

[two loose pages at the commencement of Volume 75]

June 3 1907 a letter of apology to Barnett [220]

June 25 1907 a story about Stanley & Bp. Thirlwall

July 4 1907 I probably scored in the R.C.C. debate on Christian Socialism

Aug. 5 1907 Death of John Doyle

Sept. 7 1907 I officiate at a marriage with d.w.s. [deceased wife's sister]

[Prepare an 'Open Letter' to the Abp.]

with d.w.s.[deceased

Sept 16 – Oct 11. Scotland.

Oct. 24 A protest in the Glasgow Herald against my being allowed to address young men.

Dec. 3. 1907 Marriage of Lord Loreburn & Miss Violet Hicks Beach in the Crypt of S. Stephen.

Dec. 13 1907 Canterbury - Interview with the Abp. [264]

On January 30 1939 I arrived in Hintlesham ~~xxxx~~ and, for the first time in my life, occupied a house of my own. Throughout the 52 years between Ordination in 1887 and retirement in 1939, I had lived in official houses, with the knowledge ~~xxxx~~ that my ownership was rather a legal fiction than a practical reality.

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[1]

April 1st, 1939.

[symbol]

A beautiful morning, and quite warm.

The Prime Minister's statement in Parliament yesterday appears to command universal agreement. Anthony Eden expresses his approval with much emphasis. My own judgment accords entirely with the general view. If there be any possibility of averting war, then I think that the clear declaration that Britain and France will stand by any fresh victim of Hitler's aggression is more likely to secure peace than anything else. As long as these demented dictators think that they have the democracies "on the run", they will advance on their criminal course: but they may hesitate to do so when they find that they must fight for it. Moreover, I think that the little States will be less easily victimized when they know that they will not be unhelped if they put up a fight for their independence: and whatever moral force still lingers in Germany and Italy will be encouraged to make itself felt, when it knows that the Nazi tyranny, if it continues in its aggression will be opposed effectively.*

[2]

At last I received a reply from Lord Stamp to the letter on March 23rd. He writes

I have been in touch with the Cambridge University Press, & they tell me that the limit of length was intended to be 80,000 words i.e. 3000 less than your manuscript in its completed form. They want me to ask you whether, without disturbing the balance of the work, it c^d be compressed by this amount. We should be sorry to see the Introductory Chapter go entirely. They explained that the difference of only 3000 words may seem trivial, but so far as possible the volumes of the Series have to be made to measure (to occupy 16 sheets and 16 pages) & the addition of the odd amount is costly out of proportion. However if you find it impracticable to reduce the matter by 3000 words, I am sure they will accept it as it stands.

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[3]

Palm Sunday, April 2nd, 1939.

A misty, rather damp, morning. My cough was still so troublesome, that I paqanized, and absented myself from the Holy Communion. The length of the lesson and Gospel for the day, deterred me from attempting to read the lesson or Celebrate, as I would otherwise have done. Then, (since the world never fails to add its own aggravations to the troubles of the spirit,) I could get no bath, as the water was cold, albeit [?] the maids asserted that the fire had been duly lighted! So I started my Palm Sunday in an ill humour with myself, and my circumstances!

And, then, at breakfast my futile efforts to make my needs known to my admirable females were quite extraordinarily exasperating. Is it a merciful provision of Nature that commonly links deafness with dumbness? The innocent irrelevance of the responses to one's clamorous observations, though occasionally relieved by comedy, is ordinarily provocative in an uncommon degree. And, even while one fumes, one has the woeful consciousness that one is carrying oneself like a beast!!

[4]

I wrote letters to the following

1. Lord Stamp.
2. Mary Rainbow
3. Alan Henderson
4. Rev. R.W. Stannard.
5. .. F.H. Amphlett Micklewright

We lunched with old Sir Bunell Burton,* who lives in a large house set in the midst of its grounds on the outskirts of Ipswich. There came also to lunch Lord Alastair Graham, a brother of the Duke of Montrose, M^r Horsfall, one of the well-known Liverpool family to which the patron-benefactor of S. Chad's, Durham, belonged, a son of the late Mayor of Ipswich, and several ladies. It was a pleasant party, & we had, after the ladies had withdrawn, some brisk political talk. As might be expected **everybody was ardently Chamberlainite**. Then, on our return to Hyntle Place, there came to tea Colonel Smith and two young ladies, Evelyn Marsh & Violet Vivian Battys, both of whom are about to start their residence at S. Andrews.

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[5]

Monday, April 3rd, 1939.

A beautiful sunny spring morning, and no letters, nor anything exciting in the Times.

I continued my boring & humbling task of revision, and discovered that excision must be far more extensive than I had supposed, since I under-estimated the number of words which belong to a page of foolscap! I had allowed for 125, and now find that it approximates to, even if it does not exceed, 135! This is indeed serious, for it means that at least 700 more words must be cut out. My admirable ladies set to work on the dreary task of counting the words, and got through nearly a quarter of the manuscript.

In the afternoon, two workmen came **and placed a smoke-averting chimney pot on my study.** It cannot be tested until the wind again blows from the west. Then, if it shall prove successful, I will set up another on the drawing-room chimney.

Beyond going into Hadleigh for the payment of bills, & making an ineffectual 'return-call' in Manningtree, we were shut indoors.

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[6]

Tuesday, April 4th, 1939.

A clouded unpleasant morning was followed by rather heavy rain, & this by a fine evening. I went on with the business of revision, and, beyond writing to my cousin, whose wife has had a stroke, I did little else. As the poor lady is 84 years old, it is difficult to think that she can recover.

The evening paper reports that the young King of Iraq has been killed in a motoring accident. He was only 27, and the heir-apparent is a child of 4. This untoward event will probably do something to worsen the woeful situation in Palestine.

The Prime Minister spoke with such vigour and incisiveness in the House last night, that Anthony Eden withdrew his motion, and Winston Churchill* **was almost affectionate!** The German papers are ragingly abusive, & the Italian insultingly supercilious, but I think there are signs that a new spirit of hope and courage is beginning to grow in Germany's neighbours, & may yet put a check on Hitler's insolence.

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[7]

Wednesday, April 5th, 1939.

Last night my nose started to bleed with such copiousness and persistence that Fearne telephoned to Hadleigh for D^r Newell, who succeeded in arresting the flow. I kept my room until he returned in the morning, and, after going through the usual manoeuvres of examination, pronounced that "for a man of my age", I was in a good state of health.

I dressed, and came down for lunch, and then resumed the disgusting work of "cutting down" my manuscript. The weather was most unpleasant. Thunder & rain generally prevailed.

General & M^{rs} Kenyon came to tea, with a niece of old Draper, once Master of the Temple. My nose began to bleed again, so that I had to retire, but not before I had promised to address the British Legion in June.

I received a letter (type-written) from Charles Nye.* Also, letters from Stannard* and Arthur Rawle.*

The weather throughout the day was disgusting: there was thunder and lightning, with heavy rain. Generally stuffy, depressing, and unwholesome.

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[8]

Thursday, April 6th, 1939.

Another dark, damp morning. I had a bath, dressed, & came down as usual, but feeling curiously chilled and decrepit.

I worked on at my humiliating task of compulsory excision, being nowise assisted therein by the carpenter who was employed in getting the cup-boards underneath the book-shelves to open. D^r Newell came, & made a final visit i.e. a visit which I hope will be final!

The weather continuing to be deterrent, I remained in my study, while Ella and Fearne went away into Ipswich to buy food.

The afternoon post brought me a letter from Martin [Elingsen],* who wrote from Durham Castle, where he awaits the return of his new Chief. He says that the work at Auckland has not yet been begun. He seems to be having rather a bleak time.

Ella and Fearne finished counting the words of my MS. If their counting be correct, I have been cutting down too severely: for they barely reach a total of 78,000 words. My allowance is 80,000.

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[9]

Good Friday, April 7th, 1939.

The weather was fairly pleasant, but I felt curiously fatigued, and disinclined for exertion. Moreover, my cough continued to be sufficiently troublesome to make even the reading of a lesson unpalatable: so I sent a note to the Rector excusing myself, and remained indoors. I think this is the first Good Friday in the whole course of my life that I have frankly paganized!

I wrote a very brief 'Epilogue' which may or may not, be thought worth including in the book.

[symbol] *Then it occurred to me that I might try to get the little volumes of the Loeb Classics into some intelligible order. So, with Fearne's assistance, I made some progress, but was disconcerted by the discovery that **a good number appear to be missing.** The carelessness of the packing of my books becomes increasingly apparent. I greatly regret my precipitate folly in letting the Jew from Newcastle purchase some of my best books for a mere song.*

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[10]

Saturday, 8th April, 1939.

[symbol]

Mussolini will not be outpassed by Hitler in the race of iniquity. And with a characteristic sense of dramatic propriety he selects Good Friday for his demonstration! So Albania goes the way of Abyssinia, and Europe is confronted by another flagrant illustration of the new Machtpolitik, which the Dictators have agreed to substitute for International Law. It probably hastens the hour of Armageddon. But it is possible that so gross an outrage may stiffen the backs of the little powers: who must feel themselves in obvious & immediate peril; and, in spreading her forces so widely with only sea-communications whereby to maintain them, Italy must be gravely weakening her fighting strength against her Mediterranean rivals. The new Pope is announced to be about to deliver some kind of a public allocution. Will he follow the precedent set by his predecessor in the case of Abyssinia, & confine himself to some futile "blethering" about peace? or, will he have the courage and wisdom to "bell the cat"?

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[11]

Easter Day, April 9th, 1939.

[symbol]

A glorious morning. Earth & Heaven at one.

And then, Albania! What can be done to restrain the Gangsters? What ought to be attempted? Any effort must open the gates of universal war: and through these gates will march 'red ruin, and the breaking up of laws'. It is a hideous dilemma, with which the insane egotism of two bad men confronts mankind. The Times yesterday published a Good Friday pastoral issued by a Bishop of the German State Church on Good Friday, filled with sickening pietistic maundering. The world has no use for this stuff. There are times when the Church ought to recall, and reflect on, the Words of Christ, "I came not to bring peace but a sword". If the Church of Christ has nothing better & more relevant to offer than bleating about the desirableness & rightness of peace, it had better keep silence. I prefer the old Puritan warnings against earning the Curse of Meroz by refusing to "come to the help of the Lord against the Mighty".

[12]

[symbol]

I wrote at some length to Tom Elliott.

We went to Church at 11 a.m. I read the lessons, and celebrated. There were 27 comm^{ts}. The Rector's sermon surprised me. **It declared a crude theory of physical resuscitation as illustrated in our Saviour's Resurrection.** Is this a precaution against the dangerous 'liberalising' of the Archbishops' Commission's Report? **I cannot recall having listened to such coarse literalism before.** If ever my Book sees the light, Moulsdale* will find some grist for his orthodox mill.

I was struck by the obsequious attitude of the serving lads towards the Rector. They could not take their eyes off him, and, indeed, carried themselves more like whipped puppies than normal healthy boys. **I noticed that the parish magazine announced the times, when the Rector would hear confessions.** Have these lads all been doing their duty, and feeling uncommonly demure & devout? Perhaps, all this is imagination, and yet I certainly was taken by surprise by their aspect & carriage in the vestry.

[13]

[symbol]

In the afternoon Colonel Smith and his sister-in-law (a dull, grave elderly female) came to tea. He probably represents a considerable volume of conventional opinion in the Conservative Party, and he appears to assume that War has become inevitable. It would be madness to allow these Gangsters so to re-cast the European map to their own liking that when, at length, we have to fight, our defeat is assured.

[symbol I wrote a long letter to Charles Nye.*

Whether the labour of writing to these young parsons is well-bestowed may, perhaps, be questioned, but I shrink from a complete isolation from younger men: and that is no improbable fate, for Old Age is never attractive to the young, and when it is accompanied by comparative poverty, and the absence of all the normal community of interests, which may bridge the natural chasm, it is hard to see how it can have any effective or continuing hold on Youth. In any case, whether shadowed by solitude or relieved by friendship, my old age cannot be long now.

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[14]

Easter Monday, April 10th, 1939.

[symbol]

Another glorious spring day. So far from taking any steps to remove the Dunghill in the field behind the house, the farmer appears to be enlarging it! Fresh supplies of the abomination arrived during breakfast, & only the blessed circumstance that the wind was not in the North saved us from a sensible acquaintance with its arrival!

I finished (after a fashion) my disgusting and tiresome work of revising the MS: and I intend (permittente Hitlero) to despatch it tomorrow. I received a long letter from "Your 'little airman' T. H. Thompon" enclosing his parish magazine, which contains a grotesque "personal sketch" of myself signed 'Observer'. It discloses a rather unusual acquaintance with my career, & is expressed in the language of extravagant eulogy, which is offensive, misleading, & (to the victim), deeply humiliating. Can anybody imagine that one is pleased with such stuff. Interested possibly, but pleased! However my "little airman" seems to think that I enjoy it.

"I should imagine in your retirement [15] [symbol] things like this appreciating your work must mean a lot to you. It has told me a lot about you that I who class myself vainly as a friend had never dreamed went on in the brain of that friendly man I knew."

Apart from all this, his letter interested me.

'You, I no doubt [sic] disagree with me, & condemn me for ever as an impetuous young fool: well, perhaps, I am! I don't know. I often sit and try to solve this great problem, searching it from every angle – the Right, the Left, the Church etc. and I can only hope that when someone much more farseeing than I does attempt to establish once more a sane humanity, they take great care not to loose [? lose] it altogether in the process.

*A certain school of religious thought think the [that?] Christ will come again very soon, when the Jews, who are already beginning to do so, have returned to their own land. I hope (and I'm [16] trying to give myself enough faith to believe it) he will return very soon. He is needed now much more than He ever was, **as it seems to me a much harder task to bring faith to a world that has lost it, than it must have been to a world that had never had it.***

I often wonder if I'm losing it myself. I have been reading widely – Cole, Haldane, Laski, Huxley, Shaw, & Wells etc., but even these great men, considered masters of thought, do not seem to have the answer I'm looking for – but then, what am I looking for?

But, I must leave this, in case you find it boring: 'tis a thing that troubles many adolescent minds when they start dreaming of Utopias.'

The 'little airman' must be in his early twenties. Probably he is fairly representative of the more thoughtful of his contemporaries. I must write to him, but I am in no better case than himself!

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[17]

Tuesday, April 11th, 1939.

[*symbol*]

Still the glorious weather continues. I wrote to Lord Stamp informing him that I had sent off the MS. of the Book to M^r R. J. L. Kingsford, Bentley House, 200 Euston Road, N.W.1, as he had directed. Then, with Fearne's assistance, I packed the stuff, and sent it to Ipswich by her, she having undertaken to have it registered and sent off by parcels post.

After lunch Fearne motored me to Framlingham, where we visited the Castle – an imposing shell, and then had tea with the Rector, Canon Lanchester, who is some kind of a rather remote connexion of Fearne's. His niece, & a very ugly little girl who was her niece, were also there. After tea, the Rector showed us the wonderful church with the Howard tombs, very splendid & interesting. Then we went to Dennington, and looked at another magnificent church. The carved benches, & the amazingly beautiful screens, to say nothing of the three-decker pulpit, & the monuments.

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[18]

Wednesday, April 12th, 1939.

[Nb. page no. and date not visible]

A very fine warm day. The temperature in my bedroom stood at 66° at 8 a.m.

I received a letter from the Editor of the Guardian inviting me to write a signed article on the subject of the Mothers' Union and Divorce, and stating that it should contain 'about 1000 words'. Instigated by diabolical I wrote an article on Marriage, and sent it to the Editor forthwith. I was pleased to receive a letter from Miss Rose Bradley, a daughter of the old Dean of Westminster [George Bradley*]. She writes,

"I greatly enjoyed your reminiscences of the Abbey in the January number [of the Westminster Abbey Review] – a very just appreciation of the Chapter I thought, & it was nice to have them brought back like that, just as they were! I have not yet seen the new number, but I am rather at a loss to think how it is going to be filled without your assistance. I am afraid it will be too much of a parish magazine."

[19]

We started on a motor drive with Fearn at the helm, but we had not gone far on the Ipswich road before mischance befell us. One of the front wheels was punctured! James was fetched: a friendly lad named Ronald Dale, who apparently knew James, volunteered assistance: & the A.A. man was called upon for aid. While this work of restoration proceeded, we returned to the house, and had hardly settled to tea, before the Bishop of Dunwich and M^{rs} Maxwell-Gumbleton called. He is a mean-looking, little foxy man, & she a rather loud, but not unamiable female. They professed much admiration for my study, & then went on their way.

Pastor Franz Hildebrandt sent me an extremely interesting little booklet on 'Pastor Niemöller and his Creed'. It has a 'Fore-word' by the Bishop of Chichester [George Bell*], and certainly will not be wholly pleasing to the Bishop of Gloucester [Arthur Headlam*]. It is none the less eminently worth reading.*

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[20]

Thursday, April 13th, 1939.

[symbol]

The Times reports the enthronement of the new Bishop of Durham. This may be said to complete the long drawn-out funeral ceremony of his predecessor.

I received from M^r Kingsford, the Manager of the Cambridge University Press an acknowledgment of the typescript of the book. He says:

I look forward to reading it, and will write to you again if any points should arise.

I trust that no point will arise, for, having once got rid of the stuff, I have no mind (to adopt the elegant phrase of deuterio-Peter) to "return to my vomit again"!

I went in to Ipswich, and got my head washed. Then I went to the County Club – until my ladies, who had been about their lawful occasions, picked me up, & carried me home.

The Provost of S. Edmundsbury and M^{rs} Orpen called in the afternoon. They seemed to be pleasant and friendly people. M^{rs} Orpen spoke of Langdon-Davies, as having spoken with kindness of me.

[21]

Italy created that new spiritual atmosphere of culture and of intellectual freedom which has been the life breath of the European races. As the Jews are called the chosen & peculiar people of divine revelation, so may the Italians be called the chosen and peculiar vessels of divine prophecy of the Renaissance. In art, in scholarship, in science, in the mediation between antique culture and the modern intellect, they took the lead, handing to Germany & France & England the restored humanities complete ‘

If we return to the first origins of the Renaissance, we find that, at a time when the rest of Europe was inert, Italy had already begun to organise the various elements of the modern spirit, and to set the fashion whereby the other great nations should learn to live.

J.A. Symonds Renaissance In Italy

Vol. I p 24

[22]

[symbol]

About 6 p.m. Dick [Elliott*] and his brother Denis arrived in their car.

I received a kind letter from Alington,* who thought with the intuition of sympathy that I might be feeling rather “bleak”, during the inaugurational procedures which finally establish my successor in office. He writes:

I must send you a line to tell you how much you are in my thoughts today. When we are enthroning your successor. He's larger than his predecessor, and I think he is both good and wise, but that is not to say that we shall listen to him, either in the pulpit or out of it, with the same confident expectation of hearing something which we would not willingly forget! There's a sentimental song which they sing at Eton which begins, “Time ever flowing bids us be going”, and ends, “Never forgotten thou shalt be”, and it applies to other places than Eton.

It was a kind thought that led him to write.

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[23]

Friday, April 14th, 1939.

[symbol]

The weather is gusty and chilly. In deference to a request from [Henry] Stephenson,* who is as persistent as ever in wire pulling for his friends, who though generally geese are in his eyes always seen as swans, I wrote to the Lord Chancellor commending Hutton for one of his livings.

I also wrote to the Hon. M^r Douglas Hamilton accepting an invitation [to] a G. F. S. gathering on the 3rd June.

Also, I wrote to the Dean: and to Pastor Franz Hildebrandt, thanking him for the booklet, "Pastor Niemöller,* and his Creed".

I took the two brothers to Norwich in their car, which they drove well. We visited the Cathedral, and then had tea in an adjoining Hotel. After this we went to S. Peter Mancroft, but, as the verger was not in the church, we were not able to see the Treasure, which was the more disappointing as I had been enlarging on its interest. However, the statue of Sir Thomas Brown outside the church, had an inscription which gave us the dates of his birth & death, & stated that he was buried in the church.

<!150439>

[24]

Saturday, April 15th, 1939.

The morning, though rather blustering, was mainly fine. **I took the Brothers to see two of the most interesting of the Suffolk churches – Framlingham and Dennington.** They were particularly impressed by the latter, with its hanging pyx, in use, its marvellous carved chapelries, its three-decker pulpit, its alabaster monument of [Henson left a large space here] and its carved medieval benches. We noted the quaint figure of the Sciapus sheltering himself under his monstrous feet, as under an umbrella. Then we returned to Hyntle Place for lunch.

In the afternoon we had an unexpected visit from Canon [Braley*] and M^{rs} Braley with their daughter Jane. They were returning from a holiday in Belgium, where rumours of war made them afraid to remain, and were motoring to Durham.

We all went to tea with M^r and M^{rs} Cooper, & met Professor and M^{rs} Ernest Barker, and M^r and M^{rs} Engleheart. Then we motored to Lavenham, and visited the magnificent church. On our way home, the car gave out. We left it at the garage, & got to Hintlesham in M^{rs} Elliott's car.

[25]

[symbol]

*Meanwhile the international heavens grow ever darker. The Prime Minister has announced that Great Britain has extended its pledge to Poland to cover also Greece and Roumania. President Rooseveltdt has made some more speeches which seem to indicate that U.S.A. will "take a hand" with Britain & France if the dictators continue their aggressions. But in the other scale must be placed the clear indication that Franco's Spain has decided to cast in its lot with the said dictators. The Mohammedan world is disclosing much resentment against Mussolini. The rape of Albania is felt to more than cancel his affectionate language as the self-appointed Protector of Islam. The latest reports state that Great Britain is seeking to arrange with Russia for an air compact. But, I think, the impression is gaining strength that **Russia is a broken reed**, and that we had better not count on any effective help from her. On balance, it seems impossible not to think that War is "at the gates".*

<160439>

[26]

Low Sunday, April 16th, 1939.

A chilly unpromising morning. We all had the uncomfortable feeling of being unaccustomably early, for the clocks had been set forward an hour in obedience to the law which requires "Summer time" to begin today. Dick went to church for the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. I did not go with him as I had undertaken to celebrate at midday. Dick and his brother left Hyntle Place about 10 a.m. with the purpose of proceeding northwards as far as Doncaster. They protested that they had enjoyed their visit; and certainly they left behind them a very favourable impression.

I went to church, and read the lessons at Mattins. Also, I celebrated the Holy Communion when I distinguished myself by omitting the Gospel! However, I read it after, instead of before the Creed, doubtless confirming the wondering contempt with which the orthodox & well-instructed Arthur, who was "serving" is coming to regard the Bishop! The truth is that I am greatly [this narrative continues on p 28]

[27]

Niemöller (the seraph Abdiel)

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.
Nor number nor example with him wrought.
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence feared aught,
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd

(Milton. Paradise Lost. Book V 896 907)

[28]

[continued from p 26] fussed by the unfamiliar circumstances in which I have to celebrate – the South end, the attendant performances of the "server", & the general feeling that everybody regards me with a kind of curious horror! Probably it will go forth to the diocese on the wings of unfriendly gossip, that the heretick from Durham habitually omits the Gospel when he celebrates! But it was, even so, annoying and regrettable that even as a solitary exception to my normal procedure, the omission should have been made!

The Observer reports that Rooseveltdt has appealed directly to Hitler & Mussolini asking them to give a pledge that they will not attack any neighbouring State for ten years, himself

undertaking to inaugurate a discussion of general disarmament. Britain & France have eagerly approved the President's action, but the Dictators are expected to refuse his suggestion. The difficulty is to see how any confidence could be placed in their good faith, even if they did make any peaceful declaration. I fear the rush towards War has gained too great a momentum to be arrested now.

[29]

I wrote to [Malcolm] Dillon* declining to continue my annual subscription to the Durham Boy Scouts' Association.

Also, I wrote to Charles Pattinson.*

Also I wrote to Gilbert [Henson]* who has now abandoned his intention of bringing Lois to England this summer.

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[29] [cont.]

Monday, 17th April, 1939.

The wind has gone round to the West, and, as the temperature has fallen, I caused my fire to be lighted, partly, in order that I might note what effect the new chimney pot has on the smoking. The first start was unpromising, but as the chimney became warmed, it "does" better, and I indulged the hope that a way of escape had been discovered.

I received an interesting letter from Noel Lamidey. He gives a depressing account of the situation in Australia, both political and ecclesiastical. It is certainly very significant and very melancholy, that the Anglican clergy cut so poor a figure in the Dominions.

[30]

[symbol]

The Times hails the President's latest ~~move~~ action with enthusiasm, but seems to attach more importance to the movement of the American Fleet, which is now being sent to the Pacific, than to his Appeal to the Dictators. It is clear that no answer will be returned until they have taken counsel together & agreed on their course. Meanwhile (a most sinister fact) the date of Franco's triumphant march in Madrid, (which has been indicated as giving the date for the withdrawal of the Italian forces from Spain,) has been again postponed. It is impossible not to fear the worst, and extremely difficult to feel confident that we are really prepared to face it.

I notice that M^r Kennedy, the American Ambassador, is stated to be a Roman Catholic. Lord Perth, our Ambassador to Italy is another. It can hardly be consistent with the welfare of the British Empire that we should be so largely represented abroad by men whose deepest loyalties are not shared by the majority of British people.

[31]

[symbol]

I read carefully an Article by Prof Creed in "The Modern Churchman" on "the Idea of a National Church". He explains in a note that it is ^a^ sermon preached before both the Universities. There are some good points in it, but also much confusion of thought. He is so zealous for "Establishment" that he bends his argument rather violently in order to make it match the case of the Church of England. He works out to the paradox that the extravagant nationalism of Germany can only be restrained by Establishment!

"A national Church polity is a preservative against these aberrations."

In short, if the Fuhrer, like King George VI, were crowned with Christian rites, &, thereby "acknowledged his own dependence on a power beyond", he would "disavow the Divinity of the State and encourage in his people the attitude of reverence and awe before a power greater than Themselves, and greater than he".

“To save us from this modern paganism, is not the least of the services which a national church polity may help to render to ourselves & to mankind”.

[32]

In the afternoon, there came to tea M^{rs} Cooper with Professor & M^{rs} Ernest Barker & their two small children, Nicholas and Julia. [sic]. **After tea I took the Professor into my room, which he admired.** Observing the photographs of Frank Pember* & Dacey* on my table, he talked much of both in the language of admiration. He has a strong transatlantic accent, & has the widely distributed interests which often distinguish the academic Transatlantic scholar. He seemed to know most of the people whom I knew, & we had many subjects in common. **He is more optimistic than I about the international outlook; but did not seem to have any firm foundation for his hopes!** M^{rs} Barker was a God-daughter of W. P. Ker* and was with him when he died when descending an Alpine mountain. M^{rs} Cooper also was a God-daughter of W. P. That admirable man had a rare power of attaching his friends to himself.

The wind shifted to the North, & brought the savour of the dunghill to my nostrils!

<!180439>

[33]

Tuesday, April 18th, 1939.

[symbol]

Hitler has announced his intention of making answer to President Roosevelt's Appeal at a special meeting of the Reichstag, on April 28th. It is assumed that he has reached this decision with the other Gangster in Rome. The Italian Press is more than ever violent and insulting. We may not be very cheerful, but it is at least possible that whatever public hostility to their war policy exists in Germany and Italy will have time to make itself felt.

The Japanese are reported to be much impressed by the appearance of the American Fleet in the Pacific, and to be less eager for an alliance with Germany which may involve them in a war with the U.S.A. So far so good; but all turns on what these Gangsters have resolved to do. With Spain in their hands, & the Democracies only half-prepared for conflict, &, perhaps, with a suspicion that their position at home does not get more secure, they may think that it is better to strike now, than take the risk of waiting. Look at it how you will, the outlook for mankind is fearfully dark.

[34]

I worked for 2 hours at the Sermon for the Modernists, and then went with Ella and Fearne to lunch with Colonel Smith at Little Bealings. There came to lunch also M^r Tallents, the brother of Sir Stephen Tallents, Bridget's husband. He is a retired Indian official, unmarried, who has bought a house in Great Bealings. After lunch, we went with him to look at a house, which Ella thought would match the requirements of Lady Thurlow.* It was, however, far too large. Then we looked at M^r Tallents' house, which has an attractive appearance. On returning to Hyntle Place, I wrote to a Baptist minister in Yorkshire, who desires to "join the church of England", advising him to address himself to the Archbishop of York. Also, I wrote, at the request off the R^{ev} M. H. Huthwaite (alias "Jemima") commending his application to the patron of Grasmere for appointment to the living. I didn't like doing this, but could hardly in fairness refuse to do so.

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[35]

Wednesday, April 19th, 1939.

This being "Primrose Day", the Times gave prominence to the gift of Hughenden manor to the nation. I remember visiting the place when it was occupied by Lord Chylesmore, whose chaplain I was when he was Mayor of Westminster and I was Rector of S. Margaret's. He entertained the Westminster Corporation on an excursion to Hughenden, & I accompanied him. I remember being much interested in the relics and memories of Burke* and Beaconsfield who had lived at Hughenden. The house itself was, I thought, rather attractive than imposing.

I worked for 3 hours on the Sermon. After lunch we motored to Kersey, and saw a lovely medieval village crowned by a neatly glorious church. The north & south porches, the roof of the nave, the 15th century font, and eagle lectern, the elaborate "squints", & frescoes, all are notable, & the 15th century tower very noble.

I pushed my way into a charming garden belonging as I imagined to a medieval almshouse, but I found myself in presence of a dignified, but amiable dame, who said that [36] it was her house. I apologized & introduced myself, whereupon she was most gracious. She said that she was a widow, named M^{rs} Sampson, that she had lived in Kersey for 11 years past, and purchased a good many of the medieval houses, which she guarded jealously from the profanation of modernity. I asked why she had chosen Kersey for her residence and she explained that her husband's family had been connected with the village, & that there was a Sampson chapel in the parish church. We parted very amicably. Kersey is certainly an uncommonly picturesque village, and will be a frequent place of pilgrimage.

I received a letter from Canon Mayne.* He tells me that he has exchanged the chair of Greek for that of Theology; that the new Archdeacon of Durham is well-liked; and that the College now contains no less than 15 children. This will add an attractive vitality and brightness of the old place. He says that he has made a good recovery from his operation.

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[37]

Thursday, April 20th, 1939.

A brilliant summer day, warm & windless. The birds are singing in the very delirium of feathered domesticity.

I occupied the morning in finishing the sermon for the Modern Churchmen.

In the afternoon, we motored to Ardleigh, where Ella and Fearne inspected a house which was for sale. They are on the look-out for something which would suit Lady Thurlow. It really seems probable that her husband [Charles Thurlow*] will bring himself to resign the Rectory at Sedgfield. He is me judice quite plainly inadequate to his responsibilities in that parish.

I receive a letter from M^r E.H. Blackeney* thanking me rather belatedly for the Bishoprick. He writes sadly, having recently been bereaved of his wife.

I wrote to Canon Mayne, and to my cousin, Arthur Rawle.

The Italian press appears to grow more violent and insulting in its language about Great Britain daily.

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[38]

Friday, April 21st, 1939.

[symbol]

Another glorious summer day. Fearne alleges that she heard the cuckoo this morning, while reading in bed at 5.30 a.m. That elusive fowl breeds mendacity in is human auditors; but the time has fully come for the voice of the cuckoo to be heard in the land.

My article – “Christian Marriage – presuppositions”, appears in the “Guardian”.

The Times publishes extracts from a private journal in Albania during the crisis which extinguished Albania freedom. It is sad reading. Nothing could exceed the mingled perfidy and brutality of the Italian Government, except the treasonable cowardice of King Zog. The Albanians were foully betrayed.

In the afternoon we motored into the country, and had tea with M^{rs} Storey, whom we first met in Durham as Miss Cooper, daughter of the old Minor Canon who was Vicar of Bow Church & lived in the Bailey. She & her husband run some kind of a flower & fruit-tree business.

[39]

I received from the Editor of “The Courier Magazine Ltd”, a Quarterly illustrated journal, the existence of which was unknown to me, a request that I would write an Article entitled “Whither Humanity?” in a series so headed, to which two writers have already contributed. The 1st Article is by George Digby and is written in the pessimistic - sentimental vein now becoming fashionable, the other, designed as a reply to the first, is by Father Martindale S.J. and is characteristically subtle. Both articles are illustrated with “sob-stuff” pictures! The Editor asks whether I would do “us the very great favour of contributing my views on the subject”, and adds. “I shall be most grateful for anything you can find time to do.” I could not decipher the signature. The journal is the queerest medley conceivable, & describes itself on the cover as “Fact – Fiction – Art – Satire”. It would appear to be published by a Company ~~of~~ or Syndicate, of which the Chairman is stated to be the Duke of Richmond & Gordon, & the Managing Director, Norman B Kark.

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[40]

Saturday, April 22nd, 1939.

The temperature fell during the night, and the wind veered round to the West. My chimney seemed disposed to smoke, when the fire was lighted, & reformed its behaviour afterwards.

D^r Newell came to see me, and I gave him as truthful an account of myself, as I could, (which is not saying much!).

I wrote to the Editor saying foolishly that I would do his will, and asking how many words he wanted, and when.

Also, I promised to preach in All Saints, Whitsunday, on Whitsunday, May 28th at 11 a.m. The Vicar, Canon J. R. Browne, was the incumbent, from whom I rented the Vicarage at Earl Soham, some years ago.

[symbol] The Times reports the death of Sir William Ramsay, at the advance age of 88. His researches in Asia Minor, and his books, have had an immense circulation, but I incline to think they are no longer so much regarded as they were. He was rather too aggressively orthodox to be wholly convincing!

[41]

[symbol]

I received an affectionate letter from Dick, which interested me by disclosing his new attraction in F. D. Maurice's views about Infant Baptism. Some of his contemporaries, young parsons like himself, are much perturbed by the method of administering baptism in their urban parishes, and are eager for a more regular and religiously defensible treatment of the Sacrament. Unhappily they are mostly Anglo-Catholics, bitten with the ex opere operato operato notion of sacramental grace. Dick writes:

Inspired by what you said about the little pamphlet on Infant Baptism, I have brought myself a copy of Frederic Denison Maurice's Life, and have carefully studied his opinions on Baptism. I find that he shares the view of F. W. Robertson & R. W. Dale that Baptism does not establish a new relationship between God & the baptised but seals a relationship already established. You, I think, stand in the Maurice, Dale, Robertson tradition and have brought me into it as well.

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[42]

2nd Sunday after Trinity [sic], ~~May~~ April 23rd, 1939.

Something went wrong in the mechanism of the household, for I was called so late that perforce I had to abandon my normal practice of receiving the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. This distressed me, but as there does not appear to have been any deliberate intention of shirking a duty, I was not troubled by conscience!

We went to the parish church for Mattins at 11 a.m., and I read the lessons.

I wrote to M^r Blakeney, asking him to tell me something about M^r Joseph Bernhart, the Papist apologist whom I meditate criticising. It occurred to me that he might learn something about the said Bernhart from his Papist friend Noyes.

Also, I wrote at some length to Dick, sending him Blakeney's Paper on 'Jonah', and the 'Open Letter to the Bishop of Singapore on the subject of the Buchmanite Groups.'

Also I wrote to my Godson, Gilbert Simpson; to Noel Lamidey in Australia; and to Kathleen Frazer in India.

There came to tea Colonel Smith and an [43] elderly lady, who, I understood, was, or is, named Guthrie Smith. While Ella was joyfully immersed in cousinhood tattle, I took M^r P. S. Tallents, a brother of Sir Stephen Tallents [see Bridget Tallents*], who lives at Little Bealings, to my study, and talked with him. He had been at Magdalen, and through his Father, who was once Mayor of Westminster, & a worshipper of S. Margaret's, when I was Rector, he seemed to know most of my Oxford acquaintances. Frank Pember & his father were contemporaries at Harrow. He seemed keen on getting to know something about the medieval churches, in which Suffolk is so rich. I recommended him to get hold of Coulton's "Art & the Reformation" & suggested that we might sometimes go together & visit churches. He seemed quite pleased with the notion, and, if it matured, I might find a congenial companion. It is very odd, but I had not realized that Bridget's husband, Stephen, was the son of the Mayor of Westminster. He belongs to a younger generation than mine.

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[44]

Monday, April 24th, 1939.

[symbol]

The appointment of Ingram's successor is announced. As was generally expected, the Bishop of Chester is to be translated to London. Thus yet another Headmaster is added to the Episcopal Bench. Geoffrey Francis Fisher* was, like Ingram*, educated at Marlborough and Oxford (Exeter College). He had a brilliant academic career – first class in Mods, in Lit. Hum. and in Theology. He was Headmaster at Repton from 1922-1932; and was ordained in 1912. He will break the celibate tradition of Fulham by introducing a wife and six fine sons! He is reputed to be authoritative; and is certainly humourous[sic]. The worst thing I know about him is that he wears a mitre, but in these days mitres are too common to be any longer significant. But they remain indubitably unintelligible and silly. I like Fisher, and am disposed to welcome his appointment, and I forthwith sent him a letter of congratulation. But the poor man has an Augean stable of disorder and corruption to clean up in the vast diocese of London.

[45]

[symbol]

I cleared off a number of belated letters. One result of my being without the large table at which for nearly 40 years I worked, is that my letters get into inextricable confusion. This morning two letters unanswered came into my hands, the one from the P.G.M. of the Durham Freemasons, the other from the Vicar of Barking, both expressed in extremely kind terms. I have answered them now with apology & explanation, but the grace of my gratitude has evaporated!

Also, I wrote to Linetta,* answering her Good Friday letter.

We went into Ipswich after an early dinner, and I presided at a "mass meeting" of the League of Nations Union in the Public Hall, at which the speaker was M^r Wickham Steed*, greatly to my surprize the large hall was almost filled, both floor and galleries, with a very intelligent audience, in which the considerable proportion of men was noticeable. I contented myself with a speech which occupied (according to Fearn's testimony) 9 minutes. Wickham Steed spoke for an hour and ten minutes & afterwards answered a series of questions.

[46]

[symbol]

He is a tall handsome man, brusque and restless in manner, with a deep pleasant voice. He spoke without notes, and phrased his address with the skill of a practised journalist. It was a powerful indictment of British policy in its treatment of the League of Nations and, although I can conceive of some mitigating pleas which might even constitute a not wholly ineffective apology for the unquestionable vacillation & tergiversation of successive British governments, I must needs acknowledge that on a broad view of the facts, the British Government cannot be acquitted. I had referred with emphatic approval to the report in

today's Times of Lord Baldwin's lecture in Canada, but none the less the speaker spoke with great severity both of Lord Baldwin and of the present Prime Minister. I was impressed by the earnestness with which he advocated an alliance with Soviet Russia, and also by the emphatic applause which his words evoked. The local member, Stokes, sate beside me on the platform.

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[47]

Tuesday, April 25th, 1939.

The Times has two announcements which are worth noting. In succession to Sir Ronald Lindsay as Ambassador in Washington is the Marquis of Lothian who was well known as M^r Philip Kerr, "one of the distinguished group of young Oxford men who, under Lord Milner, built up South Africa after the South African War." For 6 years, he was Editor of the Round Table, and then became Secretary to Lloyd George. A very flattering account of him in the Times states that he played an important part in the Peace Conference at Versailles, and from that time onward has become an increasingly important figure in international politics." He is unmarried, 57 years of age, and, since he was educated at the Oratory School, I suppose that he is a Roman Catholic.

The death of Professor Goudge, the Regius Professor of Theology in Oxford, is announced. He was 72 years old. Will Oliver Quick* succeed him?

[48]

Ella and Fearne went to London, and I settled myself in my study.

The Editor of the Courier Magazine writes to say that he will be glad of an article of about 2000 words on the piquant but enigmatic subject - Whither humanity? He wants the MS within the next fortnight.

I received an interesting letter from John Redfearn who has been in Paris. He writes:-

The spirit of the French people is worthy of every admiration – they are ready in spirit for any emergency, and “will go”. They are tired of the paralysis of all activities of social progress, and, as a lady in touch with military circles said to me in the train, they have a very fine man in General Gamelin – “as fine a man as Foch”. In passive defence, however, the Germans are far ahead of both France and Britain. An [49] Austrian lawyer of non-Nazi sympathies assured me of the very good & thoroughly organized shelter provision. Mock raids are held with a passion for the minutiae of procedure – every individual is allotted a rôle on each occasion, including the parts of bed-ridden ‘invalids’ and ‘cripples’ who have to be removed to security. This deeply cultured Austrian was pessimistic of the future: “Hitler ne peut pas recaler,” a judgement which I am afraid is too true. M^r Chamberlain, has, I feel, been sadly duped, and has throughout, until now, taken too favourable a view of the characters of the Dictators.

The Prime Minister may, perhaps, plead that he could not have been reasonably expected to assume that Gangsterdom called the tune in Berlin and Rome.

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[50]

Wednesday, April 26th, 1939.

There was frost this morning: & the wind continues in the North. James reports that more manure has been added to the dunghill. I wrote again to the farmer.

I worked at the "Whither Humanity?" article, and wrote about half the covenanted words: but it was poor stuff very far from what I meant.

Colonel Smith brought Nina Marsh to tea, and we consulted him, as an expert, on the question what should most wisely be purchased to replace Fearne's "Standard", which has broken down beyond recovery.

I wrote to Betty Bruce Steer, condoling with her on her mother's illness; and to Frank Pember,* recalling myself to his remembrance. It is odd that we should have fallen so far apart, since for many years, we were intimate friends. But our ways have been too widely divergent; & apart from personal affection, which was and is genuine, we have nothing in common. It is a hard world at best.

[51]

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What Symonds said of the Italians in the XVth century may, perhaps, be in some measure true of modern Europeans; "It was the many-sided struggle of personal character with time-honoured tradition on the one hand, & with new ideals on the other, that lent so much of inconsistency & contradiction to their aims." (v. Renaissance in Italy. ii. 12 [])

There is this important difference that whereas the Italians of the Renaissance were intensely & masterfully individual, the average Englishman now has his individuality beaten out of him by the pressures of class, public school, and convention. Still there is the same conflict between the Christian tradition and an amazing crowd of new ideas & methods of life. In both cases, personal morality has very generally broken down. The Renaissance, according to Symonds, both revealed and stimulated the individuality of the Italians. "The whole population formed an aristocracy of genius." The suppression of individuality is the most generally observed feature of modern English folk.

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[52]

Thursday, April 27th, 1939.

There was again a morning frost; and the wind was still in the north.

I received from the Secretary of the Suffolk Preservation Society, together with an acknowledgement of my subscription, an intimation that I had been elected a Vice-President.

The gravel arrived from Hadleigh. It was not as good as I had hoped; but must serve. I continued to work on 'Whither Humanity?'

The manager from the garage in Ipswich brought a small Hillman car (10 h.p.) for me to see, & took me in it for a short sampling drive. It costs £125; & I told him that I would not decide to buy it until I were more assured that War would not break out. Within a fortnight we ought to be able to have a clearer vision.

The Archbishop of York writes to suggest that I should help to keep alive the Guardian "by helping "especially on its religious side". He adds absurdly: "It w^d of course mean a great deal to the Guardian if it came to be known that you were in any way associated with it."

Indeed!

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[53]

Friday, April 28th, 1939.

[symbol]

Cold; and still the North Wind. No letters. I replied to the Abp. & kept a copy of my letter. Without definitely refusing his suggestion, I made it sufficiently apparent that "I was not amused"!

[symbol] The Guardian has a leading article on "The Mother's Union and Divorce" in which it quotes my Article in last week's issue, & is rather superfluously polite to me.

Ella and Fearne went off to Norwich with intent to lunch with M^{rs} Rudgard.

In the afternoon I listened to the broadcast of Hitler's anxiously expected "reply" to Rooseveltdt [sic]. It was, of course, a marvellous mélange of insult, invective, and irrelevance, but he did not definitely close the door to negotiation [sic], and, if he were not known to be a false man, it might even be possible to think that he still harboured the notion that War could be averted. He denounces both the naval treaty with Britain, & the treaty with Poland, and demands the return of the colonies. On the whole, the present impossible position must be continued.

[54]

I called at the Rectory, & found the priest at home, complaining of lumbago, and somewhat perturbed by a summons to appear before the Ipswich magistrates on a charge of dangerous driving! He seemed to think that there would be little difficulty in getting the local authority to intervene in the matter of the dunghill. He gave me the names of the relevant officials: -

Samford Rural District Council.

Clerk, R. Blenkinsopp
5 Queen Street
Ipswich.

Medical Officer of Health,
D^r P. L. Crosbie
Holbrook
Ipswich.

Sanitary Inspector,
H. Watling
Hadleigh Road
Ipswich.

He advises me to approach M^r Watling first and the others in ascending order.

[55]

[symbol]

I received from old Canon Patterson* a kindly expressed letter enclosing extracts relating to myself from the Reports of the Boards for which he is still Secretary viz. the College of the Venerable Bede, and the Diocesan Readers' Board. These Reports have to be presented tomorrow at the Diocesan Conference which will for the first time meet under the new Bishop. "It will be a strange experience to see another Bishop in the Chair", he says. Strange, but probably not on that account the less welcome: for I do not think that, in spite of all the generous things that have been said about me, the clergy of Durham were really quite comfortable with me as their Bishop. They will find my Successor much more intelligible, because much more conventional. He is reported to be an excellent Chairman and man of business; and he won't "play the fool" in the same reckless fashion as did his predecessor! Lady Thurlow arrived on a short visit. She is bent on house-hunting.

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[56]

Saturday, April 29th, 1939.

[symbol]

The stench of the dunghill is painfully present in the house this morning. I drafted a letter to the Sanitary Inspector, and shall not post it before tomorrow, on the chance that the Farmer & his brother may, as I suggested, come to see me.

Hitler's speech to the Reichstag fills two pages of the Times. It is certainly an astonishing production, and not lacking in effectiveness; but it is so distant from any real relation to facts, that it almost defies analysis & criticism. One can only say, what Charles II said of the popular Presbyterian preacher: "He likes their nonsense; and they like his nonsense." The more the speech is considered, the less does it appear to justify optimism. It is difficult to discover any basis on which to negotiate [sic] with a man, so wrong-headed, so vituperative, & so persistent in his courses. So far as is yet known, the impression made on the world is not favourable. At best, it does but protract an intolerable situation.

[57]

[symbol]

I read though the whole of Hitler's speech. It is the fanatical outpouring of a self-obsessed egotist, and in the bewildering mass of the verbiage, it is hard to discover any definite meaning. It reminded me of Cromwell's speeches, like them verbose, egotistical, and obscure. It suggests that he talks himself into his convictions; and these, once formulated, dominate his mind with an almost hypnotic influence. He cannot be answered, for his whole point of view is preposterously wrong. Indeed, the vehemence of his assertions indicates the secret suspicion in his own mind that his case is really unsound. It is hard to see what can be built on the shifting sand of his bombastic rhetoric. He is amazingly clever, with a kind of absurd cleverness of an impudent and quick-witted boy. I should not be surprized to learn that his rough handling of President Roosevelt will have considerable influence in America, & may gravely prejudice the President's position. He makes adroit appeal to many prejudices, & has all the demagogue's tricks.

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[58]

3rd Sunday after Trinity Easter, April 30th, 1939.

[symbol]

A woefully wet morning. The ladies stayed at home, but I went to Church, & received the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. James, the two servers, Peter and Arthur, M^{rs} Fraser, a maid from the Vicarage, the stout female who lives nearby and myself communicated with the Rector. I suspect that generally in the country parishes that represents the situation. Apart from officials & the female appendages of the clergy, few apart from beside the clergy attend the Celebration. The Oxford Movement has certainly not succeeded in making the Holy Communion, or (as its disciples now prefer to say) the Mass, the 'principal service' for the catus fidelium in the parishes. The first sweet love & loyalty of boys can be drawn to the Sacrament, but these do not often survive boyhood.

On my way to church, I posted the letter to the Sanitary Inspector, making formal complaint of the nuisance occasioned by the dunghill behind my house. Ella was much perturbed, & has almost persuaded herself that dunghills are a privilege & a blessing!

[59]

[symbol]

I did not go to Mattins, but remained in my study, and wrote 3 long letters to John Redfearn, to Ruth Spooner, & to Sir James Irvine.

Also, I wrote to Bishop Chatterton, thanking him for the gift of his book, on Alex. Wood, Bishop of Chota Nagpur. It is rather humiliating that one knows so little about the Christian paladins of the present century. There are quite a number of episodes in this little record, which, if they appeared in Bede's history, would 'make the fame' of a saint. It is also true that any human life, even perhaps one's own, is not wholly destitute of such little 'purple patches' of heroism and sacrifice, which, if set in the framework of hagiology, would not have a glorious aspect. But it is also true that every life contains black spots of shame, which, if drawn into publicity, would exile the best of us from whatever calendar ~~with~~ we had been introduced by mistake!

[60]

[symbol]

The day of the Liberal Deist compromise is over, and we have come to the parting of the ways. Either Europe must abandon the Christian tradition and with it the faith in progress and humanity, or it must return consciously to the religious foundation on which those ideas were based. The modern world has not lost its need for religion - indeed the value and the necessity of a religious interpretation of life are felt more strongly than they were fifty years ago, and science no longer attempts, as it did then, to deny their legitimacy. But the religious impulse must express itself through religious channels, instead of seeking a furtive, illegitimate expression in scientific and political theories to the detriment alike of religion and science. It must be recognized that our faith in progress

and in the unique value of human experience rests on religious foundations, and that they cannot be severed from [61] [symbol] historical religion and used as a substitute for it, as men have attempted to do during the last two centuries...

It is only in Christianity that the historic element acquires such importance that it can be wholly identified with the transcendent and eternal objects of religious faith...

Hence it is historic Christianity, far more than in any purely rational creed, that the Religion of Progress finds its satisfaction...

It is possible that the ideal form of international unity for Europe is not a political one at all, but a spiritual one.

...It has been the peculiar achievement of Western Christianity in the past to realize such an ideal in an organised spiritual society, which could coexist with the national political units without either absorbing or being absorbed by them. The return to this tradition would once more make it possible to reconcile the existence of national [62] [symbol] independence and political freedom, which are an essential part of European life, with the wider unity of our civilization, and with that higher process of spiritual integration which is the true goal of human progress.

Christopher Dawson. Progress and Religion, An Historical Enquiry. London. 1929. p. 243f.

Christopher Dawson* is a devout Roman Catholic, though (an unusual combination) a candid and competent historian. He suggests that in the Medieval Church, organized as a spiritual society under the Popes, we have the model to which the modern world must 'return' if we would escape the perdition to which it is moving. It is an appeal to History that his argument invites. How far was it really true that the Medieval Church was what he claims? Did the Papacy succeed in realizing "the ideal form of inter-national unity" during the Middle Ages? Is it possible for the Modern World to 'return'?

<010539>

[63]

Monday, May 1st, 1939.

Another dull, wet day. The news from abroad suggests bewilderment and apprehension. Hitler's speech has evidently alarmed many & consoled none. The danger point seems to be Danzig, respecting which the Poles are unyielding, and, I think, rightly so. All turns on the intention of these accursed gangsters in Berlin & Rome, and that is, for the present, undisclosed. But they are certainly not anxious to restore the confidence which they have so shamefully destroyed. There is nothing for it but to go on, as fast as possible, with our preparations for War.

I received but two letters, the one from Clarence telling me that he has passed his driving test "with flying colours", and is now on the look out for a chauffeur's job; the other, from a parson whom I don't know, the Rev^d T. W. Morcom-Harneis, asking me to preach at the consecration of his new church on October 7th. He has a parish in the North of London. But I am in no mood to accept preaching engagements just now.

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[64]

May 1st, 1939. [sic]

I have completed 3 months of idleness: and my output of work has been practically nil. Beyond an article in the 'Guardian', I have written nothing. This won't do.

The Sanitary Inspector came to see me. He is a very poor-looking rough man, little better than a farm labourer; and he appeared to be in mortal fear of the Committee of farmers, to whom he would have to report my complaint about the dunghill. He "thought he had best see the Medical Officer about it". I offered to write to that official myself, but he preferred to act himself. So we parted on the understanding that the Medical Officer's interference should be invoked. I don't like the look of it.

Rowaleyn Cumming Bruce arrived about 10 p.m. having motored from Sheffield, where he had been defending a nefarious Jew. He had come to see the house which Lady Thurlow thought would be suitable for their use when her husband had resigned from his benefice. Rowaleyn has developed into a somewhat self-conscious & self-confident barrister.

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[Tuesday] May 2nd, 1939.

[65]

Fearne motored me to Ipswich, where I took train – 9.50 a.m. – to Liverpool Street. After leaving my impedimenta at the Athenaeum, I went to the hairdresser, & received his professional attentions. Sidney Vere Laurie was there, & we exchanged friendly greetings. I lunched in the club: and afterwards called on Vernon Storr.* He was at home, and with him was his eldest son Noel, who has been ill so long, but is now apparently really recovering his health. Storr told me that the present Dean [Paul de Labillière]* is proving “a great success”, & winning golden opinions. He said that the West' Abbey Quarterly had made a moderately good start, but plainly was not very confident of its future. He said that my article had been the making of the opening number, but, of course, that attraction could not be renewed! He had made arrangements for removing the great East Window of S. Margaret's, & placing it in security; also he had caused the monuments in that Church to be cleaned, & the effect had been transfiguring.

[66]

Storr* told me that Queen's College had lost some money, which Streeter* had designed for it. He had left his property to his wife if she survived him, & then to the College. But she had died with him, & her will had left her property to Buchman's Groups! I understood that there was no intention of disputing this disposition of Streeter's money. I inquired what was the present position in the Modern Churchmen's Union. He said that the difficulty arose in connexion with the monthly publication, “The Modern Churchman”, which was Major's personal property. He is curious blend of obstinacy and kindness. In manner, he is the gentlest of mankind, a veritable S. John: but in controversy, with his pen on the paper, is a hard-hitting & ~~wreck~~-reckless combatant. *I pointed out to Storr that [Henry] Major's ardent championship of the Establishment disclosed a confusion in his mind between genuine tolerance, and theological anarchy. The one was precious, but the other, though possibly convenient, was essentially indefensible.*

[67]

[symbol]

I dined at the Club. There were 10 members present viz:

1. The Prime Minister
2. Lord Crewe
3. " Dunedin
4. " Halifax
5. " Crawford & Balcarres
6. The Master of the Rolls
7. The President of Magdalen
8. Hilton Young (now Lord?)
9. Gaselee
10. Bishop H. H. H.

The P.M. [Neville Chamberlain*] asked me to sit by him, & was most affable. He reminded me of his visit to Auckland Castle. I asked about his health, under the unrelating strain of recent weeks. He said that his main complaint was the impossibility of getting any opportunity to read books. He found Chequers restful: & his daily walk round S. James's Park helped to keep him fit.

What was his method of preparing his speeches?

He depended little on others: but used notes, only reading when, as in foreign politics, it was important to have exactness of statement.

[68]

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He evidently had not been much impressed by Hitler personally. "When I saw him, he was 'off duty', & quite an ordinary person". He had enjoyed his visit to the Pope. "I had expected to meet an aged man, with his hand to his ear: but he was remarkably active & interested." He insisted on showing portraits of Card. Fisher & Sir Thos. More: & charged him to assure the English people that he had them always in his heart. Finally, he presented him with a golden medal, having his effigy on one side, & the heads of More & Fisher on the other. I asked him whether there was any truth in the statement (which Lady Thurlow repeated with some confidence) that the Italian Fleet had been turned out of Corfu by a threat of bombardment by the British fleet. He replied with decision that there was no truth whatever in it. When he retired, he expressed the hope that we should often meet again. Lord C. & B. sate on my other side, & was more than his wont friendly. After he had gone, I moved up, & sate beside Lord Crew[e], with whom I had much pleasant talk.

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[69]

Wednesday, May 3rd, 1939.

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A mild and beautiful morning. Sir James Irvine and I joined tables at breakfast. He introduced me to his friend, the new Principal of Glasgow, a young-looking fair man, who had the aspect of a shopman rather than that of an academic.

I wrote to Ella: & filled in the record of this journal. Then I walked across the Park, to see my oculist at 23 Hertford Street. On the way I called at 21 Park Lane and at Londonderry House, but the noble occupants of both were away. M^r [name illegible] went through the usual performance with my eyes, and finally gave what I must needs regard as a satisfactory report. He said that during the six years since I came to him, my eyes had deteriorated but slightly: that he thought I could do no better than continue my present procedure viz. using the lotion, morning & evening, and assisting my spectacles with the hand-held magnifying glass. He thought that it did not matter how much I used my eyes: that I must have a strong light: and that it would be sufficient if I came to him again in 12 months time. He was emphatic in his assurance **that my eyes would last me out, in fact, be good for another 20 years!**

[70]

I returned to the Club, & there fell in with Sir Humphrey Milford, the Secretary of the Oxford Press: he expressed strong regret that my Book on the Church of England was being published, not by the Oxford, but by the Cambridge Press, but admitted the adequacy of my reasons. I asked whether, in the unlikely event of my writing some kind of an Autobiography, he would like to publish it. He jumped at the suggestion. I said that, if he had need of any more prefaces such as that which I wrote for the title book on sermons, he might come to me. He expressed approval of this suggestion.

Canon Anthony Deane* was in the Club, and joined me in a taxi to the S^t Ermin's Hotel, where the annual luncheon of the Press & Publications Board had been arranged. That garrulous fellow, Colonel Oldham, presided, & I sate on his right hand as the "guest of honour". The company had rather a squalid appearance, but it included the new Canon of Westminster, Thompson Elliott, & Prof. Norman Sykes.* I replied to the toast of "The Guests" in a rambling speech, more critical of the Board than complimentary. My hearers applauded, and departed.

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I walked to Hugh Rees, and bought a few books. Then I went to the Club, & found Sir Charles Peers. He said something about the intention of the Dean of Westminster to request me to preach on D^r Johnson in the Abbey. It appears that somebody has presented a bust, which, it is foolishly thought, ought to be formally received with an appropriate sermon. I said that, if and when, I received the Dean's invitation, I could "give it favourable consideration".

I dined at Grillions. There were present beside myself, whom they placed in the chair where I sat between old Lord Middleton and Lord Londonderry [7th Marquess]*

1. Duke of Devonshire
2. Lord Rushcliffe
3. Sir Ronald Graham
4. Lord Donoughmore
5. " Newton
6. Sir Godfrey Thomas
7. " John Simon
8. Morrison, the Cabinet Minister
9. Sir Francis Humphreys
10. Lord FitzAlan
11. Sir Horace Rumbold
12. Sir Philip Chetwoode
13. Lord Stonehaven
14. Sir John Gilmour

Altogether we numbered 17: and there was some good talk: but the arrangement in a long table localizes the conversation rather unfortunately. However, I enjoyed the dinner.

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Old Lord Middleton [Middleton]* was evidently much gratified by the general approval of his book of reminiscences. He explained to me the difficulty he had experienced from the abundance of his material. He had a good many stories about Queen Victoria, which he did not think it advisable to publish. He revealed some amazing secrets about [divers?] noble families, and I received the impression that the moral standards which have obtained among our hereditary legislators have been extraordinarily low. He enlarged on the matrimonial misfortunes of "Jack Durham", who had been an Eton contemporary of his. He said that the mental incapacity of Lady D[urham] [Ethel Lambton]* was quite well known to himself & other of his coevals. Londonderry [7th Marquess*] was very affectionate, and pressed me to use Londonderry House as a home whenever I came to London; but, though I like him and his family, I am conscious of too wide a gulf between their standpoints and my own to make intimacy really advisable.

I was gratified and surprised by the expressions of satisfaction which my appearance evoked: & the regret at my exclusion from the H. of L. "You ought to be made a Privy Councillor" was the general view - absurd enough, but yet kind, & therefore welcome. Londonderry took me to the Club on his way home.

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I asked the Prime Minister whether he managed to keep a journal, & said that its interest & historic ~~value~~ utility could not but be of extreme value. He replied that he had no time for anything but the immediate demands on him: but that he wrote letters to his two sisters, who lived in the South of England, and that those were kept, & contained much information.

The Duke of Devonshire is a very poor-looking man, & speaks with some kind of an impediment, which renders it difficult to understand what he says. But he is friendly and not unintelligent. I asked him whether he was well-received in the South of Ireland: and he said that nothing could be pleasanter than the temper of the people. He spoke with much vehemence against the Roman Catholic religion, contrasting the Mass with the Buddhist functions which he had witnessed in the East, & expressing a strong preference for the latter! I inquired what was the position of the Protestant clergy in the Irish Free State, & he replied that they had generally no sufficient employment, since their congregations had largely disappeared, and they tended to exhibit the faults which idleness never fails to develop in its victims. He expatiated on the beauty of Southern Ireland in the spring.

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[74]

Thursday, May 4th, 1939.

Fisher, the Warden of New College, came into the Club. He said that he had now recovered from his long illness, and was able to resume much of his work. I asked him whether he was cheerful about the outlook, and he replied in the negative. He told me that when his brother was in command of the British fleet in the Mediterranean, he was informed that Italian submarines were observed within the territorial waters of Malta. He had caused the Italian ambassador to convey to the Italian admiral a message from himself to the effect that, if he wished to inspect the defences of Malta, he would be pleased to receive him as a guest, & show him everything! This message had ended the annoyance.

I walked to Westminster, and went into S^t Margaret's in order to see the cleansed monuments. They are certainly much improved: then, I called at the Deanery, & was told that the Dean was in the country: and in N.4 Little Cloisters, & learned that the new Canon, Thompson Elliott, was not at home. I noted the imposing appearance of the new Church House, which now approaches completion. Then I walked back to the Athenaeum, & lunched there before going to Liverpool St.

[75]

A member of the Club, who, I conjecture, must be Lord Stamp,* addressed me. He said that he had been reading the transcript of my book: that he liked it: that I should be asked to accept as the title, "The Church of England", that he thought the amount was about right: that an Index would be needed & could be prepared from the paged proofs: that these would probably reach one about the end of June.

Sir Vincent Baddeley* encountered me in the street, & was insistent that I should lunch with him when next I came up to London.

I received from my successor a cheque for £621:5:0 in payment of the furniture in Auckland Castle which he "took over" from me.

I wrote to Braley from the Athenaeum.

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[75] [cont.]

Friday, May 5th, 1939.

A beautiful morning, mild & sunny, but the day deteriorated into a wet evening.

I sent a cheque for Fearne's new car, and wrote several letters. Then I read through Emerson's essay on Napoleon, the Man of the World. It is a picture of Hitler.

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[76]

Saturday, May 6th, 1939.

The Secretary of the Diocesan Board of Finance writes: to express his pleasure ~~of~~ at the prospect of my attending the Diocesan Conference, and tells me that he heard my speech at the Press & Publication Board, and "thoroughly enjoyed it" & would like to say "how very true most of your contentions were"!

I began a sermon for the Magdalene undergraduates, taking as a text, the glorious declaration about Moses that "he endured as seeing him who is invisible". I start off with some observations about the now familiar phrase "a war of ideology", and lead up to the conclusion that, if by such a war, is meant one waged for principles & ideals, then it is the only kind of war that neither degrades nor injures. But, how can I get that into the strait waistcoat of (at most) 20 minutes?

In the afternoon we motored into the county, & saw 3 fine village churches, of which one ([left blank]) had an extremely noble roof. The country is quite resplendent in blossom & opening foliage.

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[77]

4th Sunday after Easter, May 7th, 1939.

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Another brilliant spring morning.

I read during the night a very disturbing book by Douglas Reed: "Disgrace abounding". It continues & develops his former book, "Insanity Fair", which is stated to have now run through forty impressions in nine months. The money which this amazing sale brought to him enabled him to resign his position on the editorial staff of the Times. **He discloses a very strong anti-Semitic bias**, and an even stronger dislike of the existing political system in England, which he holds to be responsible for social ills at home, & political blunders abroad. These vehement prejudices shake confidence in his political judgements, which seem to be acute, far-seeing, & well based in knowledge. His account of the betrayal of Czechoslovakia overwhelms one with shame and regret: & his forecasts, of the consequences of that criminal blunder, are extremely disturbing. **He even thinks that an alliance between Stalin's Russia and Hitler's Germany is not improbable.**

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I went to church, read the lessons at Mattins, and celebrated the Holy Communion. The chief event in parochial history was the emergence of the Server, Peter, in trousers! He is not yet 14 years old, but as tall as I am.

I wrote several letters viz.:

1. To George Greig
2. " Dick
3. " Jack Clayton
4. " The Master of Magdalene.

M^{rs} Frazer had tea. I inspected the new dunghill, which is on the other side of the farm-buildings. If it definitely replaces the other & nearer abomination, I suppose I must be content. The country is rich in distinctive odours, agricultural & bestial (to say nothing of human), and the man who elects to become Bucolic may not refuse acceptance of its stench as well as revel in its beauty. On my way to the church, I heard the cuckoo, and some lads assured me that the nightingale was in evidence. The wind oscillates between the North and the East.

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[79]

Monday, May 8th, 1939.

A warm & brilliant day. Summerlike.

I received an invitation from the Dean of Westminster on behalf of the staff of the Westminster Hospital on Thursday, the 15th June, at a special Thanksgiving Service which is to take place in the Abbey on the occasion of the transference of the Hospital to its new buildings.

Also, I received a request from the Secretary of the Ipswich Rotarians, that I would address them on Thursday, June 22nd at "The Crown & Anchor".

I accepted both these invitations.

Ella received a cheque for more than £20, being the balance of the Fund for presenting her with a parting testimonial. M^{rs} Gordon, in sending it, said many pleasant and flattering things, which were none the less welcome to me by being thoroughly well merited by her. **It is a most grievous pity that this woeful trial of deafness has befallen her**, for it shuts her out from so many opportunities of exercising her considerable social gift. As it is, we must move through the decade of "labour & sorrow" under the shadow of a great & isolating trouble.

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I wrote to Clarence Ward, and also to Cecil Ferens.

In the afternoon we drove to Bawdsey. On the quay, from which the car-bearing ferry used to ply, I fell into talk with a young man, who suddenly asked me, whether I did not think that the present state of the world indicated the nearness of Christ's 2nd Coming, and seemed somewhat astonished, and even perturbed when I replied decisively in the negative. "But, I believe the Bible" he protested. "But do you understand it?" I asked. He inquired who I was, being, perhaps, moved to curiosity by the combination of gaiters & profanity. When I told him that I had just ceased to be Bishop of Durham, he told me that his brother was a student in Durham University. We parted amicably, but I could see that he was much disturbed. The inbred Bibliolatry of the British middle-class Protestant dies hard: and when it does die, its place is taken but too often by worse things. I always wonder whether it is really worth-while to disturb fanaticism.

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[81]

Tuesday, May 9th, 1939.

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The wonderful warm, bright weather continues.

I occupied the morning in finishing the little sermon for the Magdalene undergraduates. The Master ([Allen] Ramsay*) writes

“I can understand your discontent with your new life, & I do hope you will take and make opportunities for your voice to be heard in these shocking times. We must get together and overthrow Gog and Magog. The undergraduates are splendid: the only thing that seems to concern them about Conscription is ~~that~~ what hour they will have to get up in the morning”.

I see with much regret that the Duke of Windsor has broadcast an appeal for peace from Verdun. It is unseemly that he sh^d do this just when the King is on his way to America, where his words can only assist the isolationists. The Times notes “The Duke of Windsor’s broadcast was not relayed by the B. B. C. nor by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation”. This has an unpleasant suggestion.

[82]

M^{rs} Rolt and a friend motored from Terling, and lunched here. She says that her father, Foxley Norris,* the late Dean of Westminster, was much perturbed by my resignation.

The Durham paper reports that the Leeds corporation have “turned down” the arrangement for cleaning the Zurbarans. They evidently regard it as a subtle device of the late Bishop of Durham for throwing the cost of cleaning his pictures on the ratepayers of Leeds. The truth is that the plan was proposed to me by the Director of the Leeds Art Gallery in the interest of his Exhibition of pictures.

I have been reading a book sent to me by the publisher, Victor Gollancz Ltd. “The new Propaganda, by Amber Blanco White.[”] It is deeply tinged with Socialist and Freudian doctrines, but it is written with considerable power and vivacity. I found it interesting and suggestive.

Stannard* has tried, but vainly, to lure Dick from Norton to Bishopwearmouth.

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[83]

Wednesday, May 10th, 1939.

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Ella's birthday. Today the dear lady reaches the "three-score years & ten", which are understood to mark admission to the description of "aged". Colonel Smith came to lunch. In the afternoon we had tea with M^{rs} Westmacott,* a daughter of the old Archdeacon of Hereford (a saponaceous little sly man, who took the lead in organising opposition to my appointment as Bishop in 1918 – [Edward Winnington-Ingram*]) and niece of the outgoing Bishop of London. Her husband, who (I gathered from his talk) had been long in India, was friendly and interesting. We found common subjects for conversation from the ~~of~~ circumstance that he had been in India when Curzon* was Viceroy, Welldon,* Bishop of Calcutta, and [Thomas] Raleigh,* the legal member of the government. I was pleased to hear him speak strongly in censure of the normal British attitude towards the natives. He was interested in the attempt to get unemployed men to settle on the land. He said they rarely succeeded, being mostly too old to learn, too poor to provide capital, and too urban to endure rural conditions of life.

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[84]

Thursday, May 11th, 1939.

The wind has shifted to the north with the usual evil results of lowering the temperature and bringing the stench of the dunghill!

The Editor of "The Courier" sends me a belated acknowledgement of my article on "Whether Humanity?" adding..

"It was most kind of you to send it so promptly and I shall be using it for our Autumn issue!"

I "sent it promptly" because he asked for it. By the autumn there may be no longer any sense in discussing "Humanity's" direction. It will probably be heading for the Abyss.

I received an almost gushing letter of thanks from Ivor Nicholson & Watson Ltd in reply to my brief encomium on the booklet "The Ordinary Man's Reply to Hitler", asking for "permission to use in advertisements of the books one or two lines" from the said encomium.

M^r Owen Smith writes to say that he is "very glad" that I "will consider writing once a month for the Guardian". He seems reluctant to let me go!

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I spent the morning in making a start on my "Autobiography", but whether I shall have the patience or industry to go on with it is doubtful. I find it extremely difficult to determine how far merely autobiographical matters should be admitted. They can be of no real importance to anybody, and it is almost impossible either to state them quite truthfully, or to make them interesting. Yet, it is probably requisite that I should describe the untoward conditions under which my years of boyhood and adolescence were passed, because apart from an adequate understanding of these, my later career is really unintelligible. In effect, what I have in mind is a narrative of my ministry together with an introductory chapter, giving some account of my upbringing and character. Even so, I shall be forced to say much which it is horribly painful to parade before the public: and it will be difficult to speak frankly about my father without falling into impiety. Yet his character & conduct are integral to an understanding of mine.

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[86]

Friday, May 12th, 1939.

The weather was so cold that we returned to fires. I continued to work at this so-called "Autobiography", but like it less as I proceed. There is something almost indecent about laying bare to the public the mechanism of one's personal life, and when one has achieved the evil work, one has not really succeeded in saying "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth".

Cecil Ferens writes:

"I was really delighted to hear that you approved of your successor's plan in regard to Auckland Castle. I agree with you that if he can make a success of it, he will have rendered no mean service to this Diocese, and indeed to the church as a whole."

I am disappointed, perhaps unreasonably, at not receiving any letters from the diocese. It is, of course, only what I ought to expect. I have no longer anything to give. Why should anybody bother more about me?

[87]

The Rev^d Arthur W. Hutton, Rector ~~Vicar~~ of S James Gateshead, writes to say that he has accepted the Lord Chancellor's offer of Bolam, in Northumberland. He says

I greatly appreciate both your letters, the one to the Lord Chancellor, and the one to myself. To have your approval of what I have tried to do at Gateshead is no mean reward. I have never forgotten the description you gave of S. James's parish when you asked me to come in 1924, viz. "A great sphere for a man who loves God and his fellow men". The work here has been a great pleasure to me, & my great regret in laying it down is that I have not been able to accomplish anything like what I had intended & hoped to do.

It is pleasant to be assured that one's words have not been altogether unheeded. I think Hutton is fundamentally a good fellow, though rough & ill-educated.

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[88]

Saturday, May 13th, 1939.

A bright cold day with the wind is the north. I wrote to George Nimmins* inviting him to visit us. Then I made a vain essay to work on the "Autobiography". It seems ridiculous to parade in detail the petty circumstances of a quite unimportant career.

We lunched with the Bishop of Dunwich and M^s Maxwell Gumbleton. He is rector of a pretty parish, Hitcham, which contains about 600 rather scattered parishioners, and possesses a fine parish church. There came also to lunch an old soldier, Brigadier General Massey-Lloyd who lives in Ipswich, & seems to be related to half the old families in Suffolk. The Bishop was formerly Bishop of Ballarat in Victoria, Australia. He was not very sympathetic in his references to the aborigines, but spoke severely of the "White Australia" movement. I asked him about [James] Hickson*, and was rather surprised to hear him defend the quack, as devout & unselfish. In this estimate he contradicts the general testimony. On the other hand, he expressed dislike of Buchman's* "Groups", holding them to be mainly mischievous.

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[89]

Rogation Sunday, May 14th, 1939.

A bright but uncertain morning, and cold.

Ella and I went to church before breakfast, & received the Holy Communion together. Save for the coughing, loudly led by the Rector's sister, and steadily supported by the young women of the congregation, the service was comfortably devotional. It is a pity that the Rector's infirmities make him indifferent to, perhaps unconscious of the noises which perturb less afflicted worshippers!

All the six houses, which give a regrettably urban aspect to this end of Hintlesham depend for their indispensable provision of water on a single well, worked by a large pump. The inhabitants have to fetch their water in pail, from this single source. I am assured that this well is of no great depth, and that it shewed no sign of failing during last year's drought. The heavy rains of this spring must have saturated the sub-soil, and replenished the deeper springs.

I wrote to Christina [Pattinson] and to Preb Wynne Willson. In the afternoon, Colonel Smith with Barbara Marsh came to tea. She looked rather tall & thin, but astonishingly pretty still.

[90]

I wrote to Macfarlane Grieve* congratulating him on his appointment to the Mastership of University College, Durham. The only possible excuse for such an appointment to the head of a considerable college is the fact that he possesses some private means, & can, therefore, afford to hold an office which carries but a petty emolument. Previous Masters have held it together with a professorship, and there is now no professor who will consent to accept it. The intellectual prestige of Durham University, which is now distressingly low, will be still further lowered when it is realized, that the Headship of the principal College has been entrusted to a man who is without any known intellectual qualification. He was, I assume, an efficient domestic bursar, & he acquitted himself well in connexion with the O. T. C. But how he can direct the studies of the undergraduates, or inspire them with any intellectual ambition, it is hard to see. The success of the University must turn finally on the quality of its resident leaders.

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[91]

Monday, May 15th, 1939.

A wet night; a cold morning; a fine afternoon.

The photographer accompanied by a slim, gentle youth, who manipulated the camera, came here, and took some photographs of the interior of the house, postponing those of the exterior to brighter weather.

M^r Tallents came to lunch, and afterwards went with me in his car to see churches. We saw Boxford, and Cavendish, and Kedington. The last, which is sometimes called "The Westminster Abbey of Suffolk" because of its fine series of Barnardiston tombs, is most interesting. It is absolutely unspoiled, and looks as if it might have looked in the time of Elizabeth. The three decker pulpit, equipped with its hour-glass and wig-pole, the old pews, the remains of the chancel screen which are now included in the squire's pew, the Elizabethan Communion table & communion rails, and the 15th century alms box, & Jacobean bier made capable of elongation, & now disused by reason of the wood-beetle – these make this church curiously, even uniquely attractive. We returned by way of Long Melford, stopping there for tea.

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[92]

Tuesday, May 16th, 1939.

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A wet night was followed by a wet morning. James motored me to Ipswich, where I took train for London. The only compagnon de voyage whose presence in the compartment divided my attention with Heiden's "One man against Europe" was a slim dejected youth, 19 years old, who looked forward without enthusiasm to being "conscripted" next year. I did my best to rally his spirits, & quicken his patriotism, but with no great success. Acquiescence, not enthusiasm, is the mood of our adolescents. I went as usual to the hair-dresser, & then had lunch in the Athenaeum, where I joined table with [Thomas] Strong,* who has become a forlorn object. His memory has largely failed, and his conversation has become uninteresting & in great measure unintelligible. He haunts the Athenaeum, & evidently likes to be recognized and companied with, but he makes me melancholy, both because he reminds me of better days for himself, & foretells worse days for myself. "Molesta senectus" is as relentless as it ~~be~~ is destructive.

[93]

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At 2.15 p.m. M^r Wilson Harris, the Editor of the Spectator, came to see me, as we had arranged on the telephone overnight. As I conjectured, he wanted me to contribute to his paper, occasional reviews and articles. I was not very responsive, but not frankly negative. I said that I should not be averse from reviewing a book, if it interested me, & I felt that my knowledge justified my passing judgment on it. I mentioned the book by Joseph Bernhard, "The Vatican & World politics", as one that I had meditated dealing with at length; and said that I would write an article on "A war of ideology". He rather jumped at the last, and I was fool enough to promise to send him 1400 words in the course of next week. He said that the remuneration would be five guineas. I observed that, as a pensioned ecclesiastic, I would not pretend to be "above accepting payment" for literary work, but that I certainly would not write "to order", not express other opinions than verily my own. So we parted amicably.

[94]

I walked to the House of Lords, and fetched away my chimera & rochet, leaving a note for the attendant stating that I had done so.

I dined at the Club. It was a small party – viz:-

1. Sir Frederick Kenyon
2. Sir Humphrey Milford
3. M^r Desmond McCarthy
4. Sir Edward Peacock
5. Lord MacKinnon
6. H.H.H.

I was in the Chair, & had Lord MacKinnon on the one hand, & Kenyon* on the other. Conversation was animated & well sustained. Kenyon, an ardent Wykhamist boasted that no less than 10 of the judges were Wykhamists. This raised the vexed issue of the "old school tie", and I found that as an "advocatus diaboli" on the question of "public schools", I was not unsupported. Desmond M^cCarthy was clearly with me; & my legal neighbour was by no means plainly against.

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Lord [blank] said that his wife had a house at Aldborough; that he himself knew Suffolk well; & that he would call on me at Hyntle Place.

Milford had his car waiting for him, & obligingly carried me to the Athenaeum.

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Wednesday, May 17th, 1939.

Dined at Grillions. Present.

Lord Salisbury
Sir Horace Rumbold
A. Mason
Sir Francis Humphreys
Sir John Maffen
Elliott – Minister for Scotland
H.H.H. (in the Chair)

Talk about Orators & their methods

Czecho-Slovakia
Anti-Semitism
Palestine

Lord Salisbury [4th Marquess*] joined me in a taxi. He was very friendly, & talked interestingly about his father [3rd Marquess*] & other eminent political orators, whom he had known well.

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The great Marquis used no notes. His method before making a big speech was to shut himself in his room, & think it out. "Lady Salisbury used to warn the family against talking politics. "Mind children, your father has got a speech to make, there must be no politics today". This admonition was scrupulously obeyed. Arthur Balfour used a long envelope, on which he noted the points of his speech. "Jim, I've to make a speech today – come & tell me something about the matter". I would go into his room, & tell him what I could. After 20 minutes or ½ hour, he would say, "Thak you. I've got all I want". And in due course he*

delivered a long & arresting speech". Lord S. thought David Plunket the finest orator he had heard in the H. of Commons, His slight stutter was used with rhetorical effect. Of preachers, he held Liddon to be the greatest.

Sir Horace Rumbold, who had been ambassador in Berlin, & had knowledge of Czecho-Slovakia, spoke about the Jews, & said that they had the same faults as the Germans themselves. They were either abjectly servile, or intolerably arrogant. I was rather perturbed to discover how generally unfavourable [97] [symbol] is the view taken about the Jews. Sir Arnold Wilson – a hard, arrogant man himself, whose assumption of infallibility on many subjects wakes my worst suspicions – held forth to me in approved "Nazi" style on the unspeakable iniquities of the Jews. His fondness for Germany seems to have led him to credit anything that the Germans tell him.*

Rather rashly, I allowed myself to speak with decisive disapproval of the Munich pact, & subsequent surrender of Czecho-Slovakia. I had not realised when I spoke that a Cabinet Minister, [Walter] Elliott, was present. He took up the defence of the Prime Minister with energy, & considerable effect. We had a brisk & interesting discussion. His main point was that L^d Runciman,* having reported in favour of uniting the Sudeten Germans with the Reich, there was no moral justification for war, although he allowed that the military objection was extremely strong. I liked him, but could not accept his view.*

Sir Francis Humphreys spoke very unfavourably about D^r Benes, [Beneš] who was, he said "slippery as an eel". Here, having no personal knowledge of the matter, I could not be acquiesce, albeit unconvinced.

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Sir F. H. had been long in Afghanistan. I asked him how he could explain the facile acceptance by the Afghans of the abolition of the Khalifate, which had greatly amazed me, since I had always understood that the Afghans were fanatically orthodox Mohammedans. He replied that they had been influenced by the fact that the Khalifate had been abolished by Mustapha Kemal – who was a national hero.

Altogether I enjoyed the conversation, which was throughout maintained at an uncommonly high level.

Earlier in the day, I had preached in S. Margaret's, Westminster, to the Modern Churchman's Union, which was holding its annual conference. In spite of the deplorable weather, there was a congregation of about (as I conjecture) 100 persons. My sermon took almost exactly half an hour to deliver, & was listened to very closely. D^r [Henry] Major came into the vestry after the service, & took away the MS. Jack Clayton* was there, & spoke to me afterwards. Also, Miss Madge Graham & Miss Curtis – both aging females.*

[99]

[symbol]

I lunched with Vernon Storr. *His wife seems now to have recovered from her long illness. Noel & Tony, the two boys, are both embracing the medical profession. Noel, who has been for some while in South Africa, gave me a most interesting account of the Kruger Park, which is the largest & best stocked, of all the "reservations", which civilized communities are providing for the preservation of their fauna. He said that he could no longer find interest in the Zoo, after having seen the wild creatures in their natural environment.

Storr told me that arrangements had been made for storing the East Window of S Margaret's in a cellar in Putney. A monument to the memory of Canon Carnegie was about to be placed in S. Margaret's. It was being subscribed for by Members of Parliament, & would merely record that Carnegie was Chaplain to three successive Speakers of the House of Commons. I said that Speaker Lowther's* description of him as "All façade & no building", might, perhaps, not unfitly have been added.*

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[100]

Thursday, May 18th, 1939. Ascension Day.

The papers are filled with reports of "Their Majesties" enthusiastic reception in Quebec. Their landing was happily effected under bright sunshine.

I joined tables with the Bishop of Chichester. He is rather overweighted with his responsibilities. The Bishop of Salisbury came, & had speech with me. I promised, rather recklessly, that I would spend a week-end with him in Salisbury.

I lunched at the Athenaeum, & then went to Liverpool Street in time to take the afternoon train to Ipswich. There James met me with the car.

Awaiting me I found a letter from the "little airman". He signs himself

Yours as ever,
"A little Airman" grown up.
Hedley Thompson

P.S. Your "little airman" is twenty-two!

Am I to understand that the flighty young gentleman expects to be more gravely addressed?

I think, however, that he must remain unaltered.

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[101]

Friday, May 19th, 1939.

A very cold morning, and also depressing. James drove me to S^t Edmundsbury, where I attended the meeting of the Diocesan Conference in the Athenaeum. The Bishop presided, and took occasion to make a kindly reference to me. I was surprized that his words were loudly applauded. The Financial Report was introduced by old Sir Bunnell Burnett-Burton [corrected in pencil]. The subject was the dullest imaginable: the atmosphere was becoming poisonous: the audience was disinterested: & the orator prissy [?]. Accordingly I was acutely bored. I lunched with M^{rs} Greene, who, as Mayor, entertained me when I came to preach in the Cathedral some years ago. She had arranged a "stand-up lunch" for the more important members of the Conference. By some foolish misreading of my watch, I came away earlier than was necessary. Fearne, who was pledged to call for me about 2.10 p.m., did not appear before 2.30 p.m. So I was in no amiable temper, when I started on the return journey. However, I am becoming as toothless (metaphorically) as a man-eating tiger; and far less really formidable. So there was peace!*

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[102]

Saturday, May 20th, 1939.

[symbol]

Cold and clouded, but without rain.

We left the house at 11 a.m., & arrived at M^{rs} [Amy] Burkitt's* house in Cambridge about 1 p.m. after a little delay in discovering it.

M^{rs} Burkitt is nearly blind, but as cheerful and talkative as ever. Prof. Bethune-Baker* came to lunch. He now resides in Cambridge, having resigned his Chair some while since. He does not attract me although he is extremely, even excessively, courteous and complaisant. Our conversation turned on the subject of 'Anti-Semitism', and I was both surprised and distressed by the vehemence of M^{rs} Burkitt's denunciations of the Jews. She is an out-and-out advocate of the Arab cause. I can well believe that her talking may do much harm. She evidently shocked Bethune-Baker.

Fearne motored me to Magdalene College, where I had tea with Miss Ramsay, and then wrote in my bedroom until dinner time. There came to dinner George Trevelyan* & his wife, Mr. P. and his wife, Kitson Clark, & a parson [103] [symbol] who is a friend of Owen's, named D^r Wilson, lately Master of Clare, & Miss [name missing].

We had much talk on the political situation, & I found myself something of a storm-centre. George Trevelyan is not, I suspect, quite at ease in conscience over his acquiescence in the destruction of Abyssinia, & he disclosed the fact by his declamatory vehemence. The M.P. told me that as a boy he used to attend the Hospital Chapel at Ilford, and "was one of my earliest admirers"! I felt rather attracted to him, although we were opposed in argument. Lady Trevelyan told me that her grandfather, Thomas Arnold (who made himself notorious by "going over" to Rome twice!,) was much concerned personally with the Mortara case. It seemed to have influenced his earlier secession.

After the company had retired, the Master and I talked together until midnight. He said of Alington* that he had been a 'successful', but not a 'great' Headmaster of Eton.

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[104]

Sunday after Ascension, May 21st, 1939.

[symbol]

I went to the college chapel at 8.30 a.m., and received the Holy Communion. About a dozen students in surplices were also communicants, & two dons. The solemnity and stillness were most welcome, & it was delightful to have the familiar service of the Prayer Book without the little fretting interpolations which our Anglo-Catholics delight in.

Miss Ramsay's birthday was marked by divers demonstrations of affection from her friends. She is a sweet, attractive person, who could not but have many friends.

The Master walked with me in 'the Backs'. Nothing could possibly exceed the opulent beauty of the spectacle on which I feasted. The noble buildings, imposing & graceful, carrying the judgments of History into the shrine of Nature, the trees, the calm river spanned by the little bridges, & everywhere Youth, lying on the banks, punting on the stream, walking, talking, in the freedom of their young vigour – all united in a picture of unsurpassable charm & loveliness. Te Deum laudamus.

[105]

[symbol]

M^r Roberts & his wife came to lunch. He was friendly and interesting. I was interested to hear him criticize the rival press of Oxford as having developed excessively the non-academic or markedly commercial side of the University Press. He said nothing about my book, save when we were parting, when he said that he hoped shortly to send me proofs. I took the impression that he was not too well pleased with the precious production. I don't wonder.

After lunch I walked to Herschell House, Herschell Road, (which branches from the monotonous & unending Grange Road) to pay my respects to M^{rs} Burkitt and my ladies, returning to Magdalene in time to meet the two brothers, Jack & Godfrey Howe, sons of the late Master of University, Durham. The elder, Jack, looks forward to Ordination at Advent. He is now at Westcott House, & hopes to get his title from Norton: the younger [Godfrey inserted above], who aspires to be a schoolmaster, is in his 3rd year at Magdalene. Both well-mannered & promising young men.

[106]

[symbol]

The chapel was well-filled by undergrads. It is very small, & could hardly hold more than 70 persons. I preached my sermon on "A War of ideologies" from the text, "He endured as seeing Him Who is invisible". The young men listened with close attention, & the Master assured me that they were really impressed. I think the discourse was generally approved, and thought to be specially well-planned, since the University was much concerned with the issues raised by the introduction of Conscriptio. Winston Churchill had addressed a great

gathering of undergraduates in Cambridge overnight, & my sermon, from a very different point of view, accorded with his argument.

I dined in College after service, & had much pleasant talk in the Common Room. Before going to bed, the Master and I had much converse together in his study. He spoke of the Headmastership of Eton, & said that, in his judgment, it was important that the Headmaster should have been a House-master, and should himself teach the Sixth something.

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[107]

Monday, May 22nd, 1939.

[symbol]

The fine weather continues, but tends to become sultry. After breakfast, I asked Miss Ramsay to shew me her garden. It is certainly astonishingly beautiful, & reveals unusual taste & knowledge in the fair gardener. The late Master, Arthur Benson,* appears to have had an odd preference for evergreens, & left the garden with the aspect of a "closed churchyard"! Now, it is delightful in its riot of colour.

I telephoned the ladies suggesting that they should take me to Ely. Accordingly Fearne called for me at 11 a.m., & motored us to see that amazing cathedral. We returned to Cambridge for lunch, and afterwards the Master shewed me some of the colleges. We visited Downing, Christ Church, Emmanuel, and Peterhouse. We also looked into the Round Church. The noise and volume of the traffic in the streets are strangely inconsistent with the dignified calm which one associates with academic life & "learned leisure".

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[108]

Tuesday, May 23rd, 1939.

[symbol]

Another glorious day, and very warm. Before getting up I finished reading Konrad Heiden's "One Man against Europe". The last chapter contains a penetrating study of Hitler as a man, very informing & apparently well-informed.

Ella and Fearne arrived about 11.30 a.m. and were shown the garden & college by Miss Ramsay. Canon Price & I spent an hour with the Master. He shewed us with much legitimate self-gratulation the admirable painting of Samuel Pepys, which he had bought for the petty sum of £32., & which is thought to be worth 10 times that amount.

We left the College about noon, & Fearne motored us to Heydon [*name inserted in pencil*] where we lunched with the Townleys. There came to lunch the Vicar & his wife, and Sir Murdoch Macdonald, M.P. for Inverness, who is in charge of the work now being undertaken by the Ouse Catchment Board. He had personal knowledge of Egypt, & was evidently keenly concerned with the problem of Palestine. He was definitely on the [109] [symbol] **side of the Jews**, who, he thought, were being shabbily "let down" by the British Government. We walked & talked in the garden for an hour after lunch. He was rather pessimistic about the political outlook, thinking war to be probable. *He spoke about Abyssinia, and said that he had been in close touch with Sir Reginald Wingate* at the time of the Hoare-Laval episode, & that the Government had never consulted Sir R. W. although he was admittedly the man who was best informed on Abyssinian affairs.*

We left about 4 p.m., and motored home, stopping at Newmarket for tea in the Rutland Hotel. We arrived at Hyntle Place about 6.30 p.m.

Awaiting me were letters from Jack Case, Gerald Rainbow, Alan Henderson, & some others. The country, through which we travelled, was amazingly beautiful. The sudden warmth, following upon the rain, has brought into their full splendour the flowering trees. Laburnums, lilacs, & thorn trees are wonderful, and the apple orchards a dream of beauty.

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[110]

Wednesday, May 24th, 1939.

[symbol]

The glorious weather continues. In the afternoon we had tea with M^{rs} Miss Crisp who lives in Little Wenham. She shewed us a 13th century castle in her grounds. It contains a fascinating chapel. Her father, who appears to have been an antiquarian, collected some interesting objects – crucifixes, armour &c. She also shewed us the extremely interesting parish church, which is now used only for occasional services. There are dilapidated but still discernible wall paintings, Laudian altar rails, an unusually shaped piscina, & several other features of interest.

M^{rs} Miss Crisp had collected a party of neighbours, mostly soldiers and their wives, severely normal in aspect, & unable to make any impression on me beyond that of a slight boredom! Why is it that the conventional soldier is so mortally dull? When he emits an opinion, it is almost invariably an echo of too-familiar prejudice, & he is as full of confidence as he is lacking in originality!

[111]

[symbol]

We listened to the King's broadcast from Winnipeg. His Majesty speaks slowly, and with curious jerks of emphasis, but he never fails to carry his sentences through, and his voice travels well.

[symbol] The Rector has come to grief in the magistrate's court, where he was fined & had his license endorsed on a charge of careless driving. The fault is petty; the offence important; the defence was feeble and unconvincing. I can well understand that he feels both irritation and humiliation. He is, perhaps, reasonably annoyed at the endorsement of his license – for the fact that he has driven a car for more than 30 years without accident might well have been regarded as providing a sufficient reason for omitting that penalty. I think it is probably true that a clergyman is at some disadvantage in such actions, especially in a district where "Labour" calls the tune.

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[112]

Thursday, May 25th, 1939.

[symbol]

Still summer, but slightly colder.

I spent the morning over that precious article on "A War of Ideology", which too rashly I promised to the Editor of the Spectator. If he is wise, he will cast it incontinently into the Editorial w.p.b.

I was distressed by lumbago, not bad enough to prohibit movement, but sufficiently bad to make movement unpleasing.

Ella and Fearne went out to tea; & I remained at home, & beyond walking to the Rectory to enquire about the Rector's condition, I took no exercise.

The Dean of Norwich asks me to give one, or even two lectures to the Diocesan Branch of the Central Society of Sacred Study, of which he is Warden. I was fool enough to promise a lecture next January on "Parish Life as centred in the Church in post-Reformation times i.e. between the Reformation and the reform Act of 1832." Also I wrote a long letter to Dick.

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[113]

Friday, May 26th, 1939.

[symbol]

The brilliant weather still holds.

I revised and despatched the Article for the Spectator.

In the afternoon General Kenyon, & his parson (Barlow) came to see me about the British Legion service, at which I have promised to give an address.

D^r Rendall, formerly Headmaster of Winchester, called. He spoke of my successor in very eulogistic terms. He said that Williams was an omnivorous reader, but was not likely to write anything. His mind was more receptive than original. He had always been well-liked, wherever he had been, and would probably be a successful Bishop of Durham.

[symbol]

[Archdall Beaumont] Wynne- Wilson* in acknowledging a letter of mine, takes occasion to urge me strongly to write an 'Autobiography'.

“You have played no common part in public affairs of the last 50 years, & there w^d be a gap in the history of them, if your point of view, experience, & activities were lacking.”

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[114]

Saturday, May 27th, 1939.

[symbol]

The Provost of Eton (Lord Hugh Cecil)* asks me to preach to the School. I promised to do so on Advent Sunday next.

The Master of Magdalene writes in his usual flattering manner about my sermon in his chapel last Sunday, and wants me to come again next year.

“We are all talking about your inspiring words to us in our Chapel & the more I hear the more profoundly grateful I am. You said just what was needed at this time, and you lifted the cause into its proper place. Young men hear so much jargon nowadays that they are forgetting what is truly noble, & can only be uttered in noble language.”

It pleases me to read such things, & I think, does really assist me to envisage my task as a preacher more truly.

Linetta* writes at immense length to explain why she was unable to attend the service in S. Margaret's. “Douglas came back enthusiastic over your sermon”!!

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[115]

Whit Sunday, May 28th, 1939.

The day was clouded at first, but cleared towards noon, and in the afternoon was fine and warm. We left the House at 9 a.m. and Fearne motored us to Newmarket, where we arrived, at All Saints Vicarage, about 10.20 a.m. The Hon. F. Curzon and his wife came to shake hands with me before the service. They have a boy of 14 at Eton, whom I must try to see when I go there to preach. Curzon spoke to me as if we had been old friends but I cannot recall having seen him more than twice in my life.

The church was not more than half-filled, and, though my sermon was listened to with attention, I did not feel that it 'gripped' the congregation. This, perhaps, was explained by the very different kind of preaching which the people had become accustomed to hear from Canon Browne, the Vicar. We lunched with him & his wife. Their son, a sub-lieutenant of the Royal Navy, a fat, heavy young man, was also there. All very noisy &, I thought, vulgar & mundane. But who knows?

[116]

On our homeward journey we called on the Provost of S. Edmundsbury & M^{ts} [sic] with whom we had tea. They were very friendly. I gathered that he is an Evangelical; that the diocese has hardly recovered from the division of opinion occasioned by the creation of the diocese. One part had been in Ely, and other in Norwich, & neither was pleased in being placed in the new diocese of S^t Edmundsbury & Ipswich. There would be 8 ordination candidates on Trinity Sunday.

The Provost's House was originally built in 1730, and had been enlarged by the addition of the Hall of an old Almshouse, into which an excessively large staircase from an old house had been incongruously fitted. Externally the house had a pleasing appearance but internally it was certainly disappointing. There is a parish attached to the cathedral, with 5000 parishioners; & the Provost has the assistance of two curates.

The opulent beauty of the country through which we motored, going & returning, for 85 miles was unforgettable.

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[117]

Whit Monday, May 29th, 1939.

[symbol]

I found myself crippled by lumbago when I got up; and I suffered much through the day. I occupied the morning in writing letters, among them one to the Editor of the Times, headed "The Jewish case". It seemed to me that I could hardly in fairness keep silence, at this juncture, when the fate of the Jews seems again to tremble in the balances. They have a right to receive from me any assistance that I have it in my power to give; and, since I no longer possess a seat in the House of Lords, a letter to the Times is almost my only instrument. Of course, the Editor may not publish it, and, indeed, in view of his uncompromising support of the present Government, I think it probable that he will not.

I wrote to the Master of Magdalene, giving a vague promise that I would preach again in his college chapel, in the summer term of next year; and to the Master of the Temple.

Flo Laurie, who is staying at Cavendish Hall with a son-in-law of Athelstan Riley, named Brocklebank, came to tea with a party including [118] [symbol] Lord and Lady Monkswell. I think the latter were under the impression that they were coming to Hyntlesham Hall, & were surprized to find themselves in our modest abode! However, they politely concealed their amazement, & the party passed over without any untoward incident. I had some political talk with his Lordship. He was prepared to defend the Prime Minister's performance at Munich, but of course he assumed, what is hotly challenged, that Hitler would have gone to war if M^r Chamberlain had met his impudent ultimatum with a firm "non possumus." His opinions on domestic politics were of the crusted Tory type. All our troubles come from the original ?????? folly of giving votes to working men! He was good enough to express regret at my removal from the House of Lords. "They ought to make you a lay peer, ~~to~~ as they made the last Archbishop. You would be welcomed back." Absurdly enough, I like to hear such things; and yet, if, per miraculum, I were offered a peerage, I c^d not afford to take it.

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[119]

Tuesday, May 30th, 1939.

[symbol]

A damp morning, but fairly high temperature. A cuckoo in the tree behind the house made a great & continuous noise, while I was getting up. This strange bird is very common here.

A letter in the Times over the signature of James A. Malcolm raises what to me is a new point in the continuing controversy about the Balfour declaration viz: that the general belief at the time was that Jews would not go to Palestine

“There were, of course, as many ill-informed and prejudiced persons as apparently there are now about the whole matter. But with this difference – that whereas the former confidently prophesied that the Jews w^d never go to Palestine, the latter cynically urge that they ought not to be permitted to do so.”

We lunched pleasantly with M^r Tallents; & afterwards he took me to see churches. We visited three unusually interesting examples – Badingham, Dennington, and Framlingham. I had tea with him, after which he carried me back to Hintlesham. I lent him “Going Abroad.”

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[120]

Wednesday, May 31st, 1939.

[symbol]

Another brilliant day, though still cold, and my lumbago as inconvenient as ever. To my surprize the Times prints today the letter that only left Hintlesham yesterday. I think it reads effectively, but it will make M^{rs} Burkitt gnash such teeth, if any, as she still possesses!

It occurred to me that, in preaching at the Westminster Hospital Thanksgiving service in the Abbey on June 15th, I might fitly make some reference to the services of the Jews to Medicine. I read again, Singer's article on "The Jewish Factor in Medieval Thought" in the volume "The Legacy of Israel", & found it so interesting, that most part of the morning was thus expended. This habit of "browsing", when I am interested is very unfortunate in its effect on any considerable undertaking.

I walked round to the Rectory, and found the Rector & his sister just leaving in the car. So I giped pleasantly at him as a public danger, & accepted a lift back to Hyntle Place for the relief of my lumbago.