 goals, Weymouth Banks 1. Bert Fox scored all our goals I hear, he scored two whilst I was there. Chas. Fox on the right, very fast, cool and safe.

November 22nd

Both yesterday and today heavy gales, not so violent as at Friday last but strong enough to blow standard roses to the ground, much rain, no landscape gardening.

November 23rd Friday

This day the gale continues, rain all day, mild 52o at 8 o'clock this morning. C. Marsh, our milkman, who has been away for a 10 day holiday, first to the I.O.W. to his brothers, then to Abingdon, tells me on one farm at Abingdon 40 trees were blown down by the gale of Friday last. One wonders whether the eruption of Etna has to do with our gales, of course the column of hot air arising must displace and disturb a large volume, other currents rushing in to fill up the gap – I wonder! – What? “It sounds to me” as Americans say. Frank a shade better we think. Came Bertha this evening, I read them “O. Henry” when we all laughed until we cried. He’s a most diverting wag – the two men who were snowed up – Omar K.M. and Herkimer – read it reader. After being shut up most of the day, weather bound (not snow) the laugh has made me feel much better thank you.

“A Merry Heart is a good medicine;

But a Broken Spirit drieth up the Bones” The Proverbs XVII . 22

I shall print that over the door of the back kitchen, there is a space that has been waiting years for a decoration.

November 25th Sunday

Yet more of the same gale, N. West. Came at 5 Freda Lovell and later Percy and his wife, much talk about apple trees for his garden, the existing ones all too old and done for. His new waterworks at Ellwell progressing, wheat and oats coming along, though late sown, as he did not get possession until September 29th and the ground had to be prepared. Frank rather better, his voice stronger. Alice still goes “down street” at 8.30, sleeping there and returning at 7.30 a.m.. This arrangement accounts for all this small talk writing of late, “summat for me t’do o’ evening” when I am alone having read the newspaper.

December 1st Saturday

A perfect winters day, sunny, clear, still, not cold. Spent most of the day in the garden pathmaking. This evening came young Hansford from Up Cerne Wood with a chicken ready for the spit, which I ordered a week or two ago. He told me he helped carry to the grave this day the body of the late Dowager Lady Digby at Minterne. She was born in '71, he tells me, much younger than her late husband the son of the “wold Lard” of my young days, Wm. Cross’s old Lord.

December 2nd Sunday

Walked this morning with Alice to the hill road by way of Alton Hill to gather belatedly sloes, with the view of putting them in a bottle. 1/3 of the bottle sloes, some sugar candy and fill up with a liquor called GIN, cork, seal lay on its side, turn occasionally and in about two months drink, pretty creature drink. The sloes should have been picked weeks ago but owing to Frank’s continued illness our Sunday walks have not been continued for the last two months. On the hill met Gordon McDonald taking Vic his spaniel for a walk, returned together.

December 3rd Monday

This morning at 10.30 to Sydling and Up Sydling with Dalton in Frank’s car to keep it in running order as it has not been used since his illness. Up Sydling a watery muddy farmstead,

old (Tudor, I imagine) tumble down, thatched farmhouse, premises and cottages, perhaps one of the most isolated spots in the county. On this December day the place looked forlorn and deserted, some pigs and poultry scrounging around. Picturesque? Yes, a fine old Granary, a sizeable lake or large pond with ducks and geese afloat. After D. had seen his patients we on to Dorchester shopping (Gin for the sloes, 12/6 a bottle) back by 1.30 to dinner. Afterwards the car to be cleaned and covered up. 4.30 Miss Mansels to tea. 6.30 Bertha comes and returns a book Alice lent her. Alice busy making the Xmas puddings. B. and I sing duets, she is a merry creature with an ear. After supper read the paper and write letters. 10.30 to bed. The day, fair, mild, still. The Thatcher from Thornford has nearly finished the roof of the cottage (H.D.'s) opposite, beautifully done with good drawn reed – in his way he's a bloomin' artist 'e is! I find the gale the other day did damage to the ridge tiles of my stable, they were not blown off but the mortar which holds them was blown out in many places, one piece being carried by the wind on to the roof of my glasshouse, making a hole such as a bullet would make and cracking the pane. Some putty fills it up.

December 9th Sunday

Walked this morning on the Dorchester Rd. as far as Pound, on my return met Alice and presently Percy Lovell and wife who were returning by car to Dorchester. He has now 50 shorthorns and gets nearly 100 gallons a day – 99 was the highest last week – shortly he will exceed the 100 he says. Just the right morning for a brisk walk, no wind, sunny, freezing. Back to dinner at 1.30. Soon dark, took 40 winks. This evening letter writing and going through my papers which have got into a very untidy condition. This purpleness (the colour of J.B.'s ink) is only an expression of light heartedness, the ink was bought for decorative purposes, but it flows well and has an air of gaiety which black has not.

On Friday came the gravel for the revised path by the Mill 1 ¼ yards (cubic) from Mr. Brandreth's pit at Buckland, not a yellow colour, screened flint, binds well, cost 7/6 and cartage 6/-, paid Dunn for the latter and sent P.O. for the former. As it has now frozen into a hard mass must wait for the thaw before spreading it.. The schools are to be closed again owing to a fresh outbreak of Diphtheria so my assistant gardener will be able to come and lend a hand with the wheelbarrow when the time comes. Some roses, 12 bushes, are ordered and should come this week with red hot pokers, helleborus nigres and a weigelia (red I hope) these, or some of them to go in the newly formed bed by the path – of course the frost would come just as I wanted to plant them. That is the way of things sometimes but heeled in they will not take harm for a while.

Yesterday came more firewood from Up Cerne, ash and faggots for kindling. Hansford also sent a chicken, rather a poor one but as he says "shan't charge 'e but a small price for 'en. It will serve. Wrote to the Bank at Winchester, sending Alice's will for safekeeping and Bank receipt to be made up to date. Wrote to Henry and my godson, sending him "Treasure Island" for a Xmas Box – hope the boy has not read it, a joy for him if he has not. I can still read it with pleasure, perhaps a sign of second childhood's arrival or shall we say approach.

December 15th Saturday

Busy gardening all the week, path making continues and but for the late frosts would have been completed, the ground so hard today that the spade would not "touch it". So this morning Basker and I to the Vicarage with the wheelbarrow and fetched three loads of "top spit" from the Vicar's field where he is enlarging his kitchen garden. These turves are to be buried in the centre bed of the Italian Garden which has been enlarged and into which the roses are to go

when the weather permits. A layer of turf, a layer of manure, another of earth, roses, earth and a topping of more manure, that ought to give me a show next June. This winter gardening is full of hope not always perhaps fulfilled, but one has the pleasure of it, and without HOPE in this world – well, where are you?

Paid Cheeseman (Fred) £1.13.0 for 20 cwt. Bags of ash firewood. His partner Elliott will perhaps bring me a load of Tucking Mill soil which being more sandy and free from lime will suit my garden better. Near the house where old buildings formerly stood there is much mortar in the soil – too much for roses anyway. In digging up the bed by the N. wall the other day and digging deep I took out several barrow loads of flints from old buildings as large as a lump of chalk. They have gone into a path.

The Magistrate to Plaintiff – “You say the prisoner hit you with a lump of chalk which he deliberately threw at you?” Plaintiff – “Yes m’lord”. Magistrate, “How large was the piece he threw?” Plaintiff – “Oh, a biggish piece m’lord”. Magistrate “How big? As large as my head?” Plaintiff – “Yes m’lord, but not so THICK”.

This story was, I think, told to me by William Cross many, many years ago. William loved a good story and like his old father roared with laughter on telling one – such gargantuan laughter as one no longer hears, it seems to me. Perhaps our stories are not so good or our lungs and digestions are less powerful than they were in the ‘80’s. Those days in our farm houses were Shakespearean, heavy feeding, heavy drinking, roaring laughter, some gambling, much hospitality but everybody ready next day for the days work, fox hunting or shooting.

Today, the second day of a “cooch fire” in the garden, the drier part of a “girt hipe” (great heap) that has been accumulating for months, weeds, trimmings of shrubs, dead leaves and so on. If this dry frosty weather goes on I hope to burn the lot. Percy and Mrs.L. having spent the day on their farm came in this evening. P. has made two dew ponds on the hill, one at Large Barn the other at----- must go and inspect. Brother Frank certainly better. King George a very sick man I fear.

Llewellyn’s (P.R.A.) in today’s Daily Mail, quite a shock to see how he has aged since I last saw him in ’20 or ’21, doubtless I have changed too, Dicksee wished him to succeed him as President. 10.30 p.m. time to go “up in tallett” as farmer Pile of the Abbey Farm used to say at this hour.

December 16th Sunday

Jack Frost left us during the night, the wind veering from the N.E. to S.E. and by the afternoon S., rain all day. Have not been far from the house except to see F. at 10 a.m. and about 3 to post letters which I wrote this morning on the way calling on Frank for my second daily visit, he’s better. A dull, dark, dank day. This evening Alice to Church, I stay in to keep house and the home fire burning – drawing and reading. The ground will be too wet, I fear, to carry on the bed making in the orchard garden tomorrow.

December 17th Monday

After yesterday’s rain a perfect sunny winters morning, planted the roses with no names (1 dozen) in the oval bed. Started at 10 o’clock, dug a deep trench, put in 3 barrow loads of turf, 2 barrows of manure and then more earth, then the roses. This took the boy and me until 1. Dinner and a well earned rest.

December 18th Tuesday

This morning came brother William from Dorchester by carrier, I still busy gardening, he to dinner at 12.45 and off by the same bus.

December 19th Wednesday

The “Dorset County Chronicle” which gives a weekly reprint under the heading “100 Years Ago” states that there was a fire at Cerne Abbas which burnt down “Clark’s Dowlais Works where 12 women were employed”. This weaving shed belonged to my Father’s Father, William Henry Clark. The building became later the stable and above the tailor’s workroom in which I remember as many as 6 hands were employed constantly. This fire was followed or preceded by a very violent gale of wind which did great damage to roofs and houses, ricks and trees (1828, Father was then 7 years old). I have heard this great gale spoken of when I was young but did not know until the Chronicle reported it, on the 6th December, when it occurred.

Today Dr. Dalton drove me and Basker to Dorchester in Frank’s Austin 7, to keep the car in running order during his illness and to enable me to go to the Bank, and do some shopping. Paid Dibben for the new fireguard, which is a success (£3.2.6.). Called on Ernest Long and ordered some white notepaper with a printed heading of our address.

December 23rd Sunday

Yesterday and today busy trimming the bank and hedge which divides Miss Mansell’s (late Cook’s) garden from mine. Have cut a ditch and shorn back the roots, incidentally “pinching” flints and half bricks which will help in making the path, that job still continues. Frank better but still in bed. Old Tom Tyrell, I learn, is not likely to get out of his again, dozes most of the time and does not eat.

The shaping of a garden is more interesting than growing cabbages and potatoes though that part of the game is necessary – one sees in one’s mind’s eye, or thinks one does what will be the effect of such changes and plantings. On an old plum tree which the boy and I sawed off I intend to put a vase of some sort perhaps only a bucket into which will go periwinkle, a wandering, untidy growth in a bed, it can then hang down and will look effective, the stump remaining three or four feet high. Alice and I busy the last two evenings sending good wishes to our friends by post, much labour and many postage stamps.

Perhaps I have mentioned this somewhere in my notes “Jimmy Osbourne” who was the Schools porter in 1910 when I joined the staff and who had grown old in the service was very deaf. On one occasion during the Keeper’s illness (A. Gow R.A.) I met him in the corridor as he was returning from his mid day meal. Wishing to know the latest report from “up stairs” I asked Jimmy how the Keeper was. Thank ‘e Sir, I ‘ad roast beef, two veg., some roly poly and topped off with a pint of bitter, a bit of alright that was Sir.

December 27th

Xmas is over, a very quiet festival for us. Alice and I very busy writing and sending off cards and so on. Today came Fred Tompsett and wife on a flying visit, by car, not a flying machine, to pay a Xmas visit. The boy and I spent from 10 till 1 digging out the ditch in the lower part of the orchard garden, barrow loads of roots, ivy and green stuff, a great improvement or will be

when finished, incidentally I get a quantity of flints and brick all of which will make the paths good.

December 29th Saturday

Continued our hedging and ditching and made a fire of the refuse. At 2 o'clock the post brings photo's of "The Batchelor's Breakfast Table" which has been accepted by the National Museum of Wales, Cardiff, presented by my old friend Chas. Frederick Fox of Burseldon as a subscriber to the National Art Collection Fund. Will write to the Morning Post who are giving a series of dog stories.

In the '80's when a student at U.C.L. coming home from time to time on holiday and enjoying the pleasures of the chase, much to the delight of our spaniel. Often when working gorse (furze) for rabbits I would borrow a neighbour's terrier, "Jim", a determined rabbiter, who would stay with us until I left for town again, making his quarters the stables. On one occasion at Xmas, I arrived after an absence of some months to find Jim in the stable wagging his tail, clearly saying that he was ready as soon as I was. How did he know that I was coming? During my absence he had been with his owner. Next year, his owner, a young Butcher and his wife left for Manitoba to take up a farming career, with them went the wife's brother and "Jim". After settling down in their new home they bought another farm some miles distant on which the brother built his house. Jim's duty now was to carry notes to and fro from one farm to the other, these were tied to his collar and he was told to "go" and bring back an answer, which he did. I have seen nothing of the owner of Jim since. Hope this copy of the M.P. will reach him and find him well. Vuz is Dorset for furze, plural furzen.

December 30th Sunday

This morning walked in bright sunlight to the 3 cornered piece, the limit of Barton Farm, by Pound with Alice, met the Lovell family (the boys on holiday from Canford and Sherbourne Schools) the younger Peter, to join his brothers at the former school after the holidays. Back at 1 to dinner, our Xmas beef cold and hot mincepies with Montrachet to wash it down. After dinner 40 winks, then gardening until 4.30 – note the lengthening of the days. This evening to post, call on Frank, Alice to Church, sleet.

December 31st Monday

This morning after breakfast comes my old friend, Tom Tyrell's daughter-in-law to tell me of his death last night – and so with the passing of the old year goes Tom into the unknown after a hard life, soldier as a young man, India for some years, labourer and for something like 32 years under gardener at the late Lord Digby's where he made and tended the long walk which runs from the house to Little Minterne. I have seen him several times of late in bed growing weaker and thinner. The last visit I paid was on Xmas Eve, when I took him a Xmas Box, a silk handkerchief. He was then very weak but he answered questions and was, I think, pleased to have a visitor Poor old boy, a hard life and a struggle all his days, but his sense of fun remained up to the time of his illness.

The boy and I continued our operations in intense cold, a N. wind that kept it up continuously. The sleet and snow that fell last night had gone this morning but it feels as if there is more to come soon. Wrote to George Clausen to send greetings, hope to meet him at the Private View at the Royal Academy on Thursday 4th

1929

January 1st Tuesday

Must start this new year gaily so here it is in purple (ink). Hard frost last night but no snow here, busy this morning preparing for my visit to Town tomorrow, gardening, paying Xmas bills, called on Randall to show him claim for income tax, which he says is correct. Brother William comes from Dorchester tomorrow to keep Alice company in my absence for a couple of nights anyhow. I propose to go into Dorchester by the 9.45 bus and take the G.W.R. to Paddington at 12 noon.

January 2nd Wednesday

I go to London, Dorchester by Thorne's bus, G.W.R. 12.30, corridor train, lunch on board and arrive at Paddington 3.30, taxi to 120 Maida Vale the home of my old friend H.F.J. A.J. Batholomew receives me and we talk over the affairs of my old friend, he leaves £22,777, personal £10,000. We read the will and I am delighted to find the first name is mine, £200, good man! All his property, house, pictures, silver, furniture etc. to go to Dudley Carmalt Jones, his nephew, son of Bill the eldest brother who died many years ago in London. Dudley is a Dr. living in New Zealand, where he has been since the War. All the objects of art which formed his personal collection are displayed on the dining room table and his friends are constantly calling to choose their souvenir, many of these, as I am the older friend than Bart, I interview, so we are kept busy. George Clausen called and invited me to stay with them at 61 Carlton Hill when my visit here is over on Saturday, as other visitors are coming to 120.

January 3rd Thursday

Busy going through H.F.J.'s papers and interviewing visitors who call to get their momentos. Alfred Cathis, S. Butler's old clerk one of the party, invite him to come to lunch with me at Prosser's (Holborn) where Barth is to lunch with me also, as many years ago H.F.J. and I used to feed there in the days when H.F.J.'s rooms were at Barnard's Inn and when I used to go to Gilbert Dalziel's to get paid for my ink drawings in "Judy". I may have had lunch there since I left London in '21 but only once or twice in '22 or '23. The young man "Albert" who used to open my oysters when they were 2/6 a dozen (they are now 7/6 so oysters are off) recognised me immediately I entered the restaurant. He has grown stout but I could see it was Albert – that cost me a 2/6 tip on leaving. Wonderful that with all the thousands that have passed him since we met that he should have known me. Good man!

Barth and I go to the Private View at the R.A., the Dutch paintings, marvellous, but such a crowd and meeting so many old friends I saw very little of the collection. Met Llewellyn, the new President and congratulated the R.A. on his appointment, that appeared to have been the right remark – wow, wow.

In the evening to dine, B. and I, at Sir Charles Strachey's, 32 Abbey Road, N.W. An interesting man whose hobby is archaeology, has been digging for old tiles recently at some ancient Abbey. Asked to see his small bronze man with a pick axe, which I saw when I last dined with him with H.F.J. – an African bronze (not Benin) perhaps 6 inches high, very good primitive work. Unfortunately it has been broken and THROWN AWAY. I could have repaired it if he had let me know – sorry!

January 4th Friday

To Gregory's, my old curio dealer, in the Chalk Farm Road to get him to come and pack my "John Chinaman" a glazed coloured earthenware figure which is my principal souvenir. It is two feet high and is a very noble and dignified piece – I think it portrays an actor. (Must make a bracket in which to place him). On the way from Maida Vale to Chalk Farm I took a bus from Kilburn Station to the Adelaide Tavern, a very cold day with a strong N.E. wind blowing, 'bus full inside I had to mount on top, took a back seat, only one other passenger on the top, he sat on the right hand front seat, wind against us, 15 m.p.h., we going at say 15m.p.h.. The front passenger's hat blew off at 30m.p.h.. Quick as thought (I used to field at point in the cricket field) I raised my left arm and by chance caught the hat. The hatless one full of thanks and wonder. He was a foreigner, French, I think, but stopped short of kissing me, I am glad to say.

Called on Maddox, who was born the same year as H.F.J. (1851) found him in, indeed, he does not go out much I gather – saw Mr. Walker, the house keeper of my day who grows older and more bent, a very good person and hard working. Back to lunch and at 4 to call on John Wells who came to see Barth. A day or two ago with his friend Skegman both of whom expressed themselves in a very complimentary way on what they considered the beauty of "The Corner of my Studio", a painting I made in '21 at K.H. Rd. Barth. Said they really meant it so I had to call on them which I did this afternoon, first to Well's in the Abbey Rd. at 4. A fine studio and some good and very interesting work. I am pleased to see that there are younger painters who are not led away by the cubists and jazzists but who are doing good thorough stuff.

At 5 o Skegman's in the Marlborough Studio, which I used to visit in the old days. S. is a younger man and not at present so sure as his friend appeared to me to be going in the right direction, some sound drawing and two or three small watercolours showing promise of better things presently. W. is evidently an established painter of portraits, getting as much as £700 for a full length, I believe, but he is well off with a villa in the South of France and a house in Town with 2 studios. Not much struggle there except with the placing of the right tone in the right place.

January 5th Saturday

More visitors at 120. at 4 o'clock I leave for Sir George's. Gregory has packed the figure and will fetch it on Monday in a taxi and call for me at Carlton Hill at 9.45 a.m.

January 6th Sunday

Call on Barth. 10.30, Dr. Hallis, 11.15, home to lunch at 12'45 as Sir George has to attend at the R.A. to receive the Queen and party at their Private View of the Dutch Collection. She, I hear, did it thoroughly going round with a catalogue and seeing everything. The Princes were there to, the Prince of Wales bored and escaping to the black and white room to smoke a pipe. There was a party of about 50. Clausen says he grows weary of these constant doings, luncheons here, dinners there and speechifying – well I am sure I should. Glad am I that I am not an R.A., though that is the last thing I am ever likely to be – so I am safe and can go on with my gardening and so on, much more in my way.....

January 7th Monday

Comes young Gregory at 9.45 with my baggage in a cab and off to Paddington, he had previously engaged a corner seat in the 10.30. I leave London in darkness a dense fog overhead,

making day into night, clearer as we reach Hanwell, at Reading heavy snow, ground white, that we leave behind as we proceed. Dorchester free from snow but cold. Alice meets me at the station in Thorne's car driven by another Albert and so home by 3.30. An early tea, call on Frank, who seems to me much as he was when I left, makes little or no progress but no worse.

January 8th Tuesday

Gardening, burning rubbish (unpacking and so on), On Friday Barker and I walk to Up Cerne Wood to pay Hansford for his chickens, which he has supplied at various times since October 1st, 3/6 each which is cheap these times. "I 'eard 'ee holler in the wood" as he greets me at his door. "Come inter kitchen, there's a good vire". After business is complete we sit around the "good vire" and "ave a glass 'o ale, "There, I be glad You've a come before my 4 ½ (gallon barrel) wuz done, that was Xmas ale" and very good. Home by 4.30, rather foot sore.

NOTE Sunday 6th

Besides the Chinaman I have had given to me my oil painting of "The Donkey Boy", painted on Black Hill, Cerne, in 188.... That I have given to my old friend Chas. Fred. Fox of Burseldon.

"The Corner of my Studio" painted in 1921 that to A.J. Bartholomew

"Cerne Valley from Black Hill" painted 1887 to Sir George Clausen

"Cerne Valley from the Head of Park" painted 1887, that I have. Note; the old keepers cottage on the left long since burnt down.

A silhouette of H.F.J. by me in 1892

Some of these he bought at various times, the earlier ones I gave him.

Portrait of myself, 1883, painted at Hampstead Rd.

A Ming brass or bronze incense bowl, its wooden stand.

His silver snuff box which he carried (French or Italian)

2 netsuke, one in wood (seed pod of the lotus), one in lacquer (red) and £200, good old man, that sum I shall invest in War Loan and bequeath to A.J. Bartholomew with the Chinaman and netsuke. I am sure that is what HE would approve of "Poor Mister" as Evelyn calls him. Evelyn is one of the maids at 120 who has been with them for some years – the cook is Rees a very good cook too. Barth. Is to send me prints of the photograph of the "Studio Corner" when they are ready.

The studio at Hampstead Rd. was near George Cruickshank's old home, the house was pulled down when the L. & N.W. Rwy. Widened their line. The first floor front room had a large window which faced North, there was a back room and I had also a room in the basement for oil, coal etc. My landlord was Mr. Creber, a German whose business or profession was the carving of Meerschaum pipes, which he did very cunningly, heads of young ladies, beautiful figures and so on. I think I paid 13/- a week rent. There I painted "Labour", horses and stone wagon, now in the possession of my friend Fred. Tompsett at Up Lyme, this is my largest canvas – now do 'em small. "Labour" was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1884? It was

also at this studio that I painted the portrait of myself which H.F.J. owned for many years, in which I am wearing a black coat, black hair, black whiskers and moustache, head, shoulders (i.e. one shoulder) less than life size, nearly full face.

January 20th Sunday

Today a touch of spring in the air in spite of a cold S. Easter, bright sun. Came Butcher Green at 12 noon to see my paintings and Chinaman. He is intelligent but curiously repeats a statement, a habit which was a characteristic of his old mother, I remember. Whether he does it unconsciously or to emphasise a remark I can't make out, I think the former as though one half of his brain worked after the other, in fact "let not your right hand (brain) know what your left hand (brain) doeth".

February 7th Thursday

In the early hours of the morning brother Frank passed away, quietly and peacefully as he had lived; after along illness during which he never complained, full of consideration for others – he was 73 last October.

February 11th Monday

Today at 2.30 we buried good, gentle, honoured, loved and deeply respected Frank. A raging blizzard all the morning, intense cold and drifts of snow. After the service to the churchyard, the Revd. C.F. Hall, the Vicar, read a short service, present brothers William and Henry, Henry Dorning, Dr. Dalton, Donald McDonald and many others. The Bearers, George Warren, Dick Barnes, Chester Hart, George House, son of old Stephen of "Park", William Trowbridge made the coffin and engaged the Bearers. Henry motored from Stroud (Glos.) with his wife, arriving Sunday at 6 o'clock, stayed at the New Inn and left on Monday after the service as the snow would make travelling difficult if it grew worse.

February 12th Tuesday

William stayed last night with me, Alice being with Christiann, and left by Thorne at 1.45 for Dorchester. The boy and I busy sweeping snow from the garden and from the floor of the attic, the fine snow having penetrated through the chinks of the tiled roof – several buckets full. This evening going through good Frank's accounts and putting aside papers to go to the Bank at Dorchester for safe keeping. Still very cold, 32o on my staircase where my thermometer hangs. The bracket (mahogany) for my Chinese figure nearly completed. Came Parson to tea, the poor man with two teeth just taken out and with puffed face. Very busy writing to friends to tell them the sad news.

February 14th Thursday

The intense cold continues, 29 degrees this morning. Last evening came Mr. Randall (lawyer's clerk) to help me go through Frank's papers. He seems level headed and deals with such matters with ease whereas I get confused and bewildered with such details.

This afternoon called on Cheeseman to talk over the matter of the proposed new window in my "Long Room" on the S. wall at the W. end. Mr. Bown has some old oak from his stables, which are being re-roofed tomorrow. C and I are going to inspect it at 12.30 to see if it is suitable for our purpose.

Alice and I walked to Brick Kiln Lane, very bad “going”, roads like glass in places. Came Mr. Billy and Mrs. Hall at different times this morning. These evenings at 6 and for some weeks past Alice goes to stay with Chris, returning at 7.30 a.m. in time to prepare our breakfasts. These sisters are both wonderful people. Chris has nursed Frank for the past four months, up and down stairs all day, cooking, nursing and all the rest of it at 81 years of age.

RECOLLECTIONS

1

Visiting the Baillie-Grohman's at Matzu, Tyrol somewhere in the beginning of the century, we walked to the hut of some cow herds on the alps at Sonvendoch. Reaching our destination about lunch time, we carried some food, but the men made an excellent dish of Kaiser Schmaru, flour, butter and milk fried on a wood fire made in a well in the corner of the room, the smoke going out of a hole in the roof. The well part was the right height to form a seat with ones feet near the fire, which when we arrived was only smouldering, reaching down a wooden tube, one of our hosts blew through this and in a few minutes a good blaze, sizzled the butter (lots of it) in the frying pan to which was added the mixture of flour and milk, a sort of batter slightly brown and cut with a spoon into slabs much as we serve Yorkshire Pudding. After our repast I gave the men cigarettes which afforded much amusement, they had probably never seen them before though they smoke the large bowled Tyrolean pipe constantly. I told them to inhale the smoke whereupon there was much coughing and laughter.

2

During the period following '68 when Frank and I were at school at de Winton's at Dorchester we went on Saturday afternoons to join Father and Mother at 2 Cornhill where Father had a branch business. They drove in the morning to "The Antelope" where the horse was "put up", being Market day the stables were crammed full of horses of various shapes and colours, two in a stall, a strong smell of horse pervading, the wonder being that people even had their own horses for the return journey.

This brings to my recollection an occasion on which a mistake was made. Frank (?) on a visit to the cousins at Christchurch drove them over to Bournemouth to some entertainment in a conveyance drawn by a horse hired for the occasion, a black with one white stocking. On their return, at night, a black with the same markings was produced at the stables and the return journey was safely made. Next morning the irate owner of the original black called to enquire - ---- and no doubt an equally angry owner found that he had the wrong horse.

At Dorchester fair William Cross bought from some gypsies a black "jinette" for his children to ride, smooth of coat and "sleek as a wont" (mole). The beast arrived in the dark and was placed in a field, which William did not visit for some days on account of heavy rain, by the time he was able to go the rain had washed off the colouring matter which had been applied before the sale and left – an ass! W's comment was "there was a pair of them in the field" Whether a "jinette" is the result of a cross between a mare and an ass or the other way about I am not sure – the mule is horse = ass I believe.

3

Coincidences – The Black Swan

In Regent's Park, through which I took my daily walk to Dorset St, Baker St. to Frank Calderon's School 1901 – 1909, on the water were two black swans, one day in June I noticed only one and asked my friend the Keeper what had become of the other, "Oh, Old Jack goes away every year for a few weeks holiday". My holiday arrived in due course and I went to

Ballater N.B. on a visit to the Denham's, leaving them I went to Skene House to visit the home of one of my pupils, Miss Mary Hamilton, cousin of my friend Vereker H. In the park is a lake, perhaps a mile long, walking with Mrs. Vereker and Miss Daisy I spied a black swan on the centre of the lake. "So you keep black swans"? "No that one came here the other day will perhaps stay for a few weeks and then leave us as he has done before."-----

Betty, Mrs Vereker's small daughter, as her mother and I start for a walk in the Park, "Bring me home a little rabbit --" Presently from under our feet in the bracken a small bunny jumps up and makes for the roots of a tree twenty yards off -- I in chase, notice there is not a rabbit hole there and from under a root am able at arms length to seize him and take him home to show her, afterwards taking it back to the shelter of the bracken again.

4

The End of a Journey

The close of my period of service at the Schools brings with it a sense of a finished journey, with the holidays about to begin. The burden of the day is past, the stuffy railway carriage, the heated fellow passengers, the trees and houses we pass blurred and dizzy with the dance of perspective, the shrieks of engines the thus of air pressure of passing trains, the din and grit of the whole business grinds to a standstill at a quaint wayside station and I the only passenger to dismount, a slow old porter, haste is not demanded here, gathers up my luggage, enquires after my health in broad Dorset, places my bags in the well of the governess cart sent to meet me. The sweet air is cool after a shower, there is no dust, a sprinkling of gnats rising and falling like bubbles at the top of the bend of a small jet of water shot into the air and the swallows are the signs of life outside. The roses which border the station and scent the air are the fruits of the labours of the old porter between his "up" and "down" trains. The departing train with snorts and shrieks has left and disappeared into the tunnel beyond. We jog along to our destination, a pale lemon coloured moon faces us in the eastern sky as we go. We arrive, a quiet kindly welcome awaits me, as it always does, a meal is ready, the subdued talk, question and answer of friends who have been parted, the ticking of the clock in the corner, the news of the village -- tick, tick! The doings of the brothers and their families who are on their journeys -- tic-tic! A smoke and talk - tic-tick -- bed and sweet oblivion.

5

Home Brewed Ale

In the '60's -- '70's beer was brewed for my Father's household, real good malt and hops -- John Childs (groom, gardener and oddman) assisted by Robert ~Gillingham were the brewers. The brew house was situated in the lower garden. (now 28 E.J. Thorne's property at the end of the passage in Long Street opposite the Royal Oak) Brewing operations were carried on in October, the casks were stored in the cellar under the passage, the small room known as the Counting house, from the "Drong" led steps down, covered by a double "flap" the entrance from the outside -- down the steps the barrels were lowered and placed on racks -- the cellar is a low chamber not high enough for one to stand erect, always cool and in the winter as the well was there, damp -- all this by way of preparation to what I am after, bronze taps when the ale was ready, about Xmas time, had to be driven in the bung holes and "spile pegs" inserted. The bung holes varied in size or the taps did so brown paper was wrapped around the smaller taps before they were inserted -- sometimes a mis calculation was made and the beer being called "uppish" there was a rare squizzling and shouting when the precious liquor escaped and many a

wetting have I seen and experienced. One of the family jokes was to tell the tapster, one of the brothers deputed to draw the dinner ale that he should whistle during his absence to ensure that he did not take a surreptitious draught during the operation. After the lapse of all these years the whole operation and even the joke has an Elizabethan touch about it.

What poet was it who said (Shenstone?) “Both back and side go bare go bare

Both foot and hand grow cold

But belly God send thee ale enough

Whether it be new or old”

A prayer from the very depth of a taper’s heart.

6

On Change (1921)

A constant repetition of small events bores me, doing the daily duties only, always, is horrible, the fatigue is physical as well as mental, as in carpentering or gardening one’s hands become worn and tired as one becomes so absorbed in one’s work it must be continued – a week end off is a break and one returns with renewed vigour. Family quarrels are generally the outcome of boredom and want of imagination, a “breeze” blows up a change and is as good as a holiday, an illness and recovery is good for the same reason, as one grows better the mind is occupied with schemes for the future and how to carry out these schemes, one grows eager to recover and get at it. Death itself must come as an agreeable change, the old and weary must welcome it like sleep after the days’ fatigues – a long holiday, a journey, at first one’s thoughts are behind with past events, presently fellow passengers interest us, then our thoughts get in advance, what shall we do etc. what a relief to the brain.

Talking to one of my students of my future prospects – He “How far will your house be from the station?” I, “Eight miles.” He “How inconvenient, how you’ll miss the trains.” I “Thank heaven I shall, I’ve lived over the N.W. main line for more than 30 years, my house vibrating day and night. I hope never to see a train again”. At Cerne once or twice a year with a favourable wind and atmospheric conditions, foretelling rain, the rumble or whistle of a distant train may be heard on the G.W. line from the direction of Holywell or Evershot, that is quite as much as I shall want to hear of trains in the future. Walking to High Stoy, one of the highest points in our district, one sees the thin trail of smoke from an engine at Yetminster or Yeovil, in the Vale of Blackmoor, just enough to suggest the busy world and give accent to the placid stillness of that quiet region of “small dairies”, to quote one great Dorset novelist.

7

One autumn during the war, 1918, I think, a short part of my holidays was spent harvesting a week perhaps at Manor Farm, Minterne Magna where I stayed with my old friend William Cross; the younger farm men having left to become soldiers. William’s two daughters and a young lady named Christine Bazzett, a Canadian were amongst my companions. Miss Bazzett a well grown, active, sun browned person with bright eyes and white teeth set off by her bronzed healthy complexion and I became good friends and had great talks on books and pictures and

matters in general, her society made harvesting possible, and put the Cross girls in such deep shadow that we could not see them, she was such a blaze of sunlight and colour, a white smock frock, or overall, corduroy breeches, leather leggings and for her head-dress a bright silk bandana, red and yellow, I think it was, a poppy stuck in her leather waist belt, repeated the red of the silk handkerchief, and finished an object for the eye that I shall not readily forget, so rare was its beauty, in addition her easy movements and supple strength seemed the acme of grace and activity. She and I made the foundations of a circular wheat rick, "laid the staddle" is, I think, the technical term; a layer of timber covered with faggots to make a level bed for the straw, this was in the rick yard at the back of the farm house, near the pond. As soon as the bedding was completed along came the wagons with the corn, the rick soon rose to such a height that a ladder was wanted for those on the top to get up and down. Churchill the carter and Handsford the shepherd who were two of my companions on that occasion are still living ('28) Shepherd lives at Up Cerne Wood and supplies us with firewood and chickens. He has a small holding, keeps some beasts and sheep, is about my age, talks broad Dorset and holds William Cross's memory in deep respect, he was shepherd for him for 32 years, a long stretch of a mans life and what he does not know about sheep is not worth knowing. His face is adorned with grey Kruger whiskers and when he comes to see me he wears a bowler hat (I daresay one of Williams) of, I should think, Kruger date. Churchill I have seen at Dorchester within the last few years (80 years old I imagine) dressed in a dark suit, looking like a cross between a farmer and a dissenting minister, he lives with a son I am told, a few miles from the county town – both are good types of a class that seems to be dying out, good, reliable, hard working, with considerable dignity in their bearing. (January 1929, both Handsford and Churchill are living).

8

When I was young a house stood in Park, probably 14th century where the monks of Cerne Abbey raised venison and preserved other game for their table. Many years ago the building was burnt down. In the early '80's Park was one of my sketching haunts, in the cottage lived Stevey House, his wife and family of comely daughters and sons. The ground floor was one large living room, outside a lean-to, which was a stable for the donkey, wood house and tool house. On wet days I painted in the living room one end of which was taken up by the large open fire-place on which Stevey placed ash poles which crackled and gave off such an amount of heat that one could not sit near it. The walls of the room were whitewashed against which the old dark oak furniture, the eight day clock, tables, dresser and chairs look still darker than they would have otherwise have done. The windows were recessed in thick walls and were diamond paned leaded glass, some panes green some clear. Polished brass candlesticks shone on the mantelpiece, high up over the coloured cotton valance. Stevey was woodman, keeper and hurdle maker. Shooting rabbits a year or two ago in the woods, I made search for the site of the building which is on high ground, in the direction of the far corner from Cerne near Wheam Hill, after a long search I found the place indicated by a few squared stones and covered by grass and trees, the home of fox and rabbit, the trees a building place for the gay, chattering jay. The well, some quarter of a mile from the house, in the valley, is still there. As Children we dropped pebbles down to hear the splash after a long interval when it reached the surface of the water. To the ponds on the downs at the top come wild duck, in the woods are rabbits by the hundreds, foxes in plenty, pheasants and sometimes a woodcock or two, occasionally a badger and perhaps a fallow deer. No other place afforded such nutting in the warm days of autumn when we had an annual outing, getting lost in the undergrowth of hazel, cultivated and preserved for hurdle making. Well Copse, Hare Copse, Seat Copse, "Zunny Brow" and other plantations of odd shapes reminded me of a large scale map of a new world with the sea

coloured green and the earth copse colour, changing as the seasons came and went, emerald in the spring and varying in the autumn and winter with all the subtle shades of woodland colours, yellows, reds and the purple haze of twigs and catkins when winter merges into spring.

9

I have written somewhere of Tom Buckley, he was an Irishman, the Excise Officer at Cerne in the early '80's (?), amusing and good natured and fond of sport, he rode a grey pony called the Bashi Bazouk, which gives his date, as they were to the fore at the time. I remember his driving the Bashi in our cart to a cricket match at Cattistock. On the road we met his former owner, who raised his hands in surprise and exclaimed. "What, driving that brute!" He kicked two of my carts to matchwood when I had him." The wild Bashi had become more subdued and we went there and back without incident, though the breeching on that hilly road must often have pressed hard. We had another wild Irishman, a red headed one called Smith, living at this time at Sydling. He and Tom had attended a Xmas raffle at the Elephant and Castle, one of them won a goose, the event was duly celebrated "for the good of the house" and towards midnight Tom started to see Smith "going" on the road to Sydling. The time came to part and Smith declaring that the goose was his endeavoured to take it from Tom who refused to part with it, he hit the other on the head with the goose held by the neck and feathers flew, the Irishmen enjoyed themselves. What became of the remains of the goose I have forgotten. This is the race Britons have tried to understand and govern when it is impossible to do either – this is written in 1921 with the events of the past few years and of the present moment in mind.

Another "foreigner" of that period was one McColl, a tall Scot, assistant to Dr. McEnery, he played cricket with us "by the book", which he carried in his pocket and studied between the innings, almost between his strokes in batting. On one occasion after a match at either Weymouth or Portland we were walking in the cool of the evening on the Esplanade, stopping a passing policeman, he talked to him in Gaelic in a serious manner. "No Sir, I don't understand French, but if you will come to the station with me one of my mate's does!" I told him that I feared we had not time to do that as our train left in a quarter of an hour.

10

I once met Oscar Wilde at an evening party at Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, I regret to say; he seemed to me to be rather like a fat, drab, sleek slug which had crawled out of a dark cellar. Or perhaps a more polite simile would be to describe his appearance as resembling an underdone boiled suet dumpling.

11

Can I have discovered the reason why I dislike your Radicals? This afternoon I had a conversation with one. It seemed that what was wrong with him was that his outlook was coloured by suspicion, he must have been all his wretched life in touch with people upon whom he could not rely on and whose words he had to weigh and whose statements he was unable to believe until he had talked and talked all round a subject – what people! What a miserable outlook, and my god what a waste of TIME:

12

Painting at Torcross, near Start Point in the '80's with fellow Slade students, H. S. Tuke, G. P. Jacomb, Hood and A.Chevalier Taylor, an American who was staying at the hotel, taking his

morning walk where I was sketching, stopped to look on, the subject was Slapton Lea, with an old man mending a boat in the foreground, at the side of the composition stood a post supporting a line on which the fishermen placed their nets to dry, at the foot of the post was a black Spanish cock, a dab of red for his comb. To make conversation with our American I remarked that the school children who came to look at the picture on their way to school thought it, the cock, was a portrait of Tommy, one of their party, who wore a blue black jersey and a red knitted cap, like Israel Hands. "Don't say, how absurd why anyone can see it's a little gurl." He also gave his views on the art of painting, which were not clear, "I can understand how you put the pigment on, but how you get the contours is more than I can make out." There was another visitor at the Hotel, a London solicitor, who took his departure by coach the day I left my companions, we sat together and he unburdened his soul. "I had intended to stay another week but I can't stand another day of that American. Have you seen him eat!" At parting this old boy gave me what I thought, in my innocence, to be a spare guinea, it was but a Georgian shilling, probably "a duffer" gilded. I think I have it still, but the gilt is off the gingerbread. I was young then but I learnt that all that glitters etc. and that there are folks in the world who are but gilded pewter trying to pass themselves off as the genuine thing.

13

The end of the Term, July 31 '21

And so ends my career at the R.A.S., if curating can be described as careering. Here it must be said that it was as Master of the Schools that my appointment was made, that was the late President's wish (Sir Ed. Poynter's) but as there had never been a Master of the Schools but always "curator" of Day Schools, Curator of Evening Schools and Curator of Architectural Schools and formerly Curator of Sculpture Schools and the Lower School of Painting my post was always known as that of "Curator". I doubled the parts or trebled the parts of Day Schools, Lower Schools and Sculpture. For the past ten years my duties have been considerable, sometimes too much and I returned home weary and worn out each day. For the past term, I have perhaps taken them less seriously and find that my work at home has become the real thing, the schools a place of rest and an opportunity to do some writing. At home I paint in the early morning and evening and make preparations, furnishings and such like for the future.

14

The Building of the great Wall October 1920

Reckoning that Dick and I built 28 yards, which will not be far out, which occupied us for 7 weeks working from 7 till 7 every day, we did 4 yards a week, the cost was £50, 4 yards = £7.2.10, i.e. £1.15.8 per yard, so that Cheeseman did fairly well, I think (this included lime and sand, the flints and haulage I paid for) in spite of its being at after war prices and taking into consideration my efforts for the 7 weeks. So that the average price per yard is something under £1.15.6. This does not take into consideration its varying heights, ranging between 5ft 9ins and 8ft.

15

Cricket

Meeting a man in Chancery Lane and recognising in him an old cricketing opponent, one of the Dunning's of Charminster, who was studying law in London, I. "you don't remember me

perhaps.” D. “Oh yes I do and what’s more I shall never forget you.” “A hot day in August on the old Charminster ground, you and your brother Frank, batting first wicket, put on well over the 100 and I was fielding long leg”! There were few better hitters in that direction than Frank and he nearly took the leather off the ball against a stone wall that was a good boundary that day. F. was also the best fast bowler of his years I ever knew, in a match against boys of similar ages at the Dorchester Grammar School, played in our old stone walled field near the S.W.R. line, he on one occasion played great havoc with the batsman’s averages, taking most of their wickets and with one extra swift ball, breaking a good ash wicket in two, fearsome doings! He had a low swinging delivery, round the wicket, and as a fieldsman like my brothers William and Henry was good enough for any team. Henry, also was a magnificent fast bowler with high delivery. All our early enthusiasm for the game was imparted by our brother William an ardent cricketer all his days, playing until he was 70 and as good an all round man as you will find in a days march. I am convinced that much that is good in the character of the Briton is learnt on the cricket field and playing grounds of England, justice, obedience, discipline and playing for ones side, all are good and the fine exercise in the open air improves eye, thew and sinew and forms one for quick judgement and action. Great qualities all.

16

Cricketing on Black hill, Cerne, where we had built a shed of wood which was bought from the Old Wesleyan Chapel in Mill Lane and to which we added a corrugated iron roof in the early ‘80’s, on the level part of the top of the hill on the eastern side, far enough from the hedge to make it a good drive over the boundary (counting 6) and where we levelled and relaid the pitch, Jonathan Hardy being called in to do the job. Many were the good games played on it in the years following during the summer holidays. On one occasion one of my brothers made a particularly brilliant catch at point, low down off a fast one, “How’s that umpire”?

“Bloody marvellous”! says he. Gillingham on another occasion, playing for the Piddletrenthide Eleven, falling in running a short one just reached, or failed to reach with bat extended, the crease and before the question could be put to the umpire exclaimed with considerable heat “if that’s out I go home”. Gillingham who always played in nether garments which reached his armpits, and braces, wore also enormous boots shod with iron, he was always tumbling down but made up for his lack of agility by an obstinate doggedness, no blow from the ball and he was always much more in the way of it than was his bat, appeared to hurt him the least bit, gloves and pads he scorned to wear – a real example of the Briton who never knows when he is beaten or even knocked. Another “sport” with great natural abilities was Hopkins, a poacher, and son of a poacher and umbrella mender, he kept wicker beautifully with “hands of iron” as W.G. said of Board of Glos: his great delight was to accompany us shooting when the cricket season was at an end – many a time have I seen him “pick up” a rabbit in the gorse, pouncing on the crouching beast with those sure hands of his with the same certainty as he took the ball at the wicket and many a rabbit have I seen him kill with a stone – arm and eye both unerring.

17

Robbins, the Cerne sweep who had walked in the early morning to sweep the chimneys of the Manor House, Piddletrenthide, owned by J. Bridge Esq. Called after his labours at the New Inn for a drink, Tom Collier, the landlord, who had been drinking heavily and was beginning to “see things” came to the bar in response to repeated knocks, the mug of ale was brought by the trembling publican who under the impression that his black faced visitor was the Evil one come to fetch him for his mis-deeds refused the coppers in payment, and hoping to ingratiate himself,

“No Sir I couldn’t think of taking any money from you and I must ask you to allow me a few minutes to say goodbye to my wife.”

My old friend William Cross used to enjoy telling a tale of the visit of a man (Barnes of Blandford) who came annually to buy his wool. He came to dinner (mid-day) did his business and often walked to Little Minterne to deal with Mr Cross Senior. Walking in the daylight William noticed the footbridge by the ford was broken, the small stream was easily jumped over – but before their return after supper and at midnight, the shepherd had placed the hatches in position to fill the Washing Pool below, the lane I should mention is well wooded and as dark a place as I know on a summers night, the ford is reached, the stream now 4ft deep, William feeling with his stick for the brook remarks to his companion “when I say jump, jump!” And they jumped.

18

1868

Lines over the door of a village inn in the neighbourhood of Dorchester when Frank and I were at G.P. de Winton’s School at 40 south Street, in the late ‘60’s. I don’t remember the name of the village, the Inn or the Landlord but it went like this “Jack Richardson the Landlord here, Sells drink that’s good and not too dear, T’will brace your drum and make it tight, Wind up your watch and set you right.” They seem to hold an echo of the dram drinking, drum rolling Peninsular days. De Winton’s School was that formerly kept by William Barnes our local poet. In our day he was Vicar of Came and was often to be seen in Dorchester wearing the frock coat, breeches and buckled shoes of an earlier period, as shown in the statue of him by Mullin’s at Dorchester, which I saw in the artists studio in Fitzroy Sq. and towards the cost of which Chas. Holroyd and I subscribed our shillings or was it pence.

19

1860

Old John Child’s, who was formerly one of the weavers in the old hand loom days, when Cerne was a manufacturing town, in my grandfather’s linen weaving loft, before the introduction of steam shut up the local works, the date on the doorway in Back Lane, where the looms were, 1781, remains to this day, gradually becoming fainter as the years pass. The building has been used as a stable all my days and from it comes the front of an old oak chest, which I rescued from complete decay 35 years ago. It was in use as a corn bin , as long as it would hold corn, then a new iron one was bought to keep the mice out, that too in turn rusted out and has gone the way of all corn bins.

There were other industries, Brewing Tanning etc. I see now the great loads of wool going “to town” drawn by a team of four horses, gay with rosettes and bells, the polished brass on their harness glistening in the sunlight. At the head of the near wheeler, the Carter in a clean white smock frock, his brass bound whip carried at the slope on his shoulder, Wanton, Blackbird and Whitefoot answering promptly his controlling cries of “coom ither” and “way off” and so on. I have vivid recollections too of sitting in the winter with the old Malster in Mr. Hollyer’s malt house, in a well in front of the furnace, just deep enough to make a comfortable seat and enjoying the baked potatoes which we took, all hot from the ashes below the fire.

Then in the tan yard at Mr. Norman's, the great water wheel which was the driving power of the machine, made like a large coffee mill, which tore the bark into fragments for the pits, and one poor man's hand too, (half-witted Benjy Groves) who fell into it when feeding the machine. After the bark had been used it was made into cakes for fuel, the process being after it had been spread on the ground, perhaps to a level of two feet and trodden to a pulp by means of walking a horse over and over the mashed tan. It was then squeezed through a simple iron mould, placed in racks for the air and sun to dry it and sold at a cheap rate, that and furze being the staple firing for the cottagers. The furze was cut on Black Hill, bound into bundles and rolled down the steep hill, bounding and bumping on its course until stopped by the hedge at the bottom. A prickly material to handle, but the thick leather gloves made by Simeon Scard (?) senior made good protection for the hands and wrists, and when alight on the open hearth quickly boiled the pot. Old Stevey House, who lived in the Park house, one of Cerne's oldest buildings and no doubt built by the monks of the Abbey, was in his day one of my sketching resorts and in winter his fire in its large open hearth would have done to roast an ox, one could not sit near it, ash poles the size of one's wrist were piled up crackling and roaring. Stevey dressed in brown velveteens, cord breeches and leather leggings, thigh high was partly gamekeeper and partly woodsman and hurdle maker and a queer mixture of piety and intemperance, a staunch church goer and on shooting parties presiding over the keg containing the ale. On one occasion on a shooting expedition we were seated on the steep hillside taking lunch, Stevey with the bung of the keg in one hand, the horn cup in the other had rested the keg on an emmett's butt, when it slipped, started slowly to roll down the hill before it could be stopped, gaining impetus at every turn, the beer shot out at each revolution as the hill became steeper until it reached the hedge empty. Whether Stevey suffered more from the loss of the drink, that must have been a terrible punishment, or from the scathing and forcible comments of the rest of the party, remains unknown and unknowable. Here it should be stated that on these shooting days our luncheon was generally composed of bread, blue vinney and chipples (Italian chipolatas) and no bread or cheese since has had quite the same flavour as those days.

There were great shooting days too at Huish with Tommy Dunning (Gentle Tommy as Tom Buckley always called him) a great sportsman, followed by supper and much Georgian revelry until late into the night. Sydling where Huish Farm is has always been a centre of sport, hunting, shooting, coursing, cock fighting and badger baiting. It had more XVII th century flavour about it than any other district in the County, or perhaps of any County in Great Britain. The love of sport was Gentle Tommy's ruin, a pack of Harriers and two or three well bred hunters and the budget(?) was over-run. The farm was sold and Tommy through the generosity of a few friends established in lodgings at Fordington, Dorchester where he lived the remainder of his days.

Giles Symonds and T. Dunning, Harry Bevis of Sydling, Henry and Horace Norman and brother William of Cerne, were the sportsmen of those days, with Dan Cheeseman to carry the game on shooting days (Frank Cheeseman, my builder, is the son of Old Daniel. He, Daniel, had some money left him and was advised to invest it in Southampton Docks instead of keeping it at home in a stocking, "I bain't going to put it in no Docks". He had a notion that it might be washed away, I think.

20

Coincidences 1905

Travelling by way of Edinburgh, on my way to Ballater, on a visit to the Durhams, I had written beforehand to secure a room at an hotel there. On arriving the landlord met me at the

door "Your luggages have come Sir and there is 2/6d to pay". I thought not as I had my bags with me in the cab labelled J.B. Clark and with J.B.C. stamped on them in letters of black. The Boots was sent to fetch the luggage in question labelled also J.B. Clark and strange to say with J.B.C. on them stamped I should say by the same maker of portmanteau. I assured him I had no more luggage. A few days later in a local newspaper I saw that Mr. J.B. Clark was lecturing, I think it was in Aberdeen, on agriculture or was it granite.

On another occasion returning to town from Hutton Bonville where I had been staying at Mr. Hildyard's taking a summer's sketching class I had an hour or two to wait at York, went to the Minster where the verger was waiting for a party of visitors to go round. One old boy of the party, with black coat and white waistcoat, evidently left by the train I travelled by to London, for on getting into my bus at Kings X there he was sitting opposite me, white waistcoat and all.

1921

Monday 8th June

Fox writes this morning asking for information regarding the aquatints of J.W. Upham. I have never heard of the gentleman, enquire of Mr. Wright, assistant librarian of the R.A. "Born in Devon 1772, died 1828 at Weymouth (?) landscape water colour painter, exhibited R.A. 1800-11". Wrote to C.F.F. to give him this information. On my way home passing Mr. Gregory's shop find him a-baskin in the sun at his doorway. "I've got a print I want to show you sir". Sure enough W.J. Upham (or J.W.) an aquatint of Portland, was able to tell him all I know, but was at pains to explain that I only acquired the information (which was so new that it could hardly yet be called knowledge) an hour ago, in case he should credit me with having more wisdom than I really possess.

I also observed on my way in Camden Town, as I waited opposite the "Britannia" in a "block" of perambulators one extra large one "an outsize" in it a triplet (note Camden Town very prolific) all dressed alike and with the same nose, next came a "double" pram with a twin – no doubt the mother of the three "despised" the producer of only two at a time. This leads me to two boys who were school fellows of ours at de Wintons in the late '60's. Burness, their name, if memory serves, a twin, so much alike in appearance that we never knew them apart, both had scars nearly in the same place on the cheek – but one "took" fits, epileptic. I imagine, which left him wan and pale for some days so that until he regained his colour Tweedledum was distinguishable from Tweedledee.

21

1906 ? Somewhere about that year, at least between the years 1901 and 1909 during my period at Frank Calderon's School in Dorset Street, Baker Street when I was in the habit of walking from King Henry's Road across Primrose Hill and through Regent's Park to my daily work, passing the lake always at the same time of the morning, the Park Keeper on that round and I, after a while as we grew accustomed to meeting would pass the time o'day and if time allowed and after a Xmas box to him the first Xmas (and following Xmas's) which broke the ice, we had a talk, he in broad Irish. One day, perhaps in July, I remarked that one of the black swans appeared to be missing as I had not seen it for some days. "Oh yes Sorr, Auld Jack he's off, he goes away most years for a month or two but he'll be back agin". That was that. During my holidays (August/September) I went to visit the Durhams at Ballater. N.B. being there I was to go to Skene House on my return to visit the Hamiltons, Miss Mary H., cousin of my old friend Vereke Hamilton was pupil at the Schools. Mrs V.H. and Betty her daughter were on a visit

there also. Walking one day in the Park in which there is a large sheet of water I saw in the centre of the lake a black swan, "So you have black swans here " I remarked, "No, that one comes every year stays awhile and then leaves us." Was it Auld Jack? If so he was 500 miles from home.

22

Theatre Going Days

The first theatre I visited in London was in my boyhood coming with Frank escorted by Uncle Phil, to that old palace of Delight, the Polytechnic in Regent Street, Pepper's Ghost, Old Scrooge warming his hands by the fire, ghost appears all very thrilling, besides the play there was the diving bell and various stalls where blown glass, toys and puzzles and such things were sold. In '76, I think, my brother William who was living in London and I visited the Lyceum (my first visit to a real theatre) then under the management of Miss Bateman, a young actor, Henry Irving, taking the principal part in "Philip". Jefferson in Rip van Winkle, then Ellen Terry and the Court Theatre with the Magistrate, and so on down to Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell at the Drury Lane Pantomime. Marins, Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, Royce, Connie Gilchrist. Then came the great Gilbert and Sullivan days, first at the Opera Comique, a queer underground house in Wych Street – Rutland Barrington, Lely, Miss Brandram and just before Sullivan appeared in that immortal partnership, Alfred Bishop in an operetta Princess Toto by Gilbert and I think Fred Clay. Presently was built the Savoy and there we leave the Savoyards comfortably housed and successful, as they deserve to be.

23

Shears in hand, clipping in my garden after a shower in June, a blackbird, having found a worm too large to deal with, came close to me and dropped it on the path, looked up with his head on one side, I am not sure I did detect a wink trembling on his eyelid and plainly asked me to cut it up for him, and yet there are people who deny these lower orders of creatures the power of putting two and two together or of asking a friend to divide one worm into two or three portions.

24

The Village Dentist April 17th 1925

Walking on the hill on the road to Piddletrenthide, the blackthorn a bloom, young rabbits scuttling with the confidence of youth on the grass by the roadside, an old labourer leaning over the gate, his team of horses attached to the plough he has been following since 7 o'clock are having an 11 o'clock rest – we get into conversation and talk of an older generation of natives. I, "Do you remember Mr. Jacobs, the bootmaker? When I was a boy I used to walk over to him to be measured for boots. He, "Oh yes, he were a good bootmaker and used to draw teeth. When I was a young man I 'ad toothache terrible bad and went to him one evening. He sat in his usual seat and took my 'ed between 'is knees on his leathern apron with his 'ands all cobblers waxy tried to pull out the tooth but 'twere stubborn and he could n't get 'en to budge. I was in terrible pain but he could n't do nothin'. At last he gave it up and told me to come in next mornin' and I'll try again. I went home an' walked about 'ouse all night in an agony o' pain. Next mornin' fust thing I went to 'en again and he made a job o' it. I do mind 'en well and shan't forget to my dying day." Whether Mr. Jacobs had forceps or used his cobblers

pincers or his waxy fingers I did not discover, but as this was in the 1860's I suspect the pincers were used.

Before we parted we exchanged names. I, "My names Clark and I live at Cerne. He, "then you be the son of the Clockmaker". I, "No that was either my Great Uncle or Great – great Uncle, there were two generations of them, William and Robert". He. "Well, we've one of their clocks to this day, he is a Robert and a good time keeper he is. I give 'en a drop o' oil now and then when he do wheezey a bit.

25

My Friend the Park Keeper

From 1900 until 1920 my daily duties led me to work through Regent's Park for many months in each year. My rooms at that time were in South Hampstead and my work in the West End. Passing through at the same hour Summer and Winter I met at the same point the same people day after day, whose hours of work coincided with mine, one old boy, a lawyer to judge from appearances, always trotted ahead of me, another man , who met me on Primrose Hill, I have often wondered what occupation he followed, was though a quick walker and cheerful, not quite "all there" talked to himself in a shrill piping voice. Some new railings had been put up to keep people from the newly sown grass. "Wooden palings" he piped as I passed "nothing like wooden palings to make little birds sing". This was one spring morning. On a cloudy morning foreboding a storm he remarked looking at the heavy clouds "d' look like something, don't it!"

Further on my way by the water before one reaches Gate One, opposite the villas, one met an old soldier, a Park Keeper a cheerful person, real Oirish. If I was late we passed the time of day but on Summer mornings starting from home early I enjoyed the leisure and delight of walking facing the early morning sun and had a talk with him. (Black Swans) Then came the War, my duties still carried me through the Park but alas my walk by grassy ways was stopped by troops and huts and lorries. It was perhaps in '17 that I last saw him, he was then living in one of the lodges with a garden at the side. There had been an air raid in the night the roads were strewn with fragments of glass by The Crescent, he was as cheerful as ever. "Well Pat, How did you fare?" "Well sor I was at the door, the Missus had gone to the Church, we heard they was comin'. The bloomin' bomb dropped on my new cucumber frame and by God Sor it blew the manure all over the house. It broke all them windys and knocked me flat. When I came round I sez to myself, the next time the Church for me."

Before the War my walk homewards in the afternoon was leisurely and in summer the boys at cricket delayed my return on Saturdays after lunch in Town.

26

The Batchelor and the Baby

It was blowing hard up Channel, a stiff sou'wester and even in the shelter of the harbour at Dover there was considerable movement on the face of the waters as preparations were being made for our departure for Calais. A group of six or eight French Nuns had come aboard and had seated themselves in a solemn row subdued by the prospect of what promised to be a bad crossing. A steward with a knowledge of the ways of passengers at once proceeded to deal them out basins by way of cheering them up; one Nun one basin was evidently his diagnosis. The other passengers on deck beside myself were Americans, Poppa, Momma, two girls and a

baby in arms (Mommies) They sat next to me under the lee of the deck house after having placed their bags and light luggage under the seats. Leaving the shelter of the harbour our vessel began at once to roll and plunge causing the hand bags to slide towards the scuppers into pools of water. One bag became unfastened in falling, scattering its contents, collars and such like, which floated hither and thither in the ebb and flow as the boat bored its way through the big seas. These articles I collected and jammed a sodden mass into the bag. Momma by this time having handed the sleeping infant to Poppa had staggered to the lower regions. Poppa who had hitherto been talkative, telling me that he had crossed the Atlantic five times and had never been sea sick and how much he had enjoyed his delightful visit to the 'Old Country' where he would have liked to have stayed longer and would have done but for something he called a "Skedule", some sort of strange vow I imagine as binding as fate. As a Briton and deputy host by proxy I expressed my pleasure and regret. He had I noticed since his wife had left us become ominously silent. I saw too that his face had not only paled but had taken on something of the strange mysterious green colour of the sea. I observed also that he frequently moistened his lips with his tongue, finally he handed me the baby without a word, extracted his false teeth and hastened with a lurch to the gunwale. Here was I unused to babies landed with three, the young girls frightened by the motion of the ship and feeling that Poppa was something of a broken reed having deserted them without a word at a crisis. They were afraid to move and sat clutching my overcoat, one on either side. Meanwhile I noticed the Nuns had broken line and had assumed strange positions, one or two were lying full length on deck one of them in front of the cabin door through which a deck hand carrying crockery in each hand was desirous of entering. The lady blocked the passage, to gain entrance he carefully placed one of his large sea-booted feet with great skill under her waist, secured a balance and lifted her as one might lift a bag of chaff to deposit her out of his way, there was no protest on her part, she might well have been only a bag of chaff.

Another deck hand, a smart, well set up, sun burnt young fellow, dressed in a blue jersey with red letters on his chest and wearing sea boots, whose face seemed familiar, came towards me, touched his cap, grinned cheerfully and remarked "Family man now Sir I see, perhaps you don't remember me Jim Young, son of the old gardener at your Fathers, been on this job since the War. Bit breezy today Sir! I'm married too Sir, Jane Wills who was housemaid at the old home, you'll remember her, dark haired girl, pretty too. Got a nice little home at Dover. The two girls seated as they were either side of me on a seat constructed for grown up people their feet were some inches off the deck, the heeling of the boat almost shooting them after the luggage at each roll. To save themselves they clung to me for all they were worth, hampering me in my nursing operations.

The next time I met Jim, who I might here explain, that apart from being my Batman had formerly in my school days been what "Poppa" would no doubt have described as my "sidekicker" at home during the holidays both in the cricket field and ferreting and suchlike operations. During later operations in Flanders he had been with me in the 3rd Chalkshires (?) where he was always the cheerful fighter and as he had been a good shot had been a sniper. As I say, the next time, some months after the crossing mentioned in the last chapter, he appeared in a new role that of the cheery owner of property. It appears that he had won a prize in a state lottery, three thousand pounds. With part of that money he had bought a small farm near the old home and had settled down to country life. Our meeting took place after my return from Kenya.

Reminiscences of Rustic Cricket

Though an ardent votary of the greatest of summer games from the early '60's the events recorded are of a later date, somewhere about the early '80's. Up to that time our wickets were of the roughest order, newly mown hayfields or pastures rolled for the occasion and probably watered on the morning of the match, which, though dangerous, were, as the bowling was mostly underhand at that time not so full of risk to the batsman as they were later when round arm and overhand became general. Then attention was turned to a laid pitch, a level space 800ft above sea level on the top of one of the hills (Black Hill) which surround the village. A pitch was laid and as the lawn mower had by this time (84?) reached our wilds (hitherto the scythe had been used to prepare our grounds). In addition to the laid pitch a shed was built (known as the Pavilion) in which could be taken lunch or in case of rain shelter. Funds were required and a concert was given in the School Rooms. The Wesleyan Chapel which stood in Mill Lane was in the process of moving to a newly constructed building in Long Street, the timbers of the old building were bought and formed into the frame of this house, one irresponsible member of the Club wanted the pulpit adapted to form a scorer's box, that was not considered a fitting use for such a sacred object from the Chapel. The roof was of corrugated iron, which the writer well remembers as on one Xmas holiday visit a gale had shifted a plate and he sat on the roof screwing it down with a strong north wind blowing and the roof white with frost. Our matches generally began at 11 with lunch at 1. Such luncheon provided by the landlord of one of the inns, cold rounds of beef, cold hams, salad, fruit pies, cheese with ale to drink, such ale. The game resumed at 2 and continued until 6.30. Our team was a mixed one of keen cricketers and though the ground was a mile from the small town a number of visitors came to watch the game. They sat on forms and smoked and drank ale. To this day the scent of trodden grass and tobacco smoke combined takes me back to those good days and conjures up ghosts of old cricketing friends, most of whom are playing the game in the Elysian Fields with W.G.

Within the memory of older inhabitants of Cerne today (Dec 1925) there were two bark mills working in the tan-yards, one driven by water power at the lower yard and the other a one horse power machine in Acreman Street. The horse attached to a large beam walking round and round the interior of an out-building turned the mill which was built on the lines of a coffee mill suitable for the giant. Oak trees grown in the Vale of Blackmore provided the bark which was made into large stacks and when dry and curled up like cinnamon was ready for the milling process. It was then thrown into the top of the machine and torn to a fibrous condition when it was ready for the pits. It was then taken up from the foot of the mill in large wooden shovels to be borne away in huge baskets by two men (placed through the handles at the top of the basket was a pole) which the bearers rested on their shoulders, on their return journey bringing more bark for the mill. One remembers that a fine dust pervaded these mills making a golden haze where the slanting rays of sunlight shone in at the open door. There was a legend that these tanner's men were so well tanned during life that after death they did not decompose.

31st March 1926

Whilst cleaning the walls of the Chancel of St. Mary's Church at Cerne Abbas last week preparatory to whitewashing, which is being done by the generosity of Mr. H. Dominy, traces of lettering and the dates 1635 and 1657 were found on the N and S walls respectively. The Vicar, the Reverend C. F. Hall O.B.E., on further examination discovered under plaster varying in thickness from an eighth to a quarter of an inch traces of a coloured mural decoration on the E end of the N wall. On the plaster being carefully removed a distemper

painting of the XIV century was found. The work measures 8ft high by 2ft and represents Salome bearing the head of John the Baptist on the charger. The executioner, sword in hand, stands behind and further in the picture are fragments of other figures, Herod, Herodias and one or two others. Much care is being taken in the preservation of the decoration which is of considerable importance.

The architectural features of Abbey Street taken in the order in which they attract the attention of the beholder are first the Church (St. Mary's) with its very beautiful tower XIVth century, designed probably by the architect of Sherborne Abbey Church. This object is the feature which dominates Cerne as the town is approached from either N, S, E or West.

Secondly the spacious Elizabethan house at the top of Abbey Street facing due south, built from the materials of the old ruined Abbey, the gateway of which stands crumbling under the weight of the hand of time at the back of the house.

Thirdly the row of old houses contemporary with the abbey on the western side of the street. These notes will be confined to the last mentioned feature. They formed what was known as the "Pitch Market", the name being derived from the fact that the shelter afforded by the overhang of the buildings provided a suitably dry dumping ground for the sacks of grain which were "pitched" there on fair days and market days. The row today consists of six old houses, those at either end differing in style from the other four, the lower one having been refaced in Georgian times when a very stately porch was added, this consists of two stone pillars supporting an arched decorated canopy and is a feature of great beauty architecturally. The upper one, built in the days of Queen Anne, is a square building, simple and dignified in design.

On the opposite side of the street remain 3 habitable houses and a thatched overhanging cottage, smaller than those mentioned above and two red brick houses, substantial and suggestive of "quality street" a lady of the '60's wearing a muslin dress and a poke bonnet, arriving in a basket carriage drawn by a plump pony which is being held by "buttons" while she pays a formal call at either of these two would be quite in the picture.

To return to the old houses, they are stone built on the ground to the height of four feet on these walls are laid the oak plates to which the frames are pinned, the wall above the plates being of lath and plaster between the oak uprights, giving a panelled effect to the lower part (ground floor). Above the overhang is plain rough cast. The roofs of all are slab stone and are of great weight some of the slabs of the eaves requiring the effort of two men to lift them and measuring perhaps 3ft 6ins by 2ft 6ins. It can be imagined that the strength of the roof timbers to carry the weight of such a roof necessitates a very substantial frame work of rafters, beams and battens to support it. Over the door of one of these houses has recently been discovered and exposed by the removal of lath and plaster, under the direction of the owner, a very beautiful specimen of carving in oak of the XIVth cent. And in addition on the removal of a comparatively modern bay window on the ground floor belonging to the room into which the door just mentioned leads, the original oak window frame was found and has now been restored to harmonize with the original design at the same time to suit the requirements of the owner who is "a regular devil for fresh air". I trust I do not mis-quote.

This house was formerly the home of the Uncle of George Washington and the writer well remembers the lettering cast on the lead pump head at the back of the house, C.W. and date. Unfortunately that has passed into the hands of a collector of curios, living I believe in the County. In common with the others this house contains large open fire-places, both on the ground and first floors. The settings of all of these are Ham Hill stone, bought from the neighbouring county of Somerset, warm yellow in colour and browned by the smoke of wood fires for centuries. The chimney is large and straight, the upper part of the sooty black interior silvered by pale daylight at the top is always a source of delight and wonder to young visitors who can summon courage to stand on the hearth and look up to the sky above.

In the days of the Stuarts an iniquitous tax was levied on owners of houses, known as the Window Tax, 1695, which resulted in the blocking up of many windows to the exclusion of light and air and evasion of the tax. There is one window in the attic of Barnwells, the home of the artist, remaining to this day bricked up. One room labelled "cheese room" was exempt from the tax with the result that cheese or no cheese most houses had a "cheese room". Recently one of these labels was brought to light when my next door neighbours house was being renovated. A covered up doorway was discovered with label intact.

Finished

Typed & occasionally interpreted by me, his great nephew's wife

Jennifer Clark, Daffaluke House, Glewstone, Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire in 2009