

Henson Journal Volume 89

1 July 1943 – 13 September 1943

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]

Wednesday, July 1st, 1943.

1943

Temperature 64°. A warm day with a breeze. I received a letter from Leslie Morrison,* who is now a chaplain in the Middle East. He writes with feeling about Dick [Derek Balfour Elliott]*, the sad tidings of whose death was the first news he received on his arrival:-

"I know how deeply you will feel the loss. With Dick we have lost one of the finest men I have ever known. It is a great loss to the Church. He would have been a faithful and true parish priest; he would, I think, have come to stand out among us as a leader. It is a great general loss too. It gave me great happiness to ~~think~~ count him as one of my friends. I learned much from him. His was a fine spirit. I cannot think of better words to describe him. It was only that spirit of his which upheld him in the hard life he has lived over the past four years. I shall miss him terribly. I know how much you will miss him too; you hoped much from him.

<!020743>

[2]

July 2nd, ~~Friday~~ 1943.

Thursday.

Temperature 66°. Clouded, becoming fine.

No letters. Nothing important on Wireless. I occupied the morning in “vamping up” information about Portugal, for the purpose of a “talk” to the convalescents next Tuesday. There is something like an ‘embarras des richesses’! The British Survey account of Portugal is extremely interesting and illuminating, but it is, perhaps, unduly coloured by a natural tendency to flatter our “ancient ally”, and propitiate the Papists. The extensive illiteracy of the Portuguese, the undemocratic character of their Government, and the strong suspicion of the Popish Hierarchy – are suggestive phenomena. The military reputation of the Portuguese Army does not stand high among the British Soldiers who fought as allies with them in the last War. The scandals connected with the cocoa industry in the Portuguese possessions weighs heavily against their reputation in the judgement of our Humanitarians – a large and influential proportion of the English-speaking-public on both sides of the Atlantic. The adroitness of D^r Salazar, and the political convenience of Lisbon count for much.

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[3]

~~Thursday~~ July 3rd, 1943. Friday.

Miss Rose Macaulay comes to my assistance with an interesting article in the new Spectator, "Looking in on Lisbon."

Also, in Lord Hailey's 'African Survey', there are some serviceable observations on Portuguese Colonial Administration.

We all had tea with the Ladbrokes, farmers in the parish, who, I think, are Methodists. I was interested in M^r L's conversation. He talked freely of himself, and, indeed, he seems to have had an interesting life. He has 'prospected' for gold in Canada, South Africa, and Australia: has visited India, & served in the War of 1914-1918. He owns his farm of 230 acres, and seems to be a prosperous man. He shewed us his garden, pigs & fowls, presented us with a dozen eggs, & drove us as far as Speed's corner on our way home. I was interested to hear him express agreement with, and admiration of Ralph Inge,* whose pessimism he professed himself to share. But while agreeing in the admiration for my brilliant friend, I expressed disapproval of his pessimism. On the whole, I enjoyed my visit.

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[4]

Saturday, July 3rd, 1943.

Temperature 68°. Bright and warm. I received two letters, a very interesting one from Grant Robertson who writes from All Souls, and the other from M^{rs} Elliott, very sad for Dick's death, writing from Paisley. The morning was occupied with a frenzied effort, in which my ladies loyally cooperated, to clear up the uncomfortable anarchy into which my study has drifted, and incidentally to provide contributions to the salvage dumps! The new Vicar of S. Mary-le-Tower in Ipswich and M^{rs} Babbington came. They seem to be pleasant people. He is in his early forties: they have four children, of whom the eldest is a boy of 16, now at Leatherhead school. I had some conversation with M^r B., and was well impressed. He is clearly not an ardent Anglo-Catholic, and he has a wholesome dislike of Buchman's* Movement, which had invaded his parish in Southampton, & caused trouble. After they had departed, we played croquet for an hour before dinner.

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[5]

2nd Sunday after Trinity, July 4th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A calm day tending to heat.

What can I say, sincerely and sympathetically to console Dick's mother? The "sure and certain hope of the Resurrection" has a dim & distant aspect when the chill of the new emptiness which bereavement stamps on the only life, of which we have experience, the life present is yet felt. Reason can emphasize the privilege implicit in the gracious memories which he has left, & the homage of his friends. But, though these can in some measure mitigate the desolation of grief, they tend to magnify the measure of the loss which his death has inflicted. So many hopes had been born, which now have crashed! S. Paul desired to "depart & be with Christ," which he thought would, by comparison which [sic] the life he was leading in this world of sense & time, be far better. He had lived on earth "in Christ", & death would destroy all limitations to fellowship with the Beloved Master, and he would be "with him" in an union & cooperation which was conscious, continuing, and complete.

[6]

We all attended Mattins. I did not read the lessons, not feeling equal to Deborah's Song: the Rector read, sitting in his stall; and (save for his Irish brogue, & a defective control of his voice) read well, though, perhaps, a little too "dramatically". But the amiable prophetess lends herself to the tragedian's tricks! I celebrated the Holy Communion. The Rector preached from the text, "Do this in remembrance of me," and, though inevitably Roman in suggestion, was more cryptic than offensive. But the rustics would hardly garner much spiritual provender from that homiletic meadow. I suppose that Moulsdale may fairly be thought to illustrate the conception of method and pastoral ideal which he has expounded to the prospective Ordination candidates of St Chad's College. And, if he be representative of theological principals, can it be matter for astonishment that the clergy are quickly falling out of touch with their parishioners?

After lunch I wrote a long letter to Gilbert,* who is now my sole surviving brother. There is little likelihood of our ever meeting again in this world. Age & the Atlantic are effective barriers.

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[7]

Monday, July 5th, 1943.

Temperature 70°. Day, misty and warm. I received a letter from Archie Parker-Smith. He is willing to act as Executor to my will, but points out that, when the War ends & we have recovered Burmah & Borneo, he "hopes to go East, and inspect the Estates", and this would involve absence from England for some months." He continues:

I w^d, however, leave Power of Attorney with John Stranton, a partner in Vandercom, Stranton, & Co. Solicitors of 35 Spring Gardens, S.W.1, son of Arthur William Stanton[sic] of Field Place, Stroud, Gloucestershire. He has now retired from the business, but he was a Trustee on my Father's Trust, & John Stranton was on the parents[sic] M/C Trust, & their advice was most helpful. A.W.S. contested Stroud, as a Liberal, & is a personal friend of Lloyd George.

Ella approved this arrangement, and I wrote to Archie to that effect.

[8]

Among the distinctive features of rural life must certainly be reckoned the familiar intercourse with the older inhabitants which it involves. Of these Birds are entirely welcome, with, perhaps, a partial exception in the case of sparrows, which (like the poor) are "always with us["], and, for that reason, are never wholly liked. Rabbits have a charm of their own, but harden our hearts against them by the wreckage which they work in the garden, & the adroitness with which they overcome all attempts to exclude them. Bats are picturesque, but sinister and, when they penetrate within doors alarming. Rats are always alarming, and never picturesque. Mice are annoying but hardly alarming. Insects are mainly objects of abhorrence, though some are beautiful. We have been enjoying a visitation of Bats; and are in some perplexity as to the method by which we can guard against its repetition. They appear to rest in the creepers on the house; and are particularly resented in the ladies' bedrooms!

[9]

At one o'clock the Wireless reports that General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister, has been killed in an accident to the "Lancaster" flying machine soon after it had left Gibraltar on the way to England. This is untoward news indeed, and may have very serious consequences.

We played croquet in the afternoon, but the lawn is so burnt up with the drought, that play is almost impossible. Unless we have some rain, and enough of it, the roots will suffer badly. In this part of England, since 'sugar-beet' has become an important crop, the outlook for this critically important harvest has become uncertain. The apple crop also is not so promising as it seemed to be a few weeks ago, and the expectation for the plums becomes ever more moderate as the days pass.

Sir Samuel Hoare* has written home denying the allegation that he is about to join the Papists, and roundly accusing the Nazis of having started the rumour in order to damage his reputation. He accuses them of egging on the "fellows of the baser sort" to break the windows of the British Embassy. They are quite capable of both.

(!060743)

[10]

Tuesday, July 6th, 1943.

Temperature 66°. A close & clouded day.

I occupied the morning in preparing notes for a "Talk" on Portugal; and gave it to a scanty audience of about 20 convalescents. They were, I think, more interested than heretofore, and asked questions, which if not always relevant, served well enough as "pegs" for discussion. One of them afterwards asked me whether I would give a "Talk" on America; & I said that I would consider the suggestion. My next subject would be the last of the neutrals, Turkey, which would lead me to speak about Constantinople, the most interesting of the great European cities, next to Rome.

The news from Russia suggests that the great German offensive may have actually started; that it found the Red Army well prepared; & that it has been so far "held" with unusually heavy losses. In the South Pacific a naval battle is reported to be in progress, and the outlook is thought to be promising.

In the evening there was a thunderstorm, but the much desired rain failed to come with it.

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[11]

Wednesday, July 7th, 1943.

Temperature 60°. A clouded rather cold day.

I received a kind letter from Arthur Headlam, written with his own hand, and much less illegible than heretofore. He writes from All Souls.

"I do not feel attracted by the new world which all the faddists promise us. I am now over 80, and I should like to be able to retire, but I cannot at present. My house at Whorlton is let to a school, and I feel that I must carry on – I want to get free in order to finish one or two books if that is not an improper ambition for an Octogenarian, and to enjoy, in the few years left to me, my house and garden...

The Bishops' meeting is being held at Balliol. I like these Episcopal orgies less and less; but by pursuing a policy of criticism, & saying disagreeable things, I think one prevents a great deal of harm being done.

My diocese (Gloucester) I find [12] very pleasant to administer. The War has made it quite well to do, and there is a great deal of wholesome activity.

The Americans provide some interesting events. A fortnight ago I confirmed together the A.D.C. of General Lee, Commander in Chief at Cheltenham; and his chauffeur – a black man – in the presence of most of the Head Quarter Staff. Has such an event ever happened before?

It is assuredly pleasant evidence that the cruel racialism of America is not unaffected by the more generous sentiment of England; but one may not build much on a single instance; & we may not forget that the negro vote is not inconsiderable in the great Republic; that it has hitherto been mainly cast for the Republican Party; and that Roosevelt [sic] is a Democrat, The American Officers may very probably be supporting him in the forthcoming Presidential Election!

[13]

Ernest Rudling came to lunch, & had much talk with me. It is, perhaps, as long ago as 1913 that I saw him last, – 30 years ago. He is now 48 years old; is married, but does not live with his wife. He has a son of 21, who is in the air force. He showed me his photograph, and is evidently much attached to him, I noted with some concern that he was much depressed.

The 6 p.m. wireless reports that the Germans have at last admitted to their own people, that they, and not (as they affirmed yesterday) the Russians have launched the offensive, which is evidently costing them a heavy price. Some advance they seem to have made at one place, but not anything considerable enough to justify their losses. The naval action in the Pacific is said to be going well for the Americans.

The beginning of the 7th year of China's War with Japan has been marked by many congratulatory messages to the Chinese Generalissimo.

In spite of minatory sprinklings of rain, and intermittent growlings of thunder, no serious downfall of rain took place, and we succeeded in achieving a game of croquet before dinner.

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[14]

Thursday, July 8th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. Weather cold & doubtful.

The great battle continues in Russia, with ever greater violence. It seems to be fairly certain that the German offensive has failed to secure sufficient success in 3 days to justify any reasonable expectation of final victory; and, even though a measure of hesitation in accepting the Russian statements of German losses (30,000 killed, and more than 1600 tanks) cannot be avoided, it is impossible to doubt that those losses must have been very heavy.

The Times publishes 'the text of the last speech made by General Sikorski before his death. It was made when he visited the Polish Janak (youth) camp in Palestine on his way back from the Middle East.' In view of the history of Poland, and the unspeakable calamities which have befallen the Polish nation since the abominable perfidy which marked the German attack in 1939, & the deepening horrors of German government ever since, I think it worth while to transcribe the report of the General's 'valedictory':-

[15]

Addressing the boys, he said:-

"From blood & toil a new world, a new Poland will be born. We are fighting for her, but you will be the ones to build her up. You have the best leaders and instructors it was possible to give you here abroad, and it is your duty to learn diligently. Make good use of your time & learn too from our great Allies their social discipline and solidarity. Our nation, which is characterised by such great virtues & heroism, deserves to be assured of a free, long, & peaceful future. We must, however, broaden our national character by adding the Anglo-Saxon virtues to it.

It has been mentioned that it was I who took up the falling Polish flag. That is true. It is also true that in the period before the collapse of France four military units had already been formed, which brought [16] glory to the name of Poland by their heroic fighting. That was our first milestone in our fight for Poland.

The second was my historic meeting with Winston Churchill after the collapse of France, in which I declared that we wanted to go on fighting side by side with Great Britain. M^r Churchill, grasping my hand, said that then in that way we were making an unwritten covenant of life and death, and that he would give orders that ships should be provided to transport Polish troops to Great Britain.

The third milestone was the treaty which I signed with Russia, & which was the result of political judgement – a treaty which was not broken by us. It is due to that treaty that you are here, and that I have been able to create an army, which is preparing for action."

[17]

Photographs of Cologne in today's newspaper make plain that the damage inflicted on the cathedral by the recent bombardment is about as considerable as that inflicted on St. Paul's in the German bombardment of London. The Germans, who must be fully cognizant of the facts, are busily circulating everywhere the most exorbitant statements. Goebbells[sic] is surpassing himself (if that were possible) in the most impudent lying.

The battle in Russia is stated to be continuing and growing in ferocity. It is evident that no effort is being omitted to cut off the Russian salient – Orel, Kursk, Bielgorod [sic] – but only in the last has any advance been made, & that only at the cost of immense losses. On any shewing the grand offensive cannot be said to have made a promising start. After 3 days of fierce fighting the Russians are still holding their ground.

The naval victory of the Americans in the Pacific is stated to have been even more complete than was at first supposed.

General Giraux is now in Washington, having interviews with the President &c.

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[18]

Friday, July 9th, 1943.

Temperature 58°. Still no rain, & colder.

The great battle in Russia continues, with substantially no change in the main position. Small German advances in the south are balanced by total failure in the north of the offensive against the Kursk "bulge". And the Russians report "almost unbelievable" Nazi losses. These are probably exaggerated, but it seems to be indisputable that the Germans have failed in their main purpose. And we are now nearing the middle of July.

I finished reading Jacob's admirable and erudite 'Introduction' to Chichele's 'Registium', which he piously dedicates 'Custodi Socioque'; and then I wrote to thank him for it, and to beg that it should be published separately. The monstrous bulk and weight of the volumes published by the Canterbury & York Society makes the labour of reading them almost prohibitive in the case of a man, compelled as I am, to assist his spectacles by a hand-held magnifying glass.

[19]

There were some intermittent showers of rain during the afternoon, not enough for the farmers and gardeners, too much for pedestrians. I walked to Chattisham Hall, and had half an hour's talk with Sir Gerald Ryan. He told me that his son & heir, Derek, comes of age today, but is kept too busy in his military duty to come home to celebrate it.

I reflected on the project of a little light book of essays, which might be called "Browsing", and take as subjects some of the pamphlets and books which have survived the "changes & chances" of my successive migrations.

The wireless information at 6 p.m. gives a rather grave account of the German progress at Bielgorod [sic]. That a most determined effort to widen the breach in the Russian defences, & to exploit it to the full is being made cannot be doubted; and we must not indulge the mood of optimism. Not even the miracle of Stalingrad can justify a belittlement of the danger implicit in the present situation. The passage of time, & the magnitude of the German losses are the best features in the outlook.

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[20]

Saturday, July 10th, 1943.

Temperature 57°. Weather cold & clouded.

At 8 a.m. the wireless announced that General Eisenhower had invaded Sicily with an army composed of British, American, and Canadian troops.

The Russian Battle continues with unabated violence, and with practically no change in the situation.

I received a letter from Charles Nye,* who appears to be well-contented with his present situation, and as sanguine as ever of his own future achievements. His rock of potential shipwreck will be an excessive self-confidence, & he will only survive by the compassion of God at the price of some painful bruises of humiliation. But, I think, there is good stuff in him, and that if he pay the price, & learn the lesson, he may go far.

The Times Literary Supplement has a review of James Adderley's* Life. It is very friendly, and succeeds in omitting all reference to his calamitous successor at O. H. [Oxford House].

[21]

I wrote to Warden, telling him as I had already told Jacob, of my desire that the "Introduction" to Chichele's Registium should be published separately,

Though it was "spitting" with rain after lunch, I could not reconcile myself to spending the whole afternoon indoors, and armed with a Macintosh, I walked to Washbrook [sic], & said my prayers in the little Church. The care-taking lady came in as I was leaving, and informed me in answer to my inquiry, that the only service there tomorrow would be Evensong at 6.30 p.m. When I said that, perhaps, I should myself attend, she made some polite observations which seemed to imply that, if I did, I should be designing a compliment to the congregation! The world is a very odd place; and the oddest thing in it is the Christian Church.

M^r Sidgwick's daughters – M^{rs} Rice-Oxley and an unmarried sister – came to tea. They are both patriotically engaged in making aeroplanes and fire-watching, & are allowed petrol for getting in and out of their work in Ipswich.

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[22]

3rd Sunday after Trinity, July 11th, 1943.

Temperature 63°. Dark and depressing.

I decided, not without regret, that the time had come when I must definitely give up reading the lessons in the parish church. My eyes are not equal to even that petty effort in the very inadequate light which is provided at the lectern And certainly the Rector is not so overworked or so infirm as to need that trivial relief. Moreover, the lessons are rather long, and not edifying. Elkanah's two wives, and their rather ignoble bickerings, in spite of the piety of one of them, must be as much perplexing and spiritually illuminating, to the rustics: and the alternative lesson from Job, albeit relieved by the famous Resurrection passage, would probably be quite unintelligible. It is as much the impossibility of finding any tolerable substitute for the Bible, as the Bible's actual suitability for public reading in the churches, that maintains the Bible on the lecterns.

[23]

My dear Rector.

I must, to my regret resign my function of Lector, for my eyes are no longer to be trusted, & the light at the Lectern is not helpful: but, with your permission, I sh^d like to celebrate after Mattins, while I can, & it is of any convenience to you that I sh^d do so.

The oculist tells me that I must wait the pace of the Cataract which is destroying my vision, & that, when it arrives at the due stage of obscurantism, I can be relieved by an operation, which is not regarded as, in any special measure, formidable, though, of course, from an octogenarian's point of view, unattractive.

Ever Yours

H. Hensley Henson
Bishop

The Rev S. Mouldsdales
Rector

[24]

The invasion of Sicily seems to have made a successful beginning. It had been carefully prepared, and was carried through with exactitude. We are warned that the forces, Italians stiffened by Germans, which must be overcome, are very strong, and that they are fully mechanised. Still we are permitted to think that everything so far has gone "according to plan".

I wrote to the following:-

1. Lawrence Holt
2. Leslie Morrison
3. M^{rs} Elliott
4. Clarence Ward
5. M^{rs} Thompson (Hedley's Mother)
6. Albert Henson
7. Charles Nye

At 6 p.m. the news both from Sicily and from Russia were encouraging. It was especially satisfactory to hear that prisoners are coming in briskly, and that the superiority of the Allies in the air is well maintained. It is a good start.

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[25]

Monday, July 12th, 1943.

Temperature 67°. Clouded, spitting rain, warmer.

I received a letter from the Bishop of Burnley, correcting the statement in the Retrospect that R. J. Campbell was ordained by Gore, & stating that he himself witness [sic] his Ordination by Gore's successor (Russell-Wakefield). This must, if & when possible, be corrected. He wants me to come to Burnley, and preach there – a modest request just now, when travelling is at it worst.

Also, I heard from Martin Ellingsen,* writing from Edinburg, where he is recuperating from illness. His health is the weak point in that excellent young parson.

I wrote to Cecil Ferens telling him that I intended to substitute Archie P. S. for him as the Trustee & Executor of my Will: that I w^d make a new will, & sh^d, therefore, like him to return that which he now holds: & that I w^d like him to possess my silver ink-sand, and Bp. Lightfoot's study chair, which serves me daily.

Also, I wrote to Kathleen Fraser, asking her to become Archie's co-Trustee & Executor of my Will.

[26]

We played croquet after tea. The news at 6 p.m. was good on both fronts. The Russians maintain their ground. But the Germans are persisting in their furious efforts to batter their way through the Red Army's lines at Bielgorod.

In Sicily – the Allies have made progress, captured Syracuse & other places on the coast, taken 2000 prisoners, & made good progress with the disembarkation of stores, & weapons. The Italian navy has done nothing except to sink a Hospital Ship with 400 wounded on board. These happily have been rescued. It is thought that heavy fighting is imminent, as the Germans have been hurrying up re-inforcements [sic].

The authorities are evidently anxious to restrain the extravagant optimism whøich so easily invades the popular mind, when it is tense with anxiety at a time of critical happenings. We are reminded that the forces of the Axis in the island are formidable, well-equipped, and probably well commanded: that they will be rapidly reinforced: that the Italian fleet, whose inactivity is certainly very surprising, can hardly continue to pursue the strategy of self-effacement until the Allies have completed the difficult process of invasion.

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[27]

Tuesday, July 13th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. Weather, cloudy & blustering.

There were no letters. I was engaged throughout the morning, in preparing notes for my "Talk" to the convalescents, & this was addressed to a company of about 40 of them. My subject was "Constantinople". I described its foundation, and the significance which Constantinople's action in founding it implied: and I announced my intention of speaking about the Fall of Constantinople in 1453, when we met again next Tuesday. I doubt if they were interested, but one must do one's best.

At 6 p.m. the news from Sicily and Russia was satisfactory. The non-appearance of the Italian fleet seems to demand explanation. Is it due to a failure of indispensable oil? Or, is there disaffection among the crews? The civilian population in Sicily is said to be friendly, and the advance of the Allies makes good progress. It is satisfactory to be assured that the harbour of Syracuse is undamaged.

It is also reported that the Italians, when taken prisoners, unlike the Germans, are by no means cast down, but seem pleased, and disposed to be friendly and helpful.

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[28]

Wednesday, July 14th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A bright morning. No letters.

Boswell relates that D^r Johnson "laughed heartily" at the "self-condemning minutes" of a Quaker's diary, and quotes a passage from "The Critical Review of this year (1777) which Johnson approved, and which must needs stir melancholy reflections in any man who has been so foolish as to write an Autobiography. The writer divides "the egotists" into four classes:

"In the 4th class we have the journalists, temporal and spiritual: Elias Ashmole, William Lilly, George Whitefield, John Wesley, and a thousand other old women and fanatic writers of memoirs and meditations".

(v. Boswell's "Life of Johnson" ed. Birrell vol. iv p. 172-175)

Johnson said about the historian Robertson:

"Sir, if Robertson's style be faulty, he owes it to me; that is, having too many words, and those too big ones."

[29]

Terseness and simplicity are the marks of a good literary style, & both are seen to perfection in the writings of Dean Swift. Another Dean (Church) adds a grace which makes his writing singularly attractive. And he had learned his style from Newman. There is an oracular pomposity about D^r Johnson's prose, which makes it impressive and sometimes ridiculous.

Ella and Fearne went to Ipswich. I walked to Abbey Oaks, and talked for an hour with L^d Woodbridge to whom I promised to send a copy of my Gifford Lectures. He was looking fairly well, and talked with animation. Our conversation dealt mainly with the new political economy, which repudiates all the old doctrines and elevates expenditure into a public virtue, while treating thrift as a social mischief. We discussed the thorny subject of the public schools, which is now the subject of a considerable ~~discussion~~ correspondence in The Times, started by a well-written letter from a gentlemen named Muff, who has been captivated by the welcome he received from the boys at a great school, which he has visited with a party of other Labour M.P.[s] This letter is highly approved by the zealots of the Public Schools, and can hardly be satisfactory to anybody else.

[30]

I reflected as I walked on the subject which might serve me for an Essay: and now I incline to "Autobiography". This would, perhaps, serve to bring together many things that I have long desired to say, and does not appear to lie too far outside my range.

Moulsdale sent me a note, suggesting that some improvement in the lighting at the lectern might make it possible for me to continue reading the lessons, but I declined this suggestion in a civil note.

An essay on Autobiography would fit in well as part of the volume on "Browsing", and it would enable me to offer a respectable explanation of the lamentably restricted area from which my material would be drawn, for I could only "browse" on my own books, and these are now limited to the "election" which has survived my successive movements from Westminster to Durham, from Durham to Hereford, from Hereford to Auckland, &, finally, from Auckland to Hyntle Place. Another Essay might be devoted to those curious studies known as "Characters".

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[31]

Thursday, July 15th, 1943.

Temperature 63°. Bright with a cooling wind.

I received letters from M^{rs} Thompson, Hedley's mother. She gives an ill account of his health.

Also, from M^r W. S. Lloyd (Blackgrove, Lingfield, Surrey) who thanks me for the Retrospect, of which he has just finished reading vol. I, and says that he met me at Ernest's marriage.

Also, from Lawrence Holt* acknowledging my letter, and expressing agreement with me on the subject of Italy:

"Your reflections on the Italian situation are most lucid and convincing. The ketch at Aberdovey was named "Garibaldi" by George Treelyan [sic] "by request" & the report thereof was included in the next Italian broadcast."

Also, a letter from the Comandant of the Hospital asking me to cancel next Tuesday's "Talk" as there is to be an "inspection" by representatives from Headquarters. She adds some complimentary words about my "most interesting lectures", & asks whether I shall be "prepared to resume them as from Tuesday, September 7th".

But I think I had better say "No" to this.

[32]

Holt sends me a "statement by the Master of a troopship giving you a typical British seaman's attitude to Italian prisoners".

It is most favourable, and gives an excellent impression both of the Italian prisoners and of their British captors. Certainly, it goes some way towards justifying the opinion that the advance of the Allies into Italy will not be unassisted by the goodwill of the native population. It does not seem to be wholly improbable that, when once the military dominance of the Germans has been destroyed, there may be an astonishing revelation of the popular hatred which their abominable oppression has created, and, if that should happen, the end of the War might be notably hastened.

Meanwhile, the news from Russia continues to be satisfactory, and the Americans are still making good progress in the Solomons. In no part of the cosmic seal of War can Hitler & Mussolini find material for satisfaction.

French forces have now joined the allied Army in Sicily. They have a rather special interest in "getting their own back" from the Italians.

[33]

I wrote to L^d Woodbridge, sending him Holt's letter, and the ship-master's account of the Italian prisoners, assuming that he would find them as comfortably interesting as I myself have found them.¹ He has, of course, his full share of conventional Tory prejudices, but he is, in my belief, a genuinely kind and just-hearted man, & really anxious to bring his mind & habit into some tolerable relation with the rather hazy Christianity which he professes.

There came to tea a mean-looking, self-apologetic little parson, named Ruston, a local incumbent and Miss Keble, who is the head of a hostel for land-girls. I was impressed by the vigour with which she expressed herself on the idleness, extravagance, & conceit of the said land-girls. She allowed that they worked well on the fields, but, apart from their work, they were greedy, self-important, & almost arrogantly unpatriotic! It is hard to see how they will settle down to the less exciting & more arduous tasks of peace-time society. They clamour for fires when the day ceases to be warm, and though Miss K. refuses their impudent demand, she knows but too well that the authorities w^d not support her, if they were appealed to!

¹ See Volumes 87, 88.

<!160743>

[34]

Friday, July 16th, 1943.

St Swithún's Day ^has passed^ & everybody recalls the fact ~~Temperature 63°. Gusty, [warm].~~
& discusses the prospect of rain.

Temperature 68°. A brilliant warm day.

I received pleasant letters from Jacob, who is evidently attracted by my suggestion that his notable "Introduction" to the 1st vol. of Chichele's register should be published separately; and from Kathleen who accepts amiably the role of a co-trustee & executor of my will.

I received from Barratt the clock-maker in Ipswich, who has been "playing about" the house for more than 5 years doing petty repairs in his vocation, a modest account for £7: for which I sent him a cheque. I had expected a claim for at least ten times as much. But, no doubt, I shall hear in due course what, if anything, I yet owe. He brings his account up to March 1942: & presumably knows his own business. I cannot yet forget how I magnanimously paid more than £100 to a stupid newsvendor in Bishop Auckland who, after neglecting to send in his account, confronted me with an accumulation for some years!

[35]

I chanced to pull out from my book-shelves a modest little book in calf binding. It contained 2 treatises bound together, & its title-page states sufficiently ^its^ contents, & the reason why it appealed to me with such effect that great part of the morning was devoted to its perusal. It contained the book-plate of a great man – J. J. Ign. Döllinger.* The title-page runs thus:

A Discourse concerning the Gift of Prayer shewing what it is, wherein it consists, and how far it is attainable by Industry: with divers useful & proper directions to that purpose both in respect of Matter, Method, Expression.
by John Wilkins, D. D. late L. B. of Chester
Whereunto may be added
Ecclesiastes, or a Discourse concerting the Gift of Preaching, by the same Author.
London, Printed by A. M. for Sa. Gallibrand. 1674.

I was so interested in the treatise on Preaching by a man so variously eminent as Wilkins, that I read it through & regretted that I had not known of it until it was too late for me to benefit from its sane & salutary counsels.

<!170743>

[36]

Saturday, July 17th, 1943.

Temperature 70°. Another brilliant warm day. I received a budget of letters from the following:-

1. Lord Woodbridge, returning the memorandum about Italian Prisoners sent by L. Holt.
2. My nephew, Albert.
3. Canon Salter.
4. A long criticism of vol. I from an A. C. parson, named Pollard.
5. Cecil Ferens, sending me my Will; and quite evidently pleased with being relieved from executor's responsibility, and also with my promise to leave him my silver inkstand and Bp. Lightfoot's Chair.
6. The Bishop of Burnley.

Also, I received from the Bookseller 3 more vols. of the Loeb Classics viz:
Josephus. Jewish Antiquities vol. VII (Bks. XII-XIV), Livy VII (Books XXVI-XXVII)
Dionysius of Halicarnassus. Roman Antiquities IV (Books VI to VII)

I wrote to Hedges, the wood-seller in Ipswich, ordering him to send a further supply of wood, oak or ash, but NOT elm or fir.

[37]

The Bishop of Burnley writes:-

I intended to have said a word of agreement with your letter to the Times about the perpetuation of titles. Archbishop Davidson lent the great weight of his support to a very bad habit.

Then I ordered wrote to Cobbold Sons & Manners, Solicitors, Tower Church Yard, Ipswich, inquiring whether they would draft my new Will.

We all attended the Fête in the grounds of Hintlesham Hall in aid of the "Comforts Fund" of the Hospital. It was formally "opened" by a gentleman, named M^r Harry Paul, who was flatterously introduced by Sir Archibald Home. Then I was called upon to "say a few words", and did so with my accustomed fatuity and tactlessness. Then came more words from the Rector, after which we had tea pleasantly in the garden.

The news at 6 p.m., both from Sicily & from Russia, continues to be good, but the fighting for Catania is evidently severe, & we shall have some long lists of casualties. A military Government under General Alexander has been set up in Sicily.

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[38]

4th Sunday after Trinity, July 18th, 1943.

Temperature 69°. A quiet, warm, clouded morning.

I remember being told – I think by himself – that George Adam Smith* considered “The Talisman” the best of the Waverley Novels. I cannot share this opinion, nor do I think that it will be shared by those who most appreciate those wonderful compositions. “The Talisman” lacks the features which give them their strange hold on the most devoted readers; & their ability to return that hold in spite of so many revolutions of taste, habit, & circumstance. In The Talisman there is not a single character worth remembering, nor any dialogue worth reading. It is just a boisterous, knock-about boys’ book, which thoughtful men find vapid and tiresome. I suppose it was the vehement Scottish patriotism of the Knight of The Leopard which covered all the defects in the judgment of the Scottish scholar who was a very ardent patriot himself. Literary verdicts are but too often more representative of the prejudices than of the critical capacity of the judges. It is not on such work as “The Talisman” that the lasting Fame of Sir Walter rests securely.

[39]

We attended Mattins, but I did not read the lessons. But I did celebrate the Holy Communion, though with difficulty & with the assistance of my magnifying glass. Sitting within the sanctuary I was behind the preacher, and could only hear the Rector’s sermon intermittently, but I heard enough to indicate its type and quality. He chose a difficult text - “We know that the whole creation groaneth, and travaileth in pain together until now” - which was included in the Epistle for the day. He proposed to answer the ancient questions as to the origin of Evil in the world created by a Good God: of suffering in a world governed by a Loving God: of death in a world created & sustained by the Author of Life. But he forgot, & probably has never known, the wise counsel of Bishop [John] Wilkins,* which recurred to my mind as I listened to him:-

“And herein we ought to be specially careful, that we manage these polemical discourses with solid pressing arguments, making our answers as clear as the objections: for if these be plain, and those perplexed, instead of confusing, we shall rather confirm the Error.”

[40]

The wireless at 6 p.m. reported a considerable advance on the West of the Sicilian line where the Americans have captured Agrigentum, & taken many prisoners; but on the East, the British advance towards Catania has been checked. The Germans have succeeded in massing large forces, and they are greatly assisted by the ground, which makes the movement of armour very difficult. A great battle is said to be in progress.

The total number of prisoners taken in Sicily is now stated to be 30.000, of whom the Americans have captured $\frac{2}{3}$ ^{rds}, mostly Italians.

The Germans are clearly dealing with the British, and they seem to have more air-support than had appeared probable.

Naples has been heavily bombed.

In the Solomons, the Americans have gained another considerable naval victory. The Russians more than hold their own, but here also the Germans are evidently making desperate efforts to stop they offensive. Meanwhile, their casualties are reported to be heavy; & the days are passing.

[41]

I returned his Groupist booklet to the Bishop with a short verdict on it from myself.

Also, I wrote at some length to Hedley Thompson, whose letter, at once sad, sanguine, & brave, moved me. He is probably representative of a great number of his contemporaries. Their health has been broken: their careers arrested, if not destroyed: and their outlook, secular and religious, has been confused and darkened by this accursed War.

Who can measure the guilt of Hitler and his crew of gangsters? Who can reckon up the villainy of Mussolini & his fellow-criminals?

I thank God that, in this fearful "Day of the Lord", He gave to Britain counsel ^love^ [sic] of patriotism and soldiers of capacity: and to the British people the Will to "come to the help of the Lord against the Mighty". I cannot doubt that His righteous Providence will bring good out of Evil, and that in & through this "great tribulation" His Will is prevailing. "The world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the Will of God abideth for ever." The "last word" in this controversy will be with the All-Righteous & All Merciful Lord.

<!190743>

[42]

Monday, July 19th, 1943.

Temperature 68°. A clouded depressing day.

I received a letter from Alington enclosing a copy of the verses which he had addressed to J. P. Carter* on the occasion of his "Silver Wedding". They were, of course, amazingly felicitous in sentiment, & adroit in rhyme. I had not so much as heard of Carter's domestic Festival: but, in view of my bringing him to Durham & our long & happy association there, I thought it but fitting to send him a letter of sincere, though belated, congratulation.

I wrote to the Dean at once, returning the verses as he had requested.

Also, I wrote to M^r Lloyd, thanking him for his letter about vol. I, & giving him Ernest Henson's present address.

Also, I wrote to the Anglo-Cath. Pollard, excusing myself from discussing his criticisms of vol. I on the score of failing eyesight; & (for the comfort of his orthodox soul) sending him a copy of the pamphlet "Unitarianism v. Historic Christianity".

A p.c. from the Dean of Bocking reminds me that I am pledged to address his R. D. Conference on Aug. 9th.

[43]

At 11.15 a.m. this morning the British bombed "military objectives" in Rome. They prepared the way by showering leaflets on the city informing the people, & telling them that the bombardment was in broad day-light in order that they might see for themselves where our bombs fell, & thus disprove the probable Fascist device of dropping bombs of their own on the Vatican City & on the Roman monuments in order to give probability to their false declarations that these were British. I suppose it is necessary, but it is none the less very regrettable that this new horror should be added to the degradation into which Hitler has dragged civilised mankind. It only remains for him to use poison gas, and to bomb Oxford & Cambridge. The accounts from Sicily make it certain that the civilian population loathe the Germans, and welcome the Allies. General Alexander in his new capacity as Military Governor has issued a proclamation suspending the government of the King of Italy, and abolishing Fascism "root and branch". Lord Rennell is busily engaged in organising the civil government. Everything has been carefully thought out, and has been entrusted to most competent individuals.

[44]

The 6 p.m. wireless reports progress on all fronts.

The bombing of Rome is being carried out by specially trained men, who have personal knowledge of the City, and can be trusted to avoid the religious & cultural monuments, so

far as is humanely possible. This at least is a gracious paradox, which could hardly have been paralleled in earlier wars! "He left not Himself without witness". The number of Italian prisoners taken in Sicily is now stated to have risen to 35.000. The men are surrendering in complete units evidently by coordinated action.

I read through again the short final chapter of the interesting and informing chapter of the recently published book "Italy from Within". It is written by an American Journalist, named Richard G. Massock, & is published by Macmillan. The final chapter is headed "After Mussolini.....?" and is receiving remarkable confirmation from the reports of the Sicilian campaign. He sees little hope of post-war leadership in the Italian Monarchy, or in the crowd of Italian emigrés.

[45]

List of my securities apt in the Bank, and sent to me by Cecil Ferens, when I changed the Will:-

£2368 2½ Consolidated Stock Registered
£3500 3½ War Stock Registered
£500 3½ -"-
£7000 3½ Local Loans registered
£1000 2½ Nat: Def: Bonds P.O. Registered Stock
Freehold Deeds of Hyntle Place, Hintlesham

I shall make a new will, not altering my dispositions of my property, but changing my trustee & executor, by substituting for Cecil Ferens (who is inconveniently remote & already too burdened with private business to make it fair on my part to impose on his friendship a superfluous burden) two relations of Ella, with whom it would be easy & pleasant for her to transact whatever business had to be arranged, viz. Archie Parker-Smith and his sister Kathleen, the wife of Colonel Fraser. It is unhappily but too commonly the case that the difficulties connected with even the simplest wills have slight relation to the amount of the property, with which they are concerned!

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[46]

Tuesday, July 20th, 1943.

Temperature [66]. A warm sunny day.

I wrote to Milford asking whether he still thought that vol. II would be published in September.

I received from Hodder and Stoughton a cheque for £12:18:5 on account of "Royalties" on that poor little valedictory booklet "Last Words in W. A."

The 6 p.m. wireless reported that the bombing of Rome yesterday was remarkably accurate and successful. It was carried out by American aircraft. In Sicily, the battle for Catania is proceeding with ever increasing violence: but in the West the American forces are encountering but feeble opposition.

The coal situation in Great Britain will be considerably worsened by the necessity of sending supplies to the countries which the Allies occupy. It is not quite clear to civilians at home why this exportation of coal for civilian consumption abroad should be so necessary: but we must assume that the decision of the Allied Governments have[sic] been taken deliberately after careful examination of all the relevant considerations.

I ordered 8 more loads of wood.

[47]

A small volume of "Retractationes" would be a fitting epilogue to the "Retrospect". It would include such subjects as the following:

Marriage & Divorce
The Parochial System
Public Schools
The Age for Confirmation
Disestablishment
The Freehold of the Benefice
Clerical Marriage

S. Augustine's "Retractationes" were not meant to indicate something like what we understand by "recantations", but rather ^what^ we should describe as "reconsiderations", or "second thoughts". These might involve modifications of opinion, and even reversals of verdicts in the light of the larger knowledge which time had brought, but they might also induce an emphasis on censure or approval. In fact the word is quite "noncommittal", adding with the authority of larger knowledge ^weight to^ whatever opinion had been expressed. I think this meaning has not always been kept in mind by the students of the great African Doctor.

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[48]

Wednesday, July 21st, 1943.

Temperature 68°. A damp & clouded morning, but with no trustworthy promise of rain.

I had no letter save an enquiry from the Church Army as to the fitness of M^{rs} Fanning to "help with its canteen work with H. M. Forces". I assured my questioner that M^{rs} F. was an entirely satisfactory person.

I wrote a very belated letter to Charnwood. * Also, I dictated a letter to Grant Robertson, being enabled to do so by the ready help of Fearn, who is prepared to add to her other functions that of "Scribe in Ordinary" to the Bishop. In this respect also, though without his excuse, I shall adopt the correspondence-method of dear old Dicey. * His hand writing was so illegible that typing his letters was welcomed as making it possible to read them. My hand-writing has never been objected against as hard to decipher. But the absence of quill-pens makes the physical effort fatiguing, and the strain on my failing eyes is excessive. Probably, my letters will mostly be dictated in future, and, perhaps, not letters only, though I have ever held that dictation is ruinous to literary composition.

[49]

Some days ago Professor Abercrombie wrote to the Times a letter on Cologne Cathedral, which is worth noting as exaggerated estimates of that great church are very often heard from persons who ought to know better. Correcting a previous letter by Sir Sydney Cockburn, he writes:-

In fact, with the exception of some fragments of the apse, Cologne Cathedral is a modern building. It possesses neither the vigour of medieval craftsmanship, the beauty of original sculpture, nor the patina of age. All the drawings from which it was built under Kaiser Wilhelm must be in existence: given labour & materials it cd be rebuilt as well as or better (as the study of medial workmanship has improved) than before. It must not be thought that Cologne is an example of Gothic revival: the medieval design was carried out; this gives it the splendour which it possesses - at any rate for me, though most of my ecclesiological friends, who c^d not see beyond its hard mechanical detail, condemned it roundly.... What are really precious & w^d be irreplaceable, if lost, are the smaller [50] romanesque churches of Cologne - S^t Gereon, the Apostles, S^t Martin and others. Let us hope these have not suffered the fate of our equally precious City Churches.

The Pope is reported to have addressed to the Vicar-General of Rome a long letter about the bombardment of Rome, emphasising the partial destruction of San Lorenzo which contains the tomb of Pius IX, and pointing out again the impartiality which he had maintained throughout the War. He assumes that both the combatants are equally blameworthy, that there is no vital interest of morality at stake in this fearful War, that the neutrality of the Vatican City was seriously menaced, and that History would severely condemn those who destroyed such ancient monuments as fitted Rome. He makes no

reference to the pledge which the Allies had given him beforehand that the neutrality of the Vatican City would be respected, nor does he note the almost miraculous precision of the Allied bombing, which might easily have devastated the great City.

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[51]

Thursday, July 22nd, 1943.

Temperature 69°. A dull uncomfortable morning.

The Times publishes the full text of the Pope's letter. It impresses me as morally nauseating – the language of a canting Caiaphas. The masses of Papists in Poland, Belgium, France, Britain, Australia and U. S. A. will hardly welcome it, but we may trust Goebbels and Franco to make the most of its insulting suggestion that Axis and Allies are “in the same condemnation”. And, I doubt not, our pacifist cranks & “high-brows” will find in it grist to their mill. Indeed, there seems little difference between the Pope's attitude towards the War, and Inge's. I suppose the treaty with Mussolini by which the Temporal Power was in some ridiculous measure restored, binds the hands of His Holiness, and the opportunity of posing as a kind of guardian Angel to the Roman population is in the eyes of the cunning but short-sighted diplomats of the Vatican “too good to be missed”. But this complaisance is costly, and the cost has to be paid in “the shekels of the Sanctuary” i.e., in plain prose, in forfeiture of that moral influence which is the Church's true treasure.

[52]

M^r Hedges brought 8 loads of fire-wood, and allowed me 10/- for the elm lying in the yard. I paid him his charge (£11) by a cheque for ten quinces plus the elm.

Hedges is a rather attractive-looking man of 33, married and the father of 2 children. He can neither read nor write: and he says that his eyesight is failing.

I dictated to Fearne letters to Gervase Markham and Reginald Robson.

I finished reading Miss Watt's Book "The Parson's Wife", and found it excellent good reading, & full of curious information.

We played croquet after tea, but the drought has so parched the lawn, that play is hardly possible. It has a certain merit for providing that physical exercise with experience shows even more plainly to be indispensable for good health, & good temper.

The news from Sicily is of easy & rapid progress of the American forces in the West of the island & ^a^ bitter fighting of the 8th Army in the East. The Germans are making a supreme effort to hold Catania. Both sides are being reinforced.

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[53]

Friday, July 23rd, 1943.

Temperature 66°. A "Scottish mist" - chilly.

Ella and Fearne, after an early breakfast and the usual temporal anxieties inseparable from the procedure of leaving home for a jaunt to Babylon, went off to Ipswich, and I betook myself to the undisturbed privacy of my study.

There are 4 letters in the Times commenting on the Pope's letter on the bombardment of Rome: and only one of them defends it. Lady Emily Lutvans expresses herself with extreme reticence, but even so, she cannot avoid a reference to the moral obtuseness which His Holiness displays.

"When", she writes, "one thinks of the courage of those American airmen who went in daylight to bomb military objectives in Rome, after giving due notice to the Roman people of their intention - thus greatly increasing their own danger - & compares it with the German airmen who, in daylight, without warning, machine-gunned English school-children in their playground, I could wish that His Holiness the Pope had expressed his Christian solicitude more openly on that occasion".

[54]

Brigadier C. E. R. Ince writes "as a Catholic"

I am confident I am voicing the sentiments of the vast majority of my fellow-Catholics in this country when I record the satisfaction it gave me when Mussolini's and Scorza's Rome was bombed, and heavily bombed.

Of course we regret the incidental damage the Basilica of San Lorenzo. But we regret it not one whit more than the damage done to our S. Paul's Cathedral, "Our Lady of Victories", and hundreds of other British Christian shrines. Let us have no hypocrisy about it.

This gentleman must find it difficult to hold together Pius XIIth's moral obtuseness and his own sincere conviction ^as to^ the Pontiff's spiritual claim. The Vicar of Christ, dowered with infallibility, ought not to be morally inadequate at a crisis when the world is crying out for a clear & authoritative pronouncement on the moral aspect of this fearful War.

[55]

The Guardian reports at length yet another speech by Abp. Temple on "Reunion". It was addressed to the Canterbury Diocesan Conference, and is described in the leading Article as "increasing our debt to the Primate for his learned & statesmanlike guidance on the great issues of these times". I read it very carefully more than twice, and found it deplorable, so deplorable that I wasted the morning in writing a severe letter to the Editor of the Guardian,

which, however, I finally decided not to send, because I do not feel physically adequate to sustain a public correspondence on an issue, which has lost interest and importance. It is quite apparent that Temple has definitely ranged himself with the unyielding episcopalians, although he continues to disguise the fact by the copious use of pseudo-liberal language. I think he has given the coup de grace to the South Indian Scheme, & made almost impossible any similar attempts to effect a modus vivendi with non-episcopalians. He suggests a comparison between “that succession of the ministry which we (Anglicans) hold as a treasure for ourselves to enjoy, & for large parts of Christendom to receive one day, as we hope, from us, with the spinal system of the

[56-75]

<!010843>

[76]

6th Sunday after Trinity, August 1st, 1943.

Temperature 74°. Cooler after the storm. There was a rather half-hearted thunder-storm during the night with some but not much rain, enough to whet an appetite, not enough to assist the crops. There was nothing on the wireless except that the Allied warning to neutrals that they must not give refuge to the Fascist criminals from Italy has been sent to the Vatican. This will probably provide an opportunity which the canting time-servers who control the Papacy will not be slow to seize; but it may (and I hope it will) force them to recognise that the moral issue cannot be so easily evaded in this fearful conflict as they wish, & that if they seek still to evade it, they may find such credit as they still possess in course of vanishing altogether.

We went to the parish church for Mattins, and afterwards I celebrated the Holy Communion, being much hindered in the process by my eyes. My familiarity with the Liturgy, so far from facilitating the reading of the service, seems even to add to the difficulty of the task! The Rector's [77] sermon was plainly unprepared. He dealt at length with the significance of Lammas, and then somehow managed to arrive at the new Education Bill, which he professed to approve! Incidentally he became autobiographical, and informed the small company of rustic dowagers that he had trained for the ministry no less than 500 young men! I felt a repugnance, which was repressed with difficulty, at this gratuitous display of insincere & boastful self-advertisement. My spiritual state was disastrously injured in the midst of that function of the ministry which most of all requires charity & concentration. It is the calamitous fact that I that I do not believe this man when he uses the language of candour & good-sense. I know him too well, and "the manner of his conversation". Is it uncharitable to be thus imprisoned by experience, and the strong chains of temperament? After all, "charity rejoices not in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth", and what we regard as truth cannot be other than our private judgement interpreting knowledge & experience makes it inevitable for us so to regard it. Yet, even so, we may not safely yield to our moods. Eheu!

[78]

Most Education Bills are well received in the House of Commons, for everybody shrinks from the odium of even appearing to grudge expenditure on popular Education. The real situation emerges later when the unsatisfied factions discover that some measure of sacrifice is demanded from them. Nothing will satisfy the papists but complete control of their schools at the public expense; If concessions seem to be made to democratic principle, it will be because the cunning organisers of the papists can see their way to sterilizing them. It is with the assistance of the papists that our Anglo-Catholics can push demands which, apart from that assistance, would secure little attention. The accommodating attitude of the English Hierarchy is the outcome of the imminent extinction of the C of E schools through financial inanition, the complete indifference of the parents to the demand for denominational teaching in the State Schools, and the obvious determination of the Nation to make an end of this futile and persistent quarrel about 'Religion in the Schools.'

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[79]

Monday, August 2nd, 1943.

Temperature 64°. An unpleasant gusty day.

M^{rs} Elliott sends me the letter which she had received from the Rev^d A.W. H. Harlow C.F. He had just been informed of Dick's death by the Chaplain-General, & wrote to sympathize with his mother:

I was Dick's Senior Chaplain in the 50th Division, & spent many happy hours with him....

It is unnecessary for me to tell you what you already know. He was one of the finest Chaplains in the Desert, loved by Officers and men alike. His unfailing courage when the Brigade was surrounded was an example to all ranks. He worked hard among the wounded men, of whom there was a very large number, & none could be evacuated but all taken prisoners. This latter information I had from his C.O. Cooper who was p.o.w. in the same camp as myself....

May I offer you, as one who loved your son & knew his great spiritual work, offer [80] my sympathy. Alas, how many magnificent young men who will be so sorely needed after the war, have made the Supreme Sacrifice.

The accumulating testimonies to Dick's character and influence must needs deepen the sorrow which his death has brought to me, and ~~his~~ make me realize the measure of my loss. I had counted so much on him, for comfort in my last years.

But it is a great consolation to be assured that I was the instrument through whom Dick received his vocation to the sacred ministry, and who was moved to enable him to obey it. ~~That~~ At least that is a memory worth having.

I wrote forthwith to M^{rs} Elliott, returning the Chaplain's letter.

Also, I wrote to Jack Clayton in type-script, a method which certainly adds the length, if it cannot be truly said to improve either the ethical or the moral quality of private letters: I do not imagine that Stevenson's amazing letters could have been dictated.

[81]

Carter sends me his thanks for my congratulations on the Silver Jubilee of his marriage, and he sends with it a typed copy of the verses which he had received from the Dean on that occasion.

Alington's enviable gift of writing verses of that kind was never put to better use. Carter adds:

I shall always be thankful for being given the opportunity of serving the Diocese under your leadership.

Charles Pattinson,* Cecil Ferens,* and [John Pearson] Carter* have proposed themselves for a week-end visit at the beginning of September, and Fearne, to my satisfaction & surprise, expressed a ready consent to their doing so in spite of the formidable problem of entertaining guests in the evil circumstances which, in these days of no petrol and severe rationing, have to be reckoned with. But it would be too cruel to allow any obstacle that was not literally insurmountable to disallow a proposal so obviously inspired by genuine loyalty & affection.

At 6 p.m. the wireless reported that General Montgomery has begun a great offensive with the avowed object of clearing the Germans out of Sicily.

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[82]

Tuesday, August 3rd, 1943.

Temperature 68°. Clouded and sultry. No Letters. The 8 a.m. wireless was laconic, but within the strait waistcoat of that description satisfactory. Both from Sicily & from Russia, there has been further progress.

My mind is a very responsive vane-cock on a gusty day! This morning it occurred to me that I might best achieve my purpose of crowning my miserable "Retrospect" with an epilogue which should combine the character of a "Confessio Fidei", and a statement of "Retractiones", by writing a letter to an imagined (though not also imaginary) inquirer, who having read the two vols wanted to know more precisely at what conclusions I had finally arrived, what, in fact, I did personally believe, & what I did actually think on the matters, respecting which my story disclosed so much uncertainty, and even contradiction. And this correspondent might be modelled on Dick, & my letter might serve as a memorial of our friendship, & of my unceasing sorrow over his death. This merits more consideration.

[83]

In the afternoon we played croquet, though with little pleasure for the drought is reducing the lawn to the state & aspect of the Sahara, and the sultriness of the air made every form of activity irksome.

Lord Woodbridge, (may he be blessed!) sent us some peaches.

I have no mind or capacity to work. I am reading Symonds's excellent translation of the 'Life of Benvenuto Cellini' – surely the most amazing piece of self-revelation in human literature. This is the third time of reading, & it impresses me more vividly than ever. His belief in astrology is apparent, & fits in oddly with his queer mystical piety, which itself contrasts grossly with his paradoxical morality, or immorality. He may be classed with the queer antinomian Presbyterian peer described in his Autobiography by "Jupiter" Carlyle. Perhaps it would be worth while to collect, and appraise, the references to Astrology which Benvenuto makes in his book. They would serve to provide a key to the practical influence of the prevailing belief in Astrology which marked the men of the XVth and XVIth centuries, & even survived for longer.

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[84]

Wednesday, August 4th, 1943.

Temperature 72°. A misty, languid day. No letters, & nothing notable on the wireless. I dictated a letter to Frank Pember, & I wrote propiâ manu to Lord Woodbridge, thanking him for the peaches.

In the afternoon we played croquet on our domestic Sahara, & after tea I posted letters, and walked home through the fields in order to see how the harvesting proceeds. The wheat was mostly cut and carried: the barley is not yet dealt with. Both crops look opulent, & so do the potatoes: But "roots" tell another tale.

The news from abroad continues to be fairly good, though the pace of the Allied advance in Sicily is distressingly slow, and the price which is being paid for it is (probably) distressingly high. Moreover, the attitude of the Italian government remains ominously ambiguous, & such indications of its character as are allowed to be seen, do not encourage the expectation that it will finally accord with Italian hopes & interests, & with Allied expectations.

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[85]

Thursday, August 5th, 1943.

Temperature 68°. Cloudy & threatening rain.

The wireless at 8 a.m. announced that Orel was in Russian hands: that the Americans were pressing Munda more severely: and that the gradual advance of the Allies in Sicily continues.

I received letters from Peers, * Braley,* the Ipswich lawyers, and from Sir Graeme Tyrell, the Chairman of Committee of the B. & F. Bible Society. The last is important. It asks my advice on the subject of including the Apocrypha in the Bibles published by the Society.

At 1 p.m. the wireless reported the Fall of Catania, and, at 6 p.m., we learned that the place had been captured by a clever ruse, & that most of the defenders were retiring on the coast road of Messina, where, however, they were exposed to attack from sea & air. The nature of the country seems to disallow hope of speedy conquest, but the advance has been notable. The situation within Italy remains ambiguous, but persistent reports from Switzerland tend to show that it is so "tense" as to be likely to collapse at any moment.

I dictated letters to Sir G. Tyrell, and Braley.

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[86]

Friday August 6th, 1943.

Temperature 6°[sic]. Rather gloomy and damp.

The Russian capture of Orel and Bielgorov [sic] was officially proclaimed in Moscow with vast and natural jubilation. Stalin issued an exultant proclamation.

The British troops as they entered Catania, which the Germans had evacuated, found a terrible scene of ruin, but such Italians as still remained in the city received them with almost frenzied demonstrations of welcome. It appears that most of the German troops were successfully evacuated, but their line of retreat towards Messina lies along the coast, & is exposed to attack from sea & air.

I received a long letter from Ernest. He finds that his eyesight is showing signs of decadence, and says that he is told that it is owing to war-food "which deprives us of certain vitamins essential to sight – particularly a deficiency in fats and sugar which is making one's nails brittle". I think that this may very probably be one contributory cause of my own affliction.

[87]

I wasted the morning in quite futile preparation for the address on "Church & State", which I am pledged to deliver to the ~~Hadfield~~ Hadleigh Ruri-decanal Chapter on Monday. It is very astonishing, and certainly very humiliating to discover how my familiarity with that subject has waned since I retired from active ministry. It has ceased to interest me, &, indeed, it would hardly be excessive to say that it bore me. There is something incongruous to the point of grotesqueness about discussing such a petty business as Disestablishment at a time when the civilized world is in the grip of the most fearful crisis of all recorded history.

At 6 p.m. the wireless announced the capture of Munda by the Americans. Some 1600 dead Japs were counted there: great importance is obviously attached to the possession of this air-field. It brings the Allies appreciably nearer to the attainment of their grand objective – the bombardment of Japan itself.

Rain fell intermittently through the day. I walked for an hour during the afternoon. The harvest is said to be largely gathered in, exceeding the average in quantity and, for the most part, of excellent quality. But the root crops have suffered from the drought.

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[88]

Saturday, August 7th, 1943.

Temperature 66°. Cloudy & dark day.

I received a long letter from Godfrey Charnwood, not very coherent & not very easy to read. He has changed his address, having been ejected by the Admiralty!

The Russians are reported to be exploiting their last victory, with vigour & success: but the news from Sicily is disappointing. It is apparent that the nature of the ground, out of which M^t Etna rises & smokes, is such as to give every possible advantage to the Germans, & that they are making full use of it. Yet the delay in the Allied advance can hardly affect its final success, though it is providing Badoglio with an interval, during which much may happen little to our interest.

Disastrous floods and formidable shortage of food supplies in India are reported, and a considerable falling off in the output of aeroplanes in U. S. A. This untoward fact is attributed to the action of the workmen, who are deserting the factories in order to gain higher wages in other branches of work!

[89]

The Samford Deanery Magazine for August continues the following:

“We have been privileged for some time to enjoy hearing Bishop Hensley Henson reading the lessons at Mattins. We have appreciated his rendering of them. But he feels he must relinquish this function and that for the same reason which led him to resign his Canonry at Westminster Abbey, his failing sight. We hope he will long be able to continue the Celebration of the Holy Communion after Mattins on the first & third Sundays in each month.

Why do I feel really displeased with this paragraph? That it is certainly contributed by the Rector would not make it the more accessible: but I do not think this is the reason for my annoyance. I think that it is the statement that “we have appreciated his rendering of them (i. e. the lessons)” as if I were an actor interpreting my “part” in a play, instead of a reader who seeks to remember as he reads that he is carrying to the congregation the words of men whom the Holy Ghost inspired, & even those of the Divine Master Himself. That remembrance leaves no place for “histrionics”.

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[90]

7th Sunday after Trinity, August 8th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A clouded, rather chilly, day.

I did not sleep well last night, eking out the tædium of involuntary wakefulness by reading Coulton's "Romanism and Truth" and (by way of recovering a measure of mental calm,) I solaced myself with Waverley. The Baron of Bradwardine is a friend who never fails to put me in good humour.

Charnwood writes about the reading of the lessons in the churches:-

I have seen much improvement in in [sic] my life in many things, e.g. in the conduct of public houses, but I am sure that in the days of my childhood the clergy generally did not perform that exceedingly important office of reading the lessons so vilely as they have commonly done for many years past now. The scholarly & even the devout reading of the lessons has in my later Experience been confined to bishops and to laymen, ^ (and among laymen^ Captains of P. & O. steamers especially stand out).

[91]

Probably the main cause of the mishandling of the lessons is the increasing dislike of Mattins by the Anglo-Catholick clergy who are generally trying to replace it by "The Mass", after the Popish manner. Mattins is a tiresome "extra", which the Law & Custom are still strong enough to retain in use, but are powerless to maintain in the regard of the clergy. The "Ministry of the Word" – both at the lectern & in the pulpit – is no longer, as in the Apostolic Age held in double honour, but so completely subordinated to the Ministry of the Sacraments as to be in danger of becoming a tiresome superfluity, which might be better omitted altogether. The Priest has so completely replaced the Pastor, that the assumptions of the Ordinal have lost hold on many, perhaps on most. English clergymen: & this sinister change has been greatly assisted by the secularising habit of English Society, & the disappearance of the traditional veneration for the Scriptures. Neither the Bible, nor the Prayer Book has "held its own" against the hostile pressure of sacerdotalism among the clergy, and secularism among the laity.

[92]

We all attended Mattins in the parish church.

The Rector was the single officiant, reading lessons as well as prayers & sermon. The small congregation was increased by the advent of a strange parson who brought with [him] a company of Boy-Scouts. He spoke to me as we were leaving the church. He said that he had been one of the company of Cambridge students, whom Dr Woods had brought to Durham, that he had heard my first sermon in the Abbey after I had been appointed canon for the 2nd time. He told me that his name was Pink, & that he was now Rector of Little Ilford in Essex.

I had recourse to Crockford, & learned that he was the Rev. Hubert Arthur Stanley Pink of Selwyn College, Cambridge, & Westcott House, that for 6 years (1927-33) he had been an Assistant Master at Ipswich School, and that [then?] ordained a deacon by the Bp. of S^t E. & I. in 1928. He has thus been 15 years in Orders, & is probably nearly 49 years old. He told me that Little Ilford, which was a country parish when I lived in Barking, has now a population of 30.000 & that he has a staff of 3 curates.

[92] [sic]

Moulsdale's sermon this morning discussed the very difficult subject of the Transfiguration. It was a carefully written composition, and very well phrased, in fact so superior to the general type of his discourses, that I could not avoid the suspicion that it was not his own composition! Of course, he treated the evangelical narratives as records of literal fact, & read into them a very complete disclosure of the Nicene Christology. I do not suppose that any of his congregation felt any disposition to object, and probably he would have done more harm than good if he had departed in any measure from the tradition: but, if perchance there had been among his hearers anyone sufficiently educated, & intellectually awake, to press for a more satisfying interpretation of the sacred record, he would have left the church more perplexed than assisted by what he heard.

I wrote to Charles Pattinson, and to Martin Ellingsen* The latter ought, perhaps, to receive appointment to an independent position. He has certainly worked well since his Ordination, and some of his juniors with smaller "claims" have received preferment.

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[92] [sic]

Monday, August 9th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. Day blustering yet sultry.

I wasted the morning in completing notes for my address on "Church and State", which I delivered at Hadleigh ~~to the Ruri-decanal Conference~~ in the afternoon to the Ruri-decanal Conference. The Rural Dean (Downes) presided, and there was said to be a good attendance of members, among the company were the Archdeacon & the new vicar of Kersey (Lilley). There were questions asked at the close of my address, and these relieved its inevitable dullness. Then everybody had tea.

Lady Thompson introduced herself to me as the daughter-in-law of old Sir Peile Thompson,* with whom we stayed on several occasions. I asked after Miles, & was told that the Eastbourne Hotel, which was left to him in his father's will, had been so successful that he had become a rich man. But his hotel had been bombed, & now he was reduced to poverty. I imagine that he will be entitled to some assistance, but when, & to what extent, this will be obtainable are matters of much uncertainty, and, for the time being, he must be consistently inconvenienced.

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[93]

Tuesday, August 10th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. Cool & pleasant morning.

No letters, & nothing specially notable in the newspapers, except a rather fatuous letter in the Times under the heading "Religious Education".

"Our suggestion is that all religious instruction in State schools sh^d be directed towards a general knowledge of the common spiritual and ethical elements of the great faiths of the world."

Before the practical worth of this suggestion can be appraised it w^d appear to be essential that we should be assured on some sufficient authority what precisely are "the common spiritual and ethical elements of the great faiths of the world". If the eight, more or less distinguished signatories, of this letter could provide this information, they would at least enable "the man in the street" to appreciate its value and relevance. I was at the pains of looking out their self-description in "Who's Who 1940", and while their eminence, scientific, legal, dramatic, medical, musical, & "publicist" is ^sufficiently certified^ apparent, their religious associations and qualifications are not clearly disclosed, nor is their title to be accepted as [94] authoritative exponents of any one of "the great faiths of the world" so well established as to justify the assumption that they are themselves in agreement on the ~~main~~ actual teaching which they w^d desire in the schools. The signatories are the following:

C. D. Darlington b. 1903. Horticulturalist
Sir Richard Gregory b. 1864. Man of Science
Lord Horder b. 1871. Great Physician
Shih I. Hsiung b. 1902. Dramatic Writer
Julian Huxley b. 1887. Zoologist
Arthur Keith b. 1879
Eden Phillpotts b. 1862. Novelist
Sir Henry J. Wood b. 1869. Musician.

None of these men has disclosed any special interest in, or knowledge of, Christianity: and it is certain that the vast majority of professing Christians would not accept any one of the 8, or all of them together, as a competent exponent of the Faith and Morality of Christ's Religion. Yet, assuredly, the only Religious Instruction which would be tolerated in a national system of Education would have to be professedly & recognizably Christian.

[95]

I dictated a letter to [Walter] Matthews,* the Dean of S. P., asking him to explain to me how he had come to associate himself with the Congress of Religions, which seems to imply acceptance of the view that Christianity can be regarded ^merely^ as one, albeit the best, of the Religions of Humanity. This assumption, I said, appears to me to be inconsistent with the view of Christ which, from the time of S. Paul, had been distinctive of Christian discipleship,

& which was the essential core of the Faith in the Incarnation, which, at the close of my long life, I hold to be nothing less the necessary factor in personal Christianity.

I cannot endorse, for I cannot really understand, the orthodox doctrine elaborated in the Christological controversies of the Undivided Church, & formulated in the dogmatic decrees of the Six AEcumenical or General Councils, which the Church of England admits, but I cannot accept the humanitarian and Modernist views of the historic Jesus. He is for me, as for S. Paul, inseparably associated with the Almighty in worship, & I cannot find any more satisfying theological justification for that worship than that which the Church has received.

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[96]

Wednesday, August 11th, 1943.

Temperature 68°. An uncertain day.

My only letter was from a gentleman named Forster, who explained that he was a relative of Cecil Ferens, & therefore desired to learn from me what was the market value of a 1632 Prayer Book. I told him to consult a trustworthy bookseller, e.g. B. H. Blackwall [sic].

The 8 a.m. wireless announced that the Prime Minister was in Canada, & would go on to Washington for conferences about the conduct of the War.

I am reading, not for the first time, Coulton's* "Romanism and Trust" Part II, and found it far more considerable in quality, and controversially devastating, than I had realized. It deserves to stand with Salmon's* "Infallibility" Lectures, and "Janus" as a quite unanswerable case against Papalism. Coulton's immense knowledge of the relevant history; his punctilious documentation: his trenchant & lucid style, and his evident effort to be scrupulously fair ought to secure for him a primary place among the leaders of the Truth against the Jesuitized Papacy.

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[97]

Thursday August 12th, 1943.

Temperature 57°. A bright day, colder.

We motored to Ipswich, and I had my hair cut and shampooed. I called on the solicitors in Tower Church Yard, and there signed my Will. My signature was duly witnessed, and I directed M^r M. to have a duplicate prepared. I would deposit the signed Will in Mess^{rs} Barclay's Bank, and retain the duplicate. He said that if I endorsed it as being an accurate copy of the Will, it would be sufficient to serve as the original in case of necessity. Then we returned by way of Abbey Oaks, where we called on Lord Woodbridge. He was entertaining friends Colonel & M^{rs} Stewart, M^{rs} Caulfield, & Miss Brown.

In the afternoon, we played croquet.

After tea I received a telegram from Martin Kiddle with the most welcome information that he had been granted the King's Pardon. I could not but reflect that if he had not been so fortunate as to possess very exceptionally strong "influence", there is little reason for thinking that he would have been relieved from what is thus authoritatively stigmatized as a gross miscarriage of Justice.

[98]

Milford writes in reply to my letter:-

We will put the reference to the Times in the list of the illustrations. I agree that the final pair should be Auckland castle and Hyntle Place. I have fixed the order of the remaining plates, & the places for them, and I hope you will approve:

I only wish that my Fall, as it will not be from such heights as Auckland Castle will be something as pleasant as Hyntle Place looks in the attractive postcard.

Yes, indeed, we do depend a lot – to a disquieting degree – on the Godless Russians.

The news from Russia continues to be excellent. In Sicily the Allies are progressing against the most appalling difficulties. The Germans are fighting stubbornly, & they are greatly assisted by the nature of the ground. They are evidently beginning to perceive that evacuation is the best course now open to them.

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[99]

Friday, August 13th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A dull chilly morning. I received letters from Dean Matthews, and from Sir Graeme Tyrrell in reply to mine.

The Press-cutting Agency sent me a cutting from that miserable Protestant rag "The English Churchman" which interested me by recalling my phrase "The ~~English~~ Protestant Underworld", and showing that it still rankles. It states that "no less a person than Sir Cyril Norwood, the President of S^t John's College (Chairman of the "Norwood Committee" on secondary education, & President of the Modern Churchmen's Union) had quoted and endorsed it." A correspondent in the same paper writes:-

"Sir Cyril Norwood made some stringent remarks while referring to his experiences in connexion with the Tribunal of Conscientious Objectors. He says: 'There does exist in this country what Bp. Henson has called the Protestant Underworld, & as a well of Christ^{ty} it is somewhat lacking in the quality of truth, and it cannot be called undefiled.'"

[100]

I wrote (i.e. dictated) letters to Sir G. Tyrrell and the Dean of S^t Paul's; and wrote propria manu to Martin Kiddle; and these I myself carried to the post-office.

The evacuation of Sicily by the Germans is reported to be proceeding briskly, and (this is rather disappointing) successfully. Whether we shall succeed in capturing any considerable number, is doubtful; but it is certain that we shall not achieve another capture on the Tunisian scale. Probably, we ought to regard the evacuation as a considerable achievement for the Badoglio regime, and, to that extent a considerable setback for the Allies. It was reported at 1 p.m. that objectives in Rome had again been bombed. The suggestion that, even now, (though the ill-faith of the Axis has been fully demonstrated,) Rome could be preserved from risk of bombardment by its being declared an "open town", has been ignored. The convenience, perhaps the necessity, of the Roman railway station, for the transport of troops from the South of Italy to the North, makes it impossible to leave that station unbombed.

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[101]

Saturday, August 14th, 1943.

Temperature 66°. Fine but uncertain day.

A rather ill-written p.c. from Frank Pember* gives ill news of him:

“Have been very ill for weeks. Still in hospital, though convalescing. Hope to get to Broncroft presently.”

Frank was born on August 16th, 1862; and is thus just 81 years old. He and I were elected to fellowships of All Souls in November, 1884. I officiated at his marriage; baptised his children, and officiated at the marriage of Katherine, his only daughter. He and I have kept in touch throughout, though our ways have been in widely different directions. The sweetness of his disposition, which made him dear to his friends, withstood the chilling influence of his Positivist father, and perhaps also that of this wife, who had inherited from her father, Lord Davey, a certain legalistic hardness of temper & outlook, which were rather deterrent, & did, perhaps, disguise her real nature. The death of the two boys was a heavy trial, which, if it shadowed her outlook, did mitigate her severity of mental habit, & soften her heart.

[102]

I am in such a state of chronic instability, that I am unable to settle my mind on anything. My eyes are a considerable contribution to this unworthy and unhappy situation. The necessity of supplementing my spectacles by a hand-holden magnifying glass is both inconvenient & inconvenient [sic]. Most of the books, which I wish to read, are too heavy to be held comfortably for more than a few minutes, and the process of making extracts from them is slow & difficult.

Fearne is most eager to help me, and where it is a matter of dictating, she is very helpful; but I am inured to the method of writing, and correcting propriâ manu; and her generosity and skill are largely unavailing.

After lunch we played croquet. We were joined by the Rev^d W.W. Lillie, the new vicar of Kersey, whom we had invited to tea, in order that he might have some talk with me about 17th century matters; I found him intelligent, interesting, & evidently religious. He is married, & has 2 small children. He is something of an ‘authority’ on painted medieval screens, and has made contributions [103] to archæological journals. He had attended the lectures of D^r Coulton in Cambridge, and spoke of him with respect, but without enthusiasm. He said that he had met me at Bramfield, when I visited Sir Peile Thompson during his residence in that parish. His father had been an incumbent in Suffolk, & he himself had been Vicar of St Matthew’s, in Ipswich. But he was not a ‘Suffolk man’, having been born in South Africa. He expressed agreement with my Charge on Buchman’s Groups. I gave him a copy of my pamphlet, “Unitarianism & Historic Christianity”, and, at his request, I lent him Baskerville’s book on the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

Incidentally, he expressed his friendship for Davey, the Vicar of Coddensham, with whom he shared a devotion to music. On the whole, I was well pleased with him.

The news from Russia and Sicily continues to be good. American Fortresses have bombed munition works in the neighbourhood of Vienna; Milan and Turin have been heavily bombed. The Russians are reported to be fighting in the suburbs of Kharkoff. The evacuation of Sicily continues.

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[104]

8th Sunday after Trinity, August 15th.

Temperature 64°. A fine fresh morning.

A frenzied search for a left-leg gaiter delayed and exasperated me during the process of dressing. It would appear that a rash reforming maid, opining that so considerable an accumulation of gaiters as accompanied me from Auckland was superfluous, cast away half of them, & being ignorant of the distinction between them, got rid of most of those made for the left leg, with the result that I am now perplexed by a redundancy of right leg gaiters, & an almost complete absence of any other! And how to renew them is a problem not easily solved. Then – since such handicaps on virtue rarely arrive unaccompanied – I cut my chin with the “safety” razor in an attempt at shaving, & finally, when I descended to breakfast, was assailed by a formidable smell of burning toast! My incomparable Ella, bent on doing me a kindness, but equipped with an inadequate acquaintance with the electrical device whereby toast is provided, had generously essayed the matutinal task of furnishing the breakfast table with toast. My guardian [105] Angel reminded me that her generous purpose did in the Divinely accredited scales of judgement altogether outweigh her involuntary error, and I consumed my toast in a mood of chastened charity.

The news on the wireless was distinctly good. Both in Milan and in Rome the popular clamour for Peace is finding sustained & vehement expression. The Pope is receiving his reward, & garnering credit for his pusillanimous advocacy of Peace when, not Peace, but Justice needed championship.

The report on the U. Boats is excellent: the evacuation of Sicily by the Nazis is evidently not being so easily effected as they hoped The Bombing of German war-factories in Europe, and Japanese bases in the Pacific proceeds inexorably: and we are assured that Roosevelt and Churchill, having agreed on their plans, are now ready to submit them to the military, naval, and air experts in Quebec. Add that silk stockings are to require fewer coupons, & what more can be demanded?

[106]

The bombing of Rome has not been ineffective. Badoglio quails before the demonstrations of popular “Pacifism”, and the Pope is for the moment a popular hero, since he has made himself the mouthpiece of the yearning for peace. Probably this was the effect on which the canting cynics who direct Papal policy have counted on. They care nothing about the moral issue at stake in this War. The darkest violations of elementary justice, the most shocking excesses of victorious violence, have waked no protest from the Vatican, but as soon as Victory inclines against the Axis, the Pope cries for a cessation of Warfare! If only the Allies maintain a firm front, and insist on “total surrender”, there is good hope that they may gain the only compensation which can justify their prodigious effort & limitless sacrifice viz. the final overthrow of the men who “delight in War”. When on the morrow of military ~~triumph~~ disaster, the convicted criminals who have brought the

world to ruin, have been publicly & adequately punished, then, perhaps, there will be some restoration of faith and hope to the victims of their immense crimes.

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[107]

Monday, August 16th, 1943.

Temperature 64°. A bright, pleasant morning.

The news from all the War fronts continues to be good, but the disappointment at the failure to repeat in Sicily such an entrapment of the Axis forces as was achieved in Tunisia is not substantially mitigated. It appears that the estimates of what is possible of attainment by Air superiority must be moderated.

I received a Certificate of Post-War Credit which states that £52.70 will be due for the year ended 5th April. It is stated that this Certificate should be carefully preserved. I sent it for custody to the Bank Manager in Ipswich, and told him that I hoped in a few days to send him my Will to go with other papers of mine in his keeping.

I frittered away the day, played croquet during the afternoon, and read "Waverley", and the proofs of vol. ii. The last was determined by my growing desire to supplement the Autobiography, by dealing with the elements in it which have most puzzled or offended my readers. A supplementary volume might be worth while.

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[108]

Tuesday, August 17th, 1943.

Temperature 74° A clouded sky, and a hot day.

No letters. Some activity in the air last night. Bombs in the Thames estuary, one fatal casualty reported. The noise of aeroplanes, going and coming in great number is almost continuous. The wreckage caused by these raids must be very great. How long will the miserable victims of Hitler's crime be able to stand the strain? But how can they throw off his abominable yoke? I cannot see how in prudence or in duty we can do anything else than keep up our offensive. We must not "do the work of the Lord negligently" and that means that we should "fail through weak endeavour". Out failure would mean the total and perpetual eclipse of the Sun of Freedom on the Earth. We must "do out the duty" though our hearts break in the doing. "In the Lord put I my trust: how say ye then to my soul, that she should flee as a bird unto the hill?" ["] The Psalms strike in grandly with the pressing needs of this awful time. "The Lord is King be the people never so unquiet. He sitteth between the cherubins; be the earth never so ["]].

[109]

"Campbell has justly noticed as a beneficent provision of nature that it is in the period of life when enjoyments are fewest, and infirmities most numerous, that the march of time seems most rapid.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages,
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages
When days have lost their bloom & breath,
And life itself is rapid
Why as we reach the Falls of death
Feel we its tide more rapid?
Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.

(v. Lecky "The Map of Life" p. 336, 337)

The whole of the chapter on Time in this volume is eminently deserving the consideration of aged men who bewail the tædious futility of their vain & tiresome senectitude.

[110]

The conquest of Sicily is now described as an accomplished fact, yet Hitler describes the eviction of Axis from the island as a notable victory. How far his vapourings impress his

follows, it is hard to say; but for others, and most of all for his victims, they must evoke a scornful resentment, which no language can adequately express.

I finished reading through again the proofs of vol. II with a view to settling my mind on the subjects, which did provide the best subject for a supplemented essay on "Retractions". I did not gain much beyond a deepened sense of the poor quality of my narrative, and the largeness of the margin for hostile criticism which it provides. I do not doubt that the supply of hostile critics will be ample. Not is it very easy to perceive how it can please anybody. Still, it seems to me, in spite of its apparent defects, an entirely honest composition; and I am even prepared to maintain that it contributes something, both distinctive and illuminating, to the materials from which a true picture of Anglicanism can be fashioned.

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[111]

Wednesday, August 18th, 1943.

Temperature 74°. Another hot day.

About midnight there was a noisy raid which was kept up for rather more than an hour. It is reported at 8 a.m., that 6 aeroplanes were destroyed in this country, & 3 more on the own bases abroad. No extensive damage appears to have been done, nor many casualties inflicted.

The report is mainly of continued & extending bombing offensives. In Russia progress is being made, but the Germans are evidently pressing the Red Army at Kharkov.

The only letter which I received was from my Godson, Gilbert Simpson.* His surviving son, Donald, expects to be "called up" for military service immediately.

I wrote to my nephew Albert, though I have nothing to write about: but, having regained touch with him after a long interval, I don't want to lose hold again.

M^r Sidgwick, a pleasant, friendly man, played croquet from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. His son in law who had been reported "missing", and thought to be dead, is now certified to be a prisoner of War in Borneo.

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[112]

Thursday, August 19th, 1943.

Temperature 70°. A hot day.

Clarence Stock arrived about 11 a.m., and continued here until 6.30 p.m. when he bicycled to Ipswich. In the afternoon he played croquet.

I had much talk with him. It interested me to learn that he had heard nothing about M. K.'s lamentable experience, so I gave him a full account of the King's Pardon, and the way it might fairly be understood by M. K.'s friends. Also, I wrote to the same effect to the Bishop of S^t E. & I., considering that it was important that he should know my mind on the whole episode. Then I showed Clarence the illustrations which are to "adorn" vol. II, and was properly mortified by his condemnation of the photographs of myself! However, he read some portions of the proof, and expressed high approval! He has been harvesting with his school near Dover, & gave a rather disconcerting account of the cross-channel bombardment. About 600 persons have been killed in Dover: & the noise of the bombing is horrifying.

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[113]

Friday, August 20th, 1943.

Temperature 70°. The drought continues.

I received from Dennis, the Vicar of Howden-le-Wear, a request that I would support his application to have his name placed on the Prime Minister's list for a Crown appointment. I wrote at once to the Patronage Secretary, and informed Dennis that I had done so.

Also, I wrote to the Manager of the Felix Hotel at Felixstowe, inquiring about rooms from Sept. 23rd 16th – 23rd.

The "Spectator's Notebook" – not the least interesting column in that excellent publication – has a carefully worded reference to Kiddle's case -

"the pardon extended last week to a clergyman, found guilty of importuning, seems to call for some little explanation.... Now the Home Office, for reasons unexplained, grants a free pardon, which automatically wipes out the conviction, and the Bishop of Rochester states publicly that the arrest was due to a misapprehension. If so, evidence to that effect ought clearly to be given... The reputation of the courts deserves some consideration....

[114]

Philip Tallents and his niece came to tea, and played croquet. Persis is a nurse, and fulfils her duty in a Hospital at Aylesbury. I lent him the volume "Italy from within" by the American journalist, Massock.

It is reported that the Lipari islands have been surrendered to the Allies. They have gained a sinister reputation as the place in which the political opponents of Mussolini's régime were confined. It was from thence that Signor Lusso made his escape, as he states in the very informing little volume, which he published under the title "Enter Mussolini".

There is considerable speculation as to the whereabouts of the fallen despot. Perhaps the most probable view locates him somewhere in Switzerland. If this view be well-founded the Fascist leader will have returned to the country in which he found shelter at the earlier phase of his career, when he was an Atheistic Socialist.

The weather has been uncommonly heavy & depressing, probably portending thunder.

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[115]

Saturday, August 21st, 1943.

Temperature 76°. Thunder in the night, & some rain. The morning is dull and depressing, with some likelihood of more rain.

There were no letters, and little news.

Is it an illustration of what is called "poetic justice" that a Bishop who has regarded blindness as a bar to Ordination should find himself at the close of his life hindered by the failure of his sight from all exercise of his ministry? But may the Bishop not plead very fairly that his own experience of the incapacitating consequence of such infirmity confirms his opinion and practice in the matter of candidates for Ordination who were blind or evidently on the way to become so?

Of all physical infirmities I think deafness is to be the most difficult to bring into the procedure of life, and blindness, the most personally calamitous: yet the one has befallen my wife, and the other is darkening my own way. And both gather disastrous strength by coming in the dolorous weakness of old age, and in a time of unprecedented tragedy & confusion. Well – the way of duty & wisdom is still "Fiat Voluntas Tua".

[116]

I must not omit to record that yesterday about 8 a.m. there was a considerable conflict between the swallows (or, house-martins) and sparrows: the former were apparently re-visiting their nests, & had found them occupied by the latter!

Also, when Ella & I walked in the garden after dinner, we saw a grey owl sitting on the corner of my study. This is the first time that I have seen an owl here, though I have often heard them.

I dictated letters to the Archbishop of C. and the Dean of Westminster, stating my belief that in the interest of Martin Kiddle, & not in that only, some authoritative statement of the grounds on which the King's Pardon was given to M. K. ought to be published.

Also, I wrote to [Ernest Fraser] Jacob asking him to tell me what position Coulton* now held among competent modern medievalists, and stating the high estimate of him and his work which I had myself formed. Also, I sent a brief note to Frank Pember asking for news about his health.

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[117]

9th Sunday after Trinity, August 22nd, 1943.

I went to Church for the early celebration, and received the Blessed Sacrament. Save for Peter the Server, I was the only male communicant. The Rector was the Celebrant, and began the service just 10 minutes after the appointed time.

The Church clock is itself a full five minutes late. It is, probably, more indicative of Pharisaic "hypocrisy" than of Christian sincerity, that I find myself so much annoyed by disregard of the lesser obligations of right living!

There was a sharpness in the air, which was suggestive of autumn, but the morning was fine, and the promise of a hot day unmistakable.

Nothing of special importance was reported on the 9 a.m. wireless. The Russians have published their estimate of the German losses during the last six weeks. It is very high – not less than a million men, killed, wounded, & captured, and a vast amount of war-material. Yet the Germans are still making desperate efforts to avert the loss of Kharkov, & their hideous outrages on the civil population is thought to be designed as a deterrent from their men's surrender!

[118]

Alexander Worth's account of the state of feeling in the Russian Army, which he found when visiting Orel, is both distressing and disconcerting. It discloses a deepening sense of the monstrous wrongs which the German Armies are inflicting on the civil population: and a growing impatience of the failure of the British and American ~~Armies~~ Allies to bring more effective assistance. After so much confident promising of a "Second Front", we are still in the stage of preliminary discussions! It is probably true that Russian criticism is based on an inadequate estimate of what the Western Allies have actually achieved, and ^implies^ an inadequate realization of their difficulties. Nevertheless, it is very lamentable that the Russians should still, after 3 years, have to bear the brunt of the War; & it is impossible not to feel apprehensive of the consequences of continued delay. The absence of Stalin from the Conference at Ottawa is ever more obviously unfortunate, & its gravity is, perhaps, emphasized by the unexplained withdrawal of Litvinoff from his Washington embassy.

[119]

We all attended Mattins, and listened to another characteristic discourse on another great text, which deserved better handling. It was taken from the second lesson – "For our citizenship is in heaven". I suppose it is partly due to my interest in the preacher's task, and the habit of emphasizing its necessary conditions which a Bishop can hardly fail to form, that I am disposed to be severely critical of sermons. Certainly, the Rector's discourse this morning seemed to violate all the conditions of edifying homiletic. He was discursive, disconnected, and declamatory. It would be difficult to discern and [sic]

specific purpose in his preaching. I asked myself, when he had finished, the questions which I used to propose for my own guidance in the now distant days when preaching was my main work, viz.

1. What is the point which he intends to emphasize?
2. How far has he disclosed, & illuminated it?
3. What would the average hearer be likely to take away with him
4. Was the point really worth making?

Does not Bishop Burnet* warn us against having more than one point in a sermon?

[120]

M^{rs} Churchill, speaking from the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec, made an earnest appeal for Funds wherewith to provide all manner of medical & surgical requisites for the Russian Armies.

At 6 p.m. the wireless reported continuing fighting on a great scale about Kharkoff [sic], which the Nazis appear to be defending desperately, but at heavy cost. There was a certain likeness to Hitler in the "incorruptible" Robespierre, of whom Madelin writes: -

Maximilien was an honest man, upright and sincere, chaste & with an unimpaired faith: nevertheless, to France he was a Divine scourge. I can think of nothing more terrible than the way this sincere man, through his imperturbable, boundless vanity, shed blood without any scruples and almost callously.

The XVIIIth century Frenchman lives again in the XXth century Austrian, & renews his paradox on a vaster arena.

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[121]

Monday, August 23rd, 1943.

Temperature 64°. A fresh, bright autumnal day.

Mervyn Haigh writes to me from Winchester, having just completed a year's episcopate in that sinfully mutilated diocese.

"I have just finished one year here at Winchester, &, though the contrast between these parts & the industrial Midlands is much sharper than I should have guessed, I at least survive. There all looked ahead: here all look back. Thither young folk had come from every quarter: hence they have all flown etc. Truth to speak also they have all the good things in Winchester! Still, a happy & informing year. I am just off for a bit of a holiday, & was looking round to take something you once wrote on "Leadership" with me. I cannot find it. Lost in the move! If by any chance you have a spare copy, and c^d lend it to me, I s^{hd} be grateful. But otherwise do not think further. [122] of the request.

With admiring & affectionate remembrance from a duller "world" since you left it.

Yours ever,

Mervyn W.

A note from the Secretary (Gwen Fuller) accompanied the Bishop's letter.

I wrote (i. e. dictated) a letter to Mervyn, sending a copy of the Walker Lecture on "The Analysis of Leadership", which I delivered in S. Andrews in February, 1934, and sent both to the Secretary in Winchester, to be forwarded to the Bishop.

I ran over the lecture, and reflected on the effect of the present War on its argument. On the whole, I was impressed by the very considerable extent of the confirmation which experience has provided. Winston Churchill certainly adds another example of strangely almost paradoxically blended constituents of leadership. And the R. A. F. adds something.

[123]

A Berlin Jingle.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,

I received the other day a copy of a jingle that is now very popular in Berlin. I cannot refrain from a slightly nostalgic paraphrase in the translation. The rhyme ran: -

Mein Auge strahlt
Mein Herz es klopt
Ich singe ein Te Deum
Ich sehe Adolf ausgestopft
In Britische Museum

And I render it:-

My eyes aflame
My heart abeat
In singing a Te Deum
I see old Adolf dead & stuffed
In Kensington Museum

Yours faithfully

Leigh Ashton
Ankara
June Aug. 7th

[124]

After lunch I walked to Mr Parlett's house on the Hadleigh Road. He showed me the tractor which was reaping & threshing a field of barley. Three men were employed on the machine. The bags of grain were collected by another tractor. I was astonished to see the vigour & skill with which 2 stalwart "land girls" handled the heavy sacks. Then Mrs Parlett gave us an excellent tea: and Mr P. saw me on to an empty omnibus which carried me home.

He started speaking about the Rector's illness: and said that the people complained that they c^d not understand either his reading or his preaching. The conversation extended to some criticism of the "High Church" conduct of the services. He expressed regret at my being unable to continue reading the lessons: & said that he greatly appreciated my manner of celebrating the Holy Communion. We were plainly getting on to dangerous ground, & I tried, but not with entire success, to get off it. However, I do not think that I said anything which could fairly be objected against, though I regret having been led into saying anything at all.

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[125]

Tuesday, August 24th, 1943.

Temperature 66°. A fine autumnal Day.

I received my Will from the solicitors, and sent it for safe custody to the Bank in Ipswich.

Also, I received an Airgraph letter from the Bishop of Bombay asking me to give proofs of the statement in my Retrospect that the great Anglicans in the past received the Sacrament from non-episcopally ordained ministers! It seemed like a ghostly echo from a dead past. I typed an answer referring him to my publications, and sent him two pamphlets, explaining that in my present situation I cannot embark on historical enquiries! It is pitiful that there should be need for defending an opinion so obvious. Apart from the Laudian zealots, the severer Non-jurors, the Tractarians, & their modern disciples, the Anglo-Catholics – would it have occurred to any English Churchman to dispute it? Cranmer, Jewel, Hooker, Usher, Andrews, Davenant, Hall, Cosin, Barrow, Burnet, Bramhall, – the names of the Protestant divines are numberless who exulted in being “Protestants”.

[126]

At 6 p.m. the wireless reported that Himmler has been appointed Minister of the Interior in Germany. As head of the Gestapo he has earned the reputation of being the most ruthless of Hitler’s principal supporters. He has for some time been quietly absorbing power, and accumulating offices. He is the Fouché of the Nazi despotism. In England he enjoys the doubtful advantage of Frank Buchman’s* approbation. Indeed, he is said himself to have joined the “Groups”, but this may be an exaggeration. Göring is thought to have been discredited by the destruction of Hamburg: and Goebbells, who for some months has superseded Hitler as the Prophet of the Nazi Reich, has been in his turn displaced. Adolf himself has made no speech for more than a year. Ribbentrop has quietly “dropped out of the picture”. We can hardly be mistaken in reading the situation in Germany as deeply and dangerously disturbed.

The enslaved countries are plainly being held down by force, exercised with ever increasing ferocity. And the “Second Front” still tarries, to the waxing resentment of the Russians.

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[127]

Wednesday, August 25th, 1943.

Temperature 67°. Fine but uncertain day.

I received letters from the Dean of Westminster, Lady (Charles) Darwin, (Katherine Pember*), Dennis, & Martin Ellingsen.*

The Dean of West^t writes, that he has not yet read the paragraph in the Spectator, referring to M. K.'s case, but will "try & get hold of it:-

I confess that I do entirely share your view that it w^d be in the interest of all concerned if some public statement could be made of the grounds on which the issue of the King's Pardon was granted. I am, however, given to understand by those whom I have consulted, that in such cases an explanation is never given. I will very gladly speak to the Archbishop about it as soon as he returns from his holiday.

If this be indeed the truth, then it is hard to see how the "King's Pardon" can be a satisfactory solution of the problem which M.K.'s persistence in affirming his innocence creates. He left in an ambiguous position & the power of "influence" is grossly disclosed.

[128]

A letter in the "Times" quotes an "obiter dictum" of "a certain famous lawyer" which has a certain relevance to M. K.'s position with the "King's Pardon" as a certificate of character:-

"The incident occurred nearly 50 years ago, and it was to myself as the junior counsel in the case being tried by the Judge in question that the remark was addressed, & I doubt whether it c^d have been heard by more than one other. The actual words were: - "Going to the Court of Appeal with a judgement of Mr Justice "so-and-so" in your favour, was like going to sea on a Friday; it was not necessarily disastrous, but it was discouraging".

The letter from which this extract is made is subscribed by W. Peter Rylands, Maisey Hall, Thelwall, near Warrington.

I cannot but think that a "King's Pardon" will be regarded, less as a vindication of innocence than as a demonstration of influence: & that view may be easily harmonised with a strong suspicion of guilt.

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[129]

Thursday, August 26th, 1943.

Temperature 66°. A dull, clouded morning.

I received from Jacob, in answer to my enquiry about Coulton's position among our medievalists, a very full and interesting letter, which abundantly confirms my own high estimate of that wonderful veteran.

Some of his pupils rather overstate the views of their master. These views, as you know, are those of a doughty critic of the Roman Church in the medieval period. Coulton has had a good tilt at the Roman claims generally, but it is as a critical historian of the Church as landowner, employer, and guide to the life of the individual man that he has said his most important & most constructive things.

This activity has all along been accompanied by a good deal of anti-Roman propaganda and controversy which have made him anathema to many Roman Catholics & have occasionally led him into overstatements, & to a tendency to look upon the black side.

[130]

His "catena" of generalisations in the "Five centuries of Religion", where he prints in leaded type all the passages criticising the medieval clergy, is a good example: yet he has the friendship of a great many of the best Catholic scholars who recognise his complete honesty of purpose, and his desire to expose any shams or circumlocutions. I think that if you remember that Coulton has had a mission in his historical life, that is, to expose all pretence and rhetoric and to find out the religion of the plain man in history and the reactions of the plain man to the arts of the professional "religious", then it can be said that he has followed out that aim with great sincerity and charity to all honest investigators, and unswerving opposition to all special pleaders like Gasquet, ^Belloc^ and all the modern crowd of sophisticated Rome-adorers.

Then follows a passage marked "private":-

[131]

I think that upon the Reformation in general his views are extremely sound. He has just sent me from Toronto an article in which he takes Prof. Powicke* to task for his statement in his recent book on the Reformation that all that c^d be said for certain about the Reformation in England was that it was a great 'act of state!'. Coulton rightly sees that this neglects the whole body of Bible reading and criticism of the medieval church that had been growing up in England since the days of Lollardy.

I am bound to say that I thoroughly agree with him in this criticism of the “administrative” school of historians who think that the Reformation in this country was simply operated from above.

I suppose Jacob does not wish to make public his disagreement with the Oxford Professor. Then he resumes his letter: -

[132]

I think that he has almost unequalled knowledge. He is a fine Latinist, with a real literary sense: some of his own prose is most moving. Of his immense industry there is no doubt, because his industry is his life. In some ways he is like St Bernard: you cannot resist him even when he persuades you that cocoa is the best of drinks. I am deeply attached to him and whenever I go to Cambridge I feel rather lost if I don't see him.

Perhaps that is all I can say about my old friend, a man of doughty battles who never seems to bear many scars.

This is a notable tribute to an old savant from a young one: for I judge that Jacob may rightly be thus described, though he is little more than half as old as Coulton. If he is allowed to live as long, and keep his faculties as fully, he will make no smaller contribution to historical truth.

[133]

I finished reading through the excellent little book by D. C. Somervell, “Modern Europe 1871-1939” which gives a lucid and well-balanced review of the course of European politics since the German Empire was erected on the ruins of France. Perhaps, it is open to the criticism of an excessive reticence on the criminality of Nazi principles and methods: and certainly it is misleadingly silent on the abominations which marked the warfare of Mussolini in Abyssinia and of Hitler in Poland. The narrative was originally published in 1940, & the 2nd edition in 1943. Nevertheless, it is useful & mainly trustworthy summary of events.

I meditate continuing my Autobiography in a supplemented volume covering the years of my “last phase”. It would provide the frame within which I could include such “retractationes” as appear to be desirable, and such final verdicts as seem to be called for. I might also find a suitable occasion for making that “Confessio Fidei”, which, perhaps, an aged Bishop owes to his younger contemporaries.

In spite of threatenings of rain, we played croquet in the afternoon.

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[134]

Friday, August 27th, 1943.

Temperature 60°. A bright, rather cold, day.

The Bishop of S^t E. and I. writing to acknowledge about M. K. says:

“My reaction was precisely the same as yours, and I am glad that it did not fall to my lot to have to write to the person concerned (sc. M.K.). Where I differ from you, if at all, is that I feel that in the first instance the evidence was inadequate, & I feel that it was contrary to British justice that a man s^{hd} be convicted without supporting testimony.”

But there are some considerations which the Bishop appears to ignore e.g.

1. The magistrate who convicted, & the magistrates who upheld the conviction on appeal, heard the evidence, & the reasons why supporting witness were not produced.
2. The general conditions of “British Justice” may not be demanded in the case of certain offences which render their application practically impossible.
3. “Sexual offences” do, in some important respects, form a class of cases which stand outside normal limits.

[135]

D^r Everett looked in after visiting Ella. He has seen much of R. C. priests in the course of his war service, and does not appear to have formed a high estimate of their character. Probably, the military chaplains do not often present the best side of the Papish priesthood. The “license of the camp” must tend to assist and develop whatever base elements exist in temperament & habit. He found many of them to be drunken, sensual, & almost cynically mechanical. Certainly, when I visited U. S. A. in 1908, I was startled by the ill accounts of the R. C. clergy, which I received from men, who were in a position to know their public reputation, & could have no other interest than to speak the truth. The generally-accepted explanation was the practice of the European Hierarchy to assist discipline at home by exporting the “black sheep” to America! Something of the same kind is sometimes ascribed to the English bishops, and not wholly without reason. Now, however, the situation is reversed and the English bishops are embarrassed by the “bat hats” whom their colonial brethren are accustomed to send home to England!

[136]

I walked round Chattisham during the afternoon, and on the way looked in at Church Farm. Tom and Evelyn were at home, & in good health. The harvest has mostly been gathered in, and is fairly satisfactory; but roots and fruits are disappointing. I mentioned the hedgehogs in Hyntle Place, & Tom displayed an attitude of relentless intolerance to these very interesting animals. “I always make a point of killing every hedgehog I find on my farm”, he said, and, when I protested that they were harmless beasts, he rejoined: “They [are?] well enough in gardens; but not for cow-keepers, they bite the teats of the cows, and set up

blood poisoning. They must be destroyed". Now was Tom merely expressing a strong but mistaken prejudice? or did he describe truly the farmer's case against the hedgehogs? I must inquire further on this point.

I spent some time in going through the Journal for the time since our arrival in Hyntle Place, but I did not find much reward for my labour. Perhaps, I had better start with some account of this place, and explain my reasons for fixing on it as the scene of my "Last Phase".

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[137]

Saturday, August 28th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. An unpleasant, dark & “dropping” day.

I received a cheque for £73:15:9 on account of Royalties due to me on vol. I of my ‘Retrospect’ for the year ending 1943. The accompanying statement shows that by that date 1881 copies had been sold on which I have now received for Royalties a total sum of £223.11.3. In view of the distractions of the War, I suppose that this is not altogether contemptible.

Also, I received from Archbishop Temple an answer to my letter about the woeful case of M. K. I had urged strongly the desirableness of issuing a public statement of the reasons which had led the Home Secretary to advise the issue of a King’s Pardon. The importance of having on record an accurate version of this melancholy & mysterious incident lead me to copy the Archbishop’s letter into this journal. Whether such a statement will be issued does not seem to be very probable, yet in its absence, M. K. will certainly be gravely disadvantaged. If the grounds for the cancelling of the verdict of two courts was adequate, he is morally entitled to their publication. If publication is refused, their inadequacy will be generally assumed.

[138]

Lambeth Palace

August 24th, 1943.

My dear Bishop.

I took part with the Bishop of Rochester in an approach to the Home Secretary on behalf of Martin Kiddle, though I had strongly urged him not to take any such action. He was, however, supported in his desire to do so by E. L. Woodward, who has known him since his undergraduate days, and in spite of thinking it better that he should take no action, I was not prepared to withhold my help if the approach was to be made.

The papers had all been submitted to the Lord Chief Justice, who necessarily refrained from stating his opinion, but allowed it to be said to the representative of the Home Secretary that, if he were asked from that quarter he would give it.

If a public statement is to be made [139] it must of course be the Home Office which makes it, no one else can say on what grounds they acted.

I will consider making in that quarter the suggestion that a statement should be issued, but I imagine it is entirely contrary to the practice invariably followed.

I, in my turn, apologize for a manuscript letter. But I am far from my usual aids.
Yours affectionately,
William Cantuar.

I have not seen the comments in the Spectator.

The paged proofs of the Index arrived. Fearne and I corrected and returned them to Oxford.

Archdeacon Moore of Norwich sends me the address of an oculist who can cure cataract by means of injections, thus avoiding the unpleasant method of an operation.

[140]

I finished reading an extraordinarily interesting and informing book, of which (to my shame be it spoken) I have hitherto known not so much as the name, though I learn from the notice of the Author in the D. N. B. it holds high place in the record of literature –

Realities of Irish Life
By W. Stewart Trench
Land agent in Ireland

The Preface addressed to Lord Dunraven is dated August 1868. The rapid success of the book was without doubt assisted by the juncture at which it appeared. Ireland was in the forefront of English politics, & Gladstone was embarking on the political course which finally landed us in the humiliation and perplexity of “Eire”. The picture of Irish life, which was startlingly true in 1868, has not ceased to be substantially true in 1943.

Two things in this book are specifically worth noting – the first hand description of the potato crisis in 1846-7: and the account of the Religious Revival which arose in Ulster about the year 1858. It has had its counterpart in many similar “revivals” in great Britain & U. S. A. since.

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[141]

10th Sunday after Trinity, August 29th, 1943.

Temperature 64°. A clouded day but not unpromising.

D^r Everett must have formed a low estimate of my intellectual quality if I may infer his judgement from the quality of the books he brings to me as likely to arouse any interest and amuse my leisure. On his last visit he left with me "Victoria of England by Edith Sitwell" which was a poor copy of Lytton Strachey's* well-known volume, but without the temperamental brilliance of that writer, ^and his considerable ability^. Increasingly I dislike and deplore this manner of writing not history, nor fiction, but a blending of both, which possesses neither the truth of the first nor the charm of the last but is lamentably popular &, I suspect widely mischievous. It has much the same relation to serious literature as the "society column" has to respectable journalism, both are rechauffées of the low romance of clubs & kitchens decked out with the tawdry trappings of "high-life", & making free with famous names & persons. Women take readily to this stuff, &, when they put their hands to its production, present it at its vulgarest & worst. I am sure that the excellent medic had thing but kind intention in bringing such a book to me, but I cannot avoid a feeling humiliation.

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Ella wisely remained at home. Fearne and I attended Mattins. It being the 5th Sunday in the month, the Litany was read. I cannot doubt that more is lost than gained by the general neglect of that very noble form of intercession.

The Rector preached from the words of Christ in the Gospel for the day:- ['and He went into the temple, & began to cast out them that sold therein, & them that bought, saying unto them: It is written. My house is the house of the prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves.'] The sermon was a confused mixture of irrelevant observations: but the plain teaching & solemn warning of the Saviour's rebuke were ignored. I recalled Bishop [Charles]* Blomfield's comment on a popular Evangelical preacher, that "he had considerable power of sustained remark"! He might have done a spiritual service to himself and his hearers, if he ^had^ taken for his subject the terrifying facility of self-delusion as a besetting sin of religious professors. As it was, I fear that "the hungry sheep looked up, and were not fed".

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[143]

Monday, August 30th, 1943.

Temperature 68°. Clouded and promising rain.

A short cutting from "News & Book Trade review" sent by Durrant, informs me vol. ii of the Retrospect will be "Ready October". Its brief description the book, though hardly enthusiastic, is not essentially untrue:

"Throughout the years covered in this volume, the author played his characteristic part in many fields of controversy, & the book will repay the patience of those who have waited for the sequel to the Bishop's earlier record."

There are few experiences more difficult to endure with patience, and none more impossible to survive without loss of self-respect than acceptance of civilities from persons whom one neither likes nor respects! Fearn, who is less sensitive in this sphere than the late Bishop of Durham, informed me with ill-concealed satisfaction that hospitality and feeding are offered for my guests, when they arrive of the week-end, by the Rector and his sister!

It is impossible either to refuse, or not to resent [144] an arrangement which is equally convenient to the house-keeper and displeasing to the house-holder! I have no doubt that Mouldsdales will seek to give the impression that he is a close friend of mine! When shall I ever succeed in escaping from the asphyxiating imposture of "social intercourse"?

The news from Denmark is sombre and even tragical. There is some likelihood that Germany will break with Sweden, & by so doing, determine the answer to the much pressed questions - Where, and when, will the long-promised "Second Front" make its appearance?

The Times has a very hostile notice of the late King Boris: and a rather cryptic leading article on the political situation as it bears on the Triple Alliance of Britain, U. S. A., and Russia. It becomes increasingly apparent that, under its new Editor, the Times is taking up a pro-Labour, and (what is perhaps an unavoidable corollary) a philo-Russian attitude.

[145]

In the afternoon, while taking a "constitutional", I was overtaken by Sir William Brass, who was carrying some sacks of his apples to the Hospital. In his car he had two young colonials, the one from South Africa, & the other from New Zealand. He drew up for a talk. We spoke of the Socialistic tone of the Times under the new editor (Barrington-Ward). He told me that this circumstance had caused that great paper to be commonly designated in the political world, "The Pink Un". Also, he told me that the political articles were written by a man named Kerr. On my return to the house, I had recourse to "Who's Who", and among a number of Kerrs, fixed upon a conservative member for Oldham, Hamilton William Kerr, as most likely to be the man. He was born in 1903, was educated at Eton and Balliol, and has

worked on the Daily Mail, and Daily Telegraph. If my supposition be sound, that a Conservative Member should disclose such strong "Socialistic" preferences is interesting. I expressed the hope that there would be no surrender on the Trades Disputes Act, & he said that the Government Majority w^d not allow it.

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[146]

Tuesday, August 31st, 1943.

Temperature 60°. A fresh, pleasant morning.

My only letter was from the young soldier, whom Salter commended to me a few days ago as "one of his best lads". He promised to call here next Saturday, and subscribes his letter,

"Yours hopefully and faithfully",

Alec Spence.

"Faithfully" is sufficiently justified and interpreted: but "hopefully" is both original and ambiguous. What can the sweet youth hope for as the result of a visit to me?

I sent him a kind reply, suggesting that he should come on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 11th.

We played croquet in the afternoon.

The war news at 6 p.m. was excellent. For the 4th time in a few weeks the big guns of Moscow have "saluted" the victorious Red Army, & heard Marshal Stalin wind up his encouraging proclamation with the sinister cry, "Death to the German invaders". The accumulating reports of the unspeakable cruelties of Hitler's soldiers vetoes the natural protest of humaneness, & the agent rebuke of Christian charity. From Taganrog it is announced [147] that while the Germans held the city, they destroyed the entire Jewish population, and shot great numbers of the citizens besides blowing up great part of the buildings. The Times, under the now familiar heading "Old and True" has some lines from Matthew Arnold's Merope:-

The common heart of man
Agrees to deem some deeds so horrible,
That neither gratitude, nor tie of race,
Womanly pity, nor maternal fear;
Nor any pleader else, shall be indulg'd
To breathe a syllable to bar REVENGE.

Yet, when one calmly reflects on all the conditions under which the Nazi soldiers have been fashioned, equipped, and commissioned for their hellish warfare, can one thus banish the high casuistry of Christ's Religion, and disallow the relevance of the Divine Redeemer's plea "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"?

Are there any circumstances in which the Divine Judge transfers to sinful mortals His solitary right to avenge human crimes? "Vengeance is MINE: I will repay, saith the Lord"?

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[148]

Wednesday, September 1st, 1943.

Temperature 64°. A dull unpleasant morning.

No letters. News mostly of Russian advances.

The Prime Minister's broadcast from Quebec, which had been expected so eagerly, had to be read by one of the B. B. C. staff on account of atmospheric difficulties, which made direct transmission impossible. This circumstance reduced its interest & impressiveness considerably, but could not obscure its meaning or destroy its significance. His very emphatic affirmation of the necessity & urgency of more direct consultation with Stalin disclosed the anxiety, perhaps even the fear, which the possibility of a rift between the Allies is now darkening the minds of the British and American leaders. It is apparent that the difficulty of a really good understanding between them is very great. Only the continuing pressure of the almost irresistible power of the Nazi War machine can hold such incongruous forces together in an effective combination: and the moment when that pressure begins to lessen marks the revival of the alienating factors which were always latent in the Alliance, though temporally obscured.

[149]

It may, perhaps, be worth while to include in my projected Appendix to the "Retrospect" some account of the intentions with which I began my post-resignation life, and the resources on which I could depend, or at least thought I could. What were the books which I took with me to be the intellectual provender for the time of my deepening senectitude? What were the prospects of literary activity which I possessed? To what extent would I continue to fulfil my ministry? What projects of work had I formed?

A library reveals the tastes, habits, limitations, interests, and ideals of its owner, especially if it be his own selection, & the companion of his solitude.

History, biography, theology, criticism, poetry and literature, controversy, – these were the subjects which my books illustrated. They disclosed a great range & variety of intellectual interest, but gave shall evidence of learning or concentration, The preacher, the social student, the literateur, the controversialist might collect such a "working library", but not the scholar, or the divine, or the philosopher, or the student of science, or the sociologist. It reflected an ill-ordered, curious, audacious, "ramshackle" mind.

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I must narrate, as clearly & honestly as I can, my successive failures, e. g.

The Westminster Canonry.

Contributions to the Spectator, the Guardian, the Sunday Times.

The Warburton Lecture.

The White Lecture.

The Home University Library vol. on English Bible.

Murray's proposal for a book like Prothero's "The Psalms in Human Life" on Prayer.

The Browning sermon in the Abbey.

Occasional Letters to the Times.

Preaching in the Suffolk parishes.

All this, and much else, was rendered impossible by the War, the failure of my eyesight, and the dislocation of my Household. The Heavy Taxation reduced my income, the difficulties created by the War for publishers & newspaper editors destroyed the demand for such contributions to current literature as in normal times I might have provided, and thereby destroyed a means of assisting my private finance, on which, not without justification, I had permitted myself to count.

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[151]

Thursday, September 2nd, 1943.

Temperature 64°. A fresh, beautiful morning after the rain which fell in some quantity during the night. The asparagus ferns, glistening with rain drops in the early sun, were so beautiful that I fetched Ella and Fearne from the breakfast table, where they were still talking about Heaven only knows what, to gaze on so rare a spectacle. In their cold, domestical way, they expressed a modest measure of admiration.

The Times gives a fairly full report of the **Pope's latest pronouncement. It is true to type, disclosing just the same revolting blend of sentimentality, moral obtuseness, & political opportunism, which, in this tremendous crises, is all that the Infallible Vicar of Christ on Earth has to offer the tortured peoples of Christendom.** His Holiness describes the War as having reached a dead-lock, when it is apparent to all the world that the defeat of Hitler is near at hand. He addresses his appeal for peaceful counsels to all the combatants as it there were no vital distinction between them, but that both Hitler & his victims were "in the same condemnation". The "sob-stuff" is trusted to commend this cynical sophistry to the acceptance of the war-wearied populations. "Curse ye Mercy" is the mot d'ordre for genuinely Christian prophets, if, indeed, there be any surviving in Christendom.

[152]

I have been reading my journal for 1939 with some rather vague notion of continuing my Autobiography until [sic]

Death's mild curfew shall from toil assail.²

On August 21st, 1939 I find the following:-

War seems to be appreciably nearer, so near now that its avoidance hardly appears to be possible. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the violent faction in Hitler's entourage have gained his ear. There is just a chance that Mussolini, who is less impracticably bellicose than Hitler, may interpose some objection to a War which can only bring Italy to ruin. The Pope is as usual, bleating helplessly about PEACE. No word about that JUSTICE which is the indispensable condition of the only Peace tolerable or permanent, ever passes the Pope's lips. Fearne has back-slidden to her worst mood of irrational pacifism. It is a pity, for the situation which is developing will require all the fortitude & courage which we possess. [153] The "CURSE OF MEROZ" is our worst danger now, for, indeed, we are being called to "come to the help of the Lord against the Mighty".

Such were my thoughts when this fearful conflict began four years ago, and, as I recall them now, & consider them in the light of the terrible experiences which have brought death and

² Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 'Work'.

desolation to so many free and flourishing states, I am persuaded that they were just and religious thoughts. We could not have realized then all the limitless calamity which the megalomaniacal ambitions of Hitler & his gangster-satellites would bring on the world, but the decisive character of the moral issue which Hitler's shameful policy of fraud & violence had raised was apparent, and I never doubted for one moment that our duty as patriots and as Christians required us to resist it to the utmost. As the meaning of "total war" was disclosed, the obligation of self-respecting men to resist the aggressor became ever more obvious. By the mercy of God, there does seem likelihood that the long night of tribulation is ending, and the Victory of Right is at last coming near.

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[154]

Friday, September 3rd, 1943.

The 5th Year of "Total War".

Dick Gandy, who introduced himself to me yesterday as "Veronica's husband", went away on his bicycle soon after breakfast, leaving behind him a pleasant impression. He is a Tasmanian, and was an Oxford friend of Nigel Irvine, who introduced him to his home at S. Andrews, where he met & captured Veronica. He is some kind of a scientific war-worker, & has thus, though only 25 years old, been exempted from military service. He told me that he was a Presbyterian, but not rigidly so. Indeed, he had reflected on the question whether he should not seek confirmation, & thus be qualified to receive the Blessed Sacrament with his wife. I said that, since he proposed to live permanent in England, I thought he would do wisely to become a member of the Church of England, but I was careful to make clear that this was a matter of expediency, not of spiritual obligation. I loathe every approach to proselytism!

[155]

The 8 a.m. wireless was prefaced by a short address and prayer, designed to give a religious significance to the beginning the 5th year of this fearful conflict. While the Pope calls us to cease fighting: our own spiritual leaders invoke the Divine Blessing on our continued fighting! The contrast is arresting, and even disturbing. Nevertheless, I am more than ever convinced that we must "do our duty", of carrying the Holy War against Hitler's aggression to a victorious conclusion: for the stern dilemma declared by Christ confronts us. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon", and Christ's sombre declaration is being verified. "Think not that I came to bring peace to the earth. I came not to bring peace but a Sword." And yet He is the Prince of Peace, and will justify that sublime description through the paradox of righteous War. "For the righteous Lord loveth Righteousness. His countenance will behold the thing that is just." "God is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear."

[156]

The long promised "Second Front" has at last come into existence with the invasion of Italy by the Eighth Army. The bare fact was announced as soon as the prayer had ended. It was immediately followed by a heartening statement of more Russian successes.

This day was appointed by the King's desire to be a Day of National Prayer & Thanksgiving. I attended with Ella and Fearn the short special service in the parish church at 6 p.m. A printed form which had been issued by the Archbishops was used, & hymns were sung. The Rector gave a brief address from the words "There was war in Heaven", and then, at his request, I pronounced the Benediction from my pew. The congregation mostly consisted of the patients from the Hospital, the parishioners being mostly absentees.

In the afternoon I walked to Chattisham Hall, & enquired for **Sir Gerald Ryan**, who was in bed, but said to be mending. His niece, who was playing with the two little Stokes girls (very plain children) in the garden, told me that he was not seriously indisposed.

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[157]

Saturday, September 4th, 1943.

Temperature 64°. A bright autumnal morning.

Albert Henson writes about Beryl's brother, whom I vainly tried to get to visit me while yet I was living in Auckland Castle:-

My nephew has been reported missing since the 20th June. He was a Pilot officer in the R. A. F. He had such promise at Cambridge. I am afraid that there is little hope that we shall have news of him now although one does hear of cases that have been given up turning up.

What a multitude of anxieties, & disallowed hopes, & abiding regrets gives sinister content to that mild little word "**MISSING**"!

Our guests - **Charlie Patterson**, * **Cecil Ferens**, * and the redoubtable **M^r Carter**, * (who may together stand for an effective embodiment of the Palatine diocese of Durham), arrived about 2.30 p.m. having obtained a taxi in Ipswich, when they arrived there from Cambridge, where they had been pleasantly entertained in Emmanuel, which had been **Cecil**'s academic home nearly a generation ago. They were full of high spirits, [158] and (since they brought with them some much-needed provender, including a noble ginger-cake for their old chief) they won an easy entrance to the well-guarded citadel of Fearne's hospitality. The weather was glorious, so that the little Tudor house looked its best. They played croquet with some skill & much zeal. Fearne's wisdom & fore-thought provided an excellent tea & dinner: and after listening to the wireless, and playing the accustomed card-game, we got off to bed. I had some talk with Cecil & Charles, & was well-impressed by their loyalty to the present Bishop, who has evidently won the respect of the diocese as a hard-working & unselfish diocesan, not a great preacher, or a strong governor, but a good man. The new appointments to the Cathedral canonries seem to be satisfactory, & generally the picture of the diocese was not unpleasing.

Certainly, I laid my successor under no small obligation, and earned the gratitude of the diocese, when I left him with these three men as fellow workers. Add to them, the incomparable and indispensable [Ernest] **Alexander**, * & my claim to gratitude is apparent & incontestable.

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[159]

11th Sunday after Trinity, September 5th, 1943.

I strive like to the vessel in the tide way
Which, lacking favouring breeze, hath not the power
To stem the powerful current. – Even so,
Resolving daily to forsake my vices,
Habits, strong circumstances, renew'd temptation.
Sweep me to sea again — O heavenly breath,
Fill Thou my sails, and aid the feeble vessel,
Which ne'er can reach the blessed port without Thee!

“The Odds when Evens meet!”

I read these line in bed this morning. They are the little poetical preface to the 32rd Chapter of “The Pirate”. These occasional verses are said to be, more often than not, original compositions of Scott himself. If that be so in this case, is it extravagant or uncharitable to interpret them as a personal confession? There were elements in his affluently endowed personality which betrayed him into some lapses from the “straightforward pathway” of rectitude, which might well move him to penitent reflections on his own weakness. His denial of the authorship of the Novels, and his tangled relations with his publishers, are illustrations of moral failure.

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The wireless at 9 a.m. reported that Stalin has authorised the election of a new Patriarch by the Holy Synod ^and the creation of a new Holy Synod for^ of the Russian Church. He, like the other dictators in Italy and Germany, has followed the precedent set by Napoleon when he made his famous concordat with the Papacy, which he had insulted, persecuted, & impoverished. There is large measure of truth in the dangerously plausible saying “History repeats itself”. But the repetition is ever conditioned by differences which it is easy but perilous to ignore, when historical precedents are allowed to suggest or control the present policy.

We all attended Mattins in the parish church; and listened to a typical Rectorial discourse on the opening words of the Gospel Epistle for the day – “Brethren, I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand: by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain”. He asked the question what was “the gospel” according to St Paul: and, of course, answered that it was nothing more nor less than the “Catholic Faith as expressed in the Creeds.[”] Yet, he forgot, that “the devils also believe & tremble”.

[161]

I celebrated the Holy Communion, and among the Communicants were all our three guests. The light was exceptionally inadequate, & my eyes more than usually inefficient. I stumbled badly in the Epistle, & indeed, was devotionally handicapped by considerable anxiety. Yet, it was a great satisfaction to minister the Blessed Sacrament to such old and loyal friends.

The news at 1 p.m. was satisfactory, though not dramatic. It appears evident that the Italians (of whom 2000 are already taken as prisoners) are in no mind to offer resistance; but, as yet, we have not come up against the Germans, who must be assumed to form the "core" of the opposition which must be overcome.

For the first time the server who assisted me at the Celebration, – a tall lad who is, I am told, the son of the new village policeman, was vested in a 'cotta' with a wide margin of lace, after the Roman model. How I do hate this fretful & fussing dressing up of these children, who become as sanctimoniously self-conscious as holy dolls. **Quo tendimus?** Obviously to the Popish model, and that can hardly but be an auxiliary to other, & still more regrettable, advances in that direction. Where, how, and when will the inevitable disillusionment be encountered?

[162]

Our 3 guests lunched at the Rectory, where they were impressed by the physical decrepitude of the Rector, and the vivacity of one of the sisters, and the cumbrous obesity of the other. They were favourably impressed by the service in the church, but somewhat surprised at the sermon. They shared the satisfaction which I had myself felt so strongly when administering the Blessed Sacrament to them.

I had much conversation with **Cecil Ferens**, who had much to tell me about the old diocese. It pleased me much to hear that Durham School is now flourishing. The Headmaster (**Luce**) has surmounted much of the prejudice which had obstructed much of his earlier procedure; the novel strain of the war had not been generally unfavourable to the School; the number of boys had risen to more than 200; and, as a consequence, the finances of the school had notably improved. He spoke warmly of the service which the Dean was rendering to the School, both in his capacity as Head of the Cathedral Foundation, and as an ex-Headmaster of Eton. He interested himself greatly in the boys, and was much liked by them. His frequent sermons to the boys were greatly appreciated. All this is excellent. **Alington** has an unusual ability in the religious handling of boys.

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[163]

Monday, September 6th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A bright & pleasant day.

After breakfast we all walked to Washbrook and visited the little church in the fields. Shortly after noon our guests took their departure with many assurances that that they had enjoyed their visit. We ourselves found their company very agreeable, and were both relieved and distressed by its conclusion. The difficulties of hospitality under the conditions which the war has created are so great that the arrival of the most beloved guests must needs be attended by certain anxieties.

I wrote to Woodbridge, sending him good wishes for his 76th birthday, which falls on Tuesday next, and sending him a set of the proofs of the illustrations of vol II by way of a 'pignus amicitiae'.

We played croquet after tea. The news at 6 p.m. included the announcement that Reginald McKenna* had died at the age of 80. His career was in two spheres – political and financial – and ~~he~~ in both he played an important part, and gained a considerable reputation. I recall his unsuccessful attempt to solve the problem of 'Religion in the Schools'.

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[164]

Tuesday, September 7th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A clouded dubious day.

I had letters from Grant Robertson, * M^{rs} Elliott, and (Ernest) Alexander.*

Last night there was a raid on East Anglia; bombs were dropped, & some casualties inflicted. While we were just beginning our nightly card-game, there was an alarming explosion, which sounded as if it were nearby this house, & startled us. In due course, we shall know where it happened.

Dade announced the alarming, but not wholly unexpected fact that the drain from the w.c.'s needed cleansing & clearing! This is a process which is requisite at intervals, but whenever it comes is annoying & offensive. I wrote a letter to Hine, who has officiated in the past, but is now employed on war work, and may well be no longer available; and this note I left myself with his wife, to be given to her husband on his return from work.

I dictated letter to the Bishop offering to give him my copy of the Occasional Offices in the diocese of Salisbury, which was issued by the Bp. of that diocese in 1917, and which, on several occasions, I found very useful in the diocese of Durham.

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I dictated a few pages of 'the Supplement' to the Retrospect, designed to bring the story of my life as nearly up to its end as possible; but I doubt if what I produced can properly have any other destination than my w.p.b.!

Sarah announced that she had again seen a rabbit in the garden! Only country dwellers who own gardens can appreciate the significance of that fact. This year, when green vegetables are scarce by reason of the drought, the advent of this voracious rodent threatens the swift and total destruction of whatever cabbage still remains. Rats, rabbits, and moles – a sinister trinity – all lurk about this place, with difficulty restrained by wire netting from entrance.

Yet another son of the Boyne family has died in an accident. How strangely ~~to~~ do such calamities accumulate upon some, & not (as we reckon) the most guilty members of our guilty race! I am sorry for his mother, Lady Boyne [Margaret Hamilton-Russell*], whom I remember as a very charming & popular ??? figure in the County of Durham, ~~and~~ delightful to look on, beautiful in countenance, graceful in movement, winning in manner, & always ready to be helpful. Eheu!

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[166]

Wednesday, September 8th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A bright pleasant morning.

I had letters from Woodbridge; who was evidently pleased to have received a letter from me at the start of his 77th year; Mervyn Winton, who is back in his diocese; and Bill May, who is now with an air-force at a Cumberland station. He give[sic] a rather disconcerting account of Robin Castlereagh.*

Bill May's typewritten letter is almost comical when I recall the record of his life, and the impression which he made. There was never any grave fault in his character, but very little to indicate that he was markedly intellectual, or likely to be an impressive or effective clergyman. He impressed me as impulsive, undisciplined, philistine, and rather self-opinionated, certainly not the stuff out of which "saints" and "spiritual leaders" are fashioned. He was the only son of very silly parents, who did their best to spoil him; and, perhaps, it was not in his true interest that, at a too early age, he was made Vicar of Grindon, & thus brought within the religiously enfeebling atmosphere of Wynyard. Perhaps, the War was beneficial to the shaping of his character, and the development of the better elements in his personal religion.

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He writes rather gloomily about the men in the Air-force, with whom he has completed 4 years as Chaplain:-

"I have been greatly impressed by the mental lethargy of the men & women in the service. Few of them think. Anything of an intellectual nature makes very little appeal. They will go to dances & other entertainments; but they make no effort to cultivate their minds or to exercise mental discipline. It may be partly due to absence of discipline in their upbringing – that they have nothing upon which to fall back when they find themselves torn from home life & made to live an unnatural kind of life. It is a disconcerting thought for the R.A.F. draws upon the best educated young men. Most of them are technicians – mechanics, engineers, electricians & so forth. The Abp. of C. makes a strong appeal to the men. I hear very little criticism of him, & a great deal of praise & admiration. This is an encouraging sign, for the last Abp. of C. [Cosmo Lang*] was unpopular among all ranks – a great tragedy, I feel, and undeserved.

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All this has a somewhat conventional aspect. It is precisely what the clergy often say of their parishioners. And, certainly, if any inference may be drawn from the quality of the entertainments, which the authorities provide for the enjoyment of the "war-workers" in the munition factories, it would not appear an unjust description of that mixed and multitudinous company!

Temple's popularity is, of course, derived from his reputation & activity as 'the red Archbishop', and is sustained by the favourable notices of both in the Daily Herald. It is not unworthy or undeserved, for he is not consciously insincere, & his unflagging exertions are eminently laudable; but for those who, both as Christians and as economists, are unable to endorse "Socialist" principles and programmes, the popularity of the Primate is not altogether satisfactory. In any case, it throws little light on the intellectual quality and social habits of the young heroes of the R.A.F. Nor would it be unfair or irrational to observe that Bill May is not personally well fitted to appreciate or adjudicate upon the intellectual & disciplinary states of his contemporaries. His friend wd agree that he was himself an illustration of moral indiscipline & defective mental training.

[169]

We were playing croquet with Mr Sidgwick as a fourth man, when the news arrived on the wireless that an Armistice with Italy had been arranged. Eisenhower announced that the terms were "unconditional surrender": that the arrangement had been approved by the governments of Britain, U. S. A., and Soviet Russia; and that it would take effect immediately. The Allies undertake to assist Italy if she is attacked by any other power. This, I suppose, means that we will support the Italians against their quondam Allies. Also, at the same time we learned that these wonderful Russians have captured Stalino, the most important city of the Donetz industrial district.

Churchill's famous announcement that the Allies would "get at" what he called "the under-belly of the Axis" i.e. Italy, and thus, striking eastwards through the Balkans, and northwards through Austria, bids fair to receive abundant confirmation. If the Italians carry out the engagements of the Armistice, the German garrison in Northern & Central Italy will have a difficult task to maintain themselves, a task, indeed, so difficult that it may prove too difficult for fulfilment. LAUS DEO!

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[170]

Thursday, September 9th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A bright warm day.

The Times was omitted from the newspapers, which the small boy, Jack, commonly leaves at this house: and, in some indignation for I wanted to learn how the great news from Eisenhower was regarded in London, I walked round to Speed's news-shop. The door was fast closed (the lazy fellow being still abed) but a copy of the Times was set out on his door, and this I conscientiously confiscated!

It appears that the Armistice was signed on Sept 3rd, (the actual day on which the 5th year of the War began;) and it is taken of granted by the Times that the terms are completely satisfactory. On that assumption, the surrender of Italy constitutes a great stride towards the complete Victory over Hitlerite Germany, which we are pledged to achieve. Indeed it is difficult not to indulge the hope that, as Smuts is reported to have said was his own belief, the War may end thus year. In any case, the possibilities which the Italian surrender has created, are very considerable, & they coincide very happily with notable advances by those amazing Russians. The Fall of Stalino brightens the outlook on the Eastern front.

[171]

The news, today, though certainly not unfavourable, are certainly something of an anti-climax after the high excitement of yesterday. We are told that the collapse of Italy has made a remarkable impression in the neutral and "satellite" countries; that more allied troops have been landed in Italy: and that enthusiastic demonstrations have taken place in Milan and Turin. There are also a crowd of rumours, set afloat by Berlin, which affirm the organization of a "Quislingite" government in Italy, & warn the Italians that the Germans have established their hold on Northern Italy, and are prepared to overthrow the Allied forces. It is probable that the position in Italy is not yet secure, for there are stated to be as many as 18 German divisions in the country; & for some while past the policy of seizing the key positions & disarming the Italian troops has been carried on. Meanwhile, the bombardment of aerodromes & railway connexions is steadily continued by the Allies, and the Italian people are being deluged with propagandist pamphlets from both sides. After the exhilaration of yesterday, there obtains today a more chastened mood. But it is certain, that a notable improvement in the Allied outlook has been effected.

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[172]

Friday, September 10th, 1943.

Temperature 70°. A dull, damp, depressing day.

Some coke arrived, but no coal. The carters were two surly men, as idle as they were disposed to be impudent, and both smoking cigarettes. It is, I observed to one of them, "a good rule not to smoke when you are on duty". ["Yes, but there's a war on" replied the lout. "Precisely", I rejoined, "and that might [sic] an additional reason for doing one's duty efficiently". To this he made no answer, & actually began moving the coke! If these are representative citizens of the "Kingdom of God on Earth", concerning the near advent of which our Socialists, Christian & Secularist, prophesy so confidently, I do not think the "the Prince of this World" has any great reason for anxiety. His regime is secure enough for some while yet!

I sent a cheque to Hugh Rees (£4.12.5) for my modest account for books.

There is nothing of importance in this morning's news, & certainly nothing to raise one's spirits. It does not appear as probable as could be wished that the Italian Government has the power, even if it has the will, to carry out its Armistice commitments.

[173]

I dictated a letter to Bill May in reply to his letter to me. Since he has been moved to write to me, I conceive that it is probably my duty to receive his approach with encouragement.

The news from Russia continues to be favourable, and that from Italy must be described as ambiguous. The Germans are evidently determined to keep their hold on that miserable country. They are reported to be attacking Rome with the intention of setting up a puppet or "Quisling" government. The Italians are offering resistance, but they are a pitiable feeble folk. So far there is no suggestion that the Allies will give them assistance.

The King has expressed his desire that on Sunday next there shall be thanksgiving offered to the Almighty for the surrender of Italy; & His Majesty "suggests" to the responsible clergy of the Church of England that, for this purpose, they sh^d make use of the General Thanksgiving. I fear that in all this the impulsive piety of the Sovereign is outrunning prudence. In any case, it is as yet unwise to offer thanksgiving until we have a clearer understanding of the benefit which prompts it.

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[174]

Saturday, September 11th, 1943.

Temperature 70°. A close, damp. & dismal morning.

About 6 a.m. there was thunder, & then the electric light by my bedside went out. The failure was not general through the house, but extended inexplicably to some portion of the lighting system. The news at 8 a.m. is disconcerting. We learn that the Italians have collapsed before a German attack with a rapidity & completeness entirely worthy of their military reputation: that Roosevelt and Churchill have issued an urgent appeal to the Italian People to rise against their German oppressors, precisely at the moment when Rome has capitulated to one German general, & Lombardy is completely controlled by another. The Vatican City is declared to be under German "protection", and everywhere in and out of Italy the Italian Army is being disarmed. Per contra the British Fleet is in possession of Taranto, the Italian fleet may be written off, and in Russia our Allies continue to advance with astonishing vigour & success. Hitler's oration yesterday was mainly abusive of Italy, and prodigiously mendacious and boastful.

[175]

I received a letter from M^r G. W. Wright, who (I imagine) must be a member of the family, which had its "patriarch" in the well-known Clerk of the Works, Thomas Wright,* who was Dean Stanley's* friend, through whose friendly considerate intervention, I was able to become the possessor of the Dean's writing table, when it was sold after the death of Stanley's successor, Dean Bradley.* I dictated letters to M^r Wright & to [Ernest] Alexander,* and myself posted them, together with the letter to Bill May.

Yesterday, I rent my clothes, for in trying to climb, through the fence of Hintlesham Park, my garments caught on the armoured wire, and my Macintosh was sorely damaged. This was an untoward occurrence on the threshold of winter.

This morning the light of my bedside lamp went suddenly out, & so did all the lights on the upper story. The electrician fumbled about for an hour, & then announced that he must report his inability to discover the cause of the failure. So I must get through the week-end without the comfort & assistance of reading!

Some of the Italian ships have succeeded in reaching Malta & Gibraltar.

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[176]

12th Sunday after Trinity, September 12th, 1943.

Temperature 70°. A calm, rather close & cloudy day.

Candles are no effective substitute for electric light as a bed-side illumination. I had soon to abandon all attempt to read. Happily I slept fairly well: and by transferring the task of shaving to the bath-room, I managed to achieve that purpose, & descended in a reasonable measure of traditional Sabbatic propriety. There is much to be said for the deliberate hirsuteness of the Cynics and other, more religious, ascetics. The beard & other facial appendages attest, not only virility, but a certain virile contempt for that concern for personal appearance which is natural, & therefore pardonable in females. Some purpose of ritual purity may, perhaps, inspire the shaving of pagan priests and Popish ecclesiastics, but there was little except personal vanity to explain the shaving of Norman knights & the gentry of modern Christendom. Why should I endure the yoke of a tiresome & highly inconvenient convention, which has become under the conditions of the War extremely difficult to observe? Of course, an ill-formed chin may provide an effective justification for concealing that important & suggestive feature: but apart from that excuse?

[177]

At 9 a.m. the wireless reported the terms of the Armistice with Italy. They are extremely drastic, and seem to be far beyond what, with the best will in the world, Italy can "implement". They range Italy completely on the side of the Allies, and no one can blame the Germans for treating the Italians as enemies: Admiral Cunningham, who witnessed the arrival of a great part of the Italian Fleet at Malta, He says that the ships are of excellent quality, and will enable us to send more ships against Japan. The news from Russia continues to be good, and we are told that the Japanese defence in New Guinea has been "broken". Of the 15 German planes destroyed in France yesterday, no less than 9 were credited to Polish aeroplanes. Both in the air, and under the sea, the Poles have acquitted themselves admirably. They will need all the prestige they can gain, if they are not to be sacrificed to Russian ambition when the re-construction of Europe after the War has been to be determined. The sacrifices and achievements of the Russian State have been so great, & the Russian interest in Eastern Europe is so apparent & dominating, that it will be difficult to refuse anything which Russia demands.

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We attended Mattins. In response to the King's request the service was designed to be a public thanksgiving for the Surrender of Italy, and therefore was opened with the National Anthem, & included a "topical" sermon from the Psalmist's words. "Not unto us; but unto Thy Name be the praise."

Moulsdale emphasised, as if it were deeply significant, the connexion between the day of National Prayer on September 3rd, and the considerable & unexpected success which synchronized with it. He spoke with a rather alarming assurance about the power of prayer

& the duty of thanksgiving, and mentioned Hintlesham's immunity from bombs as an apparent & convincing reason for thankfulness. He was treading on a difficult path, for he raised more questions than he answered. Indeed, the whole subject of Prayer is too vital and too perplexing for conventional homiletics. "Fiat voluntas Tua" conditions all legitimate Christian Prayer, but it is hard to vindicate a place for it as a factor in the cause of events which are everywhere & always directed and controlled by "the never-failing Providence" of the Almighty. Yet the duty is unquestionable.

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[179]

Monday, September 13th, 1943.

Temperature 70°. Very sultry and depressing.

There was a thunder-storm about 2 a.m. and the atmosphere when I was called was still close and disabling. The long spell of fine weather seems to have broken, and the outlook for our week at the Felix Hotel to have become doubtful!

I received from Bridget Tallents* a long and agitated letter. Her eldest son has been blown up by a mine in Sicily, where he "was flying as a spotter for the guns, and is a Captain in the R A.:

This wretched mine exploded, & blew him up, & he has had to lose his leg, & his poor knee and shoulder were broken. They tried very hard to save his foot, but after 2 operations, they had to amputate just below the knee....

There seems some chance that his life may be yet saved. Bridget has been moved to righteous indignation by the senseless chatter of "a pacifist friend", who appears to have accepted au pied de la lettre the entire Hitlerite legend about the origin of the War, & British savagery in its conduct!! We ought to stop the War at once!!!

[180]

She writes from Dartford in Kent:-

"I am sometimes very anxious when I see what a hold German propaganda has on people's minds here. They fully believe what Hitler says, & they begin to think we attacked Germany. Even German refugees are very dishonest about the origins of the War. I meet them on & off, & many of them have quite persuaded themselves that Hitler was the creation of the Allied policy after the last war. It is very important to be quite clear in one's own mind for what we are suffering, and I wish I had your counsel & advice what to say to some one like my friend."

I replied at once, & recommended to her the two small books which greatly impressed me viz.:

Heil Hunger, Health under Hitler, by Dr Martin Gumpert [George Allen & Unwin Ltd.]
School for Barbarians, by Erika Mann [Lindsay Drummond Ltd.].

But, of course, British Pacifism and Nazi Nationalism are inaccessible to Fact, Faith, and Reason.