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1 June 1942 – 15 October 1942

N.B. Persons marked with an asterisk are included – or will be included – in the Henson website repository.

The asterisk appears beside their first citation in each volume uploaded as a PDF.

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[1]

Monday, June 1st, 1942.

A fine day, growing warmer as it advanced.

The post brought a news-cutting account of the 2nd extract from the Autobiography in the Church of England Newspaper. It is headed "Sermons counted for much Forty Years ago. Bishop Henson causes alarm at Westminster Abbey". This heading is as irrelevant as it is misleading, but it expresses the Editor's notion of what will please his public! It leads in a very dull article, which cannot possibly assist the circulation of the miserable volume, when (if ever) it actually comes before the general reader.

The Times includes some pitiful photographs of Exeter Cathedral as devastated by the recent bombardment. The midday wireless reported that last night an attack was made on Canterbury, and that great damage was done to the City. Nothing was said about the Cathedral. The Archbishop and M^{rs} Temple were uninjured. Great prominence is given in the papers to the tremendous raid on Cologne by more than 1000 bombers. Both in Libya and in Russia the battles continue and in both there are indications that the fighting may die down, through the exhaustion of the combatants.

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[2]

Tuesday, June 2nd, 1942.

I received the cheque from the Oxford Press (£75) on account of Royalties for a non-existent Autobiography, & I sent it into my Bank. The Press will have to sell a good many copies if they are to make any profit at all off this foolish adventure to which my egotism, and Milford's rashness have committed them.

I received an Airgraph from Dick. He announces a Sandstorm & the arrival of a Salvation Army van "enthusiastically received".

~~No~~ The disappointment at their being no lassie with it was offset by the satisfaction felt by the goods it had for sale.

As always "Business" marches with Religion!

I went into Ipswich, & there visited both my Banker and my Dentist. I learned that the town had been bombed last night, & that there had been some casualties including some persons killed. The Archbishop and M^{rs} Temple were at the Old Palace, but happily sustained no injury. Nothing is reported about the Cathedral lest any useful information should reach the enemy.

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[3]

Wednesday, June 3rd, 1942.

A glorious summer day, bright and warm. Rhododendrons and Peonies are in full bloom, laburnums & lilacs are over. The copper beaches are quickly taking their distinctive colour, and the swallows are building on my study.

I wasted the morning in putting together notes for a talk on my visit to Sweden in 1920. The Women's Institute is not likely to be either well informed enough to question my statements, or impudent enough to criticize them. But they might well be puzzled and bored, and against that ill prospect I can discover no security!

I received a long and affectionate letter from my old chaplain, Charlie Pattinson.

The Prime Minister's account of the battle in Libya was distinctly, perhaps unduly, cheerful. The great raid of our bombers on Cologne is said to have [been?] enormously destructive, as many as 20,000 people are reported to have been killed, probably a great exaggeration. The swindling Lambeth incumbent has been sentenced to 3 years imprisonment by the Recorder of London. He has brought religion into great contempt.

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[4]

Thursday, June 4th, 1942.

Another brilliant day, and again very warm.

I received a letter from Dick, dated May 10th, & obviously written before Rommel's offensive had been launched. He is falling in love with the desert:

“it has done us all a lot of good in the way of simplifying our lives and deepening our sense of religion. The people who hate it are the butterflies who venture into it for a few days only and then return “hell for leather” to the fleshpots of Cairo. I would not have missed the experience of serving the ministry in the Army for anything. It has taught me more than I can say, for not only has it greatly enlarged my understanding of men, but it has shown me how essentially religious we men are, and how quickly we respond when the claims of God are put to us clearly & boldly. But I look forward to retuning to parochial life & only hope that the Diocese will still be able to find room for me.”

[5]

Clarence Ward writes from his home in Shildon where he is staying on “embarcation leave”. He is evidently distressed by his mother's alarm at his going to the War, but he himself is keen to go.

Fortunately I am not tied down to any girl as I would hate to have a girl waiting for me. If there is any chance of getting to see you, if only for a few hours, I will come to see you.

I hardly think it is likely that he can get here. On the chance of my letter reaching him before he has actually left for the front, I wrote to him immediately, & posted my letter forthwith.

The Times reports the death of my old friend, Jimmie Adderley. He was 2 years older than I, and has been in broken health for some time. I wrote what is called an “appreciation” of him, and sent it to the Times. His death removes from my narrowing circle of personal friends a man for whom I had a very real affection, and who, I believe, felt for me a sincere friendship.

[6]

At 1 p.m. the Wireless brought the heartening news that “the Butcher” of Bohemia, the monster Heydrich, who was shot some days ago, has actually DIED. It is the first rays of dawn for Hitler's victims. Already nearly 200 Czechs, including 29 women, have been murdered by the Nazi bullies, by way of “reprisals” for this man's well deserved death.

In the afternoon I walked to the Parish Institute, and discoursed to a tenuous gathering of members of the Women's Institute on “A visit to Sweden”. They listened demurely, and

applauded decorously, but could hardly have been other than profusely bored. After having tea, Ella and I went back to Hyntle Place.

With rather risky courage I narrated to the women the shameful history of “the Swedish Bath” which gave painful distinction to our brief sojourn in the “Hotel Terminus” in Stockholm. They listened with the [sic] avidity to the scandalous narrative, and applauded with decorous emphasis; but whether they were rather shocked than amused may, perhaps, be questioned. It is probably the only thing in my oration which they will remember!

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[7]

Friday, June 5th, 1942.

Another glorious day, hot but not stuffy.

Fearne motored me into Ipswich in time for me to catch the 9 a.m. express, which went through to Liverpool Street without stopping, and arrived about 10 minutes before 11 a.m. My journey was relieved by the conversation of M^r Shebbeare of Woodbridge, the papist cousin of the Rector of Stanhope [Charles Shabbeare*]. He told me that the said Rector has decided to resign his benefice being now about 77 years of age, & quite unable to obtain curates. On arriving in London, I drove to the Athenaeum, which still maintains its "black out", & is indeed, a dismal place. Poor Old Bishop Strong* was still flitting about like a ghost in the unnatural gloom. Then I went to Richards, the hair-cutter in Haymarket, and was dealt with professionally. After this, I looked in on Hugh Rees. Wheatley told me that not even yet could copies of "Last Words in Westminster Abbey" be procured. The difficulty was with the binding. It is sufficiently evident that the prospect of any circulation of that poor little book is black enough!

[8]

From the booksellers I went to the Club, & there fell in with Lord Daryngton, with whom I had some friendly talk. He expressed much admiration for Archbishop Lord Lang of Lambeth's speech in the Lords two nights ago.

Humphrey Milford appeared in good time, and we lunched pleasantly together, & discussed the delay in the appearance of the 1st vol. of the Autobiography. It is solely, he said, the difficulty of binding the volumes. However, he had been definitely promised that the book would be ready by July 8th at the latest. It was originally announced for March. I asked whether he desired to proceed at once with the 2nd vol. and I gathered that he did, and would be pleased if I would let him see anything that I had already written. I suspect that the long delay has disturbed him, and, indeed, it must prejudice the unfortunate book.

From the Club I went to the oculist, M^r Houl, who has transferred himself to 76 Princes Court Brompton Road, having been bombed out of his place in Hertford Street. With him I spent an hour. He examined my eyes very carefully, and [9] pronounced a verdict which was as favourable as could reasonably be hoped for. The left eye has practically ceased to function, but the right eye would not suffer from being without its normal partner. My sight was certainly deteriorating, but not more quickly than my advanced age compelled. He did not think I could do better than continue in my present course, using the lotion he had ordered, and eking out the spectacles with the hand glass. There was no question of an operation at present, & it might well be the case that the necessity would not arise. With this comforting assurance I paid the customary fee (£3:3:0) and came away. I caught the 3.40 p.m. train at Liverpool Street, and travelled to Ipswich comfortably, though the train was filled mainly with soldiers. At the station I was met by my ladies and the car, and so returned to Hyntle Place. During my absence my study had been subjected to a purge, the full and fell severity

of which will, perhaps, be gradually discovered. Fearne, with every appearance of sincerity, assured me that no radical changes had been effected!

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[10]

Saturday, June 6th, 1942.

Another hot day. I occupied myself in going through so much of the 2nd vol. as I have already written with the object of sending it to Milford at his request.

After tea we played croquet for an hour.

The battle in the desert contains, but it is hard to form a clear and coherent picture of its progress. On the whole, perhaps, the outlook is hopeful.

The detailed accounts of the great raid on Cologne make it apparent that great havoc & considerable loss of life were inflicted on the city. The cathedral was undamaged, but some of the other churches, which, though less imposing in scale & splendour, were more interesting to the historical student, can hardly have survived. Hitler affects great horror at the well-deserved assassination of the monster, Heydrich. More Czechs have been murdered, and the scoundrel's name has been given to a regiment of the Black Guards, who are admonished to revere his memory and emulate his example!

In no quarter of the world do the Japanese appear to be making headway.

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[11]

1st Sunday after Trinity, June 7th 1942.

A cloudy morning with a fretful west wind.

At 9 a.m. came news of a considerable naval victory over the Japanese gained by the American fleet in the Pacific. The official report gives an impressive account of 13 Japanese ships certainly damaged or sunk, and probably more. Among those are mentioned several air-craft carriers. Strong German counter-offensives in Libya are reported, and more barbarities in Prague in honour of Heydrich.

I wrote to Dick before going to Church for Mattins.

The Rector was still filled with delight over the vast collection of farthings made by some of the school boys, and told me again the actual numbers, adding that he had bestowed on 3 of the boys a medal which bore the figure of Christ with the legend "~~He that endureth to the end~~" Be thou faithful unto death". When the churchwarden came into the vestry, he was also received with a glowing account of the Farthing collection. I could not avoid a satirical comment "You observe, M^r Churchwarden, that we are careful to make sure that the children learn from the first to associate Religion [12] and Money. They at least will appreciate the significance of M^r Clapham. This gentleman has had prominence in the newspapers recently, having, after a careful trial, been sentenced to 3 years penal servitude for embezzling the large sums which he had collected for work among the poor in his Lambeth parish". I hope and think, that the Rector perceived the rebuke which my words conveyed. His obsession with money raising & ceremonial in his little rural parish cannot be spiritually wholesome. After Mattins, I celebrated the Holy Communion. There were about 14 communicants.

I wrote to Cecil Ferens.

An American Journalist who has just arrived in England has given a heartening account of the food situation in Germany: & the morale of the German people. The one is extremely bad, and the other is visibly worsening. The winter campaign in Russia has greatly shocked public opinion, & the entrance of the U. S. A. into the War has created a general alarm. The military power of the Nazis is still very strong but its maintenance is increasingly difficult.

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[13]

Monday, June 8th, 1942.

A bright but blustering day, & much colder.

M^{rs} Johnson has lost nearly 200 of her chickens, grown now almost to the size of pullets. They were slaughtered through decapitation by the deliberate blood-lust, not of a stoat, as was at first supposed, but of maggies. No less than four of these feathered Nazis have been shot, and one was caught in flagrante delicto. It is evident that Hitler has infected the European atmosphere, or, perhaps, the disembodied spirit of the butcher Heydrich, unable to find any other shelter, has found entrance into these carnivorous fowl, & thus been enabled still to pursue his favourite occupation of murder! The loss of so many chickens in present circumstances is no light matter.

I occupied myself with going through so much of the 2nd vol. of the Autobiography as I have already written, which amounts to about one fourth of the amount which I contemplate as suitable. It seems to me desirable that Milford should read what is now finished, and give me the benefit of his opinion. Then I shall be the better able to determine my course, and know what faults are apparent to other eyes than my own.

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[14]

Tuesday, June 9th, 1942.

The letter which I wrote to George Nimmins* on November 27th last has come back to me this morning, having been "opened by Examiner 459" and marked "No service. Return to sender". I must needs fear the worst for Java has been in the very heart of fighting, & George would not have failed in his duty.

Also, I received from Godfrey Charnwood a letter, partly type-written, thanking me for my condolence on Dorothea's death.

Dade, my new gardener, told me that he had decided to join the Home Guard. I expressed my warm approval. He is only 49 years old.

We played croquet after lunch, and after tea. I wrote to M^{ls} Johnson, thanking her for various kindly gifts of jam & cake to mitigate the régime gastric rationalism which now obtains.

I occupied myself with the tiresome, but indispensable task of going through my Journal with a view to the 2nd vol. of the Autobiography. It is humiliating to discover how much I have forgotten, and how many persons, once intimate & important in my life, have passed out of range & thought.

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[15]

Wednesday, June 10th, 1942.

I finished reading the novel which I bought in London last Friday – “A Leaf in the Storm: A Novel of War-Swept China” by Lin Yutang (William Heineman L^d 1942. It has a curious fascination, and reveals the mysterious Chinese mentality more intelligibly than anything I have hitherto met with. The author has written other books.

I received a careful pamphlet on the Parish Church of Saint Runwald, Colchester by John S. Appleby and Peter A. Watkinson, with a carefully written covering letter by the former. He describes himself as “a pupil of Colchester Royal Grammar School” where I gave away prizes: “I am only 16 but am, out of school hours, vergar & clerk of All Saints Church & S^t Nicholas-cum S. Runwald’s. M^r Fletcher, the Headmaster, says that this is all training because I am hoping to take Holy Orders.

The lad’s letter & booklet indicate a rather uncommonly promising youth.

[16]

I also received a letter from Martin Ellingsen,* who writes cheerfully about his work in Darlington.

I continued to read my Journal, and note the more autobiographically important passages. It is evident enough that the greater part of the record is practically unserviceable, though possibly it might provide material for some publication which ~~was~~ cannot be brought under the description of “Autobiography”. The impressions of individuals, for instance, and the comments on books and events might, perhaps, be worth collecting & publishing. Perhaps, the most modest treatment of the voluminous Journal would also be the most publicly useful viz. its dispatch as waste paper to a salvage depot.

The news from the War fronts is ambiguous. In spite of furious & unceasing attacks, the Nazis have so far failed to overcome the Free French in Libya and the Russians in Sevastopol.

Revenge for Heidrich’s well deserved assassination is inspiring the Nazi authorities to more excesses. A whole Bohemian village has been totally destroyed, the men shot, the women sent to concentration camps, and the children to “educational” institutions.

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[17]

Thursday, June 11th, 1942.

I wrote to Master John Appleby, thanking him for his booklet, encouraging him to cultivate his antiquarian "hobby", and endorsing his Head Master's opinion that it might form a valuable element in preparing for Holy Orders. I suggested that he might bicycle over from Colchester, and make my personal acquaintance.

Then I resumed my reading of the Journal. In the afternoon I walked to College Farm, and called on M^{rs} Reid. I had speech with her, & with her children, Archie and his sister. When we were viewing the crops on the farm, Archie first heard, and then saw a mole, and called my attention to the quaint little beast. It was emitting curious sounds more like a grunt than the whining of a mouse. I mentioned my indebtedness to M^r Reid for the manure, which he sent me, & was told that he would accept no payment. I did not contest the matter, fearing to wound his feelings. But, though I appreciate the kindness, I dislike the obligation

The news from the War fronts continues to be ambiguous, and we must still resign ourselves to the half lights of suspense.

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[18]

Friday, June 12th, 1942.

A dull, depressing morning, & rather cold.

We have signed a treaty with Russia. pledging us for 20 years to act, in war and peace, in the closest agreement with Stalin & his successors. M. Molatoff [sic] has been in London for some while, and then in Washington. He is now safely back in Moscow. Ought I to sing Te Deum?

The French garrison has been recalled from Bir Hakeim, after a volourous [sic] defence against the most violent attacks for 16 days. This is certainly a serious set-back in a battle, which is ever more clearly seen to have crucial importance. It is announced that old imbecile Pétain has declared that all differences between himself and Laval have been overcome, & that henceforth he and that infamous crook go forward (or backward) arm-in-arm!

The new treaty with the Soviets is received with evident satisfaction in the Empire and by all our Allies, but I cannot wholly share the general sentiment. I cannot so easily forget the past, & I do not welcome the prospect of surrendering the Finns to Stalin's tender mercies.

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[19]

Saturday, June 13th, 1942.

I reflected rather dismally on the Autobiography. It occurred to me that I might begin the 2nd volume with a chapter on the work of an English Bishop. This, might, perhaps, do something to mitigate the insufferable pettiness of the record, and indicate the reasons why a self-respecting and educated man can, even in this cynical, selfish, materialistic age, choose, with his eyes open, the apparently pinched & shadowed career of a clergyman. And incidentally it might do something to correct the natural but none the less false impression that the Author does regret in his heart the decision which he made in his youth, & held to throughout a long life. Meanwhile, perhaps, keeping this project in view, I can do nothing more useful than continue and complete my review of the journal.

We played croquet in the afternoon: and about 7 p.m. Charlie Lillingston arrived to stay the week-end. He is now on the staff of S. Paul's School, which has been evacuated to Wellington. He seems to be well and comparatively cheerful, though Malcolm's death has saddened him, & his father is quite evidently nearing his end.

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[20]

2nd Sunday after Trinity, June 14th, 1942.

A bright morning, but still oddly cold.

I went to church, & communicated at 8 a.m.

The Rector called for prayers for the Allies, and thanksgiving for the recently signed Treaties. We all attended Mattins, where the congregation was considerably swollen by nurses and patients from the Hospital. The Rector announced that he had arranged nothing for the special character of the day as appointed for "Allied Nations" thanksgiving etc., because he had received no instructions from his ecclesiastical superiors, & the Church could not accept direction from the newspapers & wireless!!! As if he cared anything about his "ecclesiastical superiors"! His normal procedure is a continual violation of his pledges & their known & reiterated wishes: but then the only "ecclesiastical superiors", whom he heeds, are those which he has hewn for himself from the Roman quarry, & labelled "Catholick"! His sermon was a highly characteristic production, &, of course, wholly irrelevant to the purpose of the service organised generally in America and Great Britain for "Allied Nations Day". I think Mouldale missed a considerable opportunity.

[21]

I walked to Washbrook Church with Charlie L., and we had much conversation. He thinks that the War affects the outlook of the boys in his school, by bringing near to them the possibility, or even the likelihood of early and violent death. He said that Richard Inge had left no less than £23,000, a sum which seems astonishing in the case of a young clergyman in his early twenties. Has the late Dean of S. Paul's resorted to sum [sic] tax-dodgeing [sic] device by distributing his fortune among his children? We talked of the ill impression made by the considerable amounts left by well-known Evangelical clergyman, and he instanced the well-known Webb-Peploe, to whom his father was once curate, who (to the amazement of his admirers) left no less than £70,000, although he had been credited with such poverty that steps were taken to raise funds to relieve it! He said that, throughout the sixteen years of Weldon's residence at the Durham Deanery, neither he nor his brother Malcolm had ever been invited to enter the house. This seems almost incredible, & goes to show the extreme oddity of Bishop Weldon's behaviour. He thinks that Bishop Owen is now the predominant influence in the diocese of Durham.

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[22]

Monday, June 15th, 1942.

Charlie Lillingston went away after breakfast. I gave him a copy of "Last Words". Before leaving he read the extract from the Autobiography which appeared in the C. of E. Newspaper. It deals with "The Hereford Scandal". He took away with him under solemn covenant to return them two books about Erasmus by Allen.

I continued my perambulation through the journal, and, in the afternoon, played croquet for an hour.

The news from Libya is ambiguous and disappointing. Rommel has evidently been considerably advantaged by his success in overcoming the French defence of Ben [sic] Hakeim, and his rapid movements confront General Ritchie with unexpected difficulties. French tanks are reported to be employed against us, and suspicion is growing that the Axis forces are receiving greater assistance from Tunis. The Russians claim to be maintaining their ground both at Sevastopol and at Kharkov, but the volume and violence of the Nazi offensive are said to be increasing at both. In the Pacific there is little being attempted on either side, but in China the Japanese advance continues, & the Chinese are hard pressed.

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[23]

Tuesday, June 16th, 1942.

I was called half an hour before the usual time, and when I enquired what might be the reason, was told that Ella was going to London, & must catch the early train in Ipswich. I had imagined that the dear Lady had, in deference to my remonstrates since ~~for~~ really she has no intelligible reason for undertaking what must be a fatiguing & comfortless journey in crowded trains, (for her babbling about flower shows and the Academy deceives nobody,) but I was mistaken. There are probably cousins to see, and the futile babblement of family gossip to enjoy! Anyway, she must have her way, and, having lost her head overnight, discovered in the morning that she has also lost her hat. So her final meal was a confused medley of activities in which the proper (and only important) business of eating and drinking was almost totally neglected. However with some kind of repulsive head-gear, (for the Hat was not found,) she did finally get away with Fearne in a continuing duet of protest and complaint, and I betook myself to my normal employments, wondering more than ever on the inscrutable mystery of female human nature & hoping for her safe return.

[24]

I worked at the Journal all the morning, and in the afternoon, I walked for nearly two hours. As I crossed from the Hadleigh Road through the Park, I lighted upon a man engaged in splitting up the limbs of a large tree, & I stopped to talk with him. "Can I get some of this timber for firewood?" "Surely: I can let you have as much as you want." "Are you M^r Nunn?" I asked. "No, my name is Hedges, & I lie in Ipswich." "Whom do you work for?" I asked again. "I work for myself", he replied with a touch of pride. Finally, he undertook to let me have two loads of oak, but into short blocks & delivered at my house next Friday for 30/- per load. A fine boy was playing about, & he said this was his son, Harry, aged 4. To my surprise, M^r Hedges said that he was 39 years old, but unable to read or write, having been incapacitated by illness for school, and now for the same reason exempted from military service. Yet he looked a healthy vigorous man. I shall be interested to see whether he carries out his undertaking. If he does, I gain a supply of wood: if he does not, I am none the worse, save for some lowering of my estimate of human nature.

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[25]

Wednesday, June 17th 1942.

A short letter from Clarence tells me that he is still in England with three days leave.

Mr Wallace, the Chaplain & Master of Ravenstone Hospital & Vicar of Snibston, Leicester, acknowledges the copy of "Last Words", which I sent him, and sends a booklet of his own verses, & a covering letter. The booklet ends with a poem headed "Rev. John Wakeford",* the well-known Anglo-Catholic Missioner, who was tried for abominable conduct, & convicted, but whose innocence in the face of what might well appear, & does to me appear, irresistible evidence of guilt, has been continuously affirmed by some of his friends: among whom M^r Wallace must be included. He writes:

The last poem is in memory of my own dear Archdeacon Wakeford, for whom I fought to the very end. When I came here in 1916, I found on the Trustees of this Hospital, the Rev. C. J. Moore, Vicar of Appleby Magna, who had sworn to "smash Wakeford if he had to wait 15 years to do it". While that cruel case was going on, Wakeford stayed in this house with us on three different occasions. He was an innocent man.

[26]

I spent the morning in going through my record of the Lambeth Conference in 1930, marking with red pencil the passages which might be omitted as properly irrelevant, or probably injudicious, or certainly calculated to hurt the feelings of some persons yet living. Yet such omissions are probably the very passages which have the greatest interest and importance!

Shall I include in my Autobiography the two descriptions of my own speeches in the Conference which have been published, the one by Archbishop D'Arcy in his book "The adventures of a Bishop" p. 281: the other by D^r Philip Cook, Bishop of Delaware, in an article on the Lambeth Conference in the official publication of the American Episcopal Church, quoted in the Church Times (December 19th, 1930)?

The Irish Primate writes:

The most brilliant speaker in the conference was undoubtedly D^r Hensley Henson, Bishop of Durham. There is no more delightful experience than to follow a speech by him, & observe how every word falls into the right place as he utters it. Yet he does not always carry conviction. So perfect a master of eloquence likes sometimes to play [27] upon the instrument more for the joy of doing so, it would sometimes seem, than for the purpose of making others accept his conclusions. Yet it was Demosthenes, if the writer remembers aright, who defined eloquence as speaking so as to persuade.

D'Arcy is a sound Protestant as benefits an Irish Churchman, & he would be mainly sympathetic with my point of view. The American Bishop is clearly an Anglo-Catholic, &, as

such, little disposed to approve anything that proceeds out of my mouth: and he is characteristically Transatlantick! After a complimentary reference to the Bishop of S. Alban's, he proceeds:—

When the discussion went over to the next morning, the Bishop of Durham, D^r Herbert Hensley Henson, answered in a speech of rapier threats. This was one of a number of speeches made by him, all very brilliant. The House of Commons was deprived of another Disraeli in the displays of powers of debate, the flash of repartee, & weight of constructive statement, when D^r Henson took Orders in [28] the Church. No man held the Conference in more tense attention than he, under his attack of freshly coined phrases and words like bullets from an accurately-armed machine-gun. It was a draft on any man's moral courage to follow him on the speaker's platform, but the Bishop of Bloemfontein, D^r Walter J. Carey, came forward in the strength of his Christian idealism to urge the Conference to express itself in terms of Christian heroism, such as the present day demands of Christian leaders. If this were not done, he wanted his position to be known as beside the venerable Bishop of Exeter, Lord William Cecil, as entirely disassociated from participation in what was sent out by the Conference. This again, was a dramatic moment, of which the printed report makes no mention!

These quotations have not only an obvious interest as indicating the impression which I made on others, but also as illustrating the sense in which the [29] writers understood their obligation to reveal nothing which proceeded in the Lambeth Conference. On both grounds, they have a title to a place in my Autobiography. That "venerable Bishop" Fish Cecil* was born in the same year as myself, and few men of my acquaintance ~~is~~ are really less qualified to be described as "venerable" in temper of mind and manner of speech, though he did acquire, as he advanced in years, an aspect which better befitted his age than mine. But this word "brilliant", which is so often applied to my speeches, both by friends and by foes, is always extremely displeasing to me. It seems to suggest (and, indeed, is often meant to suggest) anything rather than a compliment. To be brilliant may mean no more than to be superficial, showy, even smart; and, if I know myself at all, I am not fairly so to be described. A certain fastidiousness makes me dislike what is fluent and facile, and I dislike speech or writing that is slovenly, diffuse, and bombastic. Henry Wakeman* once said that I was the most fastidious person he knew: & Sir William Anson* declared that I was the proudest.

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[30]

Thursday, June 18th, 1942.

The war news is ambiguous, and from Libya unmistakably bad. Rommel has inflicted a serious reverse on Ritchie, and is now able to address himself with better prospect of success to the attack on Tobruk. The prospect of re-opening the Mediterranean route, and thereby greatly relieving the vital problem of transport is definitely receding, and the whole outlook has grown darker.

The leading article in the Times is definitely depressing. We are evidently inferior to the Nazis in mechanical armament, and (perhaps) in general-ship. Rommel may turn out to be more than a match for Ritchie, even our superiority in the air does not appear to be as certain as it was.

The news from Russia is still too vague and conflicting to be comforting: and in India there is evidently a considerable accentuation of anti-British feeling. That poisonous fanatic Gandhi is on the verge of starting an "Anti-War" agitation: & the only result of Sir Stafford Cripps's ridiculous mission has been that which every authoritative opinion anticipated viz. a weakening of British prestige, & a mighty encouragement to Indian sedition.

[31]

I received a letter from Gervase Markham, who is now serving in Libya as chaplain to the Warwickshire Yeomanry. He writes rather fiercely on the quality of the superior chaplains, & clamours for a "spiritual leader": but I suspect that there is more "Anglo-Catholicism" than Christianity in his resentment.

"Not long ago two newly-arrived chaplains (one was a Mirfield father) reported to their D. A. C. G., who asked them, 'Are you High Church or Low Church? I mean, do you call your Parade service, Mass or Matins?' They discovered he was a Methodist – but it gave them an awful shock to find that so ignorant a man was their superior."

It hardly seems reasonable to attribute to ignorance an enquiry which might be more fairly explained as indicating a knowledge of the actual situation in England, and a kindly desire to mitigate the transition to the very different situation in Libya. But Gervase has probably become more rigid since my departure.

[32]

Sir Charles Peers* writes rather despondently. The petrol ration is for him (as for most of us) particularly exasperating.

Bureaucracy is unerring in bringing out the incompetence of its administrators, while the good work seldom shows on the surface.....

He and Lady Peers have been entertaining young 'Dominionites', chiefly from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, & South Africa:

"One alone of all has been reasonably educated: the normal boy is childish in things of the ~~spirit~~ mind, and unlimited space evidently does not react on the outlook. But we have really enjoyed having them, finding a real liking for nearly all. Only two have been definite failures, and only one of these a disagreeable failure. There is something to be said for a country whose sons get a sense of uplift from sitting in a 17th century chair. More rarified things, such as a 16th century painting, produce exclamations of "get on" [33] or "my land", being portents which defy classification. Some of these men have been killed, having barely touched the possibilities of life: the doctrine of equal opportunity, if accepted by philosophy, must as it seems wait its turn indefinitely.

We went into Ipswich, where the ladies went their own way and I visited the dentist. We returned through Sproughton, calling on the way at Abbey Oaks, where I called on L^d Woodbridge, and they abode knitting in the car. His Lordship, with his accustomed politeness, invited them to come in, but they wisely declined, and I spent a half-hour with him, and then returned to Hyntle Place for lunch. He was in London some days ago, & had visited the House of Lords, which now sits in the King's Robing Chamber, the Painted Chamber having been surrendered to the House of Commons. He said that he found much satisfaction at the "dropping" of Lord Beaverbrook from the Government. His influence both on the P.M., and in his own department, was thought to have been unfortunate. We are well rid of him, & his type.

[34]

After lunch we were visited by Mars & Venus, i.e. by Colonel Bill Smith and his sister Emma. We played croquet until tea-time, & then they departed, and we subsided into normality. With them they carried in a basket a reluctant black kitten, which my infatuated wife had obtained from the farm-worker, who has charge of the farm buildings next to Hyntle Place, and which some similarly infatuated friend desired. It is certainly unfortunate that the admirable Ella is so devoted to cats & rabbits, two singularly prolific creatures which are particularly offensive to me, the cats because they destroy the singing birds, which are the glory of this island, & the rabbits because they work havock in the flower garden, which does so much to beautify this little homestead. But my protests avail nothing against her wayward but settled partiality, & I have to decide whether it is worth while to quarrel on such a matter with a Lady to whom I am greatly bound, & whose wifely record is confessedly so honourable. Is it not better to be "hen-pecked" than to be immersed in domestic conflict? So I suppose that I must again "take it lying down"!

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[35]

Friday, June 19th, 1942.

The Bishop of Durham tells me that Charlie Lillingston was misinformed about his health.

“I have been very well indeed for many weeks I both am and feel perfectly well.”

The Rev^d Grainge White, Vicar of Haughley, Stowmarket, writes:

“Your Lordship’s Autobiography, appearing in part, in the “Church of England Newspaper” is of particular interest to me I was asked by circular letter sent to all the clergy of the Oxford Diocese to sign a letter of protest against your Consecration. I refused to sign. Your stand did a great service to the Church of England. It greatly affected Gore, whom I knew fairly well when he was Bishop of Oxford. You find results in his “Commentary on the Bible”. In that he goes so far as to point out that a Virgin birth is not taught in the N.T. – parthenogenesis is Virgin conception.

If we were to have the C. of E. disestablished, so that it became the Church in England, [36] we could do the honest thing – periodically revise the wording of the Creeds and Articles, since words are only symbols of ideas, and, as ideas become clearer – while some must be replaced – words must be changed. We have no Clearing House of Knowledge in the Church of England... Most scholars & thinkers work in water-tight cubicles.”

This clergyman had been a missionary, & is ‘Life Member of the Oxford University Anthropological Society’. I imagine that “Comparative Religion” is his line of country. I wrote to M^r. Wallace, thanking him for his poetry, but omitting any reference to his friend, the late Archdeacon Wakeford.

Also, I wrote to Dick, telling him that Gervase Markham was also serving as a chaplain in Libya, and suggesting that he seize any opportunity for getting into touch with him. The two young men are excellent specimens of well-bred & well-trained Anglican clergymen, & they would help one another if they could come together as comrades.

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[37]

Saturday, June 19-20th, 1942.

The day began disconcertingly. First, I had a hectic conflict with the cold-water tap of the bath. Then, I paid for the fire-wood, and dropped my spectacles which were only discovered by Ella on the floor after a nerve-racking search.

The Black Madonna elects to change her tabernacle to our obvious discomfort, & immense relief. We shall now address ourselves to the task of "the simple life", without the continuing but half-suppressed exasperation provoked by a "Fifth Column" within our domestic garrison.

That unpleasant newspaper, "The Chronicle: Protestant Episcopal", contains an almost incredibly debased description of what it calls a "Distressing Episcopal incident", viz. the election of the Bishop of Long Island. So closely were the electioneering methods of American democracy followed, that the election is stated to be "offensive to Some: a scandal to Others: a Shock to Many". Nevertheless, the successful candidate can write, "After prayer & consultation with my elder brethren in Christ, I am decided that the Holy Spirit has called me, though all unworthy, to this great Office" !!!

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[38]

5th Sunday after Trinity, June 22nd, 1942

A calm fine morning leads in the longest day. Henceforward, we shall move towards the cold shortness of the winter. It is a repulsive thought. The last winter left ill memories. We must needs move towards the next with fearful hearts. "The Lord is in His holy temple: the Lord's seat is in Heaven. His Eyes consider the poor. His Eyelids try the children of men."

I wrote to Gervase Markham: and then we went to church for Mattins, and afterwards I celebrated the Holy Communion. The Rector preached from the text: S. Luke XI. 1, "One of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, teach us to pray," and based on it a sermon on the difficult but crucially important subject of prayer. He was too long and too involved for so simple a congregation, & I cannot think that they were edified. I heard with difficulty, but enough to assure me that the sermon was neither well conceived, nor well phrased, nor well delivered. Bishop Burnet's counsel that a preacher should not have more than one point, which he should illustrate, and make sure that his hearers had grasped it, is sound.

[39]

The Thurlows arrived about 3 p.m., and until dinner time, they left me no leisure for anything but their company. Fearné valourously carried through the business of the meals – our Black Madonna being absent, and M^{rs} N. having gone home for the Sunday. Visitors are certainly something less than welcome in these difficult days.

Then the wireless brought the dismal and dismaying news that Tobruk had surrendered with its much enlarged garrison, and great accumulation of stores. This is [is], indeed, a grave reverse, and will certainly have calamitous consequences, both military and political. The damage to our prestige will affect every part of the world-wide conflict. With this unexpected calamity darkening our minds we hardly had patience once more [*for ?*] the vainglorious recital of what we have escaped, and what we have achieved during the year since Hitler made his perfidious attack on Russia. Nor was our depression relieved by the news that the German attack on Sevastopol is not only continuing but also increasing in strength. If that fortress also falls, the outlook is black in 2 continents.

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[40]

Monday, June 22nd, 1942.

The papers are filled with Tobruk. It is finally admitted that the Allies have suffered a great disaster. Rommell has been superior at every point – in armament, in air-power, in strategy, and, above all, in bold and intelligent generalship. We are now back in Egypt with depleted forces and damaged prestige.

Lady Maureen Stanley* is dead: and J. A. Spender* – one of the most brilliant of our political aristocratic ladies, and one of the ablest of our publicists. Both of them have come into my life in such wise that I feel a measure of personal bereavement. I must write letters of condolence to Oliver Stanley,* to Robin [Viscount Castlereagh]* and to the Londonderrys: but what can I say? Maureen had not escaped the ill consequences of her upbringing, the besetting temptations of wealth and rank, and the morally disintegrating influences of her disordered generation. Her beauty, brilliance, and charm were irresistible, but even those who felt & acknowledged their power, could not but feel anxiety and doubt her capacity to use them rightly.

[41]

I wrote my letters of condolence, and posted them. After lunch we motored into Ipswich, where I presided at a meeting in aid of the Missions to Seamen, at which Lord Thurlow and M^r Trant were the speakers. The meeting was held in the garden next to the Bishop's. M^r Christopherson, the occupier, gave us tea afterwards, & then we returned to Hyntle Place, and the Thurlows went home taking with them the copies of the Geographical Magazine which we presented to Lady Thurlow's canteen.

Some 25,000 men of the best regiments in the British Army surrendered at Tobruk, and an immense accumulation of stores and equipment. The blow to our prestige must be very grave, and it will extend far. It is difficult to form a clear notion of what is actually happening in Russia, and there appears to be a lull in the Pacific. Meanwhile, munitions are being poured out from the factories on both sides of the Atlantic, but much of it is lost on the passage to Britain. If some of it could have been carried to Tobruk, the whole outlook would have been different. I wish that our leaders would boast and threaten less, & put more vigour into their action.

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[42]

Tuesday, June 23rd, 1942.

As one's years increase, & the desire to fulfil certain projects while one has yet time becomes keener and more pressing Only by much more rigorously laying out what I mean to do than formerly, and sticking much more rigorously than formerly to what is thus laid out, instead of going off on any new fancy or scheme that may turn up, can I hope to get along without self-dissatisfaction and constant impatience. The times are wonderful, and will be still more so; & one would not willingly lose by negligence, self-mismanagement, & want of patience what power one has of working in them & having influence on them. But the power of self-management and turning one's circumstances to the best account is the hardest power in the world to acquire: half the wasted lives one sees are due to [43] the want of it. I have been feeling this very much lately, and the great thing is not to stop at feeling it, but to act as is requisite for one who strongly feels it.

v. Matthew Arnold.* Oct. 9. 1870. [Letters collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell. London 1901]

Matthew Arnold wrote thus to his sister when he was no more than 48 years old. I echo his words at 78, when, alas, the task of self-management, which was still possible to him, has faded out of my horizon altogether. The process and habit of self-mismanagement have in me done their perfect work. It only remains for me to accept the failure, and repeat the Psalmist's prayer, "Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live."

And so I betake myself again to the tiring and humiliating treadmill of Autobiography.

[44]

I sent Dashwood a cheque for £180 : 18 : 9 on account of taxes together with his own charges. Then I paid the gardener his wages, and after wasting an hour on the Times, which is very depressing about Tobruk, I read through the Encyclical Letter of the last Lambeth Conference, & was more than ever impressed by its rhetorical, almost bombastic, character, and the untrue picture of the actual course of the Conference discussions which it presented. It was practically Lang's composition, &, perhaps, might fairly be described as characteristic. It was greatly admired and applauded by the newspapers, but led to nothing effectual.

Also, I read through the Resolutions of the two Conferences which I have attended, viz. 1920 and 1930.

The heat disinclined me for any form of exertion, and I remained in my study, reading M. Arnold's letters, & perambulating the Journal. Ella & Fearne went into Ipswich, and brought back Gladys Scott Tomson [*sic*], who had proposed herself for a visit.

The newspapers and the wireless continue to be disconcerting, & perhaps, even minatory.

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[45]

Wednesday, June 23rd [sic] [24th] 1942.

The general impression Holland, curious as it is, makes on me, is one of moral ennui. I know no country and people where that word seems to me to apply with such force. You have the feeling which oppresses you so in Norfolk and Suffolk, that it all leads nowhere, that you are not even on the way to any beautiful or interesting country.

Matthew Arnold, June 12th, 1859. [v. Letters vol. I. p. 104]

East Anglia is geographically isolated from the rest of England. Its insularity is twofold, general ~~from~~ in Europe, particular in England: and the fact tells on [*the* ?] aspect and habit of the population. Their absorption in the relatively petty concerns of local life perplexes and fatigues the visitor accustomed to larger views and interests. Do I feel this? Perhaps I do more than I realized until I came upon Matthew Arnold's confession. It is, of course, both the strength and the weakness of small nations to be thus irrationally self-centred, &, perhaps, to an outsider it is the weakness which is most apparent.

[46]

There was no rain last night, and today there is great heat. Ominous warnings against wasting water come from the London district, and the country here is rapidly acquiring the aspect of a drought. The prospect of a good apple-crop which was bright in May is now darkening daily.

The news from Russia is ambiguous. Sebastopol [sic] still holds out, but the pressure of the Nazis grows ever more severe.

As we walked in the garden after dinner, who should turn up but Mervyn Coventry [Haigh]* and the Bishop of this diocese, with the great news that Mervyn is to be the new Bishop of Winchester. That is what I particularly desired since both the Primacies have been filled without him. He is evidently greatly pleased, and well he might be for he will have on[e] of the very greatest of the Cathedrals for his Throne, & one of the best of the public Schools under his wing. He will go directly into the House of Lords, and he will have in his official predecessors one of the noblest spiritual pedigrees in all Christendom.

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[47]

Thursday, June 25th, 1942.

Matthew Arnold's description of Durham in a letter to his mother, Dec. 8th, 1861, is particularly interesting. He went there as Marshall to the Judge, and stayed in the Castle. He dilates on the "superb" view of the cathedral & castle together from Observatory Hill, "even Oxford has no view to compare with it."

"I was most agreeably disappointed, for I had fancied Durham rising out of a cinder bed

The Dean (Waddington) ought to have asked the Judge and all of us to dinner, but two judges lately kept him waiting dinner till past nine o'clock, and he is said to have vowed he will never ask a Judge again."

[v. Letters vol. I. p. 178]

The Rev. R. G. F. Waddington, an incumbent in Bradford, has been moved by the extract from my Autobiography which appeared in the C. of E. Newspaper, [*and ?*] has written to me a letter expressing regret for his share (whatever that may have been) in the agitation against my Consecration to the Bishoprick of Hereford.

[48]

The Countess Ferrers writes that Maurice [John] Robson* has been suddenly ordered abroad: that he particularly wished me to know: that he was to have married her daughter on Sept. 9th, "having been told that he was designated for service at home": that "this unexpected order came as a hideous shock." What can I think about this, save that Maurice Robson is typically Anglican, and not quite the stuff that heroes are made of.

I wrote forthwith to the penitent parson, and the prospective mother-in-law.

Dashwood informs me that "there will be nothing to pay in respect of Sur Tax next Jan^y." So that must suffice for the current year. He adds:

"I do trust we shall be able to hold Rommell. If his tanks & his Anti-tank guns are superior, anything may happen. I am told the 'General Grant' tanks are much too tall, & get hit in the turning every time."

I walked with Gladys to Washbrook Church.

A telegram from M^{rs} Elliott tells me that Dick is a prisoner in Libya.

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[49]

Friday, June 26th, 1942.

Last night an incendiary bomb was dropped in the vacant roadway between the farm buildings, where a host of sows & piglets have their dwelling, and this house. A hay-stack is in process of being raised just beyond my garden hedge, and a plethora of inflammable material is on all sides collected. It is difficult to imagine a more sympathetic habitat for anything destructive & flagrant! The hand-pump is unusable through the failure of its rotten rubber pipe, and the gardener alleges that there are no pails in the house! Thus, as I have always secretly expected, the first stroke of danger finds us completely unprepared. Ella seized the opportunity for caressing the kittens, which issued from the Farm buildings on an expedition of inquiry. Her deafness and my blindness have thrown the main burden of domestic prophylactic on Fearne, who rises to the occasion with a courage & resource worthy of Joan of Arc herself. My long absenteeism from normal human interests ensures a completeness of inutility, when there is need of effective action which it is difficult to credit and impossible to exaggerate.

[50]

Nancy Wynne Willson sends me a pot of Cooper's marmalade, and a letter describing her motoring tours with the blood-transfusing colonels. She drives a large car for great distances from one hospital to another, as much as 308 miles in a single day. It is amazing and thought-provoking to observe the physical achievements of the sex, which is traditionally described as the weaker and gentler of the complementary pair. M^r Warth, the A.R.P. warden, came in response to a telephoned message, and, after inspecting the "bomb", expressed surprize and suspicion. Might it not be a hoax? If so, it was both humourless and heartless. And against whom was it directed? I am unconscious of any personal resentments moved in my neighbours, and Ella has ever been on the best terms with all within the ambit of her acquaintance. My gardener and his wife are recent arrivals. There remain the female servants, of whom one left us a few weeks ago, and the other leaves tomorrow, but they could hardly thus play with fire.

[51]

An "independent candidate" has been returned for an Essex constituency (Maldon) by a large majority. This is probably a trustworthy indication of the "set of the wind" in the nation. There is a wide-spread and rapidly extending discontent with the combination of the offices of Prime Minister and Minister of Defence. The monotonous succession of military disasters is kindling into vitality the old suspicions of Winston Churchill's "judgement", and there are all the normal envies & malignities which his supremacy cannot fail to create in the baser minds. If he were wise enough (and he well may be) to yield to the evident wish of Parliament and People by resigning the Defence office, & contenting himself with the Premiership, he might renew his hold on the public mind, & regain public confidence.

The 3rd great "four figure" bombing in Germany is reported. More than 1000 bombers have visited Bremen, and returned with a loss of 52 planes. The clouds prevented clear vision of

their actual achievement, but they think that they effected great destruction. How much longer shall we exult in these horrors, and, perhaps, suffer them?

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[52]

Saturday, June 27th, 1942.

[symbol]

Mrs Elliott tells me that the War Office first reported that Dick was "missing" on June 4th, and then, on June 22nd, she wrote to me. Since then he has been stated to be a prisoner. We must postpone attempts to get into touch with him, until we know where he is confined.

This morning there was no hot water in the Bath for, in deference to the insistent warnings of the Government, the fire had not been kindled in order that our dwindling stock of coke might be saved. Today the Black Madonna fades out of our domestic picture, and we have to solve the problem of ordering the household without her assistance. Thus the malediction which Hitler embodies thrusts itself into our modest dwelling, and disturbs the placidity of our obscure lives.

The Prime Minister has returned, and is described as being in good health and spirits. He has to meet a vote of censure on the conduct of the War, but I judge him to be one of those men, to whom battle, whether dialectical or physical, operates as a tonic, bringing his full powers into play.

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[53]

4th Sunday after Trinity, June 28th, 1942.

I called to the up-rising in good time. Fearne produced tea and shaving water. I carried up the cans of hot water. Dade, renewing the activities of his former experience as a batman, made himself useful; and, by 8.40 a.m., I was writing in my Journal this account of our first day without the charming presence of the Black Madonna.

I wrote to Mrs Elliott, and to Nancy Wynne-Willson.

We all attended Mattins in the Parish church. I read the lessons, which included the pathetic narrative of Absalom's death, and the heart-broken grief of his over fond father. Dick's capture in Libya seemed for some illogical reason, (but we are built that way,) to deepen the moving character of the story.

The Rector preached from the words "Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing". He read his sermon which sounded to me like an address at an Anglo-Catholic retreat for priests. It was less disfigured than usual by his characteristic delivery tricks!

Both the Spectator and the Sunday Times give very gloomy accounts of the disaster in Libya. Both are severely critical of the Government, and incidentally [sic] of the Prime Minister.

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[54]

Monday, June 29th, 1942.

The drought continues, & the fields & gardens are beginning to cause anxiety. The bright promise of the spring has given place to fears for the harvest.

Canon Given Wilson, the Vicar of Dedham, writes to invite me to preach in his pulpit, but perforce I declined his invitation on the ground, that I had no petrol for the necessary journeying.

Then I betook myself to the Autobiography, but with poor result.

The news from North Africa is increasingly gloomy. It is now reported that Mersa Matruh has fallen, and (according to the enemy) 6000 prisoners have been captured. There seems to be no room left for doubt as to the critical gravity of the "crushing defeat" which preceded the fall of Tobruc, and as to the loss of the great accumulation of supplies which Tobruc contained. General Ritchie has been deprived of most of his tanks, and (still more serious) his tank crews, while Rommel has gained the supplies which most he needed. And the inferiority of the British Army both in the quantity and in the quality of its armament has been demonstrated.

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[55]

Tuesday, June 30th, 1942.

The drought continues, and so does the deepening gravity of the news from Egypt.

I was so much perturbed by the ill aspect of the Times, where the leading article takes a very gloomy view of the potencies of the African situation, that I abandoned the attempt to work on the Autobiography, and distracted my thoughts by finishing Ferrara's whitewashing book on the Borgia Pope, reading again the very discriminating, judicial, and convincing account in Pastor's History of the Popes, and, then writing my conclusion to Charlie Lillington to whom the volume was to be returned.

Oliver Stanley* sends me a kindly expressed acknowledgement of my letter of condolence on his wife's untimely death.

"I was so touched to get your letter, and to know of your sympathy though it is years since we met. Maureen was so fond of you, and we always remembered your visits to Witterslack.

Londonderry (7th Marquess)* also writes with much feeling ("Your letter does help. This has been a shattering sorrow"). I am glad that I wrote to them.

[56]

General Auchinleck has himself taken over from General Ritchie the command in Libya, & the Prime Minister has assured him that the Govern^t approves his doing so. The news in the afternoon was of fierce fighting, but seems to show that we have not yet succeeded in arresting Rommel's advance towards Alexandria. The R. A. F. continue to be active, but how far their attacks are effective it is hard to say. In Russia it is apparent that Sebastopol [sic] is hard pressed, so hard, indeed, that it seems impossible that such incessant and ever fiercer attacks should be resisted much longer.

Meanwhile, the Nazis continue their abominable cruelties in the subjugated countries. They are as stupid as they are savage. What result can they imagine must follow from their present policy, but deepened opposition and an unquenchable hatred: and when, at last, the hour of their defeat comes, it will bring in the total undoing of them & their system. Oppression driveth a wise man mad, says the Bible. Hitler is manufacturing madmen in waxing multitudes, and he & his tools will have to make their count with an insurrection of madmen. It is a grim outlook for them.

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[57]

Wednesday, July 1st, 1942.

There was much thunder & lightning in the night but no rain. The menace of drought waxes daily, and adds yet another cause to our many causes for anxiety. It is, indeed, an evil time. "This is your hour, and the power of darkness" said the Son of Man in the midnight of the Passion. And now He is being "crucified afresh" by the blinded sinners He came to save. I heard the news at 8 a.m., and what I heard was extremely depressing. Rommel continues to drive forward to Alexandria, from which last night he was distant no more than 100 miles. It is evident that we are too inferior in mechanized strength to arrest his forces. From Russia comes the news that Sevastopol, though still resisting fiercely, is nearer the final disaster. Elsewhere, the Russians seem to be holding them.

Lady Londonderry writes about poor Maureen whose death, after "a terrible 3 weeks of hopes & despair", she has come to think was "best for her".

"She was too vital to have borne an invalid's life, & I much doubt if she would ever have really recovered. It will be an emptier world for those of us who knew and loved her."

[58]

Martin Kiddle sends me an interesting letter. He attended the Summer session of the Church Assembly, and was impressed by the badness of the laymen's speaking.

"I always have a higher regard for the clergy when I hear the laity make such dismal efforts. Many of them cannot resist the temptation of preaching sermons.

But he forgets that, in the matter of public speaking, the clergy may fairly be described as professionals, and the laity for the most part must needs be amateurs: that in the subjects which generally are discussed in the Church Assembly the clergy possess a degree of "inside knowledge" which can hardly be accessible to laymen: that they feel intensely where laymen can only disclose a relatively tepid interest: and that they can more often than not count a more sympathetic hearing than the lay speakers. But he is certainly pointing to a grave, and not easily explicable defect of lay oratory when he describes it as "preaching sermons". If he had said "bad sermons" he would have been guilty of no misrepresentation.

[59]

He witnessed the enthronement of the Archbishop of York, and was not edified by so protracted and pompous a function:

It was too elaborate and drawn-out, and by the time it was ended, every one in the congregation was thoroughly bored & weary. It may be well enough for the chief actors in the ceremonial, but not altogether edifying for the spectators. We were compelled to be in our places 50 minutes before the Archbishop approached the

Minister, and then listened to one anthem after another, while the Cathedral clergy paraded in their Copes. I do not know the facts, but am inclined to think that all this would have been ~~better~~ done with a much dignity but less fuss in the Middle Ages.

In the Middle Ages the external pageantry would have been assisting [assisted?] by a congruous background of devotional habit and religious conviction in the "spectators", and this would [have?] given it a spiritual meaning apart from which it could not become anything other and nobler than external pageantry.

[60]

The 6 p.m. wireless report was, perhaps more re-assuring though it could not say that Rommel's eastern drive had been arrested, & it referred rather ominously to the situation which would be created by the Fall of Alexandria. But it reported a stirring order which has been issued by ~~the~~ General Auchinleck to his Army, very firm and hopeful in tone. In Parliament it was stated that American tanks were arriving in Egypt, and that the defence of Malta had been strengthened by the arrival of an American aircraft [General?] & his freight of aircraft.

The vote of censure has been debated in the House of Commons. Oliver Lyttelton made a strong defence on the subject of armament provision, and Greenwood announced that the Labour party would not support the vote. In Russia both at Kharkoff & Sebastopol [sic] the fiercest fighting continues.

Yesterday's thunder storm brough welcome rain to Ipswich, and the country round, but no[t] to Hintlesham where rain is urgently needed. Already the fair prospects, which we noted with so much pleasure a few weeks ago have been destroyed, and we look forward with chastened expectations.

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[61]

Thursday, July 2nd, 1942.

At 6 p.m. the news came that the Vote of Censure had been defeated by 475 votes to 25, after a fine speech from the Prime Minister, strong in substance, and magnanimous in tone. This is another great personal triumph for Winston Churchill, and will go some way to hearten our allies.

There came also the announcement that, after a miraculous defence for 8 months, Sevastopol has fallen. The price of the Nazi victory has been a very high one. Indeed, we are assured that the losses of the German and Roumanian [sic] armies have been "colossal". At Kharkov our Allies appear to be holding up the Germans, and to be in good heart.

Reports from the Far East are thought to indicate that the Japs are designing an attack on Russia, and only awaiting a favourable moment for launching it.

The Americans have now established a naval base at Londonderry, which is said to be very complete, and used by both the Navies, American and British.

The Vichy Government is sending troops to Algeria, and strengthening its forces throughout its African Empire. Not even yet have we drained the Chalice of Calamity which French treason has forced us to drink.

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[62]

Friday, July 3rd, 1942.

On the day Jan. 4. 1868, on which his child died Mathew Arnold wrote to his sister:-

And so this loss comes to me just after my 45th Birthday, with so much other "suffering in the flesh" – the departure of youth, cares of many kinds, an almost painful anxiety about public matters, – to remind me that the time past of our life may suffice us! – words which have haunted me for the last year or two, and that "we should no longer live the rest of our time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God". However different the interpretation we put on much of the facts and history of Christianity, we may unite in the bond of this call, which is true for all of us, and for me, above all, how full of meaning and warning.-

And for me, nearing the end of my 78th year, how much more filled with menace and rebuke!

The text, i. Peter iv. 2, speaks of "the desires of the Gentiles" as equivalent to "the lusts of men", and describes them rather grossly.

[63]

That quaint little Gnome who edits the Church of England Newspaper sends me the issue of June 26th, which contains an elaborately fatuous article by Professor Relton on the front page on the "Spiritual Authority of the Church", and accompanies it with a covering letter stating that "in view of the importance of the subject", he would be grateful if I would send him "a short letter commenting on the article". I was fool enough to gratify his impudent request, and wasted the day in composing a letter, which, perhaps, was hardly short, but was certainly lucid and relevant.

The news from Egypt is still dubious, but on the whole, perhaps, not unfavourable. It seems to be apparent that Auchinleck, having been considerably reinforced, is now able to arrest the Nazi advance, & if his forces be not too exhausted, may be able to defeat them. The impression left on my mind by the accounts sent back from the front is that while the Allies are growing continually stronger, Rommel must necessarily be growing weaker. The strain on the troops both our own & our enemy's must be almost unendurable. Heat, dust, lack of sleep, continuous fighting – how long can they stand it?

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[64]

Saturday, July 4th, 1942.

The news at 8 a.m. was still such as to allow a moderate measure of cautious optimism. The Russians announce the "evacuation" of their troops from Sebastopol [sic], and estimate the German losses in the 8 months siege as not less than 300,000 in killed and wounded.

The long delayed vol I of the Autobiography arrived with the morning's post. Milford sends with it a friendly note, together with a list of the 35 newspapers, to which copies have been sent. He says:-

I do hope that you won't dislike its appearance too much, but if you will look at the back of p. 341, you will see that this book is "produced in complete conformity with the authorized economy standards", a horrible phrase, and I fear rather a horrible result, but still the contents of the book will, I am sure, make up for any defect in its outward appearance due to "that wicked man". The pictures seem to me to have come out rather well.

In the circumstances I think the book does no discredit to the Oxford Press.

[65]

I wrote to Milford asking him [to?] send 3 of my 9 remaining "Author's copies" to the Prime Minister, to the Warden of All Souls, and to the Dean of Westminster. The rest I begged him to send directly to me.

After lunch we walked to Hintlesham Hall, & attended a Fête organized for providing comforts for patients in the Red Cross Hospital, which has been there established. It was "opened" by Lady Home and I was called on to speak. I bleated out some fatuous platitudes, and then had some conversation with the lady's husband, Brig. Gen. Sir Archibald Fraser Home, whom I found interesting. They live at Cavenham Park, Bury St. Edmunds. He said that he had been with Winston Churchill at the beginning of his military career, and held him in high regard. He had served under Haig, & greatly respected both his character & his ability. Ella and I had tea, & then first I, and then she, walked home. I asked him how far he thought that Russian estimates of German losses were deserving of credit, & he replied that he was doubtful, but thought that, on the whole, they had so far been found to be fairly reliable. Personally, I still incline to scepticism.

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[66]

5th Sunday After Trinity, July 5th, 1942.

The drought continues: the aspect of Suffolk is coming to resemble that of the Sahara!

The news at 9 a.m. is still doubtful: for the fighting continues, & the end is not yet. We must hope for the best. The age of miracles is not past. If Rommel is finally worsted, a miracle hardly less amazing than the legendary escape of Israel through the Red Sea will have happened in that land of legendary marvels.

I wrote to Dean of Norwich explaining the improbability of my being able to accept his invitation to attend the Enthronement of the new Bishop of Norwich (Herbert) on July 29th, and taking occasion to enquire as to the actual injury inflicted on his cathedral in the recent raids.

We attended Mattins, and I celebrated the Holy Communion after the service. The first lesson was the famous record of the youthful David's triumphant encounter with Goliath, the vainglorious & profane giant of Gath. Nothing could have been more heartening in our present situation. But the tiny congregation of rustic females & the choir boys constituted too dull an audience for such a message!

[67]

Mouldsdales's sermon on the text from the Gospel of the day, "Simon answered and said, Master, we toiled all night and took nothing; nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net," was mercifully brief, and to me largely inaudible, so that I suffered less than usual. If it were not for the never ceasing pressure for money & entertainment which forms the background of his de-spiritualized sacerdotalism, I think the parochial régime would not try me so much; but on the tiny scale of a rural parish I seem to be forced to witness precisely that kind of materialized religion which the "Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," as exhibited in the gospels, embodied. The 2nd lesson, as I read it this morning, seemed to describe and to disallow this hollow & dogmatic "Catholicism" which sums up the meaning of Christian discipleship in the Mass and the Confessional, "Making void the Word of God by their tradition." But the little serving lad abstained from sounding the brazen gong in the Prayer of Consecration, and probably it cost the Rector much self-suppression to concede so much to the "Protestantism" of the late B. of D.!

[68]

After an early tea Ella and I walked to [space left blank by Henson] and called on the new County Superintendent of Police, Colonel Senior. We found him with his wife and her sister M^{rs} Martin, in some confusion, obviously engaged in "getting in" to the house. We were favourably impressed with them, but made no delay in ending a visit which in the circumstances could hardly be altogether pleasing. However they appeared to appreciate our civility while relieved by our prompt departure.

The heat was great, and made the exertion of even a short walk rather exhausting.

The 6 p.m. wireless reported the continuance of the fighting in Egypt, where we have maintained our positions. Some 600 Germans have been captured. M^r Richard Dimpleby says that many of them came out of their trenches & shelters, having had enough of the war, and gave themselves up. This allows us to take a more cheerful view of the outlook.

The Russians are evidently being hard pressed. They have had to yield ground on the Kurst front, where the Germans are said to be in greatly superior numbers, & to be regardless of great losses.

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[69]

Monday, July 6th, 1942.

My post consisted of a letter from [Archdall Beaumont] Wynne Willson* from which I learned that Nancy [Wynne Willson] had been mentioned in in the list of the King's Birthday Honours for meritorious performance of duty, and that Jack has got promotion, being now a Brigade Major. He writes with reference to the Bishop of Bath and Wells [Francis Underhill],

Our Diocesan has been sent to rest for 3 months. I understand that he is suffering from neurotic troubles.

It w^d be a good thing if he decided to retire from a position in which he has shown no competence. But, of course, from my experience of Bishops, I expect a very high standard. My contact with Bishops has been rather remarkable – grandson, godson, and brother – domestic chaplain to one bishop, and part time ditto to two others, hon Chaplain, & examining Chaplain.

Some allowance must be made for the suspicion with which a "Broad Churchman" must needs regard a "Catholick", but even so, this description is both suggestive and disconcerting.

[70]

Francis Underhill is persona gratissima to the non-controversial or "spiritual" section of the "Anglo-Catholicks", and has long held a high place in the party, being in great request for "Quiet Days", Retreats, & such like "devotional" procedures for deepening the distinctive sacerdotalism of the Anglo-Catholick clergy. He is not an old man, being little more than 64 years of age. He was consecrated as Bishop of B. & W. on Nov. 30th, 1937. Thus his episcopate has been a short one, less than 5 years; and the diocese has never been thought to be specially exacting, being almost wholly rural. No less than 35 bps. assisted the Abp. At his consecration. He was unmarried, impecunious, inexperienced, and "viewy", also reputed to be a "Saint", and he wrote many highly edifying little pietistic books. He seems to have been (save for the frailty of his physical nature) an Anglo-Catholick version of Bishop Moule. And he had the disadvantage of following in his see, not an eminent bishop like Westcott, but a wealthy one like [St John Basil] Wynne Willson,* whom critics nicknamed "Bath & Wills".

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[71]

Tuesday, July 7th, 1942.

Writing to his sister (Dec 1875), M. Arnold* dwells on “the absolutely hostile attitude to Christianity” of the leading men of science “except Huxley and Tyndall.”

Old Darwin, though actively fierce against nothing, says that he cannot conceive what need men have either of religion or of poetry: his own nature, he says, is amply satisfied by the domestic affections and by the natural sciences. [v. Letters ii. 143]

Matthew Arnold was keenly appreciative of every indication that his poetry was admired, and his religious teaching effective.

It is a great and solid satisfaction at fifty, to find one’s work, the fruit of so many years of isolated reflexion and labour, getting recognition among those whose judgement passes for the most valuable. [Ibid. 146]

I could not refuse a man who told me that my poems were the centre of his mental life, and that he had read many of them hundreds of times. [Ibid. 151]

Of course these are from genuinely private letters.

[72]

He describes Wilkinson, then Vicar of S^t Peter’s, Eaton Square, whom[sic] he heard preach in 1872, as “a very powerful preacher”, and ascribes his power to “his being himself so possessed.”

‘He was so evidently sincere, more than sincere, burnt up with sorrow, that he carried everyone with him, and half the church was in tears. I do not much believe in good being done by a man unless he can give light, and Wilkinson’s fire is very turbid; but his power of heating, penetrating, and agitating is extraordinary. He has no merit of voice; only one tone, a loud and clear, but rather harsh one. [Ibid. 102]

I remember that Miss [Emily] Leslie* introduced me to Wilkinson, then a bishop, when I was in Rome in 1886. The dear lady designed to benefit my soul, which she feared was in a perilous state. I had some talk with him, but was not greatly impressed. Years later, when I had acquired an ill reputation among the orthodox Anglicans, who saw light in his light, I met him again. He had grown to be obese, & was clearly restless in my company, though friendly enough.

[73-77][Henson’s numbering]

The Dean of Norwich writes a kind letter, urging me to attend the Enthronement, and extending the invitation to my Ladies. They, of course, are all for going, but the ardour of their wish neither solves the problem of petrol, nor mitigates my dislike of such ceremonials!

The news from Egypt reports a kind of lull in the fighting, and a general expectation that the main battle is about to be resumed. Auchinleck's army is stated to have been strongly reinforced, but Rommel's is described as "extremely strong". From Russia the news comes that the German offensive towards the Caucasus is making progress; that its scale is such as almost to prohibit the belief that the heroic efforts of the Red Army can arrest its advance; that, in short, to use the phrase of the Soviet communiqué the situation is "extremely grave".

Archbishop Temple has again spoken with much vigour on the organization of post-War Europe, assuming, with rather alarming assurance, that the Victory of the Allies is both certain, and near. Two spies have been shot in London; & the Railway workers demand an immediate & considerable rise in wages!

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[78]

Wednesday, July 8th, 1942.

A gentleman called A. J. McGregor writes to me from Ravensnest, Waterloo, Pretoria.

My dear Bishop,

I don't know whether you still remember my name. I was at Oriel in the 'Eighties', and met you at All Souls (I think) – you had just been elected a Fellow there. Some little time back I saw a "Group" in Oman's Victorian Oxford, wherein you figured, and now I see a small picture of the writer, in the jacket of your recent book "Last Words in Westminster Abbey".

I got the book a couple of weeks ago (through Blackwell's), and, like many others I fancy, have to thank you for giving it to us. I have begun reading it; have read the introduction, and the first two sermons (the others to follow in their turn); w^d it be presumptuous[sic] if I expressed my sincere appreciation of your impressive utterances.

I was sorry to see that reference to "my failing eyesight". Anno Domini [79] leaves its mark; that sort of 'failure' is, I fear, inevitable in a man of your age and mine. (If High Heaven so wills it: I'll be 80 early in 1944, your age, I fancy, must be more or less the same.) I also have my infirmity: the right ear is "crooked", and the left ear no longer functions as it should, and did. This in a way makes a man a bit of a minor (not major, I hope) trial to his fellow-men, and listening to what is said becomes arduous at times. But my eyes still do their work – for which I am grateful – that one is able to read, and (in a casual way) to carry on one's studies i.e. in dilettanti and amateurish (and I fear somewhat lazy) fashion to do some stiff reading – including I fear detective stories. Even so Anno Domini tells: old friends pass away - & there is a blank. But others are still with me, & there are the green fields, and the hills not far off, and the glow of sunsets.

[80]

How pathetically, tragically, different is the world to-day from the gracious and kindly world in which we lived and moved and had our being at Oxford in the 'eighties'; but, again, how bravely and persistently the people of G^t Britain have stood up to the grim enemy onslaught.

I am sending you a copy of the 'Rand Daily Mail'. On p. 5 you'll see something about a native who has just died, who weighed 756 lbs.: rather a staggering weight: possibly the account may interest you. It interested me.

I must end this long screed, & you must please excuse its length. I hope it goes well with you – and with the land in which you live,

and remain,

Yours faithfully,
A.J. M^cGregor.

[81]

The description of the monstrous native led me to look up the record of Daniel Lambert in the Dictionary of Nat. Biog. He died on July 21st, 1809.

At that time he was 5 ft. 11 ins. in height, and weighed 739 lbs., or 52¾ stone.

I sent a brief letter to the 'Times', headed – 'The world's Greatest man', and pointing out that 'in the kind of human greatness which is quite indisputable, and also capable of precise estimate, Africa has surpassed Europe.' Probably, the Editor will think it too frivolous for publication, yet to my mind it is thought-provoking in unusual measure, and pathetically relevant to this evil time when braggarts and bullies command the homage of mankind. Also, I received a pleasant letter from Charlie Pattinson. He is divided between the spiritual concern of pastorate, and the insistent anxieties of pig-keeping! If that dear little man's courage & intelligence were more widely present in the clergy, the Church of England would not be quite so discredited, distracted, & undistinguished as it seems to have now become.

[82]

Ella and Fearné went to Ipswich in order to attend one of those hybrid functions in which benevolent service allies itself with social convention in the interest of its finance. It was a meeting in aid of the Deaf and Dumb Institution held in General Massey Lloyd's garden, & bringing an invitation to tea. I stayed at home, and wrote a fairly long letter to Charlie Pattinson.

The Headmaster of Culford School (D^r Skinner) where I have undertaken to distribute prizes next Saturday, sends me the prospectus of the School, which is evidently a more interesting and important institution than I had realized.

"Culford Hall (which is now the Upper School) was, until 1935, the country seat of Earl Cadogan. It was designed by the celebrated architect, William Wyatt, and built in 1804. Ever since Domesday the estate has claimed attention as a landed domain. Upon the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII, Culford, a Benedictine property, was granted first to Christopher Coote, & then to the Bacons, Sir Nicholas Bacon **[83]** building a mansion there in 1591. Sir Nicholas married the widow of Sir William Cornwallis, whose family made Culford their chief seat. The first Marquis Cornwallis, who died in 1805, built the present Hall. In 1824 the Hall & its contents were bought by Richard Benyon de Beauvoir of Englefield, for £200,000, inclusive of the timber."

Then it passed into the possession of the Cadogans. In 1935 it was purchased by the Methodists to provide a home for the School, which was opened by Viscount Runciman in Oct. 1935. It has accommodation for 220 Boarders. I note with some interest the following statement, which would hardly command universal acceptance in the rather heated sphere of public school education:-

'It has been proved by experience that small, though not too small, dormitories are best: they make for happier comradeship, and they minimise infection.'

Perhaps it would be true that they are too large to encourage friendship, and too small to avert the distinctive moral risks of boarding schools.

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[84]

Thursday, July 9th, 1942.

The remaining six vols., which are sent to me as Author, reached me from the Oxford Press. Of course, as in duty bound, I gave one of them to Fearn, with a suitable inscription [inscription?].

Milford writes:

I am much relieved that you did not find the finished article too repulsive. We are determined, in spite of the increasingly difficult conditions, that the second volume shall be more worthy of the author than the first volume. Still, I confess that the bound and jacketed volume looked better than I had feared from the gloomy prophecies of my manufacturing department. I am very glad to hear that you are going on with Volume II, and look forward with keen interest to reading part of it as soon as you have any to send. I am sure that you are right from every point of view in continuing this work, in spite of the almost incredible distractions, public and private.

[85]

That rather cranky friend of Rashdall,* who combines considerable scholarly competence with extreme Communistic opinions, the Rev^d N.E. Egerton Swann, writes to request my cooperation in a 'series of public lectures' which "the Society of Jews and Christians" has planned for the next autumn and winter: but I cannot do it, nor would I, if I could. After explaining that my failing eyesight has definitely put an end to my preaching and lecturing, I wrote

I have never been able to see my way to effective religious association with the Liberal Jews, of whose position, that admirable scholar and leader, Claude Montefiore was so effective an exponent. I cannot persuade myself that Christianity can survive any minimizing of the supreme Personal Claim of Jesus Christ, &, apart from such minimizing, I do not perceive any basis of religious agreement with even so generous & spiritual a version of Judaism as Claude Montefiore personified. But this conviction immerses me in an isolation which is unwelcome & painful. [86] Can you understand a position so unattractive, embarrassing, and to me unavoidable?

Linetta's husband has borrowed from Inge a copy of vol. I., and writes to me about it. He says that he gathered "that the Dean would have liked more observations, in your distinctive vein, on persons and events,

but then he knew the history intimately while I could not have known it, save at the living chronicler's hand. Besides you were also writing an apologia. You may care to know that years ago, when it was being said that you had gone back on your personal "unorthodoxy", I looked through all your books to see what declensions from the "the true faith" I could find, but found none. It was the more admirable, if I may say

so, that you should have defended liberalism whilst apparently holding to the articles of the Creed yourself, or at least to their underlying meaning, although I think one must go on from the latter [87] position to demand credal re-statement. I wonder if this has come to be your position.....

How pleased we both are with your references to her. L. is much entranced at these marks of friendship, though I (only I) should have liked you to say who "L" is, – as an Italian and a Professor, I mean, not as the wife of a humble parish clergyman, who feels that he has tied a genius to obscurity. Not that she ever ceases to "astonish the world", but it is such a little world here, and so uncongenial to her. She needs an elegant and refined society in which to breathe, and the discomfort of Birmingham manners is too much for her sensibility.

The vein of sadness in your memories is not lost on me. How much one strives, & how little one seems to avail in shifting mountains. But "say not the struggle nought availeth." As I lay down your book, I feel that you have accomplished [88] more than I knew for the things that matter to me most – essential Christianity and theological liberalism.

The Record comments on the new Bp. of Winchester,

D^r Haigh is, I think, the finest orator in the House of Bishops, since D^r Henson's retirement, although he does not contribute humour to the debates.

I do remember being considerably impressed by one speech that I heard Haigh deliver in the Church Assembly. He will now, as Bp. of Winchester, have a place in the House of Lords, and I incline to think that his manner of speaking will please their Lordships: and Winchester is near enough to Westminster to make a fairly frequent share in the debates possible to its bishop. Haigh's immediate predecessor, now Archbishop of York, was very regular in his attendance, and spoke often. My one fear about him is that he will cast himself too impetuously into the "Socialistic" policy of "the Red Archbishop", since his tendency inclines him in that direction: but even so, he will learn wisdom in the only school for such men as he is – the hard school of Experience!

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[89]

Friday, July 10th, 1942.

Robin [sends me a rather sad reply to my letter of condolence on Maureen's death. He had just returned from the Middle East, when he received both the ill news, and my letter:

I was met at the dock with the terrible news, and the joy of my homecoming was turned to misery. Your letter was a great comfort. I have had many letters from you: tho' this was written under tragic circumstances. It was more appreciated more than any other.

The news did not surprize me. Maureen was too much like my Grandfather to stand the [strain?] of illness & convalescence. She is obviously well out of this world, but her peculiar gifts would have been of such rare value now and in the years to come. Three of the finest characters I knew died young – Lord Derby's daughter, Rosemary Ednam, & Dorothy Plunket. Now Maureen has joined them. She would hate us to mop [sic] around (?), and after all it is surely selfish.

[90]

Thank you again so very much. I do wish I could see you.

Yrs. aff.

Robin.

P.S. All your former letters I kept. They together with everything I possess disappeared in an air raid. Very sad. But __

The Daily Herald has quite a long, and very characteristic, notice of my book, under a heavily-leaded heading, "Best-hated Bishop". It ends with a luridly suggestive quotation, and an illuminating comment –

Then, when packing in the deanery at Durham he found he had in the cellar, "about 300 bottles, mostly claret".

Poor Henson!

The readers of the D.H. will form a mental picture of me, as a belated specimen of the traditional abbot, or Hanoverian bishop – a gross man immersed in the normal instruments of his sensual habit! "The gloomy Dean", & "the best-hated Bishop" !!!

[91]

We went into Ipswich, where the ladies did their business, while I went to the hair-dresser, & then to the optician. The one trimmed my hair, and the other tested my eyes. On the

whole, the favourable verdict of my London oculist was confirmed. The left eye is definitely out of action, but the right seems to hold its own, in spite of the extra toil caused by its colleague's partner. M^r Cooper undertook to provide me with a monocle, but could do no more.

On the way home we called at Abbey Oaks in order to enquire after Lord Woodbridge, while my ladies remained knitting in the car. I went into the house, and had some conversation with his Lordship. He seemed to be fairly well, but grew visibly fatigued after a short talk, when I took my leave.

My little letter on the vast African appeared in the Times under the heading, 'The Greatest Man'. Lord W. was amused, & told how, in Corea, he had encountered an extraordinarily corpulent American, who declared that he weighed 200 lbs., & when the statement evoked incredulity as too obviously inadequate, replied – "Sir, no gentleman weighs more than 200 lbs.!"

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[92]

Saturday, July 11th, 1942.

An overcast and rather chilly morning after the rain of yesterday, and a bat reported to be in the drawing-room, as elusive as a U-boat!

Yesterday's 'Daily Herald' described me as the "Best-hated" bishop. Today comes the 'C. of E. Newspaper' with Ralph's review of my vol. I, in which I am described as "the most lovable of our public men, a man who never lost a friend or made an enemy." Both descriptions cannot be true: probably both are false, yet neither is without some small excuse of truth: but what humiliations come upon the man who is fool enough to strip himself in public by the egotistic folly of an 'Autobiography'!

The car from Culford arrived in good time, but the driver failed to get it through the entrance to Hyntle Place, and, by his exertions, succeeded in so damaging the gearing apparatus, that the car travelled with some difficulty, & much discomfort to the occupants. Two garages were visited on the way, but neither could give assistance since both were undermanned & fully employed. Eventually we reached Culhamford School half an hour after the appointed time. I was so shaken [93] by the car, & felt so inwardly disturbed that I could eat no lunch. My recovery was not promoted by the too assiduous attention of old D' Workman, who, I gathered from some adulatory references by the Mayor and Headmaster, had once been himself Headmaster, & was held to be principally responsible for purchasing Culford Hall from Lord Cadogan. The old man – my senior by a year – buzzed about me like a mosquito, & detailed his own achievements with almost liturgical iteration. He has reached that stage of antiquity when old men become garrulous, forgetful, and ego-maniacal! The function went through in the usual fashion. My speech might have been even effective, if I had been able to do it justice: as it was, I maundered and meandered for half an hour, & then ended conventionally by asking for a whole holiday for the school! Then we had tea, and returned to Hyntle Place, after (a final disaster) a prolonged and exasperating search for my coat! We reached the house in good time for the 6 p.m. news. This was fairly satisfactory from Egypt, where the main battle has been renewed: and bad from Russia, where the Germans are advancing in force.

[94]

I received a very kindly expressed letter from Lawrence Holt in reply to my inquiry about George Nimmins, enclosing some of George's memoranda about the Fall of Singapore, marked 'Confidential'.

'Returning ship-masters tell me he is well, & working at some job in Western Australia, & I have asked those setting out to keep me informed of his doings. Those of our staff who escaped from the Straits Settlements & D.E.I. have all, of course, had to take up outside work, or join the Forces. I'm afraid Nimmins must have had a bad finish up at Macassar, for I understand the wharf he was in charge of blew up. Someday, I suppose, we shall hear the full story. A letter from you would, I'm sure, be a priceless boon to him now. My partner J. R. Hobhouse is in charge of our

foreign staffs, & I do not like coming in between him and Nimmins, but I c^d well pass on to him any information you might receive about our friend. We c^d send any letter you may wish to write through our agents in Fremantle or Sydney.'

[95]

He says that the present rate of ship losses which [sic] is enormous, upwards of 25,000 to 30,000 tons a day since January, according to the loss of user included for heavy damage. Every ship this autumn & winter will be wanted for military use: all general trade must cease.

The Methodists (teste D^r Workman) bought Culham [sic] Hall with 430 acres of beautifully wooded land for £21,000 – about the value of the timber. Lord Cadogan appears to have been most complaisant, and takes much interest in the School. Nowhere is the blending of business and piety more triumphantly successful than among the godly disciples of John Wesley! The Quakers are their closest rivals. What is the true key to the paradox? Did not the Apostle assure Timothy that "godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life which now is, & of that which is to come"? Our good Dissenters also are Erastians!

Yesterday and today have been wet days, breaking at last the long drought, which has parched and withered the country, and menaced the Harvest.

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[96]

6th Sunday after Trinity, July 12th, 1942.

A beautiful morning after the rain: bright, cool, and calm. The country & the garden are cleansed and renewed by the longed-for moisture. This welcome interlude of tonic water may save the Harvest. The news at 9 a.m. was fairly good from Egypt: but definitely bad from Russia. Will the Nazis succeed in getting to the oil in the Caucasus? It looks perilously like it.

Before going to church, I wrote to Hugh Rees, directing him to forward copies of the Autobiography to the following:-

1. Sir Charles Oman.
2. Gilbert
3. Harold
4. Charles Pattinson.
5. Lord Scarbrough.

When I arrived in the vestry before Mattins, I had a few words with the Rector. He asked me whether I thought Braley would care to take a parish. I said that I supposed he was desirous of being "placed". He said that his own living was more than £800 p.a.: & wondered if B. would accept it, if he were offered it. I said B. could always decline it. He said that he [97] should suggest his name to the Trustees, who are, if I mistake not, the Governors of S^t Chad's College. No doubt, if they succeeded in sending B. here, they w^d do so in the belief that he w^d sustain the "Catholick" tradition now existing. And they might have more ground for that belief than I know or could approve. But there's a 'far cry' between announcing the intention of resigning, & actually signing the deed of resignation: and I know no reason for thinking that the Incumbent of H. will be an exception to the general rule.

During the afternoon I wrote to the following:

1. M^r R.J. McGregor.
2. Canon Richardson.
3. Ralph Inge
4. Sir Charles Oman.
5. Gilbert.

The news from Egypt continues to be described as "satisfactory": that from Russia, on the showing of the Soviet authorities, grows steadily worse. The only chance of any improvement is based on the possibility of yet another miracle of courage & persistence in the army of Timoshenko, which guards the Caucasus.

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[98]

Monday, July 13th, 1942.

I received a letter protesting heavily against my letter on 'The Greatest Man', bidding me look up the passage in the Gospel in which our Lord is stated to have described the Baptist as greater than any other born of woman, and discerning in my letter evidence of the degrading influence of the Establishment! Now did you ever?

I wrote to Lawrence Holt, returning him his documents, & thanking him for his promise to get me into communication with George Nimmins through his Firm's agents in Australia. Then I resumed the bothersome task of trying to bring into coherent shape the chapter on the debate in the H. of L., which ended in the rejection of the Shropshire Bishoprick Measure by one vote.

In the afternoon we played croquet, and then listened to the 6 p.m. wireless. The news from Russia becomes increasingly grave: and now, it is admitted that the German forces have cut the railway from Moscow to the south in several places, and that, in spite of terrific slaughter on both sides, their advance continues. We hear nothing more about the much advertized "Second Front" in Europe.

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[99]

Tuesday, July 14th, 1942.

My only letter is an enquiry from the Rev. W.A. Boyd asking for information about his son, Capt. A.M. Boyd, who was M.O. to the 4th Green Howards, & is now missing.

The news at 8 a.m. from Russia is very bad, and seems to indicate that the German offensive is gathering momentum as it advances, & is now fairly in sight of success. The Russian armies are in danger of being isolated from one another, and cut off from their main supplies of food and oil. From China the news is hardly less unfavourable. The loss of the Burmah road has not only robbed the Generalissimo of his main source for war material, but has dealt a heavy blow to his prestige among the Chinese. It is reported from Canada that the U-boats have sunk three ships in the Gulf of S^t Lawrence. The whole war turns for us on “the Battle of the Atlantic”, and there is a growing suspicion that even that battle is going against us.

I wrote to George Nimmins, & sent the letter, together with a copy of ‘Last Words in W.A’ to Lawrence Holt asking him to forward both to their destination in Western Australia.

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[100]

Wednesday, July 15th, 1942.

A cloudless morning. No letters except a little note from Woodbridge thanking me for Agur's prayer.

I worked at volume II, mostly (with Fearne's invaluable assistance) transcribing from my Journal the record of the "General Strike" in May & June 1926, during which I was bowled over by an operation for Appendicitis. It occurs to me that I might include the substance of the two articles which appeared in "The Bishoprick" (August, 1926) headed respectively "Aftermath", and "The Deadlock in the Mines". The first gave an account of my stay in the Nursing Home; the last discloses my view of the Strike as it affected the Miners.

I must introduce some observations on the dramatic change which has taken place in the general attitude towards Socialism, and towards the Russian Soviet system. The "climate of opinion" is so altered that it is with difficulty that justice can be done to those who then were but giving expression to beliefs & assumptions which were predominant in the educated & politically experienced sections of the Nation. The changes that have taken place in Russia must also be realized and allowed for.

<!160742>

[101]

Thursday, July 16th, 1942.

It rained during the night, & was still raining when I descended to hear the wireless at 8 a.m. The news from Russia and Libya is ambiguous.

The post brought from the P.M.'s secretary a formal acknowledgement of the copy of Vol. I. which had been sent to the Greta man. Also, a kind, characteristic, & extremely pessimistic letter from Ralph; and an interesting letter from Braley:

“You may be sure that what I wrote about you is what almost all the people who count know to be the truth. I am afraid we both find the last lap of our race very trying. We have one trouble which you have been spared – about our children. Richard, who would have had a useful and distinguished career if he had been spared. Edward is in the thick of the fighting in Libya and Egypt: he has been slightly wounded in the right hand, I believe. His wife, with whom he had [missing word?] seven days before he was sent abroad, is a thoroughly nice girl, one of the very best.”

[102]

“Of course we are being fooled about the War. I know two able & high-minded men who resigned in disgust from the factory of lies called the Ministry of Information We went to stay with Beaverbrook near Leatherhead. He was not at all hopeful. Russia cannot hold out much longer. ‘This is now America’s War not ours. We have lost our tail-feathers.’

‘There is a general split in the Labour Party. The T.U.C are comparatively moderate and anti-Russian. The Shop-stewards are communistic and disloyal; but the Russian Alliance has brought them partially into line, and has also brought Red Mexico into the war, a great convenience to U.S.A.’ The War will go on a long time, and will wreck enthusiasm.....

We called on Christopher Dawson* and L.P. Jacks.* They both think much as I do about public affairs: Jacks thinks that there will be violent reaction [103] and revolution in Germany after the War. I am inclined to think the same. There will also be ~~revolution a violent revolution~~ ~~revolution in Germany after the War~~ or civil war in France & Spain, perhaps in Italy. Chaos everywhere.

We are in the trough between the ruin of one civilization and the emergence of the next. The last trough, which we call the Dark Ages, lasted 600 years. If we can keep the peace at home and abroad – a very large “if” – this trough may last fifty. But at present “the whole world lieth in the evil one”. Our own future, I think will be that of Spain – a second-class Power, but the mother of nations greater than itself. The world will look back with deep gratitude & regret on the Hundred years when the British thalassocracy gave peace, prosperity, and freedom to half the human race.’

[104]

This is all very brilliant and characteristic, but it is superficial, unbalanced, & unconvincing. It ignores the essential significance of this War, omits the main constituents of a just verdict on the situation, and so plainly misreads the actual state of affairs as to destroy all confidence of its reading of the future. Ralph keeps bad company, is hindered by his deafness from understanding completely such testimony as it can offer, and so blinded by his personal prejudices ~~from~~ that he is unable to see through the surface aspects of contemporary politics to the fundamental realities which are determining the main & persistent direction. Beaverbrook is a low type of politician, & speaks with the rancour of a dismissed lacquey, Christopher Dawson is a Papist, & sees the world through the coloured glass of his ecclesiastical parti pris; Jacks is a Unitarian, a journalist, and, like Ralph, an octogenarian. All the last three are members of the “intelligentsia”, whose critical faculties have been sharpened by exercise, and never been adequately disciplined by responsibility.

[105]

All three, moreover, are men of eminent literary gifts, highly cultured, and accustomed to dogmatize freely on all subjects. They strengthen by mutual discussion the specific defects which every one possesses. Their judgement on practical affairs must be largely discounted. Bryce's* sobering words suggest themselves:

Attainments in learning & science do little to make men wise in politics. Some eminent scientific men have been in this respect no wiser than their undergraduate pupils. There have been countries in which the chief of public services & the professors in Universities were prominent in the advocacy of policies which proved disastrous. Practice is needed to vivify knowledge.

v. Modern Democracies I. 89.

Philosophers, saints, professors, ecclesiastics, and cultivated country gentlemen are demonstrably the unwisest counsellors in the sphere of government. Probably this fact contributes a great part of the case for democracy, of which the weaknesses are notorious & formidable.

<!170742>

[106]

Friday, July 17th, 1942.

The Dean of West acknowledges is copy of the 'Retrospect'. ("both by day and by night it has already given me hours of absorbing interest.") He asks for information about the precedence of the 'Sub-Dean'. [Alan] Don* now holds the office, and [Frederick] Donaldson,* the Senior Fellow, resents his new prominence. I replied at once that the Sub-Dean had precedence of his Capitular brethren in Church, Chapter, and College, & in the Dean's absence or during the vacancy of the deanship, exercised Decanal authority. It is amusing that Donaldson, who is in profession almost a Communist, should be so insistent on the privileges & perquisites of his stall.

The local newspaper reports the presentation of the Cope and Mitre to the Bishop of S^t E. & I. His Lordship adduces the example of the two Archbishops as authorizing his use of these long-abandoned garments; and seems to urge a general restoration of these medieval gauds. But I hold both him and the Archbishops to be no more than the victims of a foolish fashion, itself not an unimportant witness to the decay of serious religion in the C. of E. That the wind is blowing in that direction more strongly than ever cannot be doubted.

[107]

D^r Skinner, the Headmaster of Culford School, sends me a (rather belated) letter of thanks for what he calls m[y] 'splendidly stimulating address' to the school, and expressing regret for the misbehaviour of the car, which indeed, nearly prevented me from giving any address at all!

I must (if ever petrol supply permits) get out to see the School again. There is something arrestingly significant about a Methodist School having its home in the sumptuous residence of a wealthy English peer (Lord Cadogan.). "He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted them that are humble & meek". But the lordly house is not so far removed from the modest premises in which John Wesley housed the children whom he flogged & frightened into godliness, as is the present conception of a sound education for Christian youth from his.

There is a brief notice of my "Retrospect" in the column in the Guardian, "A book Index". It begins with the bold assumption that the poor thing will find readers:

"It is not only an indispensable document for the historian, but a memoir which makes fascinating reading for the general public."

It refers also to my diary.

<!180742>

[108]

Saturday, July 18th, 1942.

A dull, damp day, made more depressing by ill news from Russia where the great German drive is now nearing Rostov, and thereby directly threatening the Caucasian oil fields. At 6 p.m. Oliver Lyttelton was reported as having spoken in language which might almost be called alarmist about the position of the Allies while insisting that we have more than fulfilled our undertakings to send munitions to Russia. It is difficult to determine how much weight ought to be attributed to such official declarations. They give me the impression of being inspired, less by knowledge and conviction than by rattled nerves & political calculations. But, there is evidently a decided deterioration in the position of the Allies during the last few weeks, which the frequent and frenzied exhortations addressed to the Nation may exaggerate but can hardly disprove.

I received a disturbing letter from Lawrence Holt.* He gives an ill account of the official U.S.A. control of the merchant service:

'The trouble is that they, even more sadly than we, have no one in authority who understands the whole problem of defence & navigation of merchant ships in war, and they won't accept advice or advisers. They will no doubt gain [109] competence by experience, but at dreadful cost..... What is needed is creative leadership. I cannot understand how honour permits (say) a First Lord of the Admiralty to hold office when results are so obviously unsatisfactory. Nothing would liven up the standard & spirit of action more effectively than the refusal of such men to hold office unless a high standard of skill & performance was demonstrably evident all round. But I suppose that is asking too much of human self-conceit. Leadership must be from the top: criticism kills the spirit.

He adds rather generously.

If I can be of any service to you in widening your picture of events at sea, I shall be only too happy. You are one of England's trustees & richly entitled to know all that is befalling her. May you have strength and faith to help her sustain her spirit in these days of trial.

He encloses "a very confidential account of "Menelaus" meeting a raider.

[110]

The Times Literary Supplement would like to illustrate its review of my "Retrospect" by reproducing the Vanity Fair cartoon. Milford writes to tell me this, and to ask me to forward the photographic copy of the original which he sent when he returned my illustrations. This I did forthwith, and also wrote to Milford telling him that I would send him some part of vol. II in the course of next week. With this object I spent most of the day in reading through what I have so far written.

After dinner I was called to the telephone. Clarence Ward was telling me that he was on the point of going on shipboard for service abroad, and he wished to bid me farewell. I thought there were tears in his voice. He is an affectionate lad much attached to his mother, & I doubt not that she is much distressed at his going into the fearful furnace of the War. Shall I ever see him again? I feel increasingly the loss of my friends, especially of these younger ones, for ~~on~~ whose mental and spiritual shaping I have had a measure, perhaps a great measure, of responsibility. We had come into a genuine friendship, and I shall certainly miss him.

<!190742>

[111]

7th Sunday after Trinity, July 19th, 1942.

Another damp, dull, depressing day with the wind from the East.

I wrote to Lawrence Holt, asking me to return the letter which I had written to George Nimmins under a misapprehension, and sending back the memorandum of the captain of the Menelaus.

I attended Mattins, read the lessons, & celebrated the Holy Communion. The church is always ill lighted, and today the defect was emphasized by the unusual darkness of the day. I read the lessons with much, & I suspect, apparent, difficulty: and when I had to pour wine into the chalice before the Prayer for the Church Militant, I failed to see that the beak of the little flagon was discharging the liquid outside the chalice! The result was a considerable "spill" on the fair linen cloth! This unpleasing accident disturbed my own devotion, but, since it was not perceived by the congregation, it did not disturb the devotion of the ~~incumbents~~ communicants. I apologized to the Rector for a mischance which was involuntary. But I begin to doubt my ability to minister publicly even on the petty scale of a country church. My eyes are not likely to improve.

[112]

Autobiographies would appear to pullulate on the deserted field of literature in time of War. Is it the fact that ancient men, who have fallen into their anecdotage, and are humbly conscious of their inability to render public service, are seeking to conciliate their lessened self-esteem by recalling the days when they also had a place in the ranks of the Army? No less than 3 Fellows of All Souls have uncovered themselves before the public in such egotistic compositions – Oman, Rowse, and Henson – three curiously different men.

Mouldsdale was curious to know what I thought of the "review" of my "Retrospect" in yesterday's "Church Times", which he had sent for my perusal. I said that, in its own interest, that journal had taken the wisest course of "letting by-gones [sic] be by-gones", and I was not displeased at being released from any obligation to take notice of its comments. It is, perhaps, not wholly insignificant that the Anglo-Catholic journal, which I have handled severely in my book, should have decided to "take it lying down". There has been a change of editor, & a considerable move in the "modernist-sacerdotalist" direction.

[113]

The "Church Times" under the heading "Hero-worship" brings together Dick Sheppard* and myself!

"It would be difficult to name two clerics of the present century, who have been more prominently in the public eye than Bishop Hensley Henson and the late Dick Sheppard. Both are the subjects of lively biographical volumes published this week.....

Though the two men (Dick and Roberts, his biographer) were unknown to each other until near the end of Sheppard's life, the spell-binding power of "Dick's" personality had its customary effect with the consequence that – except for a little gentle criticism here & there – M^r Robert's book is largely an essay in hero-worship. So, too, in a queer way, is the first volume of D^r Henson's autobiography."

What exactly are we to understand? I suppose the author of an "Autobiography" must always make the subject what is called his "hero"; but this hardly constitutes "worship", and if his book be as much an "Apology" as a biography, its egotistic tendency must be severely chastened!

<!200742>

[112] [sic]

Monday, July 20th 1942.

I received a p.c. from Dick, dated June 24th, 1942, from a prison camp somewhere in Italy. It ran thus

My dearest Guardian..

We are still in the transit camp, but managing pretty well. The lack of employment is the worst feature: I hope to be able to do some serious reading when we get to a permanent camp. Many of my friends are here with me, & make all the difference.
Love, Dick.

The address appears to be

ELLIOTT DEREK BALFOUR, Captain
Prisoner of War.
Camp 75 P.M. 3450

I received a melancholy letter from [Grant] Robertson,* who complains of having had nothing from me in reply to two letters from him, & is now miserably afflicted with shingles. Something has gone wrong with the post, for nothing has come from him, & for weeks past, I have been worrying what may be the reason why my letters to him and received no acknowledgement.

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[113]

Tuesday, July 21st, 1942.

Alan Don* invites me to preach in the Abbey at 3 p.m. on Sunday, September 20th.

It is a special service in honour of Jugoslavia at which the young king Peter of Jugoslavia & other notabilities intend to be present. All the Serbs & other citizens of that tortured land who are in the country would, I know, be delighted if you w^d consent to be the Preacher – and the heroic defenders of Jugoslavia would doubtless learn of what had taken place in London.

This is very kind but I doubt if the travelling to & fro on Sunday by train, and getting to the station at Ipswich, which with the present restrictions on privately used petrol, is no slight matter, were arranged, I ought to resume public preaching. With my experience of last Sunday fresh in my memory, I cannot but be doubtful of my physical adequacy for a sermon in the Abbey pulpit. And if I managed to preach tolerably, there would not be wanting those who would ask why I did not preach more often, & even question the rightness of my retirement from the Abbey staff.

<!220742>

[114]

Wednesday, July 22nd, 1942.

It never rains but it pours. Close on the heels of Don's invitation to preach in the Abbey on September 20th comes an invitation from Dean [Walter] Matthews* to preach in S. Paul's on November 22nd. Both invitations gave me a measure of satisfaction as giving me ground for thinking that at least two men for whom I have regard have not wholly forgotten me! But, after my humbling experience last Sunday, I cannot trust myself to return to those famous pulpits, and, even if I could bring myself to make the venture, and did not make an exhibition of myself coram populo, I doubt whether, after having publicly retired from public ministry, I can self-respectingly make a "come back"! I have inserted into this journal a copy of my letter to the Dean of S. Paul's.

I wrote to Milford, sending him a first consignment of vol. II of the Autobiography, sufficient, as I judge, to provide for about one fourth of the requisite amount. Fearne packed it, had it registered, & posted it. I shall await Milford's opinion, before proceeding further.

[115]

July 22nd, 1942.

My dear Dean,

Your very kind invitation was doubly welcome, for itself, and for its renewing contact with yourself.

It followed hard on an invitation from Don to preach in the Abbey in Sept, and the thought flitted across my mind that you may have agreed together to lure me again to Babylon. But my answer to your letter must be the same as my answer to his, viz. that I can no longer trust myself for public preaching.

I can read & write, though not as comfortably or effectively as I should like, but my eyesight is worsening. A few weeks ago I visited my oculist, and had my eyes carefully examined. He said that the left eye had definitely retired from active service: that the right eye was holding its own but deteriorating [116] quietly as I went deeper into the darkening valley of senectitude (these were not his actual words, but the gist of them).

I find reading the lessons and celebrating in this little village church beginning to be difficult: and I have a horror of making a public exhibition of myself physical infirmities. So you will forgive, and understand why I do not feel able to accept your kind invitation.

There are so many things about which I should like to talk with you. To mention some ~~one~~ of the smallest, I deeply disapprove

α. The treatment of York as an understudy for Canterbury.

β. The “elevation” of an outgoing Primate to the rank of a secular baron.

λ. The acceptance of very extraordinary marks of approbation from the State, when the breach between Church and State, which the rejection of the [117] Revised Prayer Book occasioned, remains unbridged.

δ. The quite unwarrantable self-description of Lord Lang of Lambeth as “Archbishop”. A Bishop he is till his life’s end, unless (which is improbable [sic] he shall be formally “degraded”;[?]) but an Archbishop he is not. He forfeited that character when he retired from the office which carries it. If he must supplement his new description, he should call himself “ex-Archbishop”.

ε. I deeply dislike this incessant & mischievous chattering about the glorious world which is to follow the victory (not yet gained), and demonstrate the unimportance of economic “laws”, which do still bind, & must continue to bind the movements of men in society. What I felt, and said, about “Copec”, I feel, and should like to say (but [118] I am too old and failed) about Malvern. It is a false scent, and (to mix my metaphors) sets the Clergy to “plough the sand”.

But I do not think Temple’s appointment was a mistake. Indeed, as I have told him, I think he was so apparently the ablest man “in the running” that, if I had been P.M. myself, I should have chosen him for Lambeth albeit with anxiety mingled with admiration. He, like his predecessor, talks too much and too often.

I am greatly pleased that Mervyn Haigh* should go to poor mutilated Winchester. He will be near enough to Westminster to make a figure in the H. of L. and I have an impression that he will become a considerable force at the centre: and I like the man, though I suspect he [has?] some socialistic bees humming in his admirable head.

I have read through in bed [119] two books which have been for some while on my shelves – Mathew Arnold’s Letters edited by George Russell, and Connop Thirlwall’s Life of his illustrious Great uncle, the Bishop of S. David’s.

They throw an almost startling light on two men who have been curiously misjudged. The Oxonian was not au fond a supercilious literateur and poet: the Cantab was not merely a cold-hearted & almost impersonal scholar. But living, feeling, loving men – both of them.

I have gone on scribbling until you will regret that you were ever so rash as to give me occasion.

Give my best regards to M^{rs} Matthews and be sure that

I am,
affectionately yours
H. Hensley Henson

Bishop

The Very Rev.
The Dean of S. Paul's

[120]

Oman writes to acknowledge the copy of "Retrospect" which I sent to him. His comments are interesting and show that the book interests him. He expresses his "acquiescence in all that you write about A. S. College".

To you, I see, as to myself, entry into that community was a gate to a new envisagement of life, and I owe to it the most permanent of all loyalties. Alas, that the [sic] environment is not quite the same now as it was in 1882. I often fail to get hold of the mentality of some of our juniors. In particular they so often take teaching fellowships (and salaries) in other colleges after a very short residence in All Souls. Old customs like the communal walk after Sunday morning Chapel are as forgotten as Raleigh's delightful revues of the College life, which used to enlighten the Bursar's Gaude night in February. **We were a band of brothers in those days**..... You have still got your wonderful talent of hitting off a personality or a cause in a good biting epigram, with the right adjectives. I still remember some of your earliest efforts [121] in that way – in All Souls Common Room days – What days they were! I shall never forget the evening on which you clambered up the Common Room mantle-shelf, and addressed us from there. I wonder how many are alive now who recall that incident of (I suppose) about 1885. Nor do I fail to recall some of the odd errands on which you sent me – particularly one discussion with a mixed multitude in Victoria Park.

I shall write to you again when I have got all through the book....

and I am ever your old friend,
C.W.C. Oman

The news from Russia continues to be ambiguous, and may even be menacing, , but Timoshenko is known to be both valiant and resourceful, and, on the worst view of his fortunes, in the fight for Rostov, he will have destroyed a considerable proportion of the German invaders. He may have some plan for rolling back the enemy from his "prepared positions".

<!230742>

[122]

Thursday, July 23rd, 1942.

M^{rs} Elliott writes:

I had a note from the Red Cross saying they would let me know immediately they got word about his camp address. Also, I had a note from the Chaplain General saying just the same thing.

She sends me a letter which she had received from Canon Sturt, enclosing an account of himself written by Dick's late Colonel who had been invalided home, & made some record of his journey. He makes a kind reference to Dick.

The fighting both in Russia and in Egypt seems to be nearing a climax. In the first, Timoshenko is reported to have come to an end of his "fighting retreat", and now to be putting up a great effort to defend Rostov. The Germans are said to be still throwing in fresh forces.

In the second, Auchinleck is now attacking along his whole front. At 6 p.m. the wireless reported that some progress had been made; that the ground gained had been consolidated; & that, though no "break through" had been achieved, the whole position might be described as "non unsatisfactory".

The Japanese have made a fresh landing in New Guinea.

<!240742>

[123]

Friday, July 24th, 1942.

A fine day, improving as it advanced. The War news continues to be vaguely disturbing, but at least both in Russia and in Egypt the Allies are reported to be still fighting with unabated courage, but the Germans are far stronger than we had imagined, and the persistent declarations about a "Second Front" are ceasing to command belief.

I worked at the Retrospect, but with small success.

There is, in the "Spectator" a signed review by Mozley, which is not either notably favourable, or markedly effective. It suggests to me that the writer disliked the book, but did not wish to offend the Author!

Philip Tallents came to see us. He had tea, played croquet, and talked. His visit was welcome. I had pleasant letters from Grant Robertson, and Ruth Spooner. Neither of them had read the Retrospect, but both express an intention to do so! I fear that my latest book will maintain my very melancholy record of literary Failure!

<!250742>

[124]

Saturday, July 25th, 1942.

I received affectionate letters from several of my young friends. Clarence Ward still lingers in this country under orders to go abroad but precisely where the censor prevents him from saying. Hedley Thompson, "my little airman", writes cheerfully about his health. He has been for 10 weeks in Hospital, and has made considerable progress, to the astonishment of the Doctor. Charles Pattinson has received my book, & thanks me much. He and his wife meditate adopting a baby, & desire my counsel. What shall I say to them? Linetta sends me the copy of my "Retrospect", with the request that I will write my name in it. I did so, making it a gift from myself.

I worked at the Book, but again very vainly. It would probably be better for the success of the book if I burned my journal, & improvised from memory! But I can hardly do this now, since I have emphasized my dependence on the Journal, and quoted from it so largely. There are so many letters that ought to be published as well as some that appeared in the Times, as many more which have never been printed. But there is no space.

<!260742>

[125]

8th Sunday after Trinity, July 26th, 1942.

A calm, bright morning. I went to Church and received the Holy Communion at 8 a.m.

The news from Russia and Egypt suggests that both sides are so exhausted that they have to "stop off" for a little, before continuing the conflict. But the delay probably helps the Germans more than it helps either the Russians or the British. Both Timoshenko and Auchinleck are "fighting" generals, but both are confronted by armies, mechanized in a measure which secures to them a definite superiority. The fighting is close and murderous. We dare to hope that the losses on the side of the enemy are greater than those on our own side, but his resources & communications are far better both in Europe and in Africa.

We attended Mattins, when I read the lessons. The Rector delivered an extemporaneous phillipic [sic] against the use of bad language in the village, especially by small children. I imagine that there must have been some kind of a parochial crisis during the past week, whereby the reverend man had been so mightily moved, but there was something almost ludicrous about so severe & vehement a denunciation being delivered to a score of devout females and a small attendant group of very small children. It is very rarely [126] wise, and hardly ever useful, for the parish priest to play the rôle of Savonarola in the party drama of pastoral activity. He may stimulate tattling & spying more probably than either stir consciences or reform ill manners. But Mouldsdales, mostly confined to the Rectory by his lameness, and perhaps too well accustomed to the atmosphere & method of the confessional, is not well qualified for the conduct of pastoral ministry in an English parish.

During the afternoon, I called on Sir Gerald Ryan and sate for an hour in the garden, talking with him, and the four ladies (his daughter Pamela who is on holiday, his two cousins, the Misses Briscoe Ray, & his secretary). I told Pamela that her brightly painted nails were only pardonable in a primitive savage, but she seemed satisfied that the general adoption of the practice sufficiently provided its justification!

The War news at 6 p.m. was still grave. Nothing seems able to hold up the German offensive on the Lower Don: and now the vital railway centre of Stalingrad is clearly endangered. If that falls, it is difficult to see how the Russian defence can be maintained. It is a grim outlook, but the end is not yet.

<!270742>

[127]

Monday, July 27th, 1942.

The Press cutting agency sent me a bundle of notices of my "Retrospect" including a long review in the Times Literary Supplement, illustrated by the Vanity Fair cartoon, and expressed in terms so friendly to me as to compel the inference that its author must have known much about me, & desired to advance my reputation. It is headed "The Genius of Anglicanism. D^r Hensley Henson's Life. Great Preacher & Leading Prelate". The notion flitted across my mind as I read it that Geoffrey Dawson^{*1} was the author.

A short review, signed Raymond Mortimer, which appeared in the "New Statesman & Nation" under the heading "A pugnacious Prelate" is less friendly, & opens with a reference to my appearance:

"A photograph of Bishop Hensley Henson as he was forty years ago shows the features & expression of a man determined & self-confident to the point of truculence. And despite the urbane modesty of the title given to his agreeably unedifying memoirs, they reveal a profound & inexpugnable pride.

I remember that Warden Anson once said to me – "Henson, you are the proudest man I have ever met!"

[128]

The "British Weekly" has a brief and not unfriendly notice, but points out the disadvantage which must handicap any book published in this evil time:-

Were these quieter days, and if the world in which we live precariously in these days were not in dire peril, this would have been one of the most deeply studied and enjoyed and quoted books of the autumn and winter. As it is... we shall be astonished and discouraged if.....the reading public on both sides are not sufficient in number to give the autobiography a great welcome and thereby to secure for it a very penetrating & salutary influence".

The Sheffield Telegraph writes:

"Just what the younger generation will make of the book we hardly know. But it should prove interesting to some of their elders, many of whom took part in the acrimonious debates that characterized Christianity in times past but which appear to have been followed today by a profound indifference."

¹ The author was D.L. Murray, and Murray (AKA): *Times Literary Supplement Historical Archive*.

[I think this a fair enough.]

[129]

The Daily Telegraph brackets Dick Sheppard and myself in a brief notice of his biography and my "Retrospect":

"Dick Sheppard and Bishop Hensley Henson have attracted more public attention than any other clerics of the present century. They were as the poles asunder except that in each a burning sincerity of purpose were at the root of their utterly different lives. Oddly enough they both began their public ministry in the Church of England as Head of Oxford House, the university settlement in Bethnal Green. Thereafter both drew the London crowd: the one by his lovable humanity and the other by intellectual power.

The author of the review in The Times Lit. Supplement gives a description of my preaching, and the aspect which I had in the pulpit which, though obviously in some respects extravagant, does not give the impression of conscious insincerity, and tends to confirm my supposition that Geoffrey Dawson may have written it. At least I know that he was sometimes included in the congregation to which I preached:-

[130]

D^r Henson, we are told,

"is one of the few pulpit orators whose sermons have been transferred to print without betraying any of the looseness of texture or diffusion of language which are the snares of spoken rhetoric. His style, moving with a majesty that has a suggestion of organ music, passes without break or effort from the crystalline analysis of some entangled theological proposition to the highest flights of devotion and thence descends by eagle swoops to some biting rebuke or scathing sarcasm. It is indeed one of the glories of the later English Church, and to say that it invests his teachings with a glamour that doubles their persuasiveness is to say what might not be particularly agreeable to him but is nevertheless the truth.

Apart from this perfection of literary form it is difficult to account for D^r Henson'[s] eminence as a preacher. Listeners in the old days at Westminster will remember a figure rigidised by the [131] necessity of following a written text, a reedy voice with no charm but that of an exquisitely clean-cut enunciation, a very rare gesture, short and sharp like a sword thrust, an abstinence from the histrionic arts of weighted pause and changed intonation. In recompense for their want there was an intensity, a searching sincerity, a disinfected irony at times of voice and manner – in brief that elusive quality of "personality" which is the secret of power alike in churches, parliaments and theatres. It is a quality that also provokes hostility, and it is not surprising to read of bitter opposition to the man and his message. It would be more surprising – did not experience repeatedly show that the most slashing critics are the most sensitive to critical ripostes – to find D^r Henson recalling today with so much

resentment the strictures & countermeasures of his religious opponents. The detail in which he tells over again [132] his duels with bishops who disputed his claim to preach in Nonconformist churches and the campaign waged against his appointment to the See of Hereford suggests an unhealthy brooding. These men were as sincere as he was: they believed they were protecting a divine heritage: and he was never a gentle controversialist.

There is much in all this which seems to me exorbitant, but I incline to admit the justice of the very urbanely conveyed censure. The main interest is the personal sketch which is apparently first hand and carefully registered.

The writer observes:

In the absence of any memoir by D^r Mandell Creighton the present work is likely for a long while to hold the prize for causticity among Anglican episcopal autobiographies. Yet the complete absence of rancour from even the sharpest of these polemics &c.

On the whole this review is uncommonly interesting. Milford acknowledged receipt of the typescript.

[133]

The Rev^d Cuthred Compton writes to tell me that he has “enjoyed reading the first vol. of your Autobiography” and adds the following:

I remember how in 1907, when I was seeking a title in the London Diocese, the Bishop said “My Chaplain will see after you”. So I went to Gillson’s room to talk over vacant curacies; & I found that my views about the kind of Vicar I wanted highly displeased Gillson, who remarked “From what you have said I can only gather that you would like to be a disciple of Canon Hensley Henson; if so, you had better try another diocese” – (I did!)

A little later my sister married a favourite nephew of Canon Duckworth – whom I thus got to know, & who told me how deeply he valued your friendship.

Finally I was domestic chaplain to Bishop Burge when you were consecrated Bishop of Hereford. I am grateful that I have known two men who have shared your friendship, & I look forward greatly to reading vol. II of your Autobiography.

<!280742>

[134]

Tuesday, July 28th, 1942.

Don writes acknowledging my refusal to preach in the Abbey in Sept., and adds with characteristic modesty:-

I have been reading your "Retrospect" with great interest. The effect it has upon me is to arouse the humiliating reflection that the giants of the Victorian and Edwardian periods have been succeeded by a collection of Pygmies, of whom the pygmiest is yours ~~great~~ dutifully & affect^{lv}

Alan C. Don.*

The Rev. Arthur S. Morgan (Shirenewton Rectory, Chepstow, Mon.) writes

Your letter about the fat man just dead prompts this line.

In Usk Churchyard there is this record. "Also the above Philip Mason died May 11th 1772, aged 52, weighing 554 lbs.

But the African was said to weigh 756 lbs: and Daniel Lambert, 738 [m.p. 78 supra].

Probably in all cases of such enormous obesity the men were afflicted by some fattening disease.

[135]

I finished reading Garrett Mattingly's account of Catherine of Aragon. My estimate of the book grew more favourable as I read, and I ended by judging it to be a sound and thorough study of a life which has been too little studied. The writer is quite plainly an enthusiast for the persecuted & unhappy Queen, & his enthusiasm betrays him into some serious errors e.g. his references to Cranmer are almost as grotesquely unfair as Macaulay's. Nor do I think he is quite just to Henry VIII, who, however, on any shewing [sic] was a brutal and beastly tyrant. Still he had qualities which place him far above Francis, and perhaps above Charles V: and his services to England were very great. The papacy comes very badly out of the story. I judge that the book will be "grist" to the mill of those – Papists, Anglo-Catholics of all types, and all varieties of anti-Christians – who "have no use" for the Church of England and rejoice to see it humiliated by so shoddy a picture of its shaping.

The news from Russia is increasingly grave. Rostov has at last been abandoned after having become a combination of cinder heap and charnel house. The Germans are pressing forward to the oil-fields.

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[136]

Wednesday, July 29th, 1942.

L^d Scarbrough thanks me for the copy of my "Retrospect" ("The Times Literary Supplement has effectively dealt with the use of that adjective" (unimportant). But he has not read the book!

Jacob sends me his pamphlet (on "The Collapse of France in 1419-20") with a note

"This is a poor little nickel coin to send you after the gold of your Retrospect, which I have been reading of late with so much interest".

Shore writes to tell me that he is returning to parochial work as Vicar of Whixley with Green Hammerton in the diocese of Ripon, with a population of about 2000. He adds

May I say how much I am enjoying your book. I should like to join with many others in asking why you have so far departed from the truth as to call yours an "unimportant life"? I do hope that you are going on with the next volume for which many are waiting with eager anticipation.

I doubt this.....

[137]

I wrote to Lord Cranworth condoling with him on the death of his son in Libya, which is reported in the morning's paper.

The death of Sir Flinders Petrie is announced. He was 89 years old.

The War news grows darker both in Russia and in Egypt. There is almost a pessimistic tone about the leading Article in the Times. It suggests that there is possibility, perhaps even a probability, that Russia may be overwhelmed, before the long-promised, much vaunted, and often announced as on the point of arrival, American reinforcements do actually appear. The talk about a "second Front" in the West grows less audible, and we are again reduced to volumes of ethical admonition & threatening declarations! What is the truth? That surprise at this unexpected delay is giving place to suspicion, & may breed defeatism, does not seem quite so extravagant as we have imagined.

I spent much time on The Autobiography, but made small progress. There is so much that might with advantage be extracted from the Journal, & the Letter-books, so little of which can either be published with prudence, or would be read with understanding.

<!300742>

[138]

Thursday, July 30th, 1942.

Alington writes from Durham:

My very dear Bishop,

Yesterday I was in the position you desiderate for a Dean of Durham, and had nothing to do with do but read (That is too often my case nowadays, as there's no society for employing lame Deans in War time).

So I read your book, and must lose no time in telling how very greatly I both admired and enjoyed it. I've never read an Autobiography which so clearly bore the marks of truth - & that, I fancy, is a compliment you will value more than the others which I could most honestly pay!

I had been hoping to read in print the verses you wrote before your Ordination which have had an honoured place in my scrapbook ever since you sent them [to?] me just before I was ordained myself. I repeated them to Gore* & Talbot,* who were at Windsor for some Garter ceremony just when "the Hereford scandal" was at its height - and [139] it was, perhaps, of as much service as Sanday's* letter to the Times!

I am rather proud to see how the "blurb" - horrid word - mentions with praise the words of the valediction to you from Durham, which I had the honour to compose. There are many more things in the book for which I should like to thank you - notably of our All Souls portraits - but you'll be overwhelmed with letters of gratitude, a pleasanter overwhelming than some under which you've suffered.

Our love to M^{rs} Henson, please,

Ever Yours very affectionately

Cyril Alington

This is a very kind letter. I do not remember ever having sent verses of my own composition to Alington before his Ordination, nor of having written any before my own. It is possible that I sent him the translation of S. Francis Xavier's hymn, which Rowland Prothero made, and sent to me when I was at the Oxford House, & that he has wrongly ascribed it to me.

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[140]

Friday, July 31st, 1942.

The Bishop of Derby (Rawlinson) writes: -

I have just read with enormous interest and pleasure, the first volume of your autobiography. It leaves me eager for volume II! When may it be expected? And I hope it will not be too discreet.....

The book illuminates a whole period of English Church history. My wife and I both look forward avidly to the sequel.

I worked at the Autobiography in the morning, and, in the afternoon, wrote to Lord Scarbrough, Dr Skinner, Rev. J. H. Shore & the Bishop of Derby and Charlie Pattinson. The War news continues to be depressing. In Russia the Germans are still pressing on to the oil fields of the Caucasus, and, though the pace of their progress towards the vitally important city Stalingrad appears to be slowed down by the valorous stand of the Russian armies, the position is worsening. If Stalingrad falls, it is hard to see how the Russians can be provided with food, oil, or ammunition. Rommel has "dug himself in" in Egypt.

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[141]

Saturday, August 1st, 1942.

A brilliant day following an autumnal mist and heavy dew, wonderfully calm and warm.

I received the pleasant surprise of a cheque from Hodder & Stoughton (for £43:17:6) on account of "Last Words from Westminster Abbey". Only 1219 copies were sold. I wrote to request that, if remainders were being sold, I might have 50 copies at remainder prices. They would be useful for gifts.

Also, I received from Norman Sykes* a long and extremely interesting letter, marked "Private and Confidential". He has been reading my "Retrospect", and is moved to send me an account of his religious experience. He writes: -

I can not forbear to say how much I have enjoyed reading your first volume both for its intrinsic merits of style & interest and for its public importance. So far as the interest goes, I need only relate the circumstances under which I read it ... Having to go twice to London last week to attend examiners' meetings, I took your book to read in [142] the train. I found it absorbingly interesting; and decided to finish it yesterday when I had to journey to Manchester for the like purpose. Instead I could not put it down but sate up on Sunday night until I had finished it.

Not only in form but in content am I very glad that you were induced to write it. A biographer, if allowed access to the Journals, would have hesitated long how far to use them: you have solved that question yourself. Moreover, your autobiography is of public importance.....

After an interval of a quarter of a century, the opposition to the Hereford nomination seems even more scandalous than ever. I do not wonder that the Church Times declined to renew the controversy. I remember how at the time, in 1917-8, I was in a military hospital at York, using my enforced leisure to effect my transition from [143] Anglo-Catholicism to critical theology. I read fully the Times correspondence about the episode; and saw the disgraceful ECU booklet "Dr Henson's Opinions". The episode helped me to cut the painter effectively. But I have to confess that not until I read the Bishop of Chichester's biography of Davidson in typescript did I see the significance of the sentence which you added to the primate's letter of reassurance.... The moment I read the Davidson Life, I saw the point. But Prestige in his Life of Gore either did not see it, or deliberately confused it.....

I have been discussing your Retrospect with Lilley on Sunday, and have been much invested in his opinions. He is well, despite his eighty-one years, lives in sad poverty, with a second wife, who is the embodiment of unquietness.

I shall look forward with great interest to the publication of your 2nd vol., which, I hope, will not be long delayed, [144] and which will contain such absorbing topics as the Prayer Book Revision and its sequel.

He adds an extremely frank and interesting account of his own experiences and ends thus:

Forgive me: and destroy this letter when read. I doubt whether you know me by face, though we have met & talked in the Athenaeum; but I have enjoyed so much your record & wish you were entering now on the years of your episcopate.

I assumed that his desire that his letter should be destroyed was determined by its statements about himself: and, therefore, I felt free to copy what he says about me & the "Retrospect", but though regretfully, I destroyed the letter.

I wish, at the time of his Ordination, I had known the facts which he states; and certainly the knowledge would have been of great assistance to me both in Hereford and in Durham. Sykes was ordained by the Bishop of Durham in 1923 after some illuminating preliminaries!

[145]

The Guardian has a review, headed "H. H. H. A Great Anglican". It is certainly conceived in a friendly spirit, and, indeed, employed language which seems to me excessive e.g.

"D^r Henson is a great man, on any showing, one of the most distinguished among Anglican leaders in this generation. None of those who have most disagreed with him can doubt his moral courage and sincerity, or his magnanimity to his opponents. He has set his mark on an important period. In his retrospect he can tell of big developments in which he himself took a decisive part."

For this is more than the story of his own life. It is a "document" of religious history at a very crucial and pregnant time. For the future historian it will be a gold-mine.....

If I knew who was the author of this language, it might be possible for me to gauge [sic] its importance. As it is, I must frankly own that it makes me more uncomfortable, than reassured. But I cannot be mistaken in finding it a not unimpressive indication of goodwill to me personally.

[146]

Swayed by a mood of unusual complaisance, I yielded to my wife's desire that I should accompany her and Fearne to a Fête in the interest of Red Cross work in the little village of Elmsett. On the whole, I was not dissatisfied with my experience. The spectacle in the Vicarage field was pleasing. In view of the small population of the parish, about 200 in all, there was a considerable number of persons, engaged in playing games, buying such small articles as were offered for sale, and drinking tea. There was an evident spirit of neighbourly good will, and both the Vicar (Smith) and his wife appeared to be on terms of goodwill with their parishioners. It was a typically Anglican spectacle, and it pleased me.

We got home in time for a game of croquet before listening in to B. B. C. at 6 p.m. The news still remains uncertain and disconcerting: but it is apparent that the Germans are putting all their strength into the Russian offensive, and that they are being met by a far stiffer resistance than they expected. We made a great bombing attack on the Ruhr and, though we lost no fewer than 30 bombers, are justified in thinking our effort worth while.

<!020842>

[147]

9th Sunday after Trinity, August 2nd, 1942.

An overcast morning passed into a wet day.

I wrote to Cecil Ferens, the Bishop of Chichester, and Clarence Stock.

I read the lessons at Mattins with difficulty, though I supplemented my spectacles with the hand glass. The morning was dark, and the church is abominably lighted. I was assisted in the Communion by my familiarity with the language of the Liturgy.

Both the Sunday Times and the Observer have friendly reviews of my "Retrospect". In the S. T. "George A. Birmingham" (sc. Canon Hannay[]) heads his review very justly, for it deals rather with the writer than with the book; "Dr Hensley Henson". He says that he once heard Lord Oxford, discussing his ecclesiastical appointments:

"He said that he took pride in the fact that the men he had placed in high positions in the Church were men whose words were listened to outside ecclesiastical circles, that is to say that the unhallowed laity were interested. He gave, I remember, several instances: among them, and first, he named [148] D^r Hensley Henson, whom he made Dean of Durham."

There are a good many kind & flattering things in the article: -

He may, if he chooses, call his life unimportant. His record of it has an abiding value and therefore a true importance.

He ends his review by quoting the prayer which I composed "at one critical & very difficult period" of my life.

In the Observer Lord Elton heads his article "Two Great Churchmen", coupling together rather oddly, Dick Sheppard and the late Bp. of Durham, since books about both have happened to appear synchronously. Both were "superlative orators" but very different.

"It is possible to imagine Dick Sheppard, but not D^r Henson, becoming a great popular demagogue. Yet it is difficult to read their books without realising that there were many similarities between these two apparently dissimilar men. Bernard Shaw called Sheppard "a superb [149] actor who gets it across", and there must have been other members besides myself who, after listening to the Bishop of Durham in the House of Lords, would have been prepared to pay him the same compliment - for a compliment it certainly is.

He concludes thus:

Both men enriched the Church and the public life of their times, and both these books will be of value to the social historian of the future.

I wrote to Norman Sykes, thanking him for his letter, expressing regret that he should direct me to destroy it, but promising to obey his direction.

The news from the War Fronts maintains its dubious character. Nothing is said about the provision, if any, which the Russians have made for the defence of the Caucasus south of the Don, but there appears to be some reason for thinking that there are considerable Russian forces in that district, and Timoshenko may yet have some unpleasant surprises for the Nazis.

The Japanese do not seem to have everything their own way in New Guinea.

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[150]

Monday, August 3rd, 1942.

I received from the Press-Cutting Agency the review of my book which has appeared in a paper called "Public Opinion". It begins with a quotation from Ralph's article in the C. of E. Newspaper as a kind of text, and writes with the facile & rather unbalanced emphasis of Dissenting comments on men & books. It is mainly interested in my conflict with [Winnington-] Ingram,* when I preached in the City Temple. It ends with the following:-

"The Bishop records his views on men and affairs in his frank and searching volume, and years hence his book will be referred to when other autobiographies will be ignored & forgotten."

I occupied most of the morning in dictating to Fearne some more of the Autobiography: but still with lamentably small success.

The episode in S. Paul's when the fanatical Anglo-Catholick Bullock Webster* made his "protest" against Barnes,* & the interchange of letters between Barnes & the Archbishop are difficult to refer to without saying something which can but be displeasing to Barnes & which he may resent. But what can I do?

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[151]

Tuesday, August 4th, 1942.

A dull, depressing morning. There were no letters.

We went to Ipswich where I tried vainly to get my hair cut. The one establishment being overcrowded, and the other locked, probably in both cases the cause is to be found in yesterday's Bank-holiday. On our way home we called at Abbey Oaks. Ella and Fearne knitted patriotically in the car, while I had an interview with Lord Woodbridge. He had read Birmingham's review of my "Retrospect" and approved it highly. Lady Aston is in "hot water" on account of some singularly tactless observations on Russia, for which the "Daily Herald" takes her to task with effective asperity. She is a foolish woman & merits castigation. The news at 6.30 p.m. was not pleasing. The Russians have made yet another retirement in the Northern Caucasus, though they are still holding their ground before Stalingrad. At 9 p.m. there was a moving description of the situation in Moscow, where the spirit of the population is wonderful, but the prospect for fuel and food during next winter extremely dark. The Germans have destroyed so much; & the Russians themselves have destroyed perhaps even more.

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[152]

Wednesday, August 5th, 1942.

Another cold and clouded day.

The post brought me two letters about my book, both of which pleased me, since neither was quite conventional.

Pelham, the Bishop of Barrow in Furness, who was himself Vicar of Barking, 1914-1916, writes:

I have been reading the first volume of your Autobiography, & I must congratulate you on a really first-class book, it is intensely vivid, and as a devoted younger friend, I am more than thankful to have it as a constant reminder of a splendid life of work & service. I shall eagerly await the next volume. I hope you have nearly finished it. I am going to present it to the Library at Barking if they will let me.

Ralph Rumney, a Methodist missionary, whom I accepted for Ordination, and ordained, in Durham writes to me from S. Mark's Vicarage, Siddal, Halifax:-

[153]

I wish to thank you for your book, and to tell you how much I have enjoyed it. My copy came on Friday last, being near the week-end. I was busy with my sermons, so I had to read in bed, & I read that night & Saturday night unto the small hours of the morning. I confess it was the wrong preparation for Sunday seeing I always rise at 6.15 a.m. daily, but I preached no worse for the lack of sleep.

The book is more interesting than a novel, I could hardly bear to put it down. The "Hereford Scandal" period was all new to me. I was on active service all that time, affairs at home never seemed to reach me. You have told that story with wonderful detachment, & I think with no attempt to rouse the emotions; but I almost wept as I read - I wonder how you lived through it, my blood fairly boiled as I read.

I thank you for your word on temperance. [154] I am a life-long abstainer, unless having once had cider in your home disqualifies me, but though the Chapter here put me on the local Temperance Council to represent it, for no one else would go, I am never happy about their slogans. Your wise words on the subject clear my mind.

I do hope you will not keep us waiting long for vol. II.

May I thank you again for your kindness to me. I am always aware I am a "look takin Jack" (is that the phrase?) but I am always happy to think you saw "something" in me. If ever I had dared to talk to you about one's more intimate life, you would have seen how I felt and feel that you were God's Providence in my life.

I know your book is more suited for the great and academic than for me, but I believe your great kindness will prevent your being affronted at my pleasure in reading it”.

[155]

I remember that Rumney had been a Methodist missionary in South Africa, and that he had held teaching office in one of the Methodist colleges. He impressed me as a man of superior quality, and I persuaded Wynne Willson to give him a title to Bishopwearmouth. There also he made a favourable impression. He was appointed to a benefice in Newcastle in 1933, and in 1937 was transferred to his present parish. The patrons are the Church Fund Trustees: he has 5000 parishioners and a net income of £458. I am interested to note his discontent with the “Temperance” zealots.

I wrote to both Bishop Pelham and to Rumney. Also I wrote to Woodbridge and sent him the Times Literary Supplement review of my book, which he wished to see.

Fearne typed some more of the Journal for inclusion in the Vol: II of the Retrospect. In the afternoon we played croquet.

The news from Russia is not good. Both towards Stalingrad and the Caucasian oil fields the Germans have made more progress: and in India Gandhi is more fanatical than ever.

[156]

I received some more Press notices of the Retrospect of which two were worth noting viz: a careful and discriminating, but friendly review in “Notes & Queries”, and a long series of extracts set in a frame of flattery in the Durham Chronicle.

Also, I received 4 letters on the same subject viz: (1) from the Archbishop, Lord Lang of Lambeth, long, rather involved, & though friendly and even affectionate, disclosing a measure of dissent & dislike, (2) from Canon Mayne,* affectionate & as favourable as an Anglo-Catholic could make it, (3) from Duncan,* the Vicar of Dawdon, friendly enough, but, perhaps, with a soupçon of criticism not wholly suitable in him, (4) from [Charles Henry] Scott,* the rater pig-headed young “Ritualist”, whom I ordained in Hereford with some trepidation, & who is now an incumbent in the London diocese. He writes in a good tone of grateful affection.

I wrote to Lord Roche,* giving him a report of my impressions of Woodbridge’s health: and incidentally advising him to read the little book, “Education for Death: the Making of the Nazi”, which gives such a horrifying picture of Hitler’s method of manufacturing gangsters.

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[157]

Friday, August 7th, 1942.

I received the following letter from Geoffrey D.[Dawson]* in answer to my inquiry whether he had been the author of the review in the Times Literary Supplement.

Flat No. 1
24 Lowndes Street
London, S.W.1.

My dearest Henson,

Alas, your kind & characteristic letter was undeserved so far as I am concerned! All I can hope is that my devotion to you over many years has created an atmosphere in Printing House Square which survives me. It was a very good review. And now I am half way through the book itself & am profoundly interested. Nothing is amiss with it but the title. It is a very rare record.

Yours ever & affectionately,
Geoffrey. D.

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[168] [sic]

Saturday, August 8th, 1942.

Tymms, the Vicar of Billingham, writes to me about the "Retrospect" which he has read through without delay:

"This will show how eagerly I have read its pages, & I can assure you I have thoroughly enjoyed it..... I feel I have been braced up to do my duty by the reading of your excellent book. Thank you very much. My wife has promised to save up the next 16/- for volume 2., which I am more than eager to read."

Milford returns the MS. I sent him, & adds some observations.

Everything you have written is most interesting. You will, perhaps, reconsider some of your references to living men, e.g. G.H.D. Cole* and our old friend, Winnington Ingram!* I hope you have made good progress with the rest of volume two, and I look forward with keen interest to reading it.

Well: I suppose I must go forward.

[169]

Fearne typed some more of the Journal, which would be interesting (for those who were interested!) if it were published in full, but is, being written from day to day, rather too scrappy & disconnected, when read in extracts. But, of course, apart from other considerations, its bulk is wholly excessive. So it must be extracts, or nothing.

I walked for an hour and a half, in a faint but continuing drizzle. Mr Stokes was in process of migrating from his cottage to a van on the opposite [*side ?*] of the road. "I'm changing houses," he said.

I read through Bell's account of the 2nd rejection of the R.P.B. by the H. of C. in 1928, and his statement of what he conceives to be the causes of that rejection. He omits, however, the deep distrust of the leading Bishops, and the openly declared determination of the extreme Anglo-Catholics to disobey episcopal admonitions if any attempt should be made to enforce the new Rubrics. In face of what almost amounted to a moral certitude that there would be no restoration of discipline, the House of Commons could hardly have been reasonably expected to go back on its original decision to reject the Revised Book.

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[170]

10th Sunday after Trinity, August 10th [sic] [9th], 1942.

I went to Church and there received the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. The church clock is about 10 minutes fast, but, as the service began some minutes after time, & there was the usual duet of whispered devotion between the Celebrant and the "server", I was in my place before the appointed service had started.

The school mistress, with whom I walked as far as the school on the way home, requested me to house her papers & jewels, which she had withdrawn from Barclay's Bank in Ipswich, in my safe, but I had to tell her that I did not possess anything that could be reasonably described as a "Safe". Indeed, if a bomb does hit this house, it will not only be papers which will perish!

The B.B.C. at 9 a.m. continues to report fresh withdrawals in Russia. It is becoming apparent that the great German offensive may succeed in "knocking" out the greatest military asset of the Allies. Gandhi, Nehru, & other traitors have been arrested, and the Government of India is "showing" fight.

[171]

"Audax" in the Observer writes a carefully elaborated article, exalting Gandhi as essentially the exponent of the Christian ethic, deprecating vigorous action by the Government of India, & generally suggesting as much mischievously sentimental pacifism as is possible at this juncture.

I absented myself from attendance at Mattins, and wrote at some length to Lang in acknowledgment of his letter about my 'Retrospect', and taking occasion to point out the impropriety of his styling himself 'Archbishop' in addition to his legal description as a secular baron. Also, I wrote to Tymms.

In the afternoon, I walked round Chsttisham, and called at Church Farm to ask after Tom Reid, who has damaged his hand by an ugly accident with a mechanical saw. I found Evelyn entertaining two relatives, pleasant people who said that they had met me at the wedding last November. Tom came in with his arm in a sling. He looks rather "pulled down", but is cheerful: and only desires a spell of sunny weather to be content.

[172]

About 5.30 p.m. there was a thunderstorm. I wrote to Ruth Spooner.*

The news at 6 p.m. was not re-assuring. Stalingrad is reported to be in evident danger. In spite of prodigious efforts the Russian armies are unable to arrest the progress of the vast mechanized hosts of Nazi invaders. In the Northern Caucasus the Germans seem to have everything their own way. Meanwhile, a considerable battle is said to be proceeding about the Solomon Islands. American naval forces are engaged, & great activity in the air is

proceeding. The Japanese make “wild” claims, but the American report is that the action is going satisfactorily.

The arrest of Gandhi and the Congress leaders has occasioned riots in some parts of India. Amery* is to speak on the wireless tonight.

There is some danger that both among our sentimentalists here, and still more among the even more fatuous sentimentalists of America, there will be a dangerous emergence of sympathy with Gandhi, who has been widely pictured as a modern equivalent of Jesus Christ.

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[173]

Monday, August 11th [sic] [10th], 1942.

M^{rs} Elliott sends me Dick's address as a prisoner of War in an Italian camp:-

Prisoners of War Post
Service des Prisonniers de Guerre
(Rev.) Captain Derek Balfour Elliott
British Prisoner of War Camps P.G. No. 5. P.M. 3100.
Italy.

The name and address of the sender must be written on the back of the envelope.

Wynne Willson writes:

I have just finished reading your "Retrospect" with the greatest interest and pleasure, not only on account of the deep personal interest, which the friendship you so generously extended to me, evokes, but also of the admiration of the literary style and for the clear description of an "important" life! I am looking forward to reading the second volume, which I hope may not be long delayed. I have given your book to Nancy as a Birthday present.

[174]

Charles Scott writes almost enthusiastically:-

I have received the Autobiography with your signature duly inscribed together with your most kind letter. I immediately sat down & read the book through with intense interest and pleasure, nor, in literal truth, did I put it down until I had finished it. I must be allowed to say that the "waxing decrepitudes of old age", which to my regret you mention in your letter, must be strictly & exclusively physical. Nothing but the inexorable evidence of dates could convince me or any other reader that the author of this book has indeed grown old in terms of years. It is a wonderful narrative. The great public issues & the personal record are both of fascinating interest. I look forward with deep interest to the appearance of Vol. II.

With every good wish,
I am your Lordship's obedient servant,
Charles H. Scott.

[175]

Scarcely had Fearne and I settled down to work on vol. II before Clarence Stock arrived on his bicycle, and remained until nearly 5 p.m. In the interval between lunch and tea he played bowls with us. He talked with his usual vivacity, and on many subjects.

The Press Cuttings agency sent me a review of my book headed 'Bishop Henson'. It is written in a friendly spirit:

"Far more interesting than most autobiographies as a self-revelation, the volume is an important sidelight on the inner history of the English Church during the past half-century Anecdotes grave and gay – but always to the point – abound in these informative pages. The author discusses other men as candidly as he discusses himself. All the great ecclesiastical figures of the past 50 years, and all the politicians so far as their activity touched the Church find a place in the story.

This is from the 'Cavalcade' – a paper which I have never seen save in the waiting rooms of [*the* ?] dentist, and in the operating chair at the hair-cutter's!

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[176]

Tuesday, August 11th, 1942.

A gusty, unpleasant morning: no letters: and bad news from all the fronts with nothing to cheer one in the newspapers! How long?

Fearne and I laboured at the Autobiography all the morning.

I wrote to Canon Mayne, thanking him for the very kind letter which he sent me some days ago about my 'Retrospect', and which, for some inexplicable reason, I had not read through. His appreciation both surprized and gratified me, for he is a devoted Anglo-Catholick, and would [*not* ?] naturally be inclined to regard me with any measure of approbation. He writes:-

Thanks to you, I have had many most enjoyable hours in this last week, reading your Autobiography. It is eight years ago, almost to the day, that I accepted your invitation to come to Durham, and one of my great privileges since I came here has been that of getting to know and to form a real affection for my Bishop, of whom reports had been rife [177] for many years, and often ignorant & ill-natured. If I may say it, the first volume of your Autobiography is likely to have contained the period in which you were frequently in advance of the thought of the times, and, in consequence, marked down for suspicion. I look forward to the succeeding volume with eagerness, because it seems to me that in your Northern Episcopate, while holding firmly to your views, you have done a vast deal than ever seemed likely, and, without a shadow of doubt, you have reaped a harvest of affection. I am thankful that you have undertaken, yourself, a task which no one, even with access to your Journal, could have performed with much chance of pourtraying [sic] you with success. After all, 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness', & now you have let us know yours. And one of Solomon's better proverbs is "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

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[178]

Wednesday, August 12th, 1942.

The Bishop of Chichester tells me that he already possesses, and has already read through, the 1st vol. of my 'Retrospect', but that he will be gratified if I will present him with a copy of vol. II, when it makes its appearance:-

"I no sooner purchased than I as ravenously read, & was purposing to write to you on my holiday just begun, even had you not written. I like and admire the book immensely. It is exceedingly interesting, and so very well written: and (above all) a personal account by a much loved, much honoured, and remarkable man. I thought it a very graphic account of your life up to 1920, and was deeply moved by what I read, as well as often entertained as well as instructed. It showed what a very potent force you have always been and stood and stand for in Ecclesia Anglicana. I like the account of your early days, your University & parochial career – as well as (of course) all that followed from S. Margaret's [179] to Durham

I would not have English Church history of the last 50 years without H.H.H. You have both enlivened and enriched it, and helped to keep it a little less wandering from the straight Anglican path than she would have been without you.

I do hope the book will be widely read, and not by this generation only. And I must say I do often echo what you say – especially on the all-important subject of Rumlifoo [??] !!

Don't be depressed about senectus! Your book is very good evidence that there is no need.

[N. B. This is all that I can decipher with any certainty for the Bishop's handwriting is not lucid.]

Cecil Ferens sends me a long letter about his own doings, & the happenings in the Durham diocese, where there has recently been a spate of resignations among the incumbents, especially those of the better-endowed parishes. He says that he has secured a copy of the first vol. & is reading it "with the most absorbing interest".

[180]

Poor Lady Limerick* writes a long & rather incoherent letter, in which she says that she has just got my book: but she suffers terribly from neuritis, and is forbidden to read for more than an hour daily.

Martin Ellingsen* tells me that he has just finished reading my book:

I found it so fascinating I am afraid I read it in bed late into the night The part which appealed to me was the portion dealing with your time at Durham at the Deanery, & your reflections regarding the effect of the last War on the Christian Ministry. So much of it is relevant for today, & I have found your views so helpful.

I went to Durham [*sic* – ‘Ipswich’ *pencilled in margin*], and got my hair cut. Also, I bought a copy of “The Diocesan Magazine”, and read in it a review of my book, which is wrongly described as “Retrospect of an Important Life”. The writer, Canon George, an Ipswich incumbent, had directed my attention to this curious blunder, which is the more astonishing since the review comments on the correct title. I wrote to him, & thanked him for his comments on the book.

[181]

At 3 p.m. I confirmed 3 soldiers in the parish church, both the diocesan and his suffragan being absent and inaccessible.

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[181] [sic]

Thursday, August 13th, 1942.

Some more newspaper cuttings which referred to my "Retrospect" came to me. They included a letter which has appeared in the local papers in Durham and Auckland, identical in content, & signed A.B.C. The writer claims to be "the candid critic, though still a great admirer of the ex-Bishop of Durham". He holds that I "should never have entered the Church" and that my "true place was in the legal profession".

How many of the clergy of Durham felt that they had in him a true father in God? Why were the miners so hostile to him? Is it not true that he gained applause from the liquor trade for his defence of moderate drinking?

I suspect that the writer is a Prohibitionist. He proceeds:

I make bold to say that his successor has done more to bring the people back to the churches than D^r Henson did during his whole career as Bishop of Durham.

[182]

It is always profitable, because generally humbling, to learn the opinion of others about oneself, but one cannot ascertain the value of any opinion which is anonymous. In that case we can but consider the opinion itself, with only the inferences as to authorship which its language suggests, & the compatibility of its statements with such knowledge as we possess. This letter is expressed in 'cant' or conventional language. The writer regards "moderate drinking" with the gravest disapprobation: agrees with the miners, or rather with their Union, in disliking me: and regards my successor as markedly my superior in all that is proper to the spiritual function of a Bishop. What is certain is that I distrusted and ignored the now fashionable methods of ministry, which my successor employs and presumably regards as spiritually valuable. He follows the Anglo-Catholick model of episcopal administration: I found it deeply unsatisfactory. Accordingly, he can depend on a great volume of support, whereas I could never count on anything beyond the loyalty of such individuals as "saw light in my light". It will be interesting to see whether my anonymous critick is generally approved.

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[183]

Friday, August 14th, 1942.

Clarence Stock sends me an elaborate account of his impression of me, when first he heard me preach in S. Margaret's, Westminster, being moved to do so by way of defending the description of me as a preacher, which appeared in the Times Literary Supplement, & struck me as exorbitant to the point of grotesqueness.

Fearn[e] and I spent most of the morning on the Autobiography.

We played croquet in the afternoon, & afterwards I wrote to Lady Limerick and to Ernest [Henson*]. I took occasion to remonstrate with him for his criticisms of Lord Woolton in his parish magazine, as being, not only unfair in themselves, but also, in the present state of public affairs injudicious and, indeed, inconsistent with patriotic duty.

The Admiralty announce the loss of an aircraft carrier and a cruiser in the recent attack on a British convoy, carrying supplies and ammunition to Malta. These are grave losses, but less than the Germans and Italians assert. It is but too evident that we have practically lost effective control of the Mediterranean. This explains Rommel's comparative immunity.

[184]

Punch notices my "Retrospect" under the heading "Stormy Petrel". It is a summary of my record. I was most interested in the final paragraph:

"The many portraits of D^r Henson at various periods of his tempestuous career are interesting. They seem to show a gradual increase in combativeness. Even the earliest of all, as a small child, has an air of discontent with the established order of things."

The notice is signed with the initials L.W.

The Yorkshire Post has a friendly review which emphasizes my satisfaction when the City of Durham gave me its freedom, just at the time when I was being most vehemently denounced.

In this first volume of his autobiography he lays up, as it were, his Colours, somewhat torn and frayed, enscrolled with battle honours and unstained, except for the unescapable dust and heat of controversy.

This is more picturesque than lucid, but it is clearly intended to be kind, and as such I must rightly understand it.

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[185]

Saturday, August 15th, 1942.

The Archbishop of Canterbury sends me a long letter energetically defending his use of the title, Archbishop, but not, me judice, convincingly. He presses me to call on him in the house which the King has provided for his residence –

The King's Cottage,
Kew Green,
Surrey.

Fearne and I went on with the Autobiography, but I am deeply discontented with what we have done. Increasingly, I am oppressed by the unintelligible pettiness of the conflicts which seemed important before the War, and which must of necessity form the main content of my episcopate. Who now can reasonably be expected to have the faintest interest in them? I wrote to Pelham expressing satisfaction that he, as an ex-Vicar of Barking, had presented the 'Retrospect' to the Barking Public Library. It is 47 years since I left the Parish, and there can be but few persons, now living there, who can remember me. The Parish itself has changed beyond recognition.

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[186]

11th Sunday after Trinity, August 16th, 1942.

A wet morning, and with all the promise of a wet day. The temperature is high, and the air heavy.

I wrote to Betty Bruce Steer and placed an inscription in the copy of the "Retrospect", which I had designed for her.

We attended Mattins. I read the Lessons. And celebrated the Holy Communion.

Moulsdale preached from the Epistle for the day. 1. Corinthians xv.i-ii. He "took up his parable" against the ex-Bishop of Durham in fine style, identifying S. Paul's list of Christophanies with the Creed, an "ex animo" belief in which was essential to salvation! I suppose his sermon was a fair representative of the kind and tone of the preaching to which the youth in S. Chad's were accustomed.

Clarence Stock sends me a long description of the impression which I made on him, when first he heard me preach in S. Margaret's, 37 years ago. He was moved to do so by the description of my preaching in the "Times Literary Supplement", which struck me as almost grotesque. As a first hand testimony, his words, though extravagant enough, have a certain interest: -

[187]

Sometime in 1907, my Mother and I intended to go to Morning Service at the Abbey, but we had forgotten it began at 10.30 a.m. & so were diverted into S. Margaret's. I perfectly remember my delight and surprise that here was a man, to whom the things of the mind were more important than anything else at all. Though I had met and known a few people of real ability, I had never come across one like that before. It delighted me. The compression was confirmed with your books before me in the Brit: Mus: Reading Room. You see that it was not so much the "specific message" as the "kind of person" that impressed me. Before I knew you personally, your existence was an encouragement to me at a rather desperate period of my life.

The references in the Times L. S. to your stance, voice, and so on strike me as irrelevant, because the moment you [188] began speaking, we ceased to take the smallest interest in such details, simply because we were immediately engrossed in your ideas and arguments. You have an altogether exceptional power of enchaining the attention & even the strained attention of your hearers. Of course your voice was important: it was never tiring or boring, and was always perfectly audible even in Poet's Corner during an East Wind! And you had the gift of raising or lowering it nearly an octave to emphasize some particular passage. Your sermons were always an intellectual treat to me. Their workmanship was so good. I always looked upon them as classic pieces. They proceeded from premiss through argument & illustration to conclusion with the faultless precision of a chiseled [sic] work of art. And,

inevitably, they lent themselves well to print. And it is no doubt impossible to appreciate fully the literary [189] excellence of a sermon without imbibing something of its “message”.

A notable example was your famous “Putumayo” sermon in S^t Margaret’s – “strained attention[”] is no exaggeration – you could have heard a pin drop. I remember walking with you in the Park just after, & buying the evening papers, & how you fancied every evil looking foreigner might be “Arana”!

I can see you now leaning against the mantle-piece in Dean’s Yard, & saying it might cost you £2000, but it would be worth it! That sermon at least was effective as well as eloquent. Any critic who does not put you into Class I. Mark I. as a preacher does not know his job.

The writer is a man nearing sixty, and he thus records his recollection of his impressions when a youth barely out of his teens. But we would give much to have this kind of testimony in the case of the famous orators of the past. But how much is it really worth?

[190]

I wrote to Clarence Stock, to Hedley Thompson (My “Little Airman”), and to Martin Kiddle. There is a horrifying report in one of the Sunday papers stating in the recent raid on Mainz, the cathedral was totally destroyed. This is, indeed, distressing if it to be true. For Mainz Cathedral was certainly one of the most interesting of the historic churches of Europe. It linked the Roman Empire with the present age. How well I remember the delight which I felt when first I saw it.

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[190]

Monday, August 17th, 1942.

I received a letter from Milford in which he writes

We are now binding the second 1000 copies - out of the 2000 printed: not bad I think: but binding is the worst bottleneck we have to face, & I shall not be happy until I hear that the copies are safely in cloth. Meanwhile the book is almost out of stock, which is most annoying. What about illustrations for the 2nd volume? When you have looked out some, perhaps you will let me have them in good time.

[191]

August 17th, 1942.

My dear Sir Humphrey.

I am comforted to learn that some copies of the book have been sold: for, indeed, I had a dolorous fear that the poor thing had been a literary [in Greek] (to use S. Paul's description of himself as one who came too late on the Apostolic scene): and I did not want actually to impoverish the University Press by availing myself of its underserved courtesy.

I am working on vol. ii, but the amount of the material is considerable, and I am rather held up by the necessity of going through it before actually deciding on the matters which ought to be emphasized.

I hope to send you some more MS. before long, but I am extremely dissatisfied with what I have written. I think it w^d help me if you c^d give me some indication of when you desire to have the completed transcript. I always work best with a clearly perceived objective [192] (the donkey's carrot) in front of my reluctant and recalcitrant "nose"!

I will choose and send for your selection some illustrations which appear to me to be suitable.

We have aeroplanes about us most nights, and I meditate on the fate of the Syracusan Archimedes! However, life is made up of running risks, & being run in at the end of the race!

Always sincerely
H. Hensley Henson
Bishop.

A certain M^r Tudor Jenkins sends me a proof of a letter addressed to the Evening Standard by Joad, in which he makes a confession of faith. "For over 30 years he has been an agnostic: now, for purely intellectual reasons, he has become a Christian." He invites me "to write an

article to us, to follow M^r Joad's article? What I have in mind would be something on the lines of a welcome to the Church." I declined the proposal, and copied my letter into this journal: -

[193]

August 17th, 1942.

Dear M^r Jenkins.

I am obliged to you for your kind proposal, but I am unable to do what you are good enough to wish. I am fully employed on the effort to complete the 2nd volume of my Autobiography, & I cannot add to my obligations until that task is completed. Moreover, I do not think that I am sufficiently acquainted with D^r Joad's writings and "personality" to be entitled to comment on his very interesting article. I shall await with more than usual keenness his further communications on his latest conclusions.

Believe me.

Yours v. faithfully
H. Hensley Henson
Bishop

T. Jenkins Esq
Evening Standard
47 Shoe Lane E. C. 4.

[194]

Also I received an affectionate letter from Charlie Pattison. He has read the "Retrospect" and "enjoyed it immensely". He was a small chorister in the Cathedral when I was Dean:

I recall vividly the military services in the Cathedral on Sunday mornings, but it would be untrue to say that I remember the addresses! What I do remember (& in this respect my memory is very retentive) is the thrill I got from listening to the Dean's voice, which I can hear even now. With the choristers you were very popular, & not merely on account of the festivities at the Deanery.

The local newspaper announces that today is Sir Gerald Ryan's 64th Birthday. It occurred to me that it would be kind to present in [him?] with a copy of the Retrospect as a Birthday Gift. Ella accompanied me to Chattisham, but insisted on taking a "short cut" to the Hall. It turned out to be circuitous & difficult. On the way Ella, essaying to climb over a gate, slipped & in so doing, broke her parasol. We arrived in a heated and ruffled condition, and found everybody out. So we left the book, & returned home in a chastened mood!

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[195]

Tuesday, August 18th, 1942.

Both Flo Massareene and Sir Gerald Ryan write to say that they tried in vain to get copies of my book.

It is rather melancholy that when the reading public actually discloses a desire to buy the book, its praise-worthy ambition should be met with a non possumus by the book sellers!

Fearne helped me again with the Book, but our progress is ever slower & more unsatisfactory. I am beginning to doubt my capacity to achieve what too rashly I have attempted!

We played croquet in the afternoon but the heat was rather excessive.

Stokes, the Popish-Socialist "Squire" sent me a type-written invitation from the Ipswich Borough Council Committee against Unemployment to take the Chair at 3 meetings when 3 addresses on "Municipal Government and Unemployment After the War" [were?] to be given in the Council Chamber respectively by a Liberal, a Labour and a Conservative speaker. They want a "non Party-political, strong Chairman claiming the respect of all", and, therefore, they invites [sic] me "to undertake this work for them"! Of course, I could not but reply "Barkis is willin".

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[196]

Wednesday, August 19th, 1942.

I received from Grant Robertson a very kind letter about my "Retrospect" which he has bought, and read through by way of relieving the distressful tædium of convalescence after a attack of "Shingles".

Also, Clarence Stock supplements his description of me as preacher by sending me a transcript of a journal of his own, in which he had recorded at the time his impressions of my manner and aspect in the pulpit. He must have watched me every closely.

The news from France is exciting. Early this morning a considerable raid into the occupied part was undertaken, and persisted in. The forces engaged were considerable, including tanks: but the Germans appear to have resisted stoutly, and the outcome of the raid is still uncertain (7 p.m.).

The sinking of Brazilian ships has stirred vehement resentment in Brazil, & there is much clamour for a declaration of War against the Axis. Our incomparable Winston has been visiting the Army in Egypt, and taking everybody by storm. He is certainly a miracle of resource, courage, & magnetism.

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[197]

Thursday, August 20th, 1942.

Milford writes to “suggest” that I should “aim at letting him have a complete copy of vol II. ready for press by the 1st of January, 1943. If that is too soon, he will “adjust the date accordingly”.

In fact really the sooner we have the whole manuscript the better, as we can then make our plans quietly & aim at Spring, or at the worst, Autumn publication. Moreover, remembering Archimedes, I shall feel happier, or rather less unhappy, as soon as I have the complete material at Oxford which at present I regard as safer than the East Coast.

Marriott writes to me in friendly wise about the Retrospect, having been moved to do so by his “old & dear friend, the Dean of Westminster [Paul de Labillière*]” who, “thinks that I may like to know[“?”] with what close attention and absorbed interest he has just read my misdescribed book of Reminiscences.

“It is a wonderful record of unceasing intellectual activity, not to say of moral war fare. So far as this volume takes us, I am wholly in agreement with every [198] word you say, & should have sided with you in all your many conflicts.

I even voted (albeit with some reluctance) in the minority in both Divisions on the Revised Prayer-Book. I thought the new Book in most respects better than the Old, though in one to crucial points much worse: but I voted for it mostly because I found that its rejection might encourage the “Life & Liberty” movement for Disestablishment, to which I am as strongly opposed as I was when you drew me into the Layman’s League.

A melancholy looking man, who said that his name was Lloyd, came to inquire about the Morris car, which, as he had been informed by Lock & Stagg was “on sale”. I was rather “sniffy”, and said that I had told Messrs L & S. that a client of theirs might have the car for £100, and, since this man had failed to inform me of his decision whether he would pay that sum, I would make the same offer to any other suitable purchaser. Finally, we agreed that he should have the car for ninety pounds.

[199]

He paid five pounds on deposit, and, later in the day, paid the balance in notes and coin. I wrote to Sir John Marriott, thanking him for his generous estimate of my book. Also, to Leonard Cutts, saying that I should be glad to have two pounds’ worth of “Last Words” at “remainder” prices.

Also, to Sir Humphrey Milford saying that the terminus ad quem for the manuscript of vol. ii. of the Retrospect had best be extended to whole of January next year. I sent to him also a list of photographs or pictures, which might commend themselves as suitable illustrations

for the said volume, adding that I would, if he approved, send them, & possibly some others, from which he might make a selections. The suggested illustrations were the following:

1. The portrait painted by Harold Speed.
2. The Author in his Coronation dress.
3. The Author as Don Quixote, a caricature.
4. The Author in mufti.
5. Escombe [sic] Church
6. Durham Castle
7. Auckland Castle

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[200]

Friday, August 21st, 1942.

Three more press-cuttings, all favourable, and three more letters, all friendly.

The new Archbishop of York (Garbett) writes

I have just read the first volume of your "Retrospect", & I feel I must tell let you know how greatly I have enjoyed it. It is most interesting from the first page to the last, and is a valuable contribution to recent Church History. It ought to be read with Bell's "Davidson": it is a useful corrective to the official point of view! I hope the second volume will not be delayed too long. I asked myself how far, if I had been on the Bench at the period about which you write, I should have been with you or against you. With the exception of Life & Liberty, when we were on opposite sides, I think I should have been with you, though occasionally with some hesitation! I am always glad to remember that as Rural Dean of Portsmouth I squashed an attempt to protest against your Consecration. I had read your book "Creed in the Pulpit" [201] and this influenced me greatly.

Kenneth Bell, a quondam Fellow of All Souls, writes

Dear Henson,

At the risk of being a nuisance, I feel I must say, Thank you for the privilege of reading vol. I. which I have just finished. It brings back most vividly to me All Souls as I first knew it. What you say of Warden Anson, Pember, Ker and especially Raleigh seems to me just and worthy of them: of course they were, none of them, real friends of mine, but I saw and knew enough of them to appreciate what you say. I saw a lot of Raleigh both before his last illness & during it, & shall never forget him. You have sharpened my recollection of them all, and deepened my feeling for their memory.

Much else in the book rings just as true to me, though the ground is not so familiar. It brings back to me the essential things in English history and the English tradition. There is something worth fighting for about that tradition: something humble & combative, [202] staunch and manly, whole-hearted and yet tolerant, tenacious of integrity of mind, and yet sensitive to what experience brings. We have more than our share of halting between two opinions, and it seems to me that anyone who challenges this habit is bound to be dubbed a "troubler of Israel" by the Arabs, lay and clerical, and to have a lot to put up with from the prophets of Baala [sic]. But I don't believe that timidity or toadyism or obscurantism are what the English people really want in their leaders. I think the religion of England runs pretty deep, & that people who [gap in text] it are not those with the noisiest clientèle.

If I had to pick out the parts of the book I like best, besides the All Souls part, I should choose what you say about St Margaret's, Westminster, and about the Hereford

Confirmations, and about Robertson of Brighton, tho' the last makes me ashamed of how little I know of him. I have written for some of his works.

[205]

I am sure you will be getting too many letters about the book, & I hope you won't think this needs any acknowledgment.

Yours Sincerely
Kenneth Bell.

M^r William Slack, who was a lay reader in the parish of Tudhoe Grange when I was Bishop of D. writes:

I ordered your book at once, & have just now finished reading the First Volume, and am now waiting with impatience what is to follow.... Those were, indeed, happy days when you came out to help at the Festival Services. I thought then, & still think, that you were the most outstanding Bishop of the time. Might I say as a miner's son that we all loved you for your outspoken fearlessness in the face of such opposition. The Durham miners will always remember Herbert Hensley Henson, not only as their Bishop, but as a practical, far-seeing Christian Gentleman. Two incidents thrilled me viz. when you likened two of your **[204]** Brother Bishops to two sparrows, sitting on a house-top in the Prayer Book debate, and the occasion when you brought that subject and stolid Church Assembly to its feet cheering in reference to God's chosen People, the Jews.

My Lord, may I, an insignificant Voluntary Lay Reader thank you for your Book & for all you did for Durham.

May God bless the Eventide of M^{rs} Hensley Henson & yourself, and grant you that peace of mind which was so denied you in your great work for Christ.

I am, my Lord Bishop,

Yours Sincerely,
William Slack

The writer is a man of meagre education, & no doubt "magnifies his office" of "an insignificant Voluntary lay worker", but he lived & laboured among the miners from whom he came, and he knew them well. I do not doubt that he writes sincerely, &, therefore, I must needs welcome his testimony to the view which the miners (or some of them) took of me.

[205]

Let be, let be;
Why should I clear myself, why answer thou for me?

That shaft of slander shot
Miss'd only the right blot.
I see the shame
They cannot see:
'Tis very just they blame
The thing that's not.

A writer to "Notes and Queries" offers these lines as providing a parallel to some words of mine in the letter to Lady Frances Balfour which is included in the "Retrospect" Where do they come from? There is a suggestion of Browning: but I cannot identify it. Anyway, the lines are worth noting.

The "Yorkshire Evening News" says:

As we lay the book down we cannot but think how contradictory is the title for it, for the modesty of the subject of this most interesting & entertaining volume will not prevent the reader from recognizing a great preacher, prelate, and pastor.

I wish that I myself could recognizing [sic] those characters in the late Bishop of Durham!

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[206]

Saturday, August 22nd, 1942.

Malcolm Dillon* writes from Seaham a long and interesting letter about his associations with, & recollections of, Westminster: he had, with some difficulty, got hold of my "Retrospect", and had found it interesting:-

I would like say how very much interested I am in the book. I can remember so many of the incidents and the various religious and political crises to which you allude.

I walked to the Rectory with my ladies in order to attend the Parochial Fete organized to raise Funds for the purchase of a new Heating arrangement for the Church. Sir William Brass "opened" the function with a rather vulgar speech. Sir Gerald Ryan was there, and I had a few words with him. There seemed a fair number of people, and business was proceeding briskly when, after having had tea, I returned home, & wrote letters. I wrote to Sir Charles Robertson: to Kenneth Bell: and to William Slack. Also, to Malcolm Dillon.

At 6 p.m. the wireless reported that Brazil had declared war on Germany. The sinking of a 7th Brazilian ship was "the last straw".

The death of Lord Dunedin is reported at the great age of 92.

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[207]

12th Sunday after Trinity, August 23rd, 1942.

Dear Mrs Parlett.

I hope you will do me the honour of accepting this book. It is really not worth reading, but the pictures may interest you. My wife says that when I was a child, I was quite "nice", but now - the less said the better!

Anyway, the book will serve to carry to you my thanks for many generous acts, which have mitigated the bleak severities of this anxious time, and assured me that I have very kind neighbours in you and your husband.

Believe me.

Sincerely and obliged.

H. Hensley Henson

Bishop.

With this note, I sent to Mrs Parlett, the Churchwarden's wife, a copy of the "Retrospect". The good lady has sent us gifts of butter not infrequently, & these have been more than commonly acceptable in this bad rationing time!

[208]

We went to the church for Mattins, & I read the lessons. The Rector's sermon was short and harmless. It gave me the impression of having been originally composed as an address to the Clergy at a "Retreat", and was free from the defects which commonly mark the preacher's parochial addresses.

In the afternoon I wrote at some length to Charles Pattinson on the important but difficult question on which he had sought my counsel viz. should he and his wife "adopt" an infant, since they have no child of their own. On the whole I approve the adoption, provided that it can be carried through with a reasonable chance of success.

We spent some time in trying to select out of a dusty accumulation of photographs some that might serve as illustrations for vol. ii of the "Retrospect".

The Fête yesterday was financially unexpectedly successful. In the course of the service this morning [the rector] thanked the congregation for their "enthusiastic" response to his appeal, stated that the necessary funds had now been provided and expressed his hope that the new heating apparatus would be installed in the church in September.

[209]

From time to time I used to meet old Lord Dunedin [Andrew Murray*] at "The Club", and became fairly intimate with him within the limits of Club-membership. He often sate beside me, talked freely and interestingly on men & affairs, & on several occasions showed me civilities. His vitality, physical and intellectual, was astonishing, he had a caustic humour, & strong likes & dislikes. He interested me greatly, though I often was unable to share his prejudices, or endorse his verdicts on his contemporaries.

I wrote to Braley; and also to Jack Carr. The time races so swiftly that the letter of Jack's to which I made answer was dated as long ago as March 8th. It discloses hardly any consciousness of the War. He and Daphne his wife travel together on missionary tours, having left their son Peter in Cape Colony, since the Nigerian climate is unwholesom [sic] for young children. I am pleased to note that Jack disclaims any sympathy with the schismatic minority which perpetuates the Colenso controversy. It has now shrunk to "the shadow of a shade", & only lives on as a protest against the aggressive & exorbitant "Catholicism" of the South African Church.

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[210]

Monday, August 24th, 1942.

The Rev. H. B. Graham, the Organising Secretary of the Diocesan Board of Finance, writes: -

“Would you please allow a really unimportant person to say that he has just read Vol. I of “Retrospect” with great avidity.

I only secured it yesterday, but now it is finished - other work that I ought to have done being, alas, put aside, & sleep forgone. It is, if I may say so, compelling and immensely interesting, & one has the feeling at the end of it, “Well he always stuck to his guns”.

I do hope Vol II. will come to me before long. I should think you are (the) greatest Essayist that the Church of England has produced in this century”.

The C. of E. must be in a bad way for “Essayists”!

Milford writes in answer to my letter: -

“I note and approve of your suggestion about January.

Yes: please send me at your leisure the 8 illustrations which you suggest, and any others that seem to you suitable.

[211]

Tuesday August 25th, 1942.

Alington writes:

I’m as sure as my inaccurate [memory?] admits that you you [sic] did send me some verses of your own when I was being Ordained, and that they’re in my large scrap-book. But that has disappeared (with 3 others) from sight, & is probably deeply buried in a safe place in the Cloisters - so we must wait for Peace before I can prove my point - or be disgracefully disproved.

Arthur Headlam writes about the Retrospect in what is (for him) a kind, and even generous letter.

“I have just read your Autobiography, & feel moved to write to you. I think it is very good - not, of course, that I agree with much of it - but I think that you give a very good account of yourself, and it is well written. I am grateful for the kind things you say about me. I do not think that your opinions irritated me much. I always thought that you and Gore held a large number of half truths with somewhat excessive vigour.”

[212]

It was good in you to recommend me for the Deanery of Durham. Of course, I should have liked it, but I have no doubt that the right thing was that I should become Regius Professor. It has always been one of the speculations of my life whether I ought to have remained there, & refused the Bishopric - I was sounded for the Deanery of Christ Church, but for many reasons I could not accept it. I thought that I ought to accept a Bishopric but I do not know whether I was right or not.

I am enjoying a month's holiday up here, & working in my garden. If I were to turn to public affairs, I could produce many criticisms.

John Newsom, who for some while occupied the Chaplain's House at Auckland Castle, writes to tell me that he has just finished reading the 1st volume, and "enjoyed it much". He is now Education Officer for the Hertfordshire County Council, and seems to be well contented with his work. He writes from the Athenaeum.

[213]

The Bishop of S. E. and I. writes:

"Having just read - with great pleasure & no little profit - your "Retrospect", I should not have dared an encounter with you, even if my cause had been good.

In fact, of course, I am very grateful for your help....

Your story of "battles long ago" renews my faith that the right cause is the winning cause. The things for which you fought are now conceded, & one just marvels that it was necessary then to contend for them.

I noted one slight error - it was Streater not Temple who edited "Foundations". And I wished that you had more frequently given the names (not just the title) of the Bishops of whom you wrote. It was not always easy to remember who the particular Bishop was.

I busied myself with reading my "Journal" for 1939. If it could all be published, the interest & value if my narrative would be considerably increased.

[214]

There was an air-raid on the coast of Suffolk about 10.30 p.m. Dade called us, and we watched the performance for about half an hour, when it ceased and we went to bed. It is strange that the spectacle should move us so little. Although, the planes, dropping death & destruction, were near, and, indeed, seemed to be just above us: we did not realise that they might have any direct reference to ourselves. I suppose it is the case that our minds have been so familiarized by records of bombardment, & our imaginations so fatigued by horrifying descriptions of the ravage & ruin which it causes, that we simply are

unable to absorb or appreciate any more. The old dread of Death seems to have generally faded from men's minds, and been replaced by the kind of half-humorous fatalism which distinguishes soldiers. Baxter's description of himself as a "dying man preaching to dying men" would apply to few modern preachers. The sense of sin went first: the fear of death has soon followed. Our modern governors no longer are moved when the Christian preacher reasons "of righteousness, and temperance and the judgement to come".

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[215]

Wednesday, August 26th, 1942.

The wireless at 8 a.m. reports the death of the most popular of our Princes - the Duke of Kent. He has perished with his companions in the crashing of his airplane in Scotland. This tragic event will shock deeply the whole population, & probably distress them more than the vaster miseries of the War.

Stalingrad now comes itself into the official Russian [communiques]. Evidently, the German pressure is too strong, the numbers are too great for the incredible valour of the Russian armies.

The naval and air battle in the Solomons is said to be developing into the largest conflict of the kind in this War, but no news of its progress have been received.

Laval has now abolished the Committees of Parl^t which have had a shadowy existence since 1940, and did provide a constitutional right to approach Pétain. Nothing now stands between Laval and his treasons.

I sent to the Manager of Barclay's Bank the I. O. U., which I received from the Government, promising to pay me £54, as a rebate of Income Tax at some future date, when the War being over. They won't want the money, and I shall be disappearing by natural process in my grave! The weather became warm and sultry.

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[216]

Thursday, August 27th, 1942.

I received a long and very kindly expressed letter from M^r Angus Watson, the well known Newcastle Employer, accompanied by the gift of a copy of his book "The Faith of a Business Man" (1936). He has just read "with the greatest pleasure & appreciation" my "Retrospect", and "would be a churl if he did not write to say what challenge & stimulation he has received from reading it" :-

"I have only one quarrel with the narrative & that is with the title. One cannot describe a "Life" that has been so far reaching in its influence as "unimportant", and perhaps there has been no ministry in my lifetime that has been more far reaching in its influence, and I write that as a Durham man who knows something of the respect & affection your services won for you on Tyneside.

I am a Free Church layman, & therefore able to testify of the reaction that your life and teaching has had among the Free Churches of Great Britain, & as a former Chairman of the Congregational Union, I [217] have had some opportunity of testing this among our Nonconformist Churches in various parts of the country. We all owe a great debt to you, & you should know this."

Braley writes about the book very kindly:

Isabel's comment after reading it seems to me to sum it all up pretty well, "He was too clever for the lot of them!"

Jane's Latin tutor, who has also read it has decided that "as a basis for further linguistic study she may profitably analyse some of the sentences in it."

...Your remarks about [Henry] Watkins* have released a spate of stories from the old standards of Durham. If half of them are true, your description of him as "reputed" to be unscrupulous is very charitable.

Graham, who is serving as locum tenens in S. Mary le Tower, Ipswich, asks me to preach at the Harvest Thanksgiving on the 27th September at 6.30 p.m.; and, like the ass I really am, I consented.

[218]

I wrote to Dick although I have heard nothing from him for a month. Confinement behind barbed wire in Italy during August must be very trying. The wireless at 6 p.m. included a report on the health of the troops in Egypt. In spite of the fierce heat, and the plethora of germ bearing insects (lice & mosquitoes) the medical authorities give an encouraging account. The damp heat of the delta is far worse than the desert. With the Duke of Kent there perished Lord Ullswater's grandson and heir, and the brother of the Duchess of Norfolk, a son of Lord Belper.

The Russian offensive in the middle of the vast front appears to be progressing satisfactorily. Vast quantities of tanks, guns & other military equipment are said to have been captured: but the pressure on Stalingrad and in the Caucuses still continues, and, though the Russians maintain a stubborn resistance, they are unable to withstand it. The situation is clearly becoming critical, and we may hear any day now that the oil fields have been lost. The magnitude of the military resources, men & material, which Hitler commands exceeds our most pessimistic estimates.

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[219]

Friday, August 29th [sic] [28th], 1942.

The temperature at 7.30 was 77° in my bedroom.

We all motored to Abbey Oaks, & lunched with Lord B~~r~~ Woodbridge very pleasantly. With him were his grand-daughter and Miss Brown. He said that he had read my book, & wanted to discuss various questions which it suggested. I wrote to Angus Watson, thanking him for his letter & book, and urging him to write a more substantial treatise on the Casuistry of Christian Commerce.

Harford, the Vicar of Burstall, & M^r & M^{rs} Turnbull from ~~H~~Kedington came to tea. I gave Harford a copy of "The Liberty of Prophesying" (my Yale Lectures). When they had gone, I walked to the post, & posted my letter to Dick by Air mail.

I received a letter from my godson, Gilbert Simpson.* His boy, Donald, is nearing the age for military service.

Also, I had a long letter from Arthur West, who seeks my advice on the question whether he should undertake a Monograph on Bishop Boutflower. I think Boutflower was not considerable enough, and even if he were, West would not be competent.

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[220]

Saturday, August 29th, 1942.

The heat throughout the day has been very great. I received a pleasant letter from Betty who is very pleased with the copy of the Retrospect which I sent to her. She agrees with Punch as to the bellicose suggestion of the Author as a child.

“There is certainly a very determined look in the face of the child, &, after all, you were known as the “Fighting Bishop”.

She offers to put me up if I can manage to visit Minehead.

Dashwood writes: that he ordered the book a very few days after publication, & to his surprise found that it was already being reprinted;

“The result is that I have not, as yet, had the pleasure of reading in, though I have seen quite a number of reviews.

... I have had exactly the same difficulty in obtaining a copy of Dick Sheppard's book which has caused a good deal of feeling at S^t Paul's owing to the writer's inaccuracy of the treatment Dick received from the other members of the Chapter.

[221]

Dashwood has attempted to correct the Church Times which had emphasized the presumed fact that no previous Archbishop named William had gone from York to Canterbury, and no 2 Archbishops of that name had followed each other:

“I could not resist the temptation of reminding the editor that he had forgotten the last Abp. Of C. whose first Christian name is William viz. William Cosmo Gordon. The Editor the following week ~~has~~ was a little nasty, & hinted I was wrong, but last week Canon Ollard of Oxford looked up the University Records and found the name William. I don't like that un-Christian newspaper.”

Is it reasonable to draw any inference with respect to Lang's character on so trivial a matter as his preference for the first of his three Christian names? Yes, if the inference accords with the general impression which he has made on his contemporaries, & especially on those who had a close knowledge of him. No, if it is disallowed by that general impression.

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[222]

13th Sunday after Trinity, August 30th, 1942.

Another hot day, and rather 'close'. I went to church, and received the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Prayers for the soul of the Duke of Kent were called for when the Prayer for the Church Militant was read. I have no objection to praying for the dead, which seems to me neither more or less permissible to Christians than praying for the living. Yet, I resented the unauthorized departure from the prescribed order & long established practice of the Church of England.

I did not accompany the ladies to Mattins, but remained in my study, reading and writing letters. I wrote to West, Clarence Stock, M^{rs} Soltau Symons, and Alington.

Before getting up this morning, I read some of Ralph's Anthology, and the little piece on Doubt pleased me so much that I copied it into my Journal.

There is something suggestive and consolatory, in the fact, that it can make appeal to 3 such different sons of the 19th century as Sharp, Inge, & Henson. The mysterious mastery of Jesus even now is the continuing argument for his Divinity. "I will draw all men to myself," He said.

[223]

Doubt

I have a life with Christ to live,
But, ere I live it, must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
Of this or that book's date?

I have a life in Christ to live;
I have a death in Christ to die;
And must I wait till science give
All doubts a full reply?

Nay rather, while the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about
Questioning of life and death and sun,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat,
And hear Thine awful voice repeat
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet,
Come unto Me and rest;
Believe Me and be blest.

J.C. Sharp (1819-1885[]).

[From Ingle's Anthology, 'Freedom, Love, & Truth.'

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[224]

Monday, August 31st, 1942.

I received pleasant letters from Robin, M^r Heslop who was Mayor of Darlington in my time, and Bishop Linton Smith,* who sent me a very illuminating account of the practical disruption of the Evangelical Party as a consequence of some essays in intellectual self-respect by its younger members, who anticipated Vernon Storr's movement.

I devoted the morning to the Autobiography.

M^r Stokes entertained me at dinner in the Ipswich Club before the lecture at which I presided: Seebholm Rowntree as representing the Liberal Party was the lecturer. He was more rigidly "orthodox" in his economy than his record as a social student had led me to expect. I should have been glad of the opportunity of crossing swords with him on some things that he said, but I was in the chair, and had to keep silence. However, in "summing up" the discussion, I did allow myself to make a few observations on the civic aspect of unemployment which I held ought not rightly & could not reasonably be too completely submerged by the economical. My remarks were well received by the company. The Mayor (Jackson) told me that his father used to travel to London to hear me preach in the Abbey.

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[225]

Tuesday, September 1st, 1942.

I was glad to receive letters from Clarence, who is evidently being sent somewhere abroad, probably (this is an inference from his cautious & censored language) to Egypt via the Cape, Grey Turner, and Linetta.

I worked at the Autobiography; and wrote letters to Bishop Linton Smith, Freddie Macdonald, Heslop. Freddie is evidently impressed by the revelation of my conflicts which the Retrospect includes, & he writes rather interestingly about the way in which I was regarded by the boys of Durham School: -

Schoolboys are very ready to ridicule and to burlesque such public figures as may appear before them, & it will not surprise you to learn that some of your colleagues in the Chapter of Durham (especially Archdeacon Watkins) were the frequent targets of these childish sallies, not did your successor in the Deanery by any means escape. But I never heard a word or saw a gesture of that argued the least disrespect for yourself, & even the most irrelevant of my schoolfellows regarded you with respect, and even admiration.

This is pleasant to read.

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[226]

Wednesday, September 2nd, 1942.

The news from Russia is disconcerting. It is evident that Stalingrad is hard pressed. There seems to be no limit to the forces both of men & tanks which the Germans are able to draw upon. The Russian armies both in the Don and in the Caucasus are being forced back by sheer weight in numbers and machines. However, their spirit shows no sign of breaking, and they have excellent generals. Still, when one remembers the tremendous importance of the issues at stake, and notes how determined Hitler is to win his objectives in Southern Russia at whatever cost, one cannot but be anxious.

In Egypt a great battle is raging, and there is nothing to indicate on which side Fortune is smiling. Here again the issues at stake are of critical, perhaps decisive importance.

I have a horrible suspicion that Laval has some dirty trick up his sleeve. The interference of the French Fleet in the Mediterranean just now could be serious; &, if the French Empire were placed at Hitler's service, the policing of the Atlantic for our convoys would become vastly more difficult than it is.

[227]

Dillon sends a post card with the information that Robin is home from the Middle East, and has a Home Job in Essex. I wrote to him suggesting that it might be possible for him to come and see us.

Also, I wrote to Grey Turner, returning to him the Bill of Bishop Shute Barrington's debt to his surgeon, which he had sent to me on the mistaken assumption that it might be of value to me. It was kind of him to send it, though it is quite valueless, even to a Biographer of that eminent & long-lived Bishop.

I expended yet another morning on the book, and, in the afternoon I played croquet with my ladies. The suspicion gathers strength in my mind that I am in real danger of being entangled by my Journal into grave &, perhaps, even fatal biographical errors e.g. lack of proportion in the plan of the record, excessive space given to details which, though of considerable personal interest & even a measure of importance cannot reasonably be thought likely to interest general readers, & may even go far towards boring them i.e. destroying the book's utility and "success".

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[228]

Thursday, September 3rd, 1942.

The 4th Year of the World War.

The news at 8 a.m. was not encouraging. It is but too evident that the situation both at Stalingrad and in the Caucasus has gravely worsened, so that the worst is almost probable, though the Russian defence is superb. But the German superiority in numbers & equipment is too great. In Egypt a violent &, perhaps, a decisive battle is in progress, & the result appears to hang in the balance.

We all went to Church in obedience to the King's summons to National Prayer. We received the Holy Communion together with about 30 others, all women apart from clergymen and 2 boys. Special prayers were introduced into the service.

Ella and Fearne went into Ipswich by a crowded omnibus. I remained in my study & wrote a long letter to Canon A. G. Robinson* in answer to an interesting letter which I had received from him.

[229]

The news at 6 p.m. was, perhaps, reassuring though, indeed, it was mainly concerned with speeches designed to hearten the Allies. President Roosevelt addresses the Youth of the World in terms of ardent flattery and confident promise. I confess to being rather sceptical about the value of these bold prophesies of a new & better world after the War. General Wavell broadcasts a highly flattering account of the Indian Army, naming Madrassis & Bengalis as if they were really great soldiers! Had the noble orator his tongue in his bronzed cheek? There is a lull in Egypt, where it is still doubtful whether the great Battle has at last been started: the German Army which is assaulting Stalingrad is said to exceed in number 1,000,000 men, with a limitless equipment of tanks, guns, & aeroplanes. Perforce the Russians are being forced to give ground, but they do so while continuing to fight doggedly, & there are said to be signs that their strength in the air is growing. Everywhere, the attendance at the services of Prayer is said to have been very great. The whole Cabinet went to ~~S^t Margaret's~~ the Abbey.

[230]

Canon Robinson sends me a long & interesting letter. He has read my book, & found it interesting. It has moved him to write some comments. Thus he speaks about Armitage Robinson*: -

He was a junior Fellow of Christ's, when I went up as a scholar. During my 5 years there, I got to know him well, &, later we were close friends until his death 30 years later. I stayed with him constantly at Westminster, &, later on, at Wells. I knew something of the difficulties which the Canons of Westminster had to face after he became Dean, and I have no desire to challenge the justice of what you say about

him. He was never quite easy to work with. But this was due to reasons personal to himself, & not at all to his Cambridge training, as you seem inclined to think. Ryle, Westcott, Lightfoot had also, like J. A. R. been Cambridge Professors, & not one of them would be called difficile, or inclined to “dislike large views”. Moreover, when you were [231] fighting a hard battle in [sic] behalf of free inquiry into Christian origins, J. A. R.’s “Open Letter” to Randall Davidson was of much help to you, & the [sic] stopped the mouths of some who would otherwise have supported the Church Times outcry.

It is a great satisfaction that you speak so warmly of Herbert Ryle. He & Driver did a great work in getting the results of O. T. criticism accepted in England without that fearful disturbance which Robertson Smith had to face in Scotland. It was a fine gesture on Ryle’s part when he presented you for consecration as Bp. of Hereford. E. S. Talbot* was evidently a man whom you distrusted & rather disliked. You may have had reasons for doing so. He seemed to me to represent the best side of the Tractarian movement. I always enjoyed getting him to talk about R. W. Church,* for whom he had a profound respect. There was nothing obscurantist about Church.

[232]

Charles Norcock* has been reading my “Retrospect” “with deep interest and sympathy”, and he tells me something about the quality of my Hereford opponents, most of which I already knew.

I did not know that my successor, Linton Smith,

“in his laudable desire to be fair to everyone, went out of his way to conciliate Hermitage Day,* making him an examining Chaplain & giving him a prominent place at a Synod called to discuss the revision of the Prayer Book. It was a pity, & in my humble opinion a mistake...

I hope & believe that, in spite of the cruel unfairness with which your appointment was received, you will always look back on your Hereford Episcopate with pleasure. It is a happy & inspiring memory to many of your friends.

We “listened in” to the service in Westminster Abbey conducted by the Archbishop of C., the Moderator of the C. of S., and the Moderator of the Free Churches. Temple’s address was admirably phrased, well delivered, & successfully transmitted.

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[233]

Friday, September 4th, 1942.

The dies fatalis has passed, and, thoughly [sic] sorely pressed, Stalingrad is still in Russian hands. At 6 p.m. the wireless announced that the Germans had forced their way, in spite of very heavy losses to the outskirts of the city: and in the Caucasus the Germans claim to have reached the Black Sea.

I worked at the Autobiography during the morning. In the afternoon, the Bishop and M^{rs} Brook called. They have returned from a short holiday in the Lakes, where they were very comfortably lodged as paying guests in the house of a pleasant lady, named Miss Hewett. I took her address in case I might find it useful – Miss Hewitt, Rothesay, Grasmere. But the distance is almost prohibitive under the travelling conditions which now exist, and I do not feel that we can prudently leave this house with no trustworthy domestic in charge. Dade is, of course, close at hand, but he may be called up any day, and he would not be actually on the premises. There is nothing for it but to stay here and await developments. We may have to clear out at short notice by order of the military authorities, though where we could go, I cannot imagine.

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[234]

Saturday, September 5th, 1942.

Stalingrad still stands, though obviously pressed hard. In Egypt such fighting as there is appears to be adverse to Rommel.

The Russians have raided BudaPest and Vienna. This is a new experience for the Hungarians.

I worked on the book during the morning but very fruitlessly. The whole economic situation has been so completely changed that it is difficult to explain or justify the positions which commanded general approval less than 20 years ago. Socialism which was a rather discredited & discreditable heresy is now the Creed of parties and churches. The so-called "Liberal" Party is now holding its Conference in London, and proclaiming a post-war programme which is almost undilutedly Socialistic. The State, we are assured with an oracular dogmatism suggestive of Sinai is morally bound not only to educate all citizens, but also to provide them all with suitable employment. We have travelled far from the days when "Retrenchment & Reform" were cardinal points in Liberal policy. All 3 parties are competing in the expansiveness of their programmes & the boldness of their pledges. But still "fine words butter no parsnips".

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[235]

14th Sunday after trinity, September 6th, 1942.

A calm bright morning, but colder. The glass in my room at 7.30 a.m. stood at 60°. Last week it was nearing 80°. The autumn already attests its advent by the dead leaves which besprinkle the lawn, & the incipient change of colour in the foliage. And as winter rises on the horizon, a whole harvest of new anxieties begins to claim attention!

“Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof”.

I walked in the garden before breakfast, & reflected with a kind of shame on the repose & comfort in which I am allowed to live in this evil time when all the world is filled with “lamentation & mourning & woe”. Why should I be exempt from the general misery? Gratitude from man to his fellows is rare enough, but is it so rare as gratitude from man to his maker? It is not the greatness of His gifts but the unequal, & as it seems to us, capricious distribution of them which silences thanksgiving for the blessings we enjoy. I remember Gore saying to me once that the General Thanksgiving was of all our religious forms the one which he found most difficulty in using. I think I can understand his reason.

[236]

The news at 9 a.m. is encouraging. Stalingrad still stands, and the prodigious efforts of the Nazi hordes have so far failed to overcome its heroic defenders. Rommel is stated to have sustained a considerable defeat. His attack with all his forces, maintained for five days, has been repulsed with “severe” losses in men & material. Our losses are described as relatively slight. Against this must be set the loss of an American destroyer in the Atlantic, and more advance of the Germans on the western side of the Caucasus, endangering the sole remaining Russian base on the Black Sea.

More restrictions on travel are announced, and still more are foreshadowed. The increased requirements of the Army, owing to the arrival of large numbers of American and Imperial troops are given as the reason. Every village is admonished to become self-sufficing in its amusements as well as in everything else. One of the two convicts who escaped from Dartmoor last week has been re-captured. The other, a tall Irishman, is still at large.

[237]

I wrote to M^{rs} Elliott inquiring whether she had heard from our imprisoned Dick. He was first reported “missing” on June 4th, and has since been stated to be a prisoner of War somewhere in Italy. I had one short note from him, & have written to him twice.

Also, I wrote to Clarence Ward, but when and where my letter can reach him, I cannot imagine. Neither the address he gave me, nor the letter he sent me, have given any clear indication.

We all attended service in the parish church, where I read the lessons and celebrated, being much molested throughout the Altar Service by a persistent and most aggressive wasp!

Lord Hankey in the "Sunday Times" is positive that the War is to be a long one – seven or even ten years! But he does not convince me. The cost of the War for Britain alone is now stated to have reached £14,500,000 per diem. How is it possible to keep up such an expenditure for so long? I still think that the balance of probability permits the belief that the War will take a decisive turn in 1942, & end in 1943.

[238]

Jim Pollok Morris, a slim lad of 18, came to tea. He seeks to gain a commission in the Navy by way of entering the service as an ordinary seaman, and is now in the Ganges, some kind of training establishment, which was once a ship, and still preserves the name & some of the arrangements of a ship. His comrades appear to be largely young policemen, who have been "combed out" for active service. I liked the lad, and wasted most of the afternoon in his company.

I wrote to Grant Robertson & Charlie Norcock.

I was interested and pleased with Jim P.M.'s evident concern for birds, and his not inconsiderable acquaintance with them. I infer that Hugh Lyon encourages individual preferences of a wholesome sort among the boys of Rugby. I had not realized that Rugby was a good centre for bird-study. Jim had been busying himself with attempts to photograph birds, and had (according to his account) some success. He expressed admiration for Lord Grey's books on birds, which he had evidently read. He seems oddly placed as an "ordinary seaman" in the R. N.

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[239]

Monday, September 7th, 1942.

The tide is turning, and criticism, not very candid or intelligent, replaces eulogy which is quite obviously excessive. I care nothing for either, being quite assured in my own mind that the Retrospect is a poor performance, not worth writing or publishing. The Tablet has an article, headed "D^r Henson of All Souls", and signed "Christopher Hollis". M^r Hollis is the son of the Bishop Suffragan of Taunton: he was born in 1902; educated at Eton and Balliol: is married, & has 2 sons and a daughter. "Who's Who" credits him with a number of publications. He evidently is an able man: he writes well, & produces an effective attack, not on the book, but on its Author. Of course, his point of view is that of an orthodox papist, and there is not enough "common ground" between him and me, to make discussion between us serviceable.

The "Church Times" has a characteristic & even amusing article in the column "Round about Papers", which makes my references to Adeney the text of a discussion of episcopal garments, & the need for some competent & authoritative directions about them for the guidance of newly-appointed Anglican bishops!

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[240]

Tuesday, September 8th, 1942.

The blow has fallen! The official in Hadleigh invites me to state any objections I have to Dade's being "called up" for national service. I wrote to him offering various considerations which led me to think that it was highly undesirable that my gardener, "the only able-bodied man" accessible, should be removed: but I have little expectation of averting the catastrophe. It is just a year since his predecessor, James, was "called up".

I had two very kind letters about the book, from Dean Matthews and from Linetta. Rather to my consternation, for her ardour cannot always be trusted to respect the boundaries of prudence and good sense, Linetta informs me that she has written a review of vol. I for that mischievous publication, the "Modern Churchman". Her attitude towards D^r (now Canon) Major is one of abject admiration. I think him to be a singularly unbalanced thinker, & a curiously reckless writer. And her "modernism" is continental, with ever a touch of Voltairian scorn for Religion, not safe, or in essence and drift, Christian.

[241]

The Deanery, St Paul's.
Sept. 3rd, 1942.

My dear Bishop,

I have been reading your Autobiography, and write to thank you for it. It so happened that it came along with the life of my unhappy friend, Dick Sheppard, which I have purposely only glanced at. I found your book an antidote to the sadness which even a casual turning over of Dick's Life induced in me. There is one point where I should like to register a note of dissent. You say that you think you gave too much labour to preparing sermons. Don't think that. I was often one of your congregation at S. Margaret's, and I could not exaggerate the help which you gave me and I am sure very many others. The fact that every Sunday one could hear in London the presentation of the Gospel by a man with a free mind and acute [242] intelligence was an immense gain. When I was a student sometimes wondering whether I could go on, your sermons encouraged me. I fear that the position has deteriorated since then and I find the younger clergy less reasonable and more dogmatic than those of my generation. I wish the Archbishop had not become so terribly orthodox or cautious. I suppose the idea of many people is that only a very definite and rigid Creed can stand against the secular dogmatism. They may be right but what a world of unreason that presupposes.

If you could ever spend a night here, we have an underground spare room, and it would be delightful to have some talk with you.

Yours affectionately
W. R. Matthews*

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[243]

Wednesday, September 9th, 1942.

The Prime Minister's review of the War was conceived in a cautiously optimistic mood, gave much interesting information, & so satisfied the members, that the debate for which 2 days had been allowed fizzled out somewhat to the indignation of Sir Stafford Cripps* who allowed himself to employ the language of a severe remonstrance which was almost rebuke. I read the speech carefully, & was as usual impressed by the vigour of its thought, & the felicity of its phrasing. His eulogy of Stalin was very impressive.

The War news is not wholly satisfactory for it includes the report that the Russians have had to give ground at Stalingrad.

I worked at the Book, and in the afternoon walked round Chattisham.

From Lord Woodbridge I received a letter telling me that the military authorities would not grant him permission to visit Felixstowe, as he had planned and desired to do.

Twelve Nazi planes came over England last night and two of them were destroyed. Bombs were dropped in East Anglia, but there were no casualties.

<!100942>

[244]

Thursday, September 10th, 1942.

I received 2 letters which interested me, both being suggested by my "Retrospect". The one was from Miss P. O. Maddocks who tells me that she was in the Church of Puddlestone, when I administered Confirmation in the Hereford diocese for the first time.

"I had heard you preach once, only once, at the Temple Church, London, with my father (a London barrister). That sermon and the address at Puddlestone Church have never been forgotten, whilst all the others I have listened to are entirely forgotten.

I remember the "Petition" presided over by the same magnate (sc. who lent you his fur coat), a man of no consequence save in his own territory.

I was the only person in the Church who refused to sign it. The result was a boycott.

I have difficulty in getting any of your published sermons & lectures - two booksellers, including Mowbray, have failed me.

[245]

The other was from the local reporter in Durham, F. H. Rushford, who wonders whether I have seen the lengthy notice of my "fascinating and revealing book" which had appeared in the Durham newspapers.

"Among many others in the Durham diocese, I am eagerly looking forward to volume 2, which will be of thrilling interest to Durham people.....

Durham must for ever be to M^{rs} Henson and yourself an outstanding period in your lives, a period which certainly meant much to me as a newspaper man.

My intercourse with this gentleman was mostly limited letting him see my sermons and notes of speeches, which he attended professionally.

The news from Russia is still both hope-inspiring and disconcerting, the first because the indomitable valour of the Russians almost compels belief in their final success, the last because the German resources of men & armaments appears to be unlimited.

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[246]

Friday, September 11th, 1942.

I received another letter from Canon A. G. Robinson.* In this he writes:-

I am much interested in what you say about "Talbot". It rather agrees with what Randall Davidson once said to me. "There are few men in England who carry more weight behind the scenes". That corroborates what you say about his skill in lobbying. R. J. D. also complained about some of his speeches that he would propound at great length some point of view, show its attractiveness, and then quite briefly proceed to demolish it. The apparent object was to give the impression of strict impartiality, but - as you say - he always ended by voting with the Tractarians.....

You have always been a doughty fighter, for whom I have had a deep respect. Your opponents have not always been scrupulous about their methods of attack, & you have been forced to hit back fairly hard. Old age[247] brings a mellowing influence, as the love of battle dies away. By this time, I have no doubt Gore sees some things in a new & altogether different light. So later on, it will be with the rest of us.

I worked at the book all the morning, and in the afternoon, after defeating Ella in a duet at croquet, I wrote to Miss Maddocks, thanking her for her pleasant letter, and asking her to accept a copy of "Last Words in Westminster Abbey".

Stringent restrictions on the use of paper are announced. The size of note-paper is to be reduced. What will the publishers do now? Matters have been extremely difficult for them already, now they must be further worsened. The pursuit of rubber continues with intensified severity. We are reminded that 90 per cent of the world's rubber is now in the enemy's hands. Large schemes for manufacturing synthetic rubber are talked about, but, even if they were put in hand without delay, how long must it be before any effective supply can be provided from this source?

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[248]

Saturday, September 12th, 1942.

Novorossiesk [sic] is definitely stated to have “fallen” or been “evacuated”, but the marvellous defence of Stalingrad is still maintained, though the strength of the German “pressure” shows no sign of relaxing and the Russians are fighting without intermission. In Egypt there is a “lull” in the battle: in the Pacific the Japanese have lost a destroyer, & been “held up” on their march towards Port Moresby through the hill country of New Guinea. The operations in Madagascar are going smoothly, & another mighty and costly raid has been made by the R. A. F. on Düsseldorf. What is, perhaps, significant is reported from France, where M. Heriot has returned to the Vichy government his Cross of the Legion of Honour which he received from old Clemenceau, since that coveted distinction had been bestowed on French officers serving under Hitler’s rule, and could no longer be held in honour by any patriotic Frenchman. A nasty spirit is stirring in the world of Labour, & revealing itself in rude criticism of the Prime Minister, & in a revival of the old demand for the Revision of the Trade Disputes Act which was the outcome of the General Strike.

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[249]

15th Sunday after Trinity, September 13th, 1942.

I went to church, and there received the Blessed Sacrament at the 8 a.m. celebration. The wireless at 9 a.m. states that Stalingrad is still holding out, and that Novgorossiesk [sic] does not even yet to be wholly in the hands of the Nazis.

The Sunday Times contains an extremely interesting account of Kemalist Turkey including a very high estimate of the character & ability of Kemal's successor, and a description of Kemal's funeral, which reveals his amazing hold on the admiration and affection of the Turks. "Strategicus" writes rather disconcertingly about the Japanese, whose military strength, he thinks, has been dangerously underrated both in America and in England. But he omits all reference to the Chinese.

We attended Mattins, and I read the lessons. The famous narrative of the 3 Jews, who were cast into the fiery furnace for refusing to worship the image which Nebuchadnezzar had set up, accorded wonderfully with the mood of this time when the victims of Hitler's blasphemous tyranny are disclosing the same heroic courage. And again the Jews are in the van of the Lord's Army.

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I wrote to Dean Matthews, & to Rushworthford, the Durham journalist.

Linetta, in her last letter, sent me an extract from a letter which she had received from the Rev. H. A. Kennedy, a friend of Bishop Gore, in which he expressed an opinion about my Retrospect. [I looked up this clergyman in Crockford, & find that he was ordained in the Salisbury diocese in 1884, and held a curacy in All Hallows, E. India Docks for 4 years, 1882-92, after which he went into the Wakefield diocese. Later he was beneficed in the diocese of Oxford where, after 7 years as Vicar of S. George's Edgbaston, 192[7?]-34, he has been licensed to officiate. He now lives at 54 Lonsdale Rd., Oxford]. This is why he says:-

The "Retrospect" is extraordinarily candid in so much so that I think I should not have liked the writer if I had not come across him personally in times past, and also had known some of the Durham clergy who [251] differed from him much, but who were full of admiration and affection on account of his personal qualities...

I feel myself to have reached the same position as he has, theologically and ecclesiastically, - perhaps qualified a bit by the 'Catholic' Modernism of Tyrell.

Did I ever tell you an illustration of H's personal quickness?... He was at a Retreat conducted by Gore* at Keble – one arranged annually by James Adderley.* I had been one morning putting away things in the Chapel after the Celebration, & came in late to breakfast, to find H. just finishing the Reading which accompanied the meal. When the rest of the people had gone out, & we had sat down, I saw him scribbling on a bit of paper which he handed across to me:

The weary Reader lifts his plaintive voice,
Faint yet pursuing, for he has no choice.
Till, thanks returned, he casts away his book
And gives his whole attention to the cook.

[252]

This old clergyman, since he was ordained 3 years before me he must be at least 81, is very interesting. He tells us that he has reached the same conclusions, theological and ecclesiastical, as I have reached myself. Since he makes this statement after reading my 'Retrospect', he cannot be in any doubt as to what my conclusions are. Both theologically and ecclesiastically I have broken with "Catholicism". I cannot think that he stands alone. Probably he is representative of many others. But Matthews has good cause for thinking that the younger clergy are "less reasonable and more dogmatic" than they were a generation ago. Perhaps, the reason, or one of the reasons, why this deterioration has taken place is the great development of the devotional method, borrowed from the Counter-Reformation, known as "Retreats" and "Quiet Days" There are almost invariably conducted by Romanizing clergymen on Roman lines. They discourage intellectual activity, insist on auricular confession, & emphasise the devotions which find their centre & inspiration in the Reserved Sacrament.

<!140942>

[253]

Monday, September 14th, 1942.

I must have taken a chill last night, probably when I took letters to the post. After a miserable night, followed a still more miserable morning. I did not feel equal to taking the chair at the second of the 3 conferences on Unemployment & telephoned to M^r Stokes to that effect. Ella maintained an attitude of severe disapproval but I did don't feel self-condemned.

The Press cutting agency sent me two notices of the Retrospect, neither of any special interest or importance. The Glasgow Herald includes me with Dick Sheppard and D^r Jacks in an article headed "Three English Churchmen". The Fortnightly Review is, perhaps, rather "sniffy" than hostile. As a review it has no importance.

D. T. Dick* writes to tell me that he has been appointed to the Vicarage of Beverley with its most noble church. I wrote to congratulate him, & I wrote to the Archbishop of York to commend him as an industrious & trustworthy clergyman.

Dennis of Howden-le-Wear sends me the "appreciation" which he has written for some newspaper, speaking flatterously of the late Bishop of Durham.

[254]

Beverley is in the gift of the Simeon Trustees, has a population of nearly 8000, and a net income of about £600. The Minster is comparable with Westminster Abbey for beauty & majesty.

I must have contracted a gastric chill yesterday probably when I carried the letters to the post, and found the wind keener than I had anticipated. I felt miserable all day, and retired to bed early, having telephoned to M^r Stokes, at Ipswich, asking him to arrange for somebody to take my place. I was the more unwilling to do this, as the speaker was a Labour M.P., and my absence will very probably be interpreted as yet another indication of my hostility to "Labour". However, I had no choice. M^r R. Stokes, the Socialist M.P. for Ipswich, was very willing to take my place.

Milford returns the photographs, having chosen eight for illustrations in vol. II of which he doubts the adequacy of the cutting from the Times, which was taken in my room, & taken by Nancy from the newspaper, for insertion in her illustrated biography of the late Bishop of Durham. But I don't ^think^ anything better can now be obtained.

<!150942>

[255]

Tuesday, September 15th, 1942.

After a second miserable night, I descended to my study about noon, & was there visited by D^r Everett, who tells me that there is something like an epidemic of gastric chills. He has been seeing something of the American troops, who have been brought to the district for the construction of a new aerodrome at Wenham. He says that they are a fine lot of men physically, though rough, & much addicted to drunkenness. All the little flapper noodles besiege them with their foolish and dangerous advances.

I lent him the book Pyrrho, which I have just finished reading for the 2nd time: and I wrote to Hugh Rees for the author's book on Clement.

I wrote to Milford suggesting that, if the picture of me in robes was inadequate, that of Escombe Church must be substituted.

Milford says that "we are binding up, or trying to bind up the last 500 copies of vol. I". In a previous letter he said that 2000 copies had been printed. It hardly suggests that there is any great demand for the poor thing, and it must never be forgotten that, in present circumstances, the "life" of a new book is not generally thought to exceed 3 months!

<!160942>

[256]

Wednesday, September 16th, 1942.

The glass had fallen to 56° at 7.30 a.m.

These wonderful Russians are still holding up the Germans at Stalingrad, but the Germans are still bringing up large reserves. In the Solomons the Japanese are evidently making a considerable effort to eject the Americans.

I remained indoors, and worked a little on the book: but I was giddy & rather helpless; and the vigilantly solicitous Fearne insisted on having a fire in the drawing room in the evening. I received a letter from Bishop Willis* in which he says:-

I have just finished reading, with the greatest possible interest, the first volume of your fascinating Autobiography. One knows so many of the people & scenes that are referred to that to me it has been of peculiar interest, and, I think from my own experience, I am, perhaps, in a better position to understand what you must have gone through in regard to the Hereford [257] appointment. Personally, I shall never forget the very real help and support you gave to me in a very difficult phase in my own life, & I would like to thank you for the very nice way in which you have referred to me in your book.

Patrick Wild,* now an Army Chaplain, writes:-

I have been reading lately your most interesting Autobiography, & I wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed this. I am particularly pleased to know that my father was one of those who supported you during those very difficult times, & I remember him telling me that he w^d write to the Archbishop encouraging him to proceed with the Consecration, and not to be influenced by the Agitators. I also appreciated your reference to the D. L. I. men who used to attend the services in Durham Cathedral,

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as I served with them at the beginning of the War, I can heartily endorse what you say for them

I remember a letter which you wrote to 'The Times' near the beginning of the War: it concerned the inevitable defeat of the enemy, because theirs was an unrighteous cause, and the certainty that this would gradually undermine their morale. Perhaps, you will be able to include this in the next volume

I often recall your kindness to me when I stayed at Auckland.

Patrick Wild must be older than I thought. He was ordained by his father, the Bishop of Newcastle, in 1930, and has been a C.F. since the beginning of the present War. I liked him,

and should have been glad to have him working in Durham, but, of course, it was natural enough that he should prefer the home diocese. He is now happily married.

<!170942>

[259]

Thursday, September 17th, 1942.

M^{rs} Elliott tells me that she has received no communication from Dick, though she has written to him weekly. She promises to let me know when she gets anything from him.

The Fortnightly Review writes, not unfairly:-

His earliest years in Orders seem to have been mismanaged by well-meaning friends: to appoint a new Deacon as Head of the Oxford House in Bethnal Green & thence to send him on as Vicar of the ancient & important parish of Barking six months before his 25th birthday showed a sad lack of discrimination between a high opinion of Hensley Henson and the real needs of an untrained beginner. He duly got the trouble his friends asked for him: he soon left the O.H. where he had been an obvious misfit, & [five] years later he resigned Barking with health impaired by premature responsibilities.

I was seven years at Barking, & my ill health was largely due to influenza.

[260]

I wrote to Patrick Wild and Bishop Willis thanking them for their letters, & to the latter I sent a copy of "Last Words in West. Abbey".

Miss Maddocks, acknowledging her copy, expresses herself gracefully:-

'That the sermons are valedictory is a sorrow and loss to all: but there is no "Vale" to the memory of a great Bishop and Churchman.'

And she signs herself, "very dutifully".

D^r Everett called, & I told him that his medicine had made me giddy, and I had cast it away. He acquiesced very civilly, and borrowed the Life of Lucretia Borgia. He said that in Cambridge he had attended the lectures of Bishop Creighton, & thought (as did so many) that he ought never to have been a clergyman. That has often been said about me by hostile critics, & I have sometimes reflected whether the opinion is more insulting than complimentary. The conception of the proper type of man for the clergyman's profession is, perhaps, not altogether pleasing. Probably it is conventional.

<!180942>

[261]

Friday, September 18th, 1942.

Bad news from Stalingrad and from New Guinea. In the first, the Germans have forced their way into the city from the North, and are fighting a desperate street battle against the Russians, who are greatly outnumbered, out-tanked, & overwhelmed by a vast & ever waxing mass of aircraft. In the last, the Japanese are growing in strength, & rather more than holding their own. The continuing & inexplicable incapacity of the Allies, who are ever bragging of their irresistible forces, to relieve the pressure on Russia is beginning to raise grave doubts in many minds.

I received a letter from M^r Percy C. Lyon, (Father of my friend, Hugh [Lyon],* now Head Master of Rugby). He writes:

I have just come across your generous reference to our mutual friend, D^r L.R. Phelps, in the first volume of your 'Retrospect', & it seems to me possible that you w^d be interested in the enclosed report on the correspondence he accumulated during his long & busy life, & preserved with great care. I was only up for 2 years, before going [262] out to India, & had not the pleasure then of making your acquaintance. But I owe you much gratitude for your kindness to M^{rs} Lyon & our son Hugh at the beginning of the last War, in 1914, and I believe that he has retained the privilege of your friendship since that time.

Also, I received a letter from Linetta,* from which I learn that the "Modern Churchman" has ceased to be published every month, and become a Quarterly, owing to printing & binding difficulties. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." The final demise of Major's* paper, if it could be accompanied by the disappearance of the Church Times, would be serviceable to sound thinking in the Church of England.

The Vichy Government has rejected the Armistice Terms in Madagascar, for which the Governor General had asked, & warlike operations are again proceeding. It is increasingly apparent that Laval's grovelling subjection to Hitler has no limits.

Meanwhile, the position in Stalingrad grows quickly more desperate, but the Russians fight on.

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[263]

Saturday, September 19th, 1942.

The struggle for Stalingrad continues under conditions almost unimaginably horrible. On both sides the slaughter is appalling, but the superiority of mechanized force seems to be increasingly with the Nazis, who fight with the fatalistic ferocity of the followers of Mohammed, in the first days of their aggressive faith. The Russians, inspired by the nobler frenzy of patriotism, are making a resistance which will eclipse the glory of Verdun and Malta. Indeed, such is the miraculous recuperative power of Timoshenko's soldiers, that even now when we seem to hear the death-rattle of the dying city, it is impossible wholly to give up hope that Hitler may be defeated.

Sir Samuel Hoare* has uttered a warning which our leaders, political & military, may well take to heart. We must conquer quickly, or not at all, is the gist of his words, for the conquered nations are beginning to doubt whether, even if our ultimate triumph be as certain as we continually affirm, it will come soon enough to save them from destruction.

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[264]

16th Sunday after Trinity, September 20th, 1942.

The weather became warmer during the night, and a drizzling rain was falling when I was called. I felt uncommonly feeble, and "out of sorts", and made no attempt to go to church. I had happily taken the precaution of warning the Rector overnight that he must not depend on me today for my usual assistance.

My ladies attended the appointed Synaxis of the faithful, and I remained in my study and wrote letters to the following:-

1. To M^{rs} Ward sympathizing with her in her anxiety, at not hearing from Clarence, who is now "somewhere" abroad.
2. To Harry Cumming-Bruce in Egypt.
3. To Lady Thurlow, asking her to address and forward my letter to Harry.
4. To Alexander at Auckland Castle.

After tea, I myself posted the letters, and had some talk with a youngish man who came to pump water from the Post Office well. He had come across some of the Americans, who are building the aerodrome at Wenham, and he expressed himself as much taken with them.

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[265]

Monday, September 21st, 1942.

I slept badly, or rather mostly not at all, last night, and this morning am a spent force.

I received from Charles Pattinson* two forms of recommendation for his sister, signed them, & returned them to her in the stamped & addressed envelope which he had enclosed.

I occupied the morning, rather fruitlessly, with the Book. In the afternoon, we played, rather helplessly, our primitive form of croquet.

A brace of partridges was sent to me by our neighbours, Sir Gerald Ryan and Sir William Brass. It is as an unearthed monument on the site of some ancient sanctuary, that a gift of game from the sportsmen emerges now, as welcome as surprising!

The newspaper cutting agent sent me a review of my Retrospect from a newspaper, "Countryman", of which I have never before had knowledge. It is rather "sniffing" than hostile. "There are those who will consider" the book "too long".

"But there are things in it that are well worth putting on record, & many people will like to know more of the courageous, if sometimes, as they may think mistaken man behind the Dean &c."

[266]

Also, a cutting from the "Barrow Guardian" says:

The life and career of such a belligerent as D^r Henson c^d not be other than of great interest and also value to future historians, and both its interest and its value are intensified by the author's gift of being so detached and impersonal.

For fifty years or more D^r Henson kept a personal journal, and as he also seems to have kept copies of much of his correspondence, he can turn up at will his immediate and "red hot", so to speak, record of the incidents which he regards as of importance in his career We simply must have a second volume.

The wireless news from Russia is, in equal measure, horrifying and heartening. The defence of Stalingrad has exceeded in the violence & pertinacity of the attack all precedents, and even more amazing has been the unbreakable heroism of the defenders. Women & children have been evacuated from the city: the workmen in its factories are fighting side by side with Timoshenko's troops.

<!220942>

[267]

Tuesday, September 22nd, 1942.

The post brings me letters from 3 ladies: Miss Bradley, D^r Mary Radford, & Lady Thurlow.

Miss Bradley recalls my early days in Westminster, when both she and I were still comparatively young:-

I must tell you, as so many others are doing, how greatly I have enjoyed your book. Lady Londonderry sent it to me so I have not had to hurry through a library copy. I must admit that I do not agree with the "Unimportant" of your title! It seems to me that anyone who has successfully fought his way through so many storms in the important interest of broadening the Church, & therefore being of real assistance to those of a critical temperament – not to speak of having two Bishoprics & a Deanery behind him – can scarcely lay claim to that adjective.

Speaking for my unimportant self, your views when you came to Westminster [268] appealed to me exceedingly, and I have ever since, wherever possible heard you preach when you were in London with the same interest & I hope understanding. I enjoyed your portraits of your colleagues in the Chapter at Westminster, but that all seems to belong to a different world now. The Abbey seems rather a sad place since the Blitz. I don't often get there, but I should think Canon Don* & Canon Fox were both mental assets. D^r Perkins* is a strange & solid, and also a faithful ghost out of the past.

Miss Rose Bradley was the youngest and best looking of Dean Bradley's daughters, and she, like her sisters, had inherited from their father a good endowment of brains. I can well understand that the development of ceremonial in the services, and the injury wrought on the fabric by the German bombs, must be very distressing to these good ladies.

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[269]

Wednesday, September 23rd, 1942.

Lady Starmer writes to me invoking my assistance in an attempt to get Martin Ellingsen* appointed as Vicar of Darlington in succession to Canon Jordan,* who has been transferred to Stanhope. Such an appointment would in my judgment be very undesirable, for although I have a high opinion of Martin, I think he is clearly unsuitable: and so I pointed out plainly to his kind-hearted and well-meaning, but very ill-advised friend. Darlington is one of the most important parishes in the diocese: the incumbent ought to be a senior man who would carry authority, & whose nomination as Rural Dean (which is very desirable) would be welcomed by the clergy. Martin has only been six years in Orders: he has never been at any University: he is not physically strong: he is unmarried. On all these counts he is unsuitable. Add that it is rarely wise to appoint an assistant curate to succeed his own superior, and generally inadvisable to appoint "over the street". The patronage belongs to Lord Barnard,* &, of course, he may have his own notions; and, in any case, I have no right to intervene.

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[270]

Thursday, September 24th, 1942.

I received a type-written letter from one of the Birmingham incumbents, Canon Cochrane, Vicar of Yardley:

“I venture to call ^your^ attention to a small injustice to the memory of Dean Savage with whom I was a choirboy from 1885 to 1893, when I was a small boy On p. 190 of your first volume of your ‘Retrospect’ you say that you called on the D. of Lichfield in Feb. 1906, and the Dean expressed ignorance of Robertson of Brighton. The index reference to Savage is given as p. 190: whereas Savage did not go to Lichfield till 1909. It is a slight injustice which some might not note. Your second volume might give the opportunity for correcting the reference.”

I must have attributed to Savage what was true of his predecessor, who, I think, was Luckock, but I must make sure.

Canon Cochrane subscribes himself, “With great respect and gratitude.”

<!250942>

[271]

Friday, September 25th, 1942.

These incredible Russians are still holding out at Stalingrad, and are even reported to be making some headway. The military commentators are beginning to include the possibility of a Russian victory among the factors to be considered. There seems much reason for thinking that before the winter has gone far, there will be massed bombing attacks on this island. But this may be rendered impossible by developments in Africa, or by the invasion of Europe (the new Front) which has been announced so often.

Horrible accounts of fresh massacres of the Jews are announced from Wilna, where the Nazis are inciting the Lithuanians to unite with them in the infamous attempt to extirpate that unhappy nation.

I received a letter from the Rev^d Peter R. Landreth, addressed from Manse of S^tMark's, Perth, Scotland. He has been reading my "Retrospect", and is moved to write to me. He had often heard me preach in London for

"though a Church of Scotland Parish Minister I never was attracted by Presbyterianism in England."

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[272]

Saturday, September 26th, 1942.

“Your ‘Retrospect’ is a vital & most stimulating record, a thick slice from the loaf of human life ^“warm, reeking [?], rich”^. It is, of course, far more than that. Your pen & ink portraits of people are as wonderful as your discussion of ideas, principles, and events, is masterly [sic]. Your remarks about certain types of Scotsmen, I agree with. Coleridge once said he “generally found a Scotsman with a little literature very disagreeable. He is like a superficial German, or a dull Frenchman.”

Bishop Gore* was a much overrated person, a clerical snob and bully, but nothing that he wrote or said had for me substance or speculative importance. When he was in Perth, I heard him preach in S. Ninian’s Cathedral there, and met him afterwards. Scott Holland* said to me, “Gore suffers from scientific ignorance & diseased vanity”! His treatment of you exhibited odious intolerance and folly.

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Your many readers will look forward to your second volume with interest and expectation.

With great respect,

I am,

Yours sincerely

Peter R. Landreth.

This is rather surprising. Gore was certainly not a snob, though I think he had the makings of a “bully”, but he camouflaged that odious character to himself by always basing his action on what he called “principle”. Scott Holland always passed as an intimate friend of Gore’s, but he was given to extravagant speaking, & indulged it when dominated by his moods. I do not think it is true that Gore was vain, and, though he had no exact knowledge of science, it is untrue to describe him as ignorant. He was intensely sincere, and “the zeal of God’s Hous[e]” (i.e. what he imagined was “God’s House) had eaten him.” In the XVIth century he would have rivalled Carlo Borromeo in his devotion and in his persecuting bigotry.

[274]

Sept. 26, 1942.

Dear M^r Landreth,

I have to thank you for a very kind and thought-provoking letter, which pleased & interested me. It was good of you to be at the pains of writing so generously about my poor book.

But you must not think too harshly of Bishop Gore. I knew him well: differed from him widely: contended with him sharply, and yet never lost affection or respect for him. His life was, beyond most lives, absorbed in altruistic labour, and the sum of his actual achievement was extraordinarily large. If he had lived in the XVIth century, he would have been in the vanguard of the Counter-Reformation, & rivalled the sombre

sanctity of S. Carlo Borromeo. The statue erected [275] in his honour by the City of Birmingham: the remarkable community for training clergymen which he founded at Mirfield: and the long succession of his writings constitute a claim to greatness which few of his contemporaries can advance. If he had been a politician instead of an ecclesiastic, he might have equalled M^r Gladstone as a democratic leader.

Believe me,
Sincerely & obliged
H. Hensley Henson, Bishop.

The Rev^d Peter R. Landreth
Manse of S. Mark's
Perth
Scotland.

[276]

I thought it both right in itself and due to my own feelings, that I should not allow M^r Landreth's observations on Gore to remain uncorrected, for if they were so left, he might not unnaturally assume that I approved them, and perhaps he might imagine that I was gratified by his communicating them to me. Accordingly, I addressed to him the letter which is inserted in this journal.

We motored into Ipswich where my ladies did some business, and I had my hair cut by a spectacled lady who was no longer in her first youth. Then I left my damaged spectacle frame for repair by the optician. While I was waiting by the car in Tower Street, I was hailed by Braley, and then by Graham, the locum tenens during the vacancy of the parish of S. Mary-le-Tower. Then we all motored to Shrublands, and their [sic] lunched pleasantly with Lady de Saumarez and her son – Victor. The latter is now 18½ years old, and in a few days time will enter the Army by way of the Guards depôt.

[277]

Braley came to see me yesterday, & I showed him what I had written about Buchman and his Groups. He expressed approval, but more perhaps from politeness than from conviction. My own feelings passed from hesitation to disgust, and I finally resolved to "scrap the lot", and start again from rather a different angle, and in a more detached spirit. The mind of an old man reviewing and judging his own past ought not to preserve the severities & echo the sarcasms of his earlier life! I think I must emphasize, and give independent treatment to such matters as the following, or some of them.

Sibbes and Simeon.
Spiritual Healing.
Unitarianism & Christianity.
Speeches in the House of Lords.
Visits to Windsor.

Historical Sermons.
The Centenary of the Oxford Movement.
The Gifford Lectures.
My brush with Cardinal Bourne.
Abyssinia and the Jews.

<!270942>

[278]

17th Sunday after Trinity, September 27th, 1942.

I did not go to church, but remained in my study where I employed myself in revising and in part rewriting the poor little homily which I had prepared for the harvest festival in S. Mary-le-Tower, Ipswich. It is a very shallow production and expressed crudely, but it must serve. My preaching days are ended.

In the afternoon I wrote to Dick, but I hardly dare to hope that my letter will ever get to him.

Lord Hankey* in the Sunday Times writes again on the probable duration of the War. He still holds that it will run on, probably, for some years yet. It is a dismal outlook, but his argument is hard to answer.

Also I wrote to Martin Kiddle telling him that we would welcome him on Nov. 16th.

The Sunday papers give considerable prominence to the meeting in the Albert Hall organized by the Industrial Christian Fellowship, at which the two Archbishops & Sir Stafford Cripps* were the orators. They are running before the Socialist wind, & so long as they echo with [279] almost prophetic fervour the shibboleths of Socialist policy they can count on popular approval; but they are on dangerous ground, & just because they are sincere Christians albeit economic and political blunderers, the time must surely come to them as to all who have run that course before them, when the inner conflict between their Christian convictions & their mundane theories will emerge decisively, and they will have to make choice between them. "No man can serve two Masters."

Sir Stafford Cripps darkly referred to the sacrifice of privilege as probably involving Disestablishment & Disendowment for the Church. It would be more creditable to the Church if the secular disaster were accepted as the condition of spiritual independence rather than as the consequence of a Socialist triumph.

M^r Graham fetched me about 5 p.m., and obligingly carried to Ipswich both the ladies. There I preached to a large congregation in S. Mary-le-Tower, where the Harvest Thanksgiving was being observed.

The congregation was unusually attentive.

<!280942>

[280]

Monday, September 28th, 1942.

I received the copy of Tollinton's "Clement of Alexandria" (2 vols.), and with it a letter from Weekley about my book:

We have been out of stock of your "Retrospect" vol I for some weeks but have at last received a fresh supply. Yes, we have sold quite a number of copies, & should have sold many more, if we had been able to get them. We believe binding has been the main difficulty.

I worked all the morning at the Book, but I am not yet "out of the wood" of the indispensable preliminary task of reviewing my materials, & determining on my selection for use in the record. Braley came and sate with me talking until teatime. After tea we walked together for half an hour. Braley spoke rather depressingly about the situation in Durham University, and especially about that in Bede College. It seems to be evident that the disposition is to sacrifice the last to the first. Both the Bishop of Durham and Duff are said to side with the proposal that Bede College should become a residential hostel for Durham undergraduates.

<!290942>

[281]

Tuesday, September 29th, 1942.

I received a long letter from [Ernest] Alexander,* including two leaves from the creeper on the Castle in order to assure me of its autumnal colouring, and to awaken my memory of the beauty.

Also that wonderful Nancy Wynne Willson sends me a pot of marmalade! She adds a letter describing her professional activities which have been suddenly & considerably increased by the casualties at Dieppe.

The thoughtless of the well-intentioned but self-centred people adds its own considerable contribution to the waxing difficulties in which this incredible war immerses harmless ancients who only want to be left in peace! Ella brings a telegram from one of the "Cousinhood" proposing herself for a 10 days visit!!

Probably we ought to return a firm & reasoned refusal: but I haven't the heart to prohibit what the dear Lady obviously desires to concede. Moreover, the presence of another person in the house will, perhaps, relieve the monotony which plainly is affecting even my incomparable Ladies.

<!300942>

[282]

Wednesday, September 30th, 1942.

Yesterday my wife rashly went to the parish Hall in order to assist in the jam-making by the Women's Institute. The bus was late, & she waited in the wind, & may have contracted a chill. She collapsed during the morning, and, in response to a telephoned S.O.S. Fearne fetched her home in the car. She is really too old for these patriotic activities, & while I admire her devotion to duty, I feel a deepening anxiety for her welfare.

I worked at the book, but rather uselessly. Braley and his wife called to inquire for Ella. The rain fell steadily all yesterday so that walking was not possible.

[The margin contains the word 'Thursday', written twice and both times crossed out.]

D^r Everell came to see Ella. He brought me a book to read, and I lent him the odious American novel, "Oil". He reported that the Germans had bombed Colchester in the course of the morning, & had done some damage. Later we heard that 3 bombers had been destroyed.

Braley walked with me to Washbrook, which he had not seen before.

The reports from Stalingrad are rather alarming, though Timoshenko's offensive is developing.

<!011042>

[283]

Thursday, October 1st, 1942.

I frittered away yet another day on the Book, but I seem unable to shape a course; and the quick passing of these resultless days disquiets me.

After lunch Braley called for me, and took me for a walk round Chattisham. We looked in on Church Cottage, where, in the farmyard, barley was being busily threshed. M^r Reid senior was there, and Tom with his hand still bandaged. Evelyn came out, looking as healthy and attractive as a young farmer's wife could look. Tom & Evelyn are certainly a very attractive couple.

I received a letter from Vincent Baddely* who has read the first volume of the 'Retrospect' "with absorbed interest". He encloses for my information a "private & confidential" memorandum on the Oxford House [Organisations*] prepared by the present Head, for consideration by the General Meeting, and begs for my opinion on it. The memorandum appears to be a proposal to accept a complete abandonment of the original project of the O.H. & its secularisation as part of the 'plant' of the post-war local authority. I declined the responsibility of comment on so repulsive a prospect, & returned the paper to V.B.

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[284]

Friday, October 2nd, 1942.

A perfect autumn day, cloudless sky and brilliant sun. The creeper on the hous[sic] is quickly changing into its brief moribund glory. In the afternoon Braley walked with me for 2 hours.

I received from the Oxford Press a cheque for £3: 3: 9. on account of Royalties on my hapless 'Gifford Lectures' for the year ending March 31st 1942. It appears that 18 copies have been sold in the United Kingdom and 10 in U.S.A.! It is not impressive.

I have not succeeded in making a start on the next chapter. It is difficult to handle with tolerable lucidity matters which were synchronous. In these years 1932-1934, which were mainly filled with the preparation & delivery of my 3rd Quadrennial Charge, & with the considerable correspondence which its publication occasioned, I was busily concerned with, among other things, the following which require separate treatment viz.

1. "Sibbes and Simeon"
2. The Centenary of the Oxford Movement
3. The Liverpool Controversy (Unitarians preaching in the Cathedral.).

<!031042>

[285]

Saturday, October 3rd, 1942.

I received letters from M^{rs} William Twining and Eric Dawson-Walker, both occasioned by the reading of my 'Retrospect', the one curious about the "sequel" to our contention with M^r Burdett Coutts "over the body" of the deceased baroness of that name, when he refused at the last moment to have it cremated, and the other, now in Northumberland, asking permission to include a prayer of mine in his collection of prayers.

I worked at the Autobiography during the morning; and, during the afternoon, walked again with Braley.

I wrote to Eric Dawson-Walker & M^{rs} Twining. The latter I advised to "leave well alone" in the matter of exposing the nefarious behaviour of M^r Burdett Coutts in the matter of the Baroness's interment in Westminster abbey. There is no conceivable advantage, & much potential mischief in provoking a belated controversy respecting an episode which has now passed out of the public memory.

On the whole, the news today from all the War Fronts is re-assuring; but who knows?

<!041042>

[286]

18th Sunday after Trinity, October 4th, 1942.

In the watches of the night I reflected on the answer that a patriotic parishioner might fitly make to his parson who "lets himself go" in his parish magazine, being exceedingly angry with the military authorities ~~that~~ because they have so ordered their requirements as to interfere with his choral celebration. Perhaps something of this kind may serve viz.

1. He fails to distinguish between moral obligations and ecclesiastical rules for edification of the sin of the Pharisees so fiercely rebuked in S. Matt: xxiii "These ought ye to have done, & not to have left the other undone".

2. Natural piety overrides positive rules. Thus the last may not be pleaded against the first. Duty to parents & patriotic obligation are the requirements of natural piety, & may not be sacrificed to ecclesiastical claims, albeit these in themselves be excellent.

3. Duty to country overrides duty to parents: & both are overridden by duty to God, which indeed is commonly expressed in them: but they may conflict, & then God comes first.

[2867]

4. This parson seems to misconceive, & therefore to ~~misconceive~~ ^{represent} the demand which God makes on His servants, and so to come into the religiously destructive error of the Hypocrites who pleaded their ceremonial punctiliousness as a sufficient evidence of their spiritual loyalty of "Many shall say to me in that day... I never know you."

5. God's claim validates the claim of country and Home when these are rightly formulated. Somewhat on these lines I drafted a letter to M^{rs} Frith, and accompanied it with the gift of "Last Words in Westminster Abbey by way of disclosing my own attitude towards the War.

We all went to the parish church for Mattins. The Harvest Festival was being kept, & the preacher, who was Braley, discoursed suitably on the great text from S. Paul. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap". I read the lessons, and celebrated the Holy Commⁿ. The light was bad, and my eyes were worse. I read with difficulty, and the suspicion began to darken my mind that my sight may not hold out.

[288]

The Sunday papers report the death of Viscount Wolmer, Lord Selborne's [3rd Earl*] heir. He was 30 years old, & leaves a son aged 2 years. His death was the result of an untoward accident, a bomb exploded during manoeuvres in Sussex, killing Lord W. and a private soldier. I did not know him, for he was born about the time that I left London in order to begin life as Dean of Durham. I wrote to Selborne, though I am not very confident that he will welcome anything from me but, though he behaved very badly to me at the time of my appointment to Hereford, he made a frank & sufficient apology when he had discovered that I was indeed, far other than the kind of man he had imagined and described.

Ella and Fearne attended the Harvest Festival service in Chattisham Church, where the Rector appears to have preached a characteristic sermon.

The War news continues to be mainly re-assuring, & a faint hope that Stalingrad may yet be saved begins to illumine the eastern sky.

[289]

October 4th, 1942.

My dear Lord.

I have learned with very real distress that you have suffered a heavy stroke of bereavement [sic], and I allow myself to send you a few lines of sincere sympathy. Words, even the kindest & most carefully intended are more likely to hurt than to help the sterner trials of our human lot: yet we should wrong our own hearts if we did not give some expression to their emotions in face of the troubles of those whom we know.

Therefore, you will not resent my sending you this message.

Few phrases are more often heard in this disordered time than that which claims "equality of sacrifice": but truly the phrase is meaningless. "Many are called: few are chosen". And the few, if indeed they realize their calling, are summoned to have **[290]** fellowship with that Sacrifice which is our Hope.

You, I am well assured, can interpret your bereavment [sic] in terms of Service.

May God Himself give you Light in the darkness, in the tender phrase of the Prophet "clear shining after rain".

Believe me always.
Most sincerely yours.

H. Hensley Henson
Bishop

The Earl of Selborne
Blackmoor
Liss
Hampshire

Göring delivered a long oration in Berlin yesterday. He openly declared the determination of the Nazis to ensure the feeding of the Herrenvolk even though the subject populations should be brought to starvation!

<!051042>

[291]

Monday, October 5th, 1942.

I received a civilly expressed Expostulation from a lady, who subscribes herself – Mary G. Thomas – and who evidently resents my references to the Sex in the Retrospect. She has read the book, & has been “much impressed with its courage, its uncompromising determination to follow the truth as you saw it regardless of consequences & its complete disregard to self-interest. Your readiness, to allow to opponents the same honesty of purpose that you claim for yourself is an example to all controversialist [sic]”. With this disarming prelude, she presents her grievance: -

May I express the hope that in the next volume you will shew to women the same tolerance that you exhibit to those whose way of thinking differs from yours? You pay so fine a tribute to your Wife that it is puzzling why women in general (or females, to use the word you generally employ) are so often referred to in slighting terms.

She gives some startling illustrations!

<!051042>

[292]

Monday, October 5th, 1942. (continued)

Ella was indisposed, and did not descend to breakfast. She is really getting too old both for indulging her passion for tomatoes, and for attending parochial jam making and Harvest Festivals in such damp disused churches as Chattisham. But a wilful woman maun há her way and my exhortations are as ineffective out of the pulpit as in it.

Lady Carmichael (née Welster) arrived, having proposed herself for a 10 days visit. She now “runs” some kind of a benevolent institution in Sussex, connected with an “Anglo-Catholick” nunnery “Of Reparation”, whatever that may mean. The Bishop of Chichester has permitted celebrations of Holy Communion in the “oratory” which she has set up in her “cottage”: but the quaint octogenarian Vicar shakes his head. He must be an oddity, for he reads the lessons at his daily service in French, but as there is commonly no congregations [sic], he edifies or alarms nobody but himself.

At dinner time there was quite a considerable thunderstorm, accompanied by deluges of rain. Hitler abstained from contributing to the confusion!

<!061042>

[293]

Tuesday, October 6th, 1942.

I received from the late Bishop of Worcester (Perowne*) a kind letter about the Retrospect. He recalls the Grindelwald episode in 1892, when I denounced his father for admitting sectaries to Communion at a conference on "Reunion". He has "just finished reading your fascinating reminiscences", and sends me "a line of appreciation for many of your actions, if not all".

"Your references to Dean Stanley interested me much, as he was my Godfather, & I became a great admirer of his breadth of view, & hatred of the Tractarian doctrine & claims for the Episcopate.....

I ~~always~~ heartily agreed with Gore, when he used to say that the superiority of A.V. over R. V. in rhythm was exaggerated greatly....

Many is the time when I have admired not only your courage in running counter to many of the Bishops at their Lambeth meetings, but also your amazing knowledge. [294] of the English language which enabled you to speak with such telling power. Thank you for your book, and for your outspokenness in times when such was indeed needed in high places.

The three ladies went into Ipswich, while I again occupied myself with the Autobiography. In the afternoon, I walked with our guest. The weather had become fine, and the air after yesterday's storm was fresh. Under the sunshine the rain washed country in the melancholy brilliance of its autumnal glory looked alluringly beautiful. Lady Carmichael's conversation is copious and varied. It is apparent that she has dipped deeply into spiritual treacle-pot of fashionable "Catholicism", her talk is larded with references to "Father" This, and "Father" That, and no end of "Reverent Mothers", Papist and Anglican. I suppose these devout women have a temperamental urge towards this mawkish piety, and find a strange delight in being caressed & orders [sic] in the "green pastures" of "Catholic" devotion: but they are quickly insufferable.

<!071042>

[295]

Wednesday, October 7th, 1942.

I worked again on the Autobiography, and, in the afternoon, I walked to Washbrook Church & listened with waning patience to Lady C., whose whole mind appears to be shaped and coloured by the religious environment.

The weather was wet and stormy, but I walked for an hour in the afternoon. On my way I came upon an old soldier engaged in cutting wood in the shed neat M^{rs} May's house, and had some talk with him: he had served through the South African War, and received a bullet through the wrist. He was in the famous Mons retreat, and had been wounded in the European War. Now, at the age of 72, he was working on the land. I was interested to hear him express strong disapproval of the Government's decision to reply to the Germans' ill-treatment of our prisoners by inflicting a like treatment on an equal number of German prisoners. He would degrade us without reforming them. That is my own opinion, and I am surprized that a man so intelligent as Winston Churchill* should have yielded to an impulse equally natural and foolish.

<!081042>

[296]

Thursday, October 8th, 1942.

Miss Daisy Tuke, the niece of old Canon Croudace,* formerly Vicar of Eastgate, had died at the great age of 94 [sic].

“My uncle was very fond of you, and Miss Patch, his most faithful Housekeeper, & I felt that we should like you to know that he had “gone”.

I had a great liking for the old man, who belonged to an older generation, and preserved much of its tradition. He was shrewd, humorous, and conscientious. He told me much about the Bishops of Durham whom he had known – Baring, Lightfoot, Westcott & Moule, and regarded with considerable misgiving the new type of Anglican parson, which, in his opinion was idle, ill-mannered, and ineffective. He was certainly liked & respected by his parishioners, and had a distinctive position in the diocese.

I worked at the Book, and was helped by Fearn: but progress is slow, & I fear that the result is very disappointing. The issues which interested & excited churchfolk in those years are almost unintelligible now.

<!111042>

[297]

19th Sunday after Trinity, October 11th, 1942.

I went to church, & received the Blessed Sacrament at 8 a.m. The sun was shining from a cloudless sky, and the country still retains a verdant aspect though the ground is sprinkled with autumnal leaves, but there is a monitory touch of winter in the air. I could have wished for my thick overcoat.

I wrote to Ralph telling him how much pleasure and profit I had derived, "in the watches of the night" when I was sleepless, from his Anthology "Freedom, Love, & Truth" (1936), which I had included in my bedside library, & thanking him for it.

I attended Mattins, and read the lessons. The Rector read a sermon on Hebrews xi.13 "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having confessed that they were strangers & pilgrims on the earth". Incidentally, he told us that he had just been re-reading Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, &, indeed, his discourse was a description of that book.

In the afternoon I walked for more than an hour in the garden, reflecting on the possibility of composing a congruous & readable chapter on my personal relations to the Scarlet Woman.

[298]

I recall an observation made to me by Professor Bigg,* when I was his guest in Christ Church for a week-end visit to Oxford in order to preach to the University. We were discussing the orthodox doctrine of the Incarnation, & the difficulties which attached to its acceptance by modern thinkers. At Nicaea, he said, "I should have held up both hands in support of ^the^ Athanasian formula, but in the later Councils, the orthodox Christology seems to me little more than a futile & almost meaningless logomachy". These, as far as I can remember, were his words: they certainly give their substance. That was then, and is now, my own position. On the central issue I am clear, on the controversial developments I am, like the infernal theologians whom Milton describes "in wondering mazes lost". I acquiesce, but my acquiescence has none of the warmth & power of conviction. I find inserted in my Journal ^{^(May 3rd, 1934)^} a passage from Prof. Gwatkin's chapter on Arianism in the Cambridge Medieval Hist. [299] to which I have added the comment, "This is sound, lucid, and strong: it is also relevant to the Liverpool issue episode. The ~~decision~~ issue of Nicaea had been raised ^{^again^} by a procedure which implied that one of "the two fundamental doctrines of Christianity" ~~was~~ could be treated ^{^by the C. of E.^} as "non-essential", or even optional: & I felt that the Nicene verdict must ^{^at all costs^} be maintained. Prof. Gwatkin's words will serve to conclude my account of what I thought & said about the Liverpool episode.

<!121042>

[300]

Monday, October 12th, 1942.

D^r M. J. Rendall writes:

I feel as if I had risen from a great intellectual banquet, full of great & savoury dishes, not without sauce piquante [sic]: surely it is the best book of its kind published for many a day: I should like to say Why: but it would be impertinent. I have no claim to praise, much less to appraise, this Autobiography: but I shall look forward eagerly to the second volume. I am your senior by one year, and, at an intensely lower level, have passed through the same country, actual and metaphorical, at the same age more or less – I hope it is not presumptuous to say this.

And he subscribes himself “humbly and sincerely yours”.

Gilbert [Henson]* tells me that his copy of the book arrived in British Columbia “in time to constitute a most acceptable Birthday gift”, and that he and Lois are reading it “with intense interest”. This is well enough.

[301]

The Press Cuttings sent me a short Article from the Baptist Times, signed Arthur Porritt. He is rather “sniffy”, but allows himself to describe the book as “entrancingly interesting”.

“If he (sc. H. H. H.) does not make himself winsome, he at least convinces me of his sterling sincerity & his unshakable courage”.

A long review has appeared in the Hibbert Journal from the pen of a flatterous Historian, the octogenarian [Alfred] Lilley,* erstwhile Canon of Hereford. It is expressed with much kindness and (though excessively eulogistic) discloses a measure of discriminating appreciation, made the more welcome by a genuine personal affection for the Author.

I worked at the Retrospect, but with curiously little result. The episode at Liverpool led to my becoming, in some sense, the champion of orthodoxy, and (which was worse) the advocate of that direct action of ecclesiastical authority in restraining theological liberty, against which I had for so long, and with such insistence contended. It necessarily made me both odious, and inexplicable to the “Modernists”.

<!131042>

[302]

Tuesday, October 13th, 1942.

The Hibbert Journal contains a long review of the volume, recently published, by a Committee of Anglicans, headed by the Archbishop of York (Temple, now Cantuar), setting out a large programme of reforms in the system of the Established system of the Church of England. It is written by J.W.B. Worsley D.C.I., and displeases me by its violence and scornful tone.

Jack Boden, as he called himself when first I knew him, has deteriorated, is deteriorating, and, unless the Mercy of heaven intervene, will deteriorate under the influence of Modernism, matrimony, and marriage 'reform'! He holds a 'fat' living, which would hardly escape some "consumptive" experience in any re-distribution of the parochial endowments. He quotes me not very appositely, and, perhaps, not very politely, and I imagine that the introduction of my name into the article is the reason why it has been sent to me. It has no other bearing on the work or on the character of the late Bishop of Durham.

I walked round Chattisham.

<!141042>

[303]

Wednesday, October 14th, 1942.

Oman writes from the Codrington Library of All Souls, whereof he is the Librarian:

The Library Committee met on last Saturday, and craved the sight of your book. I told them that I had a copy, by your goodness, but they said that the College at large wanted one too.

Four autobiographies from the College in the last six months – Yourself, Rowse, Woodward, and myself. I thought I was sufficiently introspective myself, but you all are rather more so!

What a psychological lot we are!

I write this on direct order from the Committee.

Miss Thomas, the aggrieved lady, who wrote a protesting letter against my anti-feminist opinions expressed in the Retrospect, and received a propitiatory letter from me in reply, writes to acknowledge the said letter, expressing herself in ~~an~~ quite amiable language, and thanking me for my “courtesy”.

I walked for an hour and a half.

<!151042>

[304]

Thursday, October 15th, 1942.

I received from Lord Selborne, a very kindly expressed acknowledgement of what he describes as my "wonderful and beautiful letter" of sympathy on his son's death." [sic]

Also, I received a letter from Clarence Ward, who signs himself "your true friend Clarry". He does not date his letter, which is written from ship-board, and has a cheerful note. He heads it,

1098607. LAC. Ward, H.C.
A. 6619.
Royal Air Force.
C/o. A.P.O. 1815.

I wrote to Hugh Rees directing him to send a copy of the Retrospect to the Librarian of the Codrington Library, All Souls; and to Oman telling him that I had done so.

Lady Carmichael took her departure after breakfast. I gave her a copy of "Last Words in W. A."

I wrote to Ernest [Henson]*, whose letter to Ella had disclosed a discontent and discouragement which argued an inadequate sense of his spiritual task, & could not facilitate its performance.

[305]

October 15th, 1942.

My dear Lilley,

I have read with mingled feelings what you have written in the Hibbert Journal about me and about my "Retrospect", for if I could not but rejoice in the generous kindness which so evidently moved the writer, I could not but perceive that it had led him into using language greatly beyond my merits, whether personal or official. Yet I cannot think it is merely conceit that compels me to rejoice in the fact that a man, who had been my colleague, and who had taken his place as one of my valued friends, should find himself able to write what you have written.

So I am,

Always affect^{ly} & gratefully,

Your friend,

Hensley Henson

Bishop.

[306]

I received this week a rather unusually interesting letter from a gentleman, who from the account in 'Who's Who' is rather specially qualified to express an opinion on my 'Retrospect', being not only my contemporary (he was born in Oct. 19 1865, and I in Nov 1863) but also an Oxford man, and a writer of some distinction, though born in U.S.A. He writes

My dear Bishop,

I have been reading your Retrospect with so vivid an interest, that I have felt a strong impulse to write you what is now called a 'fan' letter., to tell you how much I had enjoyed it, and to express an eager hope that vol I will soon be followed by another volume. Being a writer myself, & having committed the indiscretion of writing an autobiography at the age of 72, which to my delight and a little to my chagrin proved to be a best seller in my native country (for although I have lived almost all my life in England & was educated at Oxford, [307] I am an American by birth and have acquired an American taste for "fan" letters though I complain when they come, but I feel I rather miss them when for a week or two none of them arrive[(?)]. I have two more apologies for writing to you besides my delight in your vigorous and admirable style. I met the other day a friend & great admirer of yours, the Dean of Westminster, who has encouraged me to send you a greeting; and also you once wrote an introduction to a book by my niece, M^{rs} [Ray] Strachey,* called 'Group Movements of the Past, in which she reprints outspoken papers on fanaticism by my Mother, in which that vigorous old lady wrote with so free a pen (as old people should do) that by no means all that she put down should be printed. As old age has come upon me now (I shall be 77 next week) I am amusing myself by collecting some notes for a new De Senectute which I want to write on [308] that curious experience, which, like other forms of experience, has its pleasures as well as its pains & drawbacks. I hope you will treat this subject with your admirable frankness in your new volume, & to set you an example (if indeed you need one!) I will mention some of the things that, rightly or wrongly, I find myself enjoying. Boasting, of course, which Cicero allows to be the privilege of the venerable, & to which the young are forced to listen; then denouncing these impertinents & holding forth on the Psalmist's outcry, "Break their teeth, O God, in their mouths; break out the teeth of the young lions, O Lord." This may do them good but what I call my 'organ recitals', to which they also have to listen, my lamentations on the misbehaviour of my heart, & the liver, I give entirely to my own delight & pleasure. Your elderly recreations are more decent & more edifying, & I hope you enjoy them as much as I enjoy mine.

Yours sincerely,

Logan Pearsall Smith.

