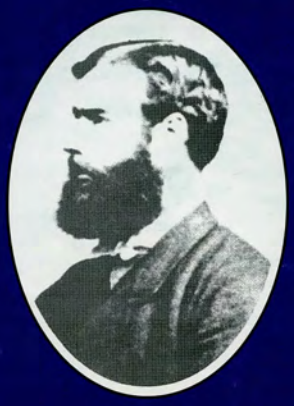
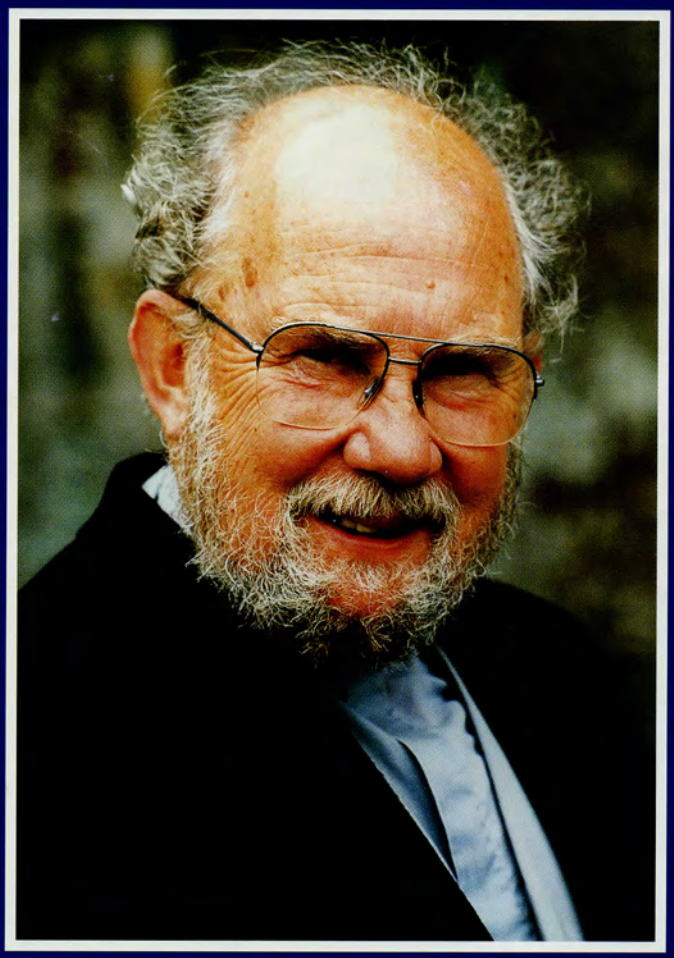


THE JOURNAL OF THE KILVERT SOCIETY



Number 17 *June 2005*

THE KILVERT SOCIETY

Formed (in 1948) to foster an interest in the Revd Francis Kilvert, his work, his Diary and the country he loved

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Cover: David Lockwood. Photo by Duncan Stoddart.

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE KILVERT SOCIETY
Number 17 June 2005

From the Editor

I am so sorry to have to inform members, those who may not have already heard, of the death, on 9 March, of our president the Reverend David Lockwood.

It was a sad irony too that I should receive that unhappy news on the very day that the March *Journal*, recording my recent visit to him, was published.

David was one of the longest-serving members of the Society, he had been a member since 1962 and had risen through the ranks, as it were, to become its chairman and subsequently its president, the role of Kilvert elder statesman for which he was so ideally suited.

His passing is a grievous loss to the Society; he was one of the now very few remaining links with some of the founders and original members of the Society (he was a friend of William Plomer, for example) and was the last great Kilvert scholar, the last in the line of Plomer, Oswin Prosser, Fred Grice and Edward West.

Personally, I shall greatly miss his friendship. For me his reassuring and cultivated presence was a feature of Society social and business meetings ever since I became a member in 1975. I shall miss too the enriching experience of those wonderful sermons he preached, from time to time, at Commemoration Services. Sermons full of literary and artistic allusions and comparisons, which offered new insights into the Biblical (and *Diary*!) texts under consideration and which sent you away eager to follow up some of the references.

I shall remember him as a wise counsellor who, when asked would, almost diffidently, offer the soundest of advice. And what about that dry sense of humour, the twinkle in the eye and that characteristic chuckle as he reflected upon the ways of the world or even of the Kilvert Society!

I shall remember too a generous friend. From time to time, out of the blue, a parcel would arrive for me containing the gift of a book. Two I remember in particular: *Love and Let Go*, sent in appreciation of a talk I had given and, more recently *The College by the Sea*.

This latter, a rare and fascinating (not least for the photographs) volume is the history of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, from its opening in 1872 until the publication of this book in 1928. But, of course, the narrative starts much earlier with the struggle of those enlightened Welshmen who strove to establish a national university for Wales, of which Aber. was the first college.

Somehow, David must have become aware of my nostalgic affection for my student days at Y Coleg ger y Lli and this had prompted him to send this kindly, most appropriate and immensely appreciated gift. Such was the nature of the man.

OBITUARY

THE REVEREND DAVID LOCKWOOD M.A.
President of the Kilvert Society

In the *Journal* of the Kilvert Society for March 2005 it was reported that David was not well, but that he was in good spirits. In the event he died on 9 March. I feel privileged to have been asked to give some account of this remarkable priest and poet.

During the Thames walk October 2004. Note the trademark cap!

David Nicholas Lockwood was a Yorkshireman, born on 4 June 1923 and brought up in Scarborough, where his mother was a librarian, which perhaps explains his early and lifelong love of books. He attended Drax Grammar School, and then worked as a librarian himself in Winchester. He was encouraged by a master at Winchester College to take the School Certificate, and in 1948, at the age of 25, he entered St David's College (as it was then called), Lampeter. David loved Lampeter, where he held a Phillips Scholarship for two years, and he graduated with an Honours BA degree in English in 1951. He then moved to Queen's College, Birmingham, to prepare for ordination in the Church of England.

Halesowen was the parish in which he served his first curacy, between 1953 and 1957. While he was in Halesowen he married, in 1954, Wilhelmina. They had met in 1950. David and other Lampeter students were cycling to the Oberammergau Passion Play. At Heidelberg David decided not to attend Evensong with his colleagues. Having a beer appealed more to him, and so a smiling providence brought him to meet a group of Dutch girls, including Willy, then a medical student. In 1957 David moved to a second curacy, in the delightful small town of Bewdley, and in 1960 he became Rector of Great Witley (with its breathtaking Baroque church) and Little Witley. Here he was his own boss, and he had time to write. After four years in the Witleys, the family moved to the parishes of Hanley Castle and Hanley Swan in the shadow of the Malvern Hills. Here he spent the longest part of his parochial ministry, 17 years, having also the cure of Welland for the final two years. David enjoyed visiting parishioners, often on his bicycle, a true country parson. His sermons were concise and often illustrated from his wide reading.

David and Willy had three daughters, Diana, Helena, and Laura, and they also adopted Peter. It was while they were at Hanley Swan that the family suffered a great tragedy when, in April 1971, Helena was killed in a road accident on her way back from school. This terrible sorrow led to David's *Love and Let Go*, a volume which brought comfort to many families who were to experience such anguish themselves.

A country parson in Worcestershire with a love of literature and history was almost predestined to join the Kilvert Society, which David did in 1962. His many contributions to the Society were acknowledged when he was made a vice-president in 1970. In 1973 he preached at the funeral of William Plomer, President of the Society. He joined the Society's committee in 1982, becoming its Chairman, in succession to me, in 1990. In 1999 he was the obvious choice to be President of the Kilvert Society.

At Christmas 1969 David and Willy bought, through a member of the Kilvert Society, two adjacent cottages in Llowes. They were, in the language of estate agents, in need of modernization, and over the years they were transformed into the beautiful house which we know now, with its lovely garden. In 1981, the year in which David was awarded an MA degree by Birmingham University for a thesis on Thomas Carlyle, he took the step of leaving his parishes to devote himself to writing, while Willy joined a local medical practice.

Many people take early retirement with the intention of writing, but nothing is ever published. Not so with David. In 1990 Seren Books published his *Francis Kilvert* (dedicated to that indefatigable Kilvertian, Fred Grice, introduced to Kilvert by David, and described by David as 'a wonderful friend'), a full-length biography, developing Fred's *Francis Kilvert and his World* (1982). Two years later Seren Books published David's *Kilvert, the Victorian*. This was a selection of entries from Kilvert's *Diary*, including material from the surviving notebooks not found in the three-volume edition. The extracts are arranged by years with a perceptive introduction to each year's selections. I can think of no better introduction to Kilvert – clear, concise, and based on very wide knowledge of Britain in the 1870s. David's volumes of poetry included *Private View*, *Winter Wheat*, *Marked Papers*, and, late in 2004, *The Coming of Age*.

David's life was a very full one. He travelled much of the world, including Japan, twice, to visit Laura. He walked the length of the Thames, over three years, with Diana. He loved antiques and he loved his garden. He was no mean artist. In September 2004 he and Willy celebrated their Golden Wedding. Thanks to Willy's medical skills, David was able to die, as he wished, in his own home. A Service of Celebration for his life was held in St. Peter's Church, Glasbury, on 19 March, and what was mortal of him was buried in the churchyard of Llowes Church, a few steps from his garden at Church Row. We extend our sympathy to Willy, to Diana and Laura, to Peter and Lynn, and to his adoptive grandsons, Joshua and Miles, and to all his family and friends.

I cannot recall when I first met David. It must have been either at a Kilvert Society event or at a Lampeter Reunion. But I do know that I derived much benefit from his friendship. We remember with gratitude, in Diana's words at the Service of Celebration, 'a very special man whose light touched many people's lives', one who found immense happiness in his family, a priest who served both the Church of England and the Church in Wales with great commitment, a kind, humorous, and wise friend, and an enthusiastic Kilvertian.

May he rest in peace and may light perpetual shine upon him

The Reverend Canon D.T. William Price.

William Price is a vice-president of the Kilvert Society and was Chairman 1983-1990. He is at present the Rector of Myddle, Shropshire.

DAVID LOCKWOOD – AN APPRECIATION

By the Chairman

It is quite difficult to recall when I first became aware of David. Unassuming people, by their nature, do not go out of their way to catch the eye. Yet David seems always to have been part of the Kilvert scene, during walks, at services and the AGM. Who really could miss that tall, imposing man with the luxuriant beard, who, Sue and I felt, had more than a passing resemblance to RFK who occupied so much of his time.

We came face to face when I joined the committee in 1994, and then one day we were summoned to Church Row. We seemed to enter a Victorian drawing room and were greeted by David and Willy who then invited us to join them in a sumptuous tea.

David came quickly to the point and said: 'Edward wishes to relinquish the post of secretary and he and I have been talking – will you consider the post?' It seemed like being interviewed for the post of churchwarden and I enjoyed the whole thing immensely.

David and I worked together for the next ten years when he was chairman and later president. He was always kind, considerate

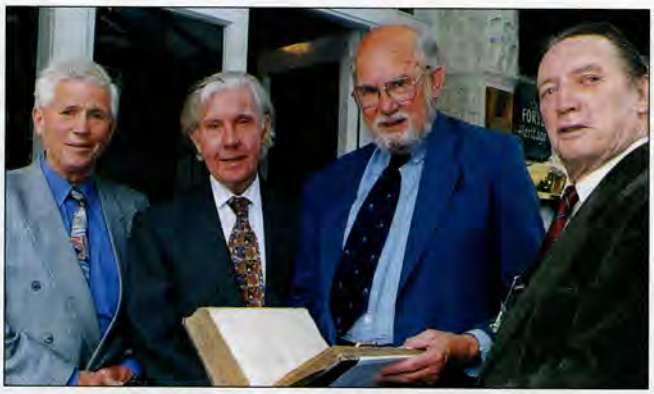
and a perfect gentleman and a very sound adviser. Whatever my doubts about a situation, I knew I could always rely on David's counsel, articulated with his subtle and gentle sense of humour.

He was a wonderful scholar and contributed enormously to Kilvert learning, not least through his books. He was also a fine pastor with a real care for souls, born out of a difficult early life and the tragic loss of a daughter.

His funeral oration for Edward West was a masterly and particularly sensitive insight into his love of souls (see Newsletter for August 1999). His own soul was very deep and encompassed vast areas of spiritual, artistic and literary experience, all worked out in one who was gentle yet profoundly wise. I would have felt myself fortunate indeed to have been one of his flock.

David and I talked about our interests in literature. He knew of my love for Hilaire Belloc and one day he said: 'I've got something I think you would like.' It was a first edition of *The Path to Rome* which he later inscribed in the inside cover. It is one of my most valued possessions.

I compared him in my own thoughts to R.S. Thomas, but I soon realised that Thomas is far too austere and perhaps too disenchanted with life, which David certainly was not. Sue and I remember our last visit to Church Row only a couple of weeks before David died. Under the watchful eye of Doctor Willy we chatted, laughed (how I miss that chuckle and the twinkle in his eye) and reminisced. We also discussed Kilvert business. In the deep peace and timeless tranquillity of that elegant house we seemed to be detached from the world at large. Such was the ability of David Lockwood to transform any meeting into something very special.



At the KS Jubilee celebrations June 1998, David with Michael Sharp, Ronald Blythe and Dr Bernard Jones inspects the recently presented Kilvert Family Bible.
Photo by courtesy of *The Hereford Times*

Golden Wedding, September 2004. Diana, Willy, David, Laura and Peter. According to Willy everyone had a new outfit for the occasion!

* * *

A PORTRAIT OF THE REVEREND DAVID LOCKWOOD PRIEST AND POET

By The Reverend Pamela Cranston (Oakland, California)

Perhaps one of the best things you could say about David Lockwood is that he was a man who was both interested and interesting, one whose curiosity was unstoppable, one who was a great storyteller and raconteur. Of course, David was much more than this, a loving husband and father, a devout (if not idiosyncratic) Anglican priest, a talented poet, Kilvert biographer, President of the Kilvert Society, and a gardener, in short, a man of great depth, many complexities and much compassion.

I was first lucky enough to meet David and Willy in October of 1994. Later, my husband Ed and I returned for a second visit during the weekend of the Kilvert Society AGM in 2001. The late Edward West, secretary of the Kilvert Society, arranged our first meeting at their home in Llowes.

Their cottage was on Church Row, right behind St Meilig's Church and churchyard (where David is now buried), just two miles south of Clyro, overlooking the fawn-brown Black Mountains in the distance. The Lockwoods had renovated three stone cottages into a lovely single whitewashed home, with different levels and ceiling heights (some very low), and filled it with beautiful things, pastel drawings of their three girls and paintings of writers and poets. One framed photo was, I think, of William Plomer, editor of the Kilvert Diaries.

When David gave me a tour of the house, he showed me some tinted Victorian portraits of the Empress Eugénie hanging in his upstairs, book-laden hall. This intrigued me because my father (who taught history) had two portraits of Napoleon and Eugénie which he found when he was doing graduate work about that era. I asked David why he was interested in her. He said: 'Eugénie was an unusual woman, a good Catholic who managed to steer clear of any whiff of scandal in the Court. She was hugely intelligent and fought like a tigress for her son and even for her husband Napoleon III, even though she knew the dynasty was doomed. A most remarkable woman – very saintly really.'

Back in 1994 David was 71, gracious, often ebullient, even radiant. His curly white hair had grown a tad long, and he had a short, white beard and a small grandfatherly pot-belly. That day, he was dressed in a tweed jacket, a tie and a pink shirt – perhaps rather unconventional for an Englishman, much less a priest. I later discovered he had a rebel streak in him, which I greatly enjoyed. His blue eyes twinkled and he smiled broadly making his ruddy cheeks beam when I drove up fifteen minutes late. Willy, a retired

doctor, served us coffee and cookies in the drawing room and the three of us sat down to talk about Kilvert, poetry, travelling and the Church.

David's life story was fascinating. He was born in 1923 but his father deserted the family when David was only four in 1927. As a result, during the depression, the Lockwoods were very poor. 'This is why I have an obsession to collect nice things,' he told me, 'because I never had them.' He was raised in Scarborough, and attended secondary school in the North Riding but had to leave school early at the age of 15, to find work, when his family went bankrupt. He told me that leaving school early was one of the hardest things of his life since he already knew that he had 'literary leanings.'

Living in the North Riding, how could you not! He said, 'I was raised in the heart of Brontë country and felt the effects of Ann and Charlotte Brontë everywhere. I remember being lifted up as a child to peer over the churchyard wall and saw where Ann Brontë was buried.'

David worked from age 15 to 19 at the local nursery (which perhaps explains his love of gardening) but then, more happily, acquired a job working in a library, which helped him to achieve his secondary school certificate. After this, he attended the University of St David's Lampeter, Wales, then attended the Anglican seminary in Birmingham and was ordained a priest. He met Wilhelmina, originally from the Netherlands, en route to the Oberammergau Festival. They married, she became a general practitioner and they had three daughters: Diana, Helena and Laura.

Tragically, in 1971, Helena was accidentally run down by a car and killed at the age of eleven near their home at Hanley Swan, Worcestershire, on the edge of the Malvern Hills. David told me that he went into a deep depression for two months after this event. Later, he wrote a book about Helena called *Love and Let Go* to help him cope with his grief. He said, 'Willy and I received over 600 letters of condolence from people around Worcester, including a conventional letter from William Plomer. Soon after, he sent a second letter apologizing for the first, saying he had not realized Helena's death as a sudden accident – always much more difficult than an expected death from a long illness. William continued to write me weekly, even when I became very depressed. My father had left my family when I was four so William Plomer became a kind of father figure for me – it was he who helped me through those two dark months. He told me: "I am very used to being a father – though I have never been one. I must be a good listener."'

This tragedy shook David's faith in God deeply, he later told me, but he came out of it with a renewed sense of God in his life in the end. 'Alas,' he said, 'it caused the parish to shift their regard for me. They became more loving because they saw me as human, but by then it was too late ....' Though David never lost faith in God, I believe he was badly burned once or twice by the Church, and what priest hasn't been?

David was a man of many enthusiasms. Besides his family, Kilvert, books, poetry, people and literature, David loved music, the theater and to travel. During the 2001 Kilvert Society AGM dinner at the Green Dragon, Lawrie Jackson kindly gave me a tape of Ronald Blythe's interview on *Desert Island Discs*. As I was sitting next to David, this prompted me to ask him what some of his favorite music was. Without hesitation he said: 'Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*, ('for passion', he said), Richard Strauss' *Four Last Songs*, George Butterworth's *The Banks of Green Willow* and Ralph Vaughan-Williams' *Second London Symphony*.'

Last September, David and Willy visited their daughter Diana in London to see *All's Well That Ends Well*. Later, he wrote me saying: 'It was wonderfully produced and Judi Dench was superb as the Countess but Diana and I agreed that she was no better than the entirety of the cast. The real credit goes to Grey Doran, the producer.' The next day, he and Diana *walked* from Hampton Court to Putney! (Though never athletic as a boy, because of a weak heart, David – like Kilvert – was always a great walker.) He said, 'We went through Chiswick and were entertained to coffee in a house frequented by William Morris and Dickens. Our hostess, a barrister, claimed it was the house of the parents of Herbert Pocket in *Great Expectations*. I've just re-read *Great Expectations* and the links are frail and tenuous, but nevertheless it was a charming seventeenth-century house built by a courtier of Charles II – and that was verifiable.'

As can be expected, David was a thoughtful and talented (though not always disciplined) letter-writer. For over ten years he and I kept up a steady stream of correspondence so that I now have over 20 letters of his, which I shall always treasure. He always wrote them by hand in black ink, with letters like small vertical hen-scratchings, which got smaller and smaller as he aged. In one of his last letters, after I commented on how difficult they were to read, he wrote saying, 'I must remind myself I am not an ant!'

When I visited David and Willy at Church Row, I was deeply impressed (and somewhat jealous) of the fact that David had a summer cottage, more like a small room at the top of the garden, where he could sit alone and write in quiet. The summer cottage had electricity but no plumbing or heat except an electric heater. It had two large-pane glass windows which faced the Gospel Pass. The wall had no wallpaper, so David, very creatively, pasted art posters, pictures and art and travel postcards on the wall, making a huge quilt-like collage of color.

It is perhaps here that he wrote his Kilvert biographies and several books of poetry, including *Winter Wheat*, and his latest book of poems *Coming of Age*, published in February 2005, by Three Peaks Press. He once wrote a thesis on Carlyle and when I saw David in 2001, he said he still wanted to write a book on Robert Southey. His literary curiosity never diminished. Besides William Plomer, David was friends with the poet Ruth Bidgood, the writer Ronald Blythe and who knows how many others.

When David was writing Kilvert's biography, he told me that the owners of Ashbrook House would let him sit in the drawing room for a long time to soak up the atmosphere. David said, 'You see, that's where Kilvert wrote his diary, at the desk by the window by the lace curtains.' The same desk where now sits a bird cage with two bright-yellow canaries.

I once asked David if he knew the poet R.S. Thomas and he admitted he did – but not well. He said, 'Once the Bishop, at my request invited R.S. Thomas to come and speak at a large church event and when he finally came the Bishop neglected to invite me to the dinner party. Before the program was to begin, the Bishop handed him off to me. I showed him all around and then took care of him over tea after his reading, talking alone with him in the corner in the parish hall. We had a lovely evening and I had the pleasure of getting my come-uppance by sending him off without the Bishop saying good-bye. After it was all over, the Bishop came up to me and thanked me profusely, "Thank you for taking that awful man off my hands!"'

David said, 'R.S. Thomas was an unusual man, rather dour with a jackhammer jaw and an unfortunate mouth which turned down at the corners. He could appear quite forbidding and stern but it was all for show. He was always laughing up his sleeve. He was quite warm and lively to people he knew well. I saw him speak once to a classroom of children and his face lit up when speaking to them. He was transfigured. He loved children.'

He also told me the story about the former Bishop of Worcester. Once, the much revered Russian Orthodox Metropolitan, Anthony Bloom was invited to the Diocese to address the clergy. At this gathering, the Bishop sat behind him. Despite Anthony Bloom's thick Russian accent, the power and holiness of his presence during his talk was evident to all – except the Bishop, who fell asleep half-way through his talk, as all could see. 'The poor Bishop!' was all David could say. David remembered Anthony Bloom as being a 'solid, spiritual powerhouse of a man, despite being short in physical stature, with a brown beard, piercing dark eyes and a black cassock.' He said, 'I'll never forget what Anthony Bloom once said: "Christ is solid with you to the end."'

David's deep spirituality, even his contemplative nature, can be seen in his poetry and (like Kilvert) in his close connection with nature. His poem *The Chaffinch* from *Coming of Age*, reflects, I think, these depths. You can perhaps hear echoes of T.S. Eliot's words from *Burnt Norton* in *The Four Quartets*.

The Chaffinch

Sitting in the sun,
The pear branches very gently sway
and the chaffinch rising, dipping
regards the world she knows.
It holds no menace,
at this moment.
She is still, very still:
content, as if disposed
of every care

Many minutes later,
she's still there,
just sitting, no fear.
Does her mate keep warm her young?
Unruffled feathers write
unconcern.
I am extra-ordinarily envious.
She's at a point
I rarely reach.

Just as David always felt that William Plomer was a father figure to him, I like to think that I might have filled the gap (if even in a very small way) of his missing daughter. I hope so. Over the past ten years, he was certainly a great friend, fellow priest, poet and mentor to me. I shall miss him greatly. I trust and pray that David has found the deepest joy and stillness now in God's hands – 'at the still point of the turning world.'

From Ruth Bidgood:

Like others who knew David Lockwood, I remember so well his great talent for friendship. I'm not sure which year it was, back in the seventies, when he first wrote to me about some poems of mine he liked, told me about *his* poetry, and suggested we met. Soon, David and Willy became valued friends whose warmth, shared interests and generous hospitality enriched my life. David and I would sometimes try out new poems on each other! As he wished, I read my poem *Cwmioie* at his funeral, in memory of a lovely summer day when he and Willy, another great friend and I went for a 'church-crawl' along the Hereford-Monmouth-Powys border – just one of many happy days I spent in their company. I shall always miss David, but am grateful for our years of friendship.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The family of **David Lockwood** would like to say thank you for the many messages of sympathy, donations and flowers, also for attendance at the service of celebration of his life. We are very grateful too for Michael Sharp's reading, a worthy contribution to our lovely service.

THE AGM WEEKEND

The AGM Friday 22 April

This year's proceedings had a very melancholy start as we stood, at the request of KS vice-chairman, Anne Wheeldon, to remember our distinguished and revered president, David Lockwood, who died on 9 March. Anne was presiding in the absence of chairman Michael Sharp and welcomed the 54 members present, the smallest number for some years or perhaps ever; what is more, the list of apologies revealed a number of notable and unexpected absentees.

The minutes for the AGM 2004 were approved and there were no matters arising.

There was more sadness to follow as we stood once again to honour the memory of the large number of members who had passed away during the year.

Item 7 on the agenda featured as 'chairperson's remarks.' Chairperson? Whence came this label? Heaven forbid that the Kilvert Society should bow to political correctness. However, whatever her title, Anne delivered the report on the year's activities which Michael had prepared for her. It was pleasing to note, he said, the ever-increasing numbers attending Society events but he was concerned about the Society's stagnating membership and about the declining numbers attending the AGM year by year (see above).

There was encouraging news, however, from the treasurer John Wilks, despite a couple of recent small financial losses (balance sheet below). Even though he was unable, as yet, to comment fully on the beneficial effects of our recently acquired charitable status and of the increased level of subscription, he was heartened by the receipt of 200 gift-aid certificates and he again urged tax-paying members, who had not already done so, to sign up – 28p in the pound extra for the Society at no cost to themselves. What could be better than enabling the Society to recover some of the cash that we so generously shower upon the Chancellor? John mentioned that, recently, no money had been spent on maintaining the various Kilvert monuments; these would need attention next year and, in his usual optimistic way, he looked forward to the funds becoming available for this important Society duty.

At this point a change of vice-chairman took place, Anne Wheeldon (who had wished to resign the office) relinquished the chair and Ann Dean, the committee's recommended nominee, was duly voted in as her successor. She very quickly dealt with the remaining elections.

Under AOB the secretary, David Elvins, spoke about the increasing cost of the AGM buffet. Although members were being charged only £5 on this occasion, the true cost was nearer £8. Desultory discussion took place and a proposal emerged that the present, excellent, interval refreshments should be replaced by 'tea and biscuits'. A vote was taken, 27 were in favour of the change 14 against, the remaining 13, presumably, had no strong feelings either way. In my view this decision is unfortunate and I am very sorry that the splendid Ascari buffet, a feature of the Society's AGM and social evening for so many years, has now been cast into oblivion.

Anyway, that was the end of the evening's formal business and I, for one, hurried into the adjoining room to make the most of the last Ascari supper, under the disapproving gaze of Bishop Atlay.

Afterwards, Alan Bull began his talk (Churches associated with Francis Kilvert) by lamenting that in the surviving portions of the *Diary* Kilvert says so little about the architecture of the buildings he knew so well, a theme that Alan had developed in his article *Not a Study in Stone* in *Journal* No. 10 (March 2003).

Alan's slides, which were mostly, on this occasion, of Wiltshire churches, were accompanied by appropriate *Diary* extracts and by knowledgeable architectural, constructional and historical details. Our journey began, suitably enough, at Hardenhuish church and then continued via Wadham College, Presteigne (the Judge's Lodging) and Clyro to Langley Burrell. Here, three particularly interesting details emerged: the Burrells were the original Norman lords of the manor (later, of course, that passed to the Ashe family); we saw a slide of the sconces on the pulpit in the church, placed there by RFK and his father (and still there) and we had an explanation of the origin of the name borne by numerous female Kilverts – Thermuthis. Did you know that this was the name of Pharaoh's daughter who discovered the infant Moses in the bulrushes? I didn't.

Then it was on through Kington St Michael, where Kilvert's parents were married, to East Tytherton and Malmesbury Abbey. Founded in 671 the Abbey is now a mere, but vast, parish church. The magnificent Norman doorway (mentioned by Kilvert: *the grandest Norman doorway in the world, arch within arch sculptured richly with pictured medallions of the history of the Bible* – 12 October 1874) was the object of an especially careful examination by Alan who concluded his talk with a swift north-westerly swoop to St Harmon.

'To be continued,' he said.

We look forward to the continuation and thank him for his slides and for the interesting insights into some of the buildings mentioned in the *Diary*.

Saturday 23 September

Scene Two: The following morning at the Swan Hotel, Hay – where 60 members, a full house, assembled for the Karl and Alan show.

First, 'Nineteenth Century Hay as seen through the eyes of Francis Kilvert' and indeed through the eagle, researching eyes of local historian Karl Showler. There are, it seems, 127 references to Hay town in the *Diary*, 52 to Hay Castle, the home of the Bevans, and numerous single-line (no pun intended) entries for Hay station.

Karl began with the first proper *Diary* mention of Hay – that for Good Friday, 15 April 1870, by which time, he said, Kilvert would have been well established and well known in the area.

Karl's technique here was to explain, interpret and enlarge upon Kilvert's references to Hay. Thus, we discovered more about the Union Workhouse and its master George Penrose (15 April); about the Bevans, in particular the Revd William, who gained no preferment until the age of 74; the inspection at Hay School (12 July); Chain Alley (now vanished but once situated near the Showler home in Newport Street) and about Prissy Prosser and Mariane (Mary Ann) Price (28 February). Indeed Karl dwelt particularly on this part of the town and followed up the references for 3 March, 7 April, 12 July and 11 October, all 1870.

Karl concluded with some examination of the life of the Rt Revd Charles Alford, a clerical rolling-stone if ever there was one. He was at one time Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong and is mentioned in the *Diary* entry for 15 July 1870 when he came to consecrate the new municipal cemetery at Hay.

The fifty minutes, which Karl had allowed himself, were all too few to do justice to the results of his immense and indefatigable research on nineteenth-century Hay. So there is plenty more to come – possibly an article (or two, or five!) for the *Journal*.

Thanking our speaker, David Elvins rightly said that Karl had illuminated this fascinating town for all those present.

* * *

Bristol born and bred and obviously immensely proud of it – such was the impression given by Alan Brimson in his introductory talk to the walk around the Kilvert sites in the city which he will lead and which will be the object of the Kilvert Society Winter Event next February. There are not that many references to Bristol in the *Diary* but nonetheless it was in Bristol Cathedral that Kilvert was ordained and Langley Burrell was, and still is, in the Bristol diocese, created in 1642.

Kilvert frequently visited Clifton, at that time a village on the outskirts of the city, to call on Adelaide Cholmeley, friend of Kathleen Mavourneen. Clifton has some fine Georgian architecture, indeed Bristol, apparently, has more Georgian buildings, albeit more scattered about, than Bath.

But that was not the least of Bristol's virtues, according to Alan. It's been its own county since 1373, its river, the Avon, has the second highest tidal range in the world (47 feet) and it was a centre for early explorers (the Cabots *et al*) and its merchants ranged all over the world. America? Forget the origin of the name having something to do with Amerigo Vespucci, it was, in fact, named for a Bristol merchant Richard Ameryk who discovered the New World in the course of his trading excursions …! Bristol even had the best pirates, Blackbeard and Long John Silver, for example, and here too Daniel Defoe bumped into Alexander Selkirk, otherwise we might never have heard of Robinson Crusoe. Other Bristol notables were Samuel Plimsoll (he of the 'line') and Edward Colston, the local philanthropist who made his fortune from the Slave Trade – a darker side to Bristol's fame. It was Brunel, of course, who linked Bristol with London by means of that 'Wonderful Railway', but alas Alan could not claim *him* as a son of the city!

Alan concluded by deploring the fact that the Blitz had torn the mediaeval heart out of the city, which suffered 78 raids. Nevertheless his large selection of slides revealed that there is still much to be admired there and the Kilvert connections survive too, so we look forward now to visiting some of them next year.

It is a grand city. How much grander than Bath. I breathe freely here (*Diary* 23 October 1872). There is no doubt at all that Alan would echo those words of Kilvert.

Our thanks to him too. We had enjoyed three stimulating and informative talks and there was still the dinner to anticipate!

Editor

* * *

The Dinner

The annual dinner was held, once more, at the Swan Hotel in Hay. The Swan upheld its usual high standards with a delicious meal and swift, unobtrusive service. This was helped by the use of their colour coding system, so that those of us beset with a form of mental paralysis when asked to remember our choice of menu, could be sure of getting what we had ordered.

Our vice-chairman, Ann Dean, asked us to remember absent friends and proposed the toasts to the Queen and to Francis Kilvert.

It was good to see some new faces and it was a very convivial evening judging by the busy sounds of conversation all around. Topics on our table were certainly wide-ranging … from themed cookery evenings at Worcester Technical College, tram routes in the Midlands and the meaning of 'trams' in Kilvert's Hay, to the perils of being stranded on top of the Long Mynd when the last little tour bus of the day failed to arrive.

The fact that everyone enjoyed themselves was surely indicated by the reluctance of people to say a final farewell. The dinner proved a splendid and enjoyable finale to a successful and interesting weekend.

Marjorie Elvins (Steeple Claydon)

From the Secretary

The February committee, after a thorough discussion, accepted the offer from the Radnorshire County Museum to house the Kilvert showcase. The secretary has written to Mrs Organ of Ashbrook House to thank her for housing the collection for many years.

The secretary said that the real cost of providing the buffet at this year's AGM was £8 per person (based on a minimum of 67 members paying). As this was such a large amount the committee agreed that members would only be asked to pay a nominal amount of £5 (the same as last year) but would be invited to make an additional voluntary contribution. The secretary provided detailed alternative quotations from four local caterers and the costs were all similar to this year's provider. It was agreed that members attending the AGM would be consulted as to whether they wished to continue with the present buffet arrangements in subsequent years and pay the full amount. Although the Society cannot afford to subsidise the buffet the chairman said that the Society would continue to pay for the hire of the accommodation for the AGM amounting to over £100. Tea or coffee and biscuits could be provided at a nominal cost to members.

Several committee members had been advised of a Victorian event at Bredwardine organised by parishioners in aid of church repairs from 3-5 July.

Ann Dean reported that work was nearly finished on the Old Soldier's Cottage.

From the Treasurer

THE KILVERT SOCIETY – Charity number 1103815

Income and expenditure account for the year ended 31 December 2004

Expenditure		Income	
Grants and subscriptions	£ 280.00	Subscriptions	£ 2,183.00
Running Costs	£ 530.28	Donations	£ 1,290.66
Publication printing	£ 200.00	Publication sales	£ 429.76
Journal printing & distribution	£ 3,344.25	Special events	£ 156.50
Insurance	£ 150.00	Interest	£ 338.96
Annual General Meeting	£ 232.00		
	£ 4,736.53		£ 4,398.88

Balance Sheet as at 31 December 2004

Accumulated Fund		Assets	
Balance as at 31 December 2003	£ 7,390.19	Lloyds, Hereford	£ 305.68
Less: Excess of Expenditure over Income	£ 337.65	Nat. West, Hay	£ 1,410.90
	£ 7,052.54	Portman B S	£ 6,345.96
Plus: 2005 Subscriptions received in advance	£ 1,010.00		£ 8,062.54
	£ 8,062.54		

Expenditure has again exceeded income during the year, this had been anticipated and the new subscription rates will rectify the situation in 2005. Income will be further increased through our ability as a charity to recover tax under the gift-aid scheme. To date less than half of subscribers have signed a gift-aid certificate, please consider doing so, it will cost you nothing, providing that you are a tax-payer, and the Society will gain an extra 28p for every pound you pay in subscription.

John Wilks, Honorary Treasurer.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

June Weekend

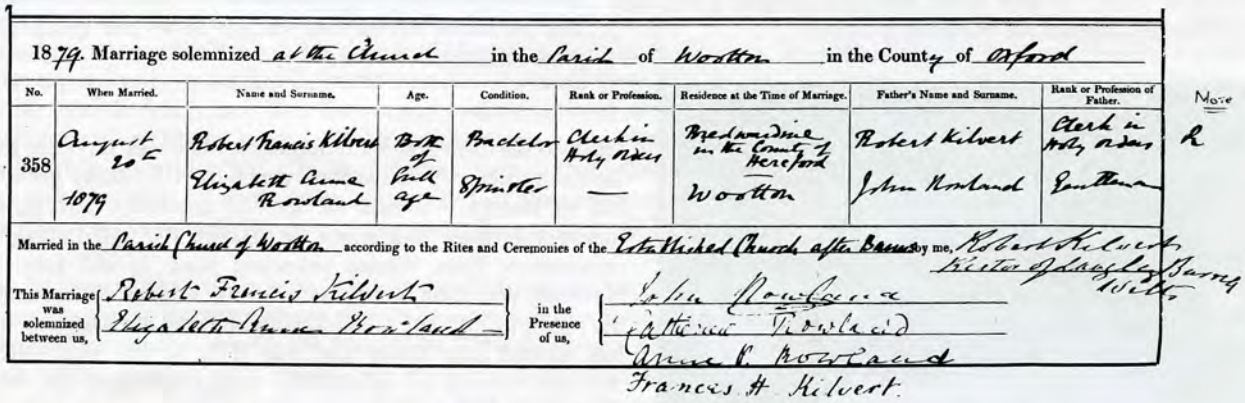
Saturday 25 June	12.00 noon	Meet at the Baskerville Arms, Clyro. Walk to 'Jacobs Ladder', Clyro. The walk is about three miles and is hilly. It is advisable to wear strong footwear and a waterproof top. Tea at the Baskerville Arms at 3.00 p.m.*
Sunday 26 June	3.00 p.m.	Evensong at St Mary's Credenhill, Hereford, with tea at Wyevale Garden Centre, King's Acre Road, Hereford at 4.30 p.m.*

September Weekend

Saturday 24 September	11.00 a.m.	Visit to Wootton, Oxfordshire to see the church where FK was married. Members to make their own arrangements for lunch. There are two pubs in the village serving lunches or Woodstock is only five minutes' drive by car. In the afternoon there will be a walk to see the **outside** of the house occupied by Elizabeth Rowland and her family (by kind permission of the owner, Lord Kerr). The visit will conclude with a short walk round the village. Both walks will have moderate climbs and it is advisable to wear strong footwear as well as a waterproof top. **No teas have been arranged** for this visit. Will members **please take extra care when parking their cars** as the village is small and parking, although not restricted, is difficult. Please note that **there will not be a church service** this weekend. * Teas will cost £4.75 per person for the Baskerville Arms and £4.50 per person for Wyevale Garden Centre. Members ordering teas must **send me the appropriate money** by the date specified on the booking form (enclosed with the March *Journal*).
Winter Event 2006		Date and time to be arranged later. Visit to Bristol. KS member Alan Brimson will lead the walk. Members will need to make their own arrangements for lunch.

VISIT TO WOOTTON

A photographic introduction to the Society visit planned for 24 September next.



1879. Marriage solemnized at the Church in the Parish of Wootton in the County of Oxford

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.	Note
358	August 20th 1879	Robert Francis Kilvert Elizabeth Anne Rowland	Both of Full age	Bachelor Spinster	Clerk in Holy Orders —	Bredwardine in the County of Hereford Wootton	Robert Kilvert John Rowland	Clerk in Holy Orders Gentleman	R

Married in the Parish Church of Wootton according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church after Banns by me, Robert Kilvert Rector of Langley Burrell Wilts.

This Marriage was solemnized between us, Robert Francis Kilvert, Elizabeth Anne Rowland — in the Presence of us, John Rowland, Catherine Rowland, Anne P. Rowland, Frances H. Kilvert.

The entry in the marriage register*

Wootton Church

The plaque, donated by the Society in 1971

Holly Bank, Elizabeth Rowland's Home

**From a postcard, published by Judges of Hastings and available in the church.*

(Photos by John Wilks)

THE WINTER EVENT

Visit to Oxford 23 February 2005
By Michael Sharp (Kinnersley)

The 'Countryfile' weather forecast on the previous Sunday gave rise to apprehension and anxiety among not a few of the KS members who had sent in booking forms for the coach to Oxford. Sure enough, Wednesday dawned – well before dawn for some of us! – grey and with showers of snow. The landscape became whiter as we approached Oxford and the rooftops were beginning to look splendid with their caps of new snow. However, we should have remembered how very few KS events over the years have been spoilt by bad weather. Some say that, on this occasion, it was due to 'Mrs Noddy-Boots', but by noon the snow had gone, the slush dried away and the sun shone everywhere on the beautiful, warm colours of the college buildings.

David Elvins was at the gate of Wadham College to greet us and we were soon in the surprisingly warm Chapel, to be greeted by the Chaplain, the Revd Emma Percy.

First, a brief look at the college buildings and for some of us a peep at the lawn where we ate the tea, meant for American guests, during our last visit to Wadham in July 1991. This was on the occasion of the dedication of the memorial plaque to RFK, given by the Society, placed on the wall of the transept. Was it really so long ago?

David soon had us out in the city streets after dire warnings about the traffic and keeping together – there was to be no loitering! Every step brought new delights – the new Bodleian, New College, Wren's Sheldonian, All Souls and the Bodleian proper, one of the five copyright libraries in Britain – the NLW in Aberystwyth, visited in 2003, is another.

Led by David Elvins and Judson Jones the group sets off from Wadham.

In the meeting room of the Bodleian David told us something about New College (the first to be designed around a quadrangle) and read the passage from the *Diary* describing Kilvert's visit to Evensong there with Mayhew in 1876. (*Diary* entry for 25 May). It was Mayhew, the Diarist's close friend, who introduced him to Elizabeth Rowland during the Paris visit, also in 1876. Sadly, in later years, Mayhew became senile and died in Oxford's Warneford Hospital in 1916.

In the Bodleian. Photos by Ann Dean

Next, to the University Church of St Mary, the physical heart of the old walled city and around which the University grew up. So full of history – it was the seat of university government in mediaeval times and scene of Cranmer's withdrawal of his recantation. John Wesley preached here, so did John Henry Newman and John Keble initiated the Oxford Movement from the pulpit in July 1833, denouncing the way the Anglican Church had drifted into laxity and lost sight of the true faith. The resultant revival of spirituality totally changed the religious climate for the next 150 years – some feel it is time for a repeat! David read to us the account of Kilvert's and Mayhew's visit to St Barnabas in the Jericho area of the city and Kilvert's reaction to the Ascension Day service there. *Did you ever see such a function as that? No, I never did and I don't care if I never do again.* (*Diary* 25 May 1876).

Then down Oriel Street to arrive at Kilvert's father's old college – he entered Oriel in 1822. There, he became a Bible Clerk, reading scripture and doing other duties in the Chapel, which meant he paid lower fees.

Kilvert's friend, David Laing, was a fellow of Corpus Christi and read the same subjects as the Diarist. A glance into the quad revealed quite exquisite buildings.

After a view of Christ Church, the wealthiest and grandest of Oxford colleges, we went round the back of Merton and on to Christ Church Meadows. Walter Baskerville was at Christ Church while Kilvert was at Wadham and it may be a long shot but I wonder if the two met and whether this was a factor in Kilvert becoming curate of Clyro.

A stroll along Deadman's Walk brought us to the Botanic Gardens and into view of Magdalen tower – whence madrigals are sung to greet the dawn on May morn. Here David read the account of the two friends' visit to Magdalen Chapel (*Diary, 25* May 1876) before we moved on down Longwall Street whose junction with St Cross Road and Holywell Street, despite the traffic,

appealed to me greatly, so intimate, small-scale and so tranquil did it seem. Along here we passed the house and stables belonging to Charles Symonds, with whom Kilvert stayed on a later visit.

After lunch we returned to Wadham Chapel, where, before a short service of readings and prayers, conducted by the Chaplain, the college archivist, Dr Cliff Davies, gave us the most amazing insight into life at Wadham in Kilvert's time – the academic regime, the examination system and the nature of Kilvert's course in History and Law (see below).

In a little over two hours David's tour had given us a most fascinating panorama of Kilvert's Oxford and I know I speak for all when I say we are immensely grateful to him for his research, hard work and enthusiasm – not to mention his expertise in keeping us all together. As far as I know no one perished crossing the High and we all enjoyed another wonderful Kilvert day out. Thank you David and Marjorie.

KILVERT'S DEGREE

By C.S.L. Davies (Keeper of the Archives, Wadham College)

Before the Society's visit to Oxford on 23 February 2005 your secretary, David Elvins, asked me if I could throw light on Kilvert's academic performance.

Kilvert came up to Wadham in 1859, and took a fourth-class degree in Law and History in Michaelmas term 1862. What was involved? Why did Kilvert read Law and History rather than Classics? Frederick Grice in *Francis Kilvert and His World* (p33) calls it 'a disappointing fourth'. Was a fourth really, as it became later, something rather shaming, a joke to be laughed off?

Answering these questions was more difficult than I had anticipated; the Oxford examination system in the nineteenth century was both complicated and liable to frequent change. Serious tests for the BA degree had been re-introduced in 1802, after a century or so in which the degree had essentially demanded no more than residence and the payment of fees. From 1802 candidates could put in for honours, as opposed to the usual pass degree, by offering additional material. In 1807 two distinct honours schools were introduced, Literae Humaniores (i.e. Classics), and Mathematics and Physics. It was possible to offer both at once and Robert Peel, the future Prime Minister, was the first to get a 'double first', in 1808. (The term is now devalued by journalists using it to describe those who get firsts in the two parts of one honour school). The new exams were primarily oral, although from 1828 written papers crept into the system; indeed by 1850 Lit. Hum. involved some five days of written examination, although the viva remained important. In 1850, however, the 'single honours' route was evidently thought to be too easy, or perhaps too narrowing. Candidates for honours would now have to offer two separate schools. Lit. Hum. was compulsory; for the other there was a choice of Mathematics, Natural Science, or a new school of Law and History. Candidates, however, needed only to achieve honours standard in one of their schools, provided they got a pass in the other. All this took place after three or four years, after Responsions (often taken in the first term, essentially a test of school education) and a First Public Examination (Mods) taken in the second year. Both these involved essentially a study of classical texts, and a good deal of translation, composition etc. Classical studies, then, formed the bulk of the course, even for those like Kilvert whose final honours were awarded for some other subject. In fact most students who took honours at all chose to do so in Classics, which, after all, they had been studying intensively since they were small boys.

Thomas Jackson, (later Sir Thomas, baronet, the distinguished architect) who came up to Wadham five years before Kilvert, in 1854, describes how the requirement of two honours schools actually worked. Jackson took a third in Lit. Hum. in 1858, then looked round for another school. He decided on Natural Science, since he could do this immediately. The examination was due in a week's time. Jackson set to reading one text-book in physiology, another in chemistry. 'I had three clear days' reading before the Schools'. In the event he managed a pass in both papers (indeed he was graded 'very satisfactory' in physiology), and in a 'special subject' in electricity, got up in an hour over lunch. As he said, 'The whole thing is rather comic'.

The haphazard nature of the system, the lack of any formal fit between qualifications and practice, is nicely illustrated by the career of W.W. Shirley, who must have been Kilvert's tutor (records of tutorial arrangements do not survive) for at least the Law and History part of his course (Shirley was to provide a reference for Kilvert in 1864; Grice, p.33). Shirley had achieved a first in maths in 1851. He became a fellow of Wadham, but securing an inheritance and then marrying, he had to give up his fellowship, being retained, however, as a lecturer. He was an examiner for both Maths and for Law and History. He was indeed, a notable historian, editing important medieval texts for the authoritative Rolls Series, the *Fasciculi Zizaniorum….Johannis Wyclif*, (1858), and *Royal and other Historical Letters of the reign of Henry III*, (1862), as well as a *Catalogue of the Original Works of John Wiclif* (1865). He projected a large-scale study of Wyclif. He was appointed Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in 1863, and died, aged only 38, in 1866.

Kilvert, then, would have taken the largely classical First Public Examination in his second year and Lit. Hum. Finals in the spring term of 1862, his third year. Lit. Hum. would have involved a good deal of ancient history and philosophy; he probably avoided logic, which was 'indispensable' for a first or a second. He took passes rather than classes in both examinations, whether intentionally or because he failed to meet the higher standard it is impossible to say. He would then have done Law and History in about six months to take the exam at the end of Michaelmas term 1862, though if that had always been his intention, he probably started preparing for it earlier. Law and History was a curious combined subject. Presumably Law was thought to stiffen the 'soft option' of History, while History would prevent Law becoming, horror of horrors, 'vocational'. History involved a choice of English History 1066-1509 or 1509-1702, and, for honours, Modern History as far as 1789. These daunting

specifications were considerably eased by a list of 'authorities' on which the examination would be based, including several primary sources (Stubbs's *Charters*, the backbone of the History School for several decades, did not appear until 1870). The Law side offered a choice between Blackstone on English Law, or Justinian's Roman code, papers on either Real or Personal property, and a wide-ranging paper on Jurisprudence and the Law of Nations. Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* was strongly recommended for both parts of the school. These peculiar arrangements were very soon to change. From 1864 the requirement to offer two separate schools for honours was abolished, while in 1872 the combined school of Law and History split into its component parts. The trend to specialisation was under way.

How well did Kilvert perform? If we take the University list of those who took the Law and History exam with him, it produces three firsts, six seconds, nine thirds, and three fourths. In addition, 35 took passes, many of them presumably those who had already secured honours in Lit. Hum. One of the firsts, G.H. Pope, was from Wadham, but had matriculated a year before Kilvert, in 1858. Taking the twelve students who entered Wadham with Kilvert in 1859, two left without a degree, nine took pass degrees, only three took honours. All three got better results than Kilvert; E.J. Turner a second in Lit. Hum. and a fourth in Maths; J.H. Brierly, a second in Law and History; and Kilvert's friend Robert Laing (who became a fellow of Corpus Christi College and changed his name to Cuthbert Shields), a first in Law and History. But again, all three took their finals a year later than Kilvert, in 1863. It looks as if to get high honours really needed four years. Kilvert, did his degree in three years and a term. Presumably the reason was economy (and why bother anyway, since his result would not affect his chosen career?). Moreover, it was generally agreed that to do well in the schools required private coaching to supplement the inadequate teaching provided by the colleges. We have no indication whether Kilvert received such coaching; again, it may be that he could not afford it. Measured by the standards of his peers, Kilvert's results were above average, in that most of them took pass degrees. Had he taken four years rather than three his class in honours would almost certainly have been higher. His performance was by no means disreputable.

In the course of the Wadham visit several Society members asked where Kilvert did his theological training. Traditionally there was no requirement either for formal academic theology, or for professional training for pastoral responsibilities; the latter would be learned 'on the job' as a curate. The essence of the Anglican clergy had been the graduate who was also, both *ipso facto* and generally by upbringing, a gentleman. Colleges provided, in theory, and to some extent in practice, a religious environment for all students. Divinity was a compulsory part of university examinations, involving New Testament Greek, the history contained in the Old and New Testaments, the Thirty-Nine Articles, and Evidences of Religion. At Wadham the Warden delivered a compulsory Articles Lecture on Sundays, although according to Jackson, this was not treated very seriously by undergraduates. Daily chapel was compulsory. Nearly all the fellows of the college were in orders. Certainly from about 1840 there was a move to establish specialist theological colleges away from the universities; partly to recruit clergy who could not afford Oxford and Cambridge, partly because of a growing sense of the priesthood as a vocation set apart, coupled with a realisation that the universities themselves were succumbing to secularisation. Kilvert, however, was in this instance a beneficiary of the old system in a world which was changing around him.

Sources. For the examination system, see C.E. Mallett, *History of the University of Oxford*, vol.3 (1927); and vols. 6 and 7 (*The Nineteenth Century)* (Oxford, 1997 and 2000), eds. M.G. Brock and M.C. Curthoys, in *The History of the University of Oxford*, ed. T.H. Aston.

Details of courses and lists of those successful in honours are in the *Oxford University Calendar* for 1863. For Wadham students see R.B. Gardiner, *Registers of Wadham College, 1719-1871*, (1895), and *Recollections; the Life of Sir Thomas Graham Jackson, Bt, RA*, ed. Sir Nicholas Jackson, Bt (2003). W.W. Shirley features in the new *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (2004). For the training of Victorian clergymen see Owen Chadwick, *The Victorian Church* (2 vols., 1970) ii 245-50.

A MEMORY OF JOHN DUNABIN

(6 July 1916 – 4 December 2002)
By Christopher Dunabin (London)

John Dunabin, a stalwart of the Society died in December 2002 and a mention of his passing appeared in the editorial of *Journal* No. 10 (March 2003).

At the time, however, it was not possible to publish an extensive obituary appropriate for such a loyal and distinguished Kilvertian. I am very pleased, therefore, belatedly, to include now this appreciation by his son. (ed.)

My father, John Dunabin, was an enthusiastic member of the Kilvert Society for nearly 30 years – although he lived in Herefordshire for only three of his 86 years, and was not a believer, still less an active member of the Church of England.

He was introduced to the Society by his very old friend Ted West, former Kilvert Society secretary, whom he had succeeded as school captain at Hereford High School for Boys in 1935, and with whom he maintained a close friendship, mainly by correspondence, for over 60 years until Ted's death in 1999. Ted fostered John's enthusiasm for Kilvert (and Gilbert and Sullivan, Shelley, and ecclesiastical architecture – though never for Ted's other enthusiasm, primulas). But John's love of Herefordshire, which underlay his love of Kilvert, went back earlier, to a January day in 1932, described on the first page of his book *The Hereford Bus*. His other passion, for buses – which Ted could not share – went back to the same day.

For his first fifteen years John lived near Warrington, where his mother was a teacher and his father a cabinet-maker, latterly a tanner when the demand for fine furniture collapsed in the recession of the early Twenties. In 1932 came a seminal experience. The local authority's response to the Great Depression was to dismiss married women teachers to make jobs for men. Unfortunately his father was also out of work, the local tannery having closed. To keep the family from poverty, his mother cast around and found a job as sole teacher in the village school (long closed) in Newton St Margaret's, on the edge of the Black Mountains.

John describes the day he travelled from Warrington to Newton, by train and bus (there being no room in the sidecar of his father's motorbike for both him and his younger brother), having been warned that if he missed the bus in Hereford, he would have to wait four days for the next! Newton seemed remote even by the standards of 1932: the nearest telephone was in Bacton, and the Jowett his parents bought later that year may have been the first car in the village. For a boy from the heavy chemical area of south Lancashire, where one could tell the wind direction by sniffing the air, the Golden Valley countryside, and the farming people, were a revelation. That day, and the three years that followed of travelling to school in Hereford, cycling to Bob Shop then on by bus, left him with two lifelong enthusiasms, for Herefordshire and for buses. The rood screen at St Margaret's and bike rides to Clodock, Kilpeck and further afield helped form his love of church architecture, though less so of the church as an institution. He liked to quote a Newton farmer, who said: 'When I was a lad, all we had to go by was what parson told us; then I spent three years on the Western Front, and I've never believed a word the so-and-sos said ever since!'

John left Herefordshire in 1935 to read chemistry at King's College London (incidentally rejoining Ted who was reading English there), and never lived in the county again. His parents moved away in about 1940 (to another remote village school in North Yorkshire) after his mother had a row with the Newton school governors. John worked for the Chemical Inspectorate in Woolwich and Bolton, then for the Atomic Energy Authority in Preston and (by coincidence – his attachment to his home town was limited) in Warrington. When he retired in 1981, and again when his wife Kathleen died prematurely in 1986, he contemplated moving back to Herefordshire, but concluded that his love for the county would be better sustained by distance; he was also sensitive about not appearing to want to hang on the coat tails of Ted, who had become a mainstay of so much local activity.

In the early 1960s, John brought together two of his enthusiasms and started researching the history of motor-bus services in Herefordshire. He interviewed many of the pioneers from the 1920s who were then still alive, and spent many days poring over the files of the *Hereford Times* and other local papers. For a time in the 1970s the work was set aside, in part because of publishers' unsurprising reservations about such an obscure subject, but in 1986, with transport attention focused on Herefordshire's pilot scheme of bus deregulation, *The Hereford Bus* appeared. It was not a commercial venture nor, with 600 copies sold, success – John had to turn himself into a salesman to persuade the small bookshops of Herefordshire's market towns to stock it, but he felt he had achieved his intention by preserving a record of a small but fascinating slice of history.

John joined the Kilvert Society in the 1970s, and soon became an enthusiast both for the Diaries and for the Society's activities. Kilvert weekends became a fixture, almost a ritual: an overnight stay with Ted in Ross (in Ted's spare room dominated by a full-size reproduction of Richard Dadd's *The Fairy Feller's Master-stroke*), then a lift from Gordon Rogers to Hereford followed by a bus trip to the walk or village church; on the bus John's role was commonly to collect the money. He again linked his various enthusiasms: although Francis Kilvert did not survive into the era of motor buses, John wrote a couple of articles for the Newsletter about his use of public transport, including his placid reaction to a serious railway accident in Hampshire and his memorable description of a trip by horse-drawn coach along the north Cornwall coast to Zennor.

John was not a great traveller overseas – long weekends in Dublin, Paris, Amsterdam, and, for his 80th birthday, Venice, were his limit, but, perhaps in consequence, he travelled extensively in the UK; and, wherever he went, could usually tell who had run the bus service over the road in the 1930s, sometimes even the frequency.

John remained an active member, though regretful in his last five years or so that he could no longer join the walks and saddened by his old friend Ted's death. He was fond of a Kilvert quotation – no doubt some member will know the date and page reference – *I decided to miss the train and accept the cakes and ale that life offered.* John died aged 86 after a short and painless illness, having lived a full and mostly fulfilled life. He is survived by his brother Arthur, a doyen of the Youth Hostels Association and by me.

The Kilvert Society very gratefully acknowledges a most generous bequest under the terms of John's will.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

Kilvert in his bath* *(he had, it seems, shaved beforehand!) as imagined by Themis Hemley, then aged 7, a pupil at Ffynnon Gynydd School in 1988. The painting was an entry in a competition organised as part of the Kilvert Festival in Clyro in 1988.*

**See* Diary *entry for Christmas Day 1870*

Photo by Denis Morgan (Tewkesbury). I have tried, without success, to contact Mr Hemley – if anyone can put me in touch with him I would be grateful – ed.)

'WE WILL REMEMBER HER ALWAYS'

ANNIE FRANCES ESSEX PHILLIPS, 1869-1954
– MRS. PHILLIPS OF THE GABLES –
A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE TO KILVERT'S NIECE 'THE MONK'
By Anne Mallinson (Burgess Hill)

I lived with my 'emerging' memoir of 'The Monk' for many months in 1962. Memories of my Gloucestershire childhood came back to me in waves of nostalgic pleasure as I recalled those special years of a unique upbringing, with my twin sister, in the care of Kilvert's niece, Annie Frances Essex Phillips, Mrs Phillips of 'The Gables'. She was the second daughter born to Kilvert's sister, Emmie, and her husband, Samuel Jardine Wyndowe, in India on 2 February 1869. And it was Kilvert who called her 'The Monk'.

I can recite the first paragraph of *A Kilvert Kinswoman* off by heart. And, indeed, in spite of my ageing memory, a number of other paragraphs as well! But the first line of my memoir is short and to the point, and it is relevant here now, for it is the reason for this record, of a special visit made to Uley in Gloucestershire in memory of a very special person.

> *In the churchyard at the foot of the hills in the Cotswold village of Uley lies the grave of one who will be remembered by all readers of Kilvert's* Diary *simply as 'The Monk'.*

On 19 April last year a special ceremony took place at the Monk's grave to commemorate the 50th anniversary of her death. She died on Easter Monday 1954. Her daughter, Olivia, recorded, 'Mother got up at the usual time for breakfast, made her own bed and just died in her armchair of heart failure that afternoon'. She was 85. 'I am sending you flowers for the Festival', she had written to me in London a few days earlier. Flowers, daffodils and forsythia, the glowing heralders of yet another springtime.

> *She died, peacefully, asleep in her chair by the drawing room fireside, where she had sat serenely for countless years – the symbol of security to a succession of small children. A succession of children – who were to number well over three hundred – who had grown up and gone out into the world for ever grateful for the gift she had given them.*

And so it was that three of us, each grateful for that gift she had given us, returned to the Cotswold village to place flowers (and my posy included daffodils and forsythia) on her grave ... 'In happy Remembrance of Mrs Phillips of The Gables 1869-1954 on the 50th anniversary of her death, 19th April 2004. These flowers are placed here with gratitude and love. In appreciation, and with thanks for the memorable start she gave to our young lives at The Gables, her home in Uley, during the first half of the 20th century. We will remember her always.'

It was a memorable occasion, standing there in the April sunshine with Tony and Erica, two children then, with whom I had shared part of my childhood years, and attended St Giles'. Now we stood, with the Revd Nick Tucker, churchwarden Dr Alan Bebbington, and three parishioners who remembered Mrs Phillips, in the churchyard beside the grave and memorial cross, 'to the loved and happy memory of Colonel Walter Ernest Phillips CB, Indian Army, called to rest Sept. 28th. 1912' – and the tablet, to 'Annie Frances Essex Phillips, died Easter 1954'.

At the Ceremony.
(l to r) The Revd, Nick Tucker, Tony Thrower, Anne Mallinson, Erica Thursfield, Alan Bebbington, Frances Griffiths, Katherine and Francis Penley.

Colonel Phillips' early death in Uley, just two years after they had settled there in his retirement, with their twins Olivia and Lancelot, had been a bitter blow for Annie, for they had been devoted to each other. After her death, her daughter wrote of her mother that the marriage had been a very happy one and referred to her mother's strength of character and indomitable spirit. Characteristically, Mrs Phillips rallied .....

> *Mrs Phillips was soon to realise where her future lay; that she would take into her home the children of parents whose lives were so similar to that which she, and her mother before her, had known.*

and, so it was that she commenced a chapter of her life which is remembered, even today, as one of complete unselfishness, understanding and devotion.

Now it was *our* turn to remember.

The ceremony over, Tony, Erica and I walked across the Green to the inn for a pub lunch. Was it really over 70 years ago that we had sat in The Gables' dining room? We were always summoned at meal times by a worn and battered gong – and an echo yet remains, of small voices pleading may *I* sound the gong for tea today please?

> *Meals were taken at a refectory table that stretched almost the length of the room, and oak benches were placed on either side. The meals were preceded by a Latin grace, and at the end one left the dining room only after asking to be allowed to do so – in French. A nod from her and we were gone..... Up the old oak staircase to the West Room, as our nursery-cum-playroom was called...to dear faithful old Louie, Louie who always seemed to have been there.*

Uley Churchyard. The column on the grave of Mrs Phillips' husband Colonel Walter Ernest Phillips CD Indian Army with the stone plaque recording Annie Frances Essex Phillips' death at Easter 1954. Anne Mallinson's posy and dedicatory card lower centre.

Mrs Phillips' daughter records of her mother, 'Her domestic staff adored her and stayed till marriage or even death, as in the case of dear old Louie, terminated their loyal service'. And it was indeed poignant that one of the villagers present at the grave for the Anniversary tribute was Frances Griffiths who had been employed, on leaving school at 15, by Mrs Phillips to help her look after us children. *Her* love and loyalty had remained throughout her life.

To end our day of remembrance we had a wonderful opportunity to visit the home of our childhood, thanks to the kindness of the present owners who had invited us to tea. It was a memorable experience, exploring the old house, reminiscing, and recalling the names of long-forgotten children. And remembering too the wonderful woman who had given us a childhood to remember.

It was indeed the end of a very special day.

BISHOP JAMES ATLAY OF HEREFORD, KILVERT'S DIOCESAN

By Karl Showler (Hay-on-Wye)

I have been working for the last four years on a study of Bishop James Atlay who turns up from time to time in the *Diary*, a most interesting man who seems to have taken over my spare time.

Having been reading *The Hereford Times* in relation both to Atlay and Kilvert I made the following note in relation to Bishop Atlay's death on Christmas Eve 1894:

In the nineteenth century *The Hereford Times* was a true broadsheet with a page size of 65.5 cms x 51 cms on heavy quality rag paper printed in seven columns. Selling for two and a half pence for six pages, it had built up over the years a 200,000 print run that, it claimed, was the largest circulation of any paper in the world. The paper covered in some depth the Welsh Marches and South Wales as well as international and national affairs. Bishop James Atlay's death commanded premium space over and above the terrorist attacks in London, in which the Irish strove for political separation from the United Kingdom, the war between Japan and China, as well as murders and gory local accidents.

James Atlay at the time of his consecration as Bishop of Hereford in 1868. (A portrait from the Illustrated London News *of 25 July of that year).*

The Hereford Times produced two special issues before and after the funeral on 29 December 1894 and also on 5 January 1895.

The forgotten Bishop, briefly introducing James Atlay

James Atlay, Bishop of Hereford between 1868-1894, is today forgotten. Even those who admire his fine Carrara marble tomb, paid for by public subscription, in the north transept of Hereford Cathedral, know nothing of him. Yet Atlay had a deep influence on the County, both in his lifetime and for a generation thereafter. One of the quirks of history lies in the attention now paid to the diary of an obscure parish priest that lay unread for two generations but is today read, and studied throughout the English-speaking world. The humble Francis Kilvert is now deemed the inadvertent author of a minor classic, *Kilvert's Diary,* and the high-riser James Atlay has sunk into obscurity.

The *Diary* records some of the contacts Francis Kilvert made with James Atlay, between 1870 and 1879, in whose diocese Kilvert worked between 1878 and 1879 when he held the living of Bredwardine with Brobury. It is also possible to augment the *Diary* entries by looking at other contemporary records.

The printed material deposited in the Hereford Cathedral Library shows how complex the clerical world was in the latter half of the nineteenth century. 'Kilvert's Bishop' played an important part in the modernisation of the diocese of Hereford. Using the information briefly outlined in Crockford's *Clerical Directory* combined with that in Debrett's *Peerage* we can see how James Atlay's life developed. And we can also learn how a reforming bishop tackled the problems he faced at a time of great change

in the Established Church in his own compilation which was the printed triennial review of the diocese, technically termed the *Charges to the Clergy of Herefordshire*.

Atlay's *Charges* form an invaluable source of data and comment on the Hereford diocese at a time of change in society, in the county and in the Church of England, and to the limited contact that church had with nonconformity. The *Charges* also provide the background to the clerical life of Francis Kilvert.

Much other supporting detail is to be found in the annual *Hereford Diocesan Church Calendar and Clergy List*. The *Calendar* was first published 'with the Bishop's approval' in 1865 and 1866 during the final years of Atlay's predecessor Bishop Renn Dickson Hampden. During the latter's final illness and the ensuing interregnum the publication lapsed, resuming with Atlay's encouragement in 1870. The *Calendar* with title changes continues to the present day.

Kilvert's known contacts with Bishop Atlay

Although Francis Kilvert served as a curate in the Diocese of St David's he often went over the county and diocesan border into the nearby See of Hereford. At Clyro his own diocesan was at first the progressive, independent-minded Connop Thirlwall who retired to Bath in 1874 and was replaced by Dr W. Basil Jones.

The bishops of St David's had their episcopal palace at Abergwili, Carmarthenshire, and their cathedral even farther from Clyro at the city of St David's on the Welsh west coast. I have found no evidence that Kilvert ever met either of these bishops, although Thirlwall would have licensed him to act as curate to the Revd Richard Venables at Clyro. Kilvert mentions writing to Bishop Thirlwall regarding his giving up his appointment at Clyro and would have corresponded with Dr Jones over his taking up the living at St Harmon.

The Bishop and the reconfirmation of the Revd Andrew Pope

The first reference to Atlay in *Kilvert's Diary* occurs on Thursday 31 March 1870, when Francis Kilvert recorded a neat little bit of clerical gossip that he picked up in Hadley's, the chemist's shop in Hay. This tidbit came via Mr Dewing of Stow Farm, Whitney. Mr Dewing had been present at the Whitney confirmation the day before at which Bishop Atlay officiated.

As we know Kilvert's friend the Revd Andrew Pope, of Cusop, came late into the service with a Miss Stokes, as his confirmation candidate. The pair sat together, as their train had been delayed. To make matters worse, Andrew Pope had not even brought his robes, but wore a very short cut-away coat. He also came into church with his dog.

James Atlay had held the See of Hereford for less than two years, and was in the process of introducing many reforms including the conduct of confirmations. He hoped to make it possible for candidates for confirmation not to have to wait too long and he held confirmations in accessible churches where the local clergy could bring in their candidates. Also, he required candidates be conducted to the altar rail two-by-two so that the bishop could lay his hands on their heads, a method apparently new to local clergy.

It is clear from Atlay's first or 'Primary' *Charge to his Clergy* that he was meeting resistance to his methods.

From what Kilvert tells us of the Whitney confirmation there was a fracas at the rail and in the end the bishop laid his hands on the unfortunate Revd Andrew Pope's head so he was reconfirmed alongside Miss Stokes. The rector of Whitney Henry Dew and Mr Palmer of Eardisley and the other clergy present not making it clear to the bishop that Andrew was a local curate in mufti.

Afterwards when Bishop James was told of his mistake he apologised to Pope but as Kilvert noted, *rather shortly and cavalierly*, for he felt that Pope ought to have come in his gown. Looking at the matter after reading James' *Charge* for 1870, it is possible to see that Atlay was having trouble with some of his clergy in getting them to behave in a seemly manner including the wearing of their clerical gowns. He may have felt here was a case of their being uncooperative.

The contretemps does not seem to have been held against Pope, who was subsequently instituted to the living of Preston-on-Wye with Blakemere in 1873, he was also active in the diocese. In 1910 he went to Langley Burrell, Chippenham, where Kilvert had served as his father's curate over thirty years before.

The *1870 Calendar* included a list of churches, at which confirmations were to be held, 'so that clergy might know when to bring in their candidates'. In 1870 the Whitney confirmations were to be held on 30 March at 11 am, when those to be confirmed could come from Brinsop, Brilley, Clifford, Cusop, Eardisley, Michaelchurch, Whitney and Winforton. The *1871 Calendar* reporting the number confirmed parish by parish the year before, noted that at Whitney 31 males and 45 females came to the bishop that morning, including one female from Cusop who presumably was Miss Stokes.

After this confirmation the bishop travelled on to Bredwardine for 3 pm to confirm 50 males and 56 females.

Bishop James followed this confirmation pattern year after year visiting between 32 and 53 centres per year. The chosen places varied within districts presumably linked to the number of candidates expected. Thus, when Kilvert was vicar at Bredwardine in 1878, the people from Whitney came to Hardwick and those from Bredwardine went to Eardisley. In 1879 confirmations were held in Whitney on Monday 10 March at 11 am and Bredwardine at 3 pm so one might expect that Atlay either came to lunch or to tea with Kilvert.

The bishop in his *Primary Charge* offered much guidance to his clergy including the comment that although he did not wish to prescribe an age for confirmation, except in the most pressing cases, and after being consulted, he did not wish to confirm under 12 years, but in ordinary cases none should be brought for confirmation before 14.

The largest number Bishop James confirmed on any one day was at the 1878 cathedral service when 350 persons came to the rail. This compared with the old practice of mass confirmations. For example, in 1846 Bishop Monk of Gloucester confirmed 1500 at one service. In some places the Holy Sprit was deemed to pass to the confirmees through a long pole which the bishop held as the candidates touched it. Elliott Binns' *Religion in the Victorian Era* (page 43) noted that the Archbishop of Canterbury, Charles Manners Sutton (1755-1828), simply stretched out his hands over the disordered mass of candidates who struggled to be near the bishop, there being no attempt to put the candidates in any order. Manners Sutton had, prior to being raised to the Primacy, been Bishop of Norwich from 1792 to 1805.

Bishop Atlay's last confirmation was that of the boys at Shrewsbury School on May 25 1894, bringing the total he confirmed to 31,781 males and 41,061 females, in all 72,842.

Francis Kilvert's first meeting with Bishop Atlay

As far as we know, Francis Kilvert when he was still a curate at Clyro first met James Atlay on Monday 29 August 1870 at All Saints' Church, Hardwick. The Revd Thomas W. Webb and his wife were hosting a bazaar in aid of Home Missions, to which they invited their bishop, who was an enthusiast for such bodies.

Kilvert describes in some detail the event, and noted that: *at 5.30 the Bishop began to speak from the edge of the vicarage lawn as from a platform across the ha-ha to the audience in the open field. The ladies were seated on rows of chairs and benches lugged out of the tea tent.*

When Kilvert visited Hardwick both the church and the vicarage were new having been provided by the Moors Estate. The churchyard was surrounded by a ha-ha trench to exclude sheep and cattle. Thomas Webb added one on the side of his vicarage garden facing the church and it was over this second ha-ha that the bishop spoke. A feature subsequently filled in, so only the one surrounding the churchyard remains.

The diarist noted that, that August afternoon, *the Bishop spoke readily but not eloquently for an hour.*

He is not a born orator and does not excite enthusiasm. But he was so engrossed in his subject he forgot all about time and Mrs Webb had to give him a hint that a carriage was waiting to take him to Hay Station and if he stayed a few more minutes he would lose the last train.

Francis Kilvert instituted to the living of Bredwardine with Brobury

In the autumn of 1877 Francis Kilvert applied for the vacant living of Bredwardine with Brobury and submitted his letters testimonial from three clergy and his present bishop Dr William B.T. Jones of St David's. The process of becoming an incumbent was set out in the *Hereford Diocesan Calendar.* Francis Kilvert would have been in correspondence with the bishop's secretary, Mr Henry Beddoe, to whom he would have paid the required fees of £9.8.1.

Kilvert's name was, after suitable enquiry, accepted by James Atlay and he was duly instituted on 30 November 1877. No doubt the bishop would have visited Bredwardine for this special occasion as he had written in his 1873 *Charge,* 'I am anxious to continue the practice as far as I can of instituting new incumbents in the face of the congregation where he is called upon to serve'.

The joint parish of Bredwardine with Brobury was in the Hereford Archdeaconry, the Canon the Venerable Lord Saye and Sele archdeacon, and in the Rural Deanery of Weobley (First Part) the Reverend H.W. Phillott MA of Staunton-on-Wye, rural dean. Kilvert would meet Phillott regularly as a Jarvis Trust trustee.

(To be continued)

(Karl Showler has published studies of Kilvert's involvement with Father Ignatius and also with the Ancient Order of Foresters' Friendly Society. Karl is currently exploring the life of James Atlay and his family with a view to producing a biography of this challenging nineteenth-century Church leader)

DISCOVERING KILVERT

By Cliff Dunkley (Leicester)

Ever since Studying Milton's *Comus* at school, I have been attracted to the Welsh Marches. This feeling was reinforced by subsequent study of Housman's poetry with its 'blue remembered hills' and the yearning for a land of lost content, seemingly so near and yet so far. I had also read and been totally absorbed by a biography of Father Ignatius of Llanthony. I had, moreover, visited and been captivated by Hay-on-Wye. I was therefore predisposed to be smitten by the late 1970s televising of extracts from *Kilvert's Diary* on BBC2 and immediately availed myself of a copy of the *Diary*, and have never looked back since. Even the very

mention of place-names from the *Diary* causes a frisson of delight. I well remember a conference at the Green Dragon in Hereford, quite a few years ago, when, after dinner, I retired to my room to soak up the names of places mentioned in the *Diary* listed on a map in the local telephone directory. The first AGM I attended in the Bishop's Palace in 1990 was the icing on the cake, Hereford being my favourite diocese when, as a boy, I had the somewhat unusual habit of practising episcopal signatures!

FROM RECENT CORRESPONDENCE

Michael Mott, Williamsburg, Virginia, writes:

Everything about Kilvert interests me. But I have been reading *Reminiscences of Birkenhead* by Charles Grey Mott (my great-grandfather) 1900. This gives a plan of the Birkenhead Dock entrances. The Confederates profited from a certain rivalry between Liverpool and Birkenhead. Having made its fortunes out of the Slave Trade, Liverpool became anti-slavery. The *Alabama* was built by Laird Brothers (when the first ironclads were built, William Laird & Son, then John Laird, Sons & Co.) John Laird was the Conservative MP for Birkenhead. My family may have known him, though they were strong Liberals. I believe that the Captain of the *Alabama*, Semmes, was rescued by one or more of the Laird brothers in their private yacht. That may be the boat coming in from the left in Manet's painting. I think the yacht was *The Deerhound* but I'd have to check that. Sorry.

* * *

Ian Rennison, a new member, writes from Swansea:

By chance today I stumbled upon the Kilvert Society website and found it interesting and well presented. I much enjoyed reading the *Diary* years ago and while I flew through it perhaps the time has come to re-read and savour it.

The photograph on the website of the travelling chariot belonging to the Thomas family of Llanthomas is of particular interest, my having seen it last Autumn with the carriage foundation when we visited St Fagan's. I don't know whether the Society *has* seen the vehicle or to what extent it is of interest*, but it was in its original condition, painted black and yellow, the interior luxuriously upholstered in beige silk. The brass hubcaps are stamped 'Collinges patent' which dates the vehicle to 1824-38. The leather covered luggage boxes on the roof, on the front boot and between the Cee springs, so clearly shown in the photograph, would have been specifically made by the builder for the vehicle. Such vehicles were not built in large numbers, were very expensive and the few survivors are rare. The vehicle is of considerable importance due to its original and complete condition. To have survived with its original luggage boxes makes it almost unique. The Llanthomas connection instantly took me to the *Diary*. It is strange how people and places from the *Diary* crop up and when they do it's like meeting old friends. Even in the horse-drawn age it must have been quite a sight rumbling through Hay on its way back from the Continent or the London season. The Llanthomas family must have been people of some means.

*See *Journals* 9, 10 and 11 (ed.).

OBITUARIES

It is with great regret that we record the following deaths:

Miss Ivy Fitchett of Northfield, Birmingham died on 19 January at the age of 94. She had been a KS member since 1976. Her nephew, Richard Thomas, writes:

My aunt was a long-time Kilvert enthusiast and at her funeral my son Robin read from the *Diary* entry for Sunday 7 May 1871. Right to the end, he adds, Ivy was in possession of her mental faculties and a keen reader. I know she had great enjoyment from her membership of the Society.

* * *

Mrs Kathleen Hughes 1920 – 2005
Dafydd Ifans writes:
Mrs Kathleen Hughes will be remembered by members of the Kilvert Society as one of the editors of the Sandford Diary (NLW MS 21666A) which was published in full by the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth, in 1982.

Kathleen Jones was born and raised in rural Cardiganshire, the family later moving to Pontypridd. She read Welsh at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, where she met her husband, lecturer Garfield H. Hughes, who was later to be Reader in the Welsh Department until his untimely death in 1969. In the early 1970s, Kathleen Hughes worked for the University of Wales's Board of Celtic Studies before being appointed an Assistant Archivist in the Department of Manuscripts and Records at the National Library of Wales in 1974, a post she held until her retirement in 1984.

When the Sandford Diary was purchased by the Library at Sotheby's in July 1979 and a decision was taken to publish its contents, Kathleen Hughes was an obvious choice to undertake the task as she was a member of the Kilvert Society. She was also responsible for listing the Llysdinam Papers which included references to the Reverend R.L. Venables, vicar of Clyro, including two letters from his curate, the diarist, which were published by Mrs Hughes in the *National Library of Wales Journal*. Members of the Kilvert Society were also welcomed to the Library by Mrs Hughes in the early 1980s to view the Sandford Diary and other items of Kilvert interest during a visit to Aberystwyth arranged by the Society.

Dafydd Ifans is Head of the Special Collections Section at the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth. He was, with Kathleen Hughes, the co-editor of the Sandford Notebook and editor of the Harvey Notebook (published by the NLW in 1989).

* * *

Mr Gordon Smith of Tonbridge died on 12 February 2005, he was 85 and had been a member since 1997.

His daughter, Mrs Marilyn Ostlere writes that her father was very fond of the *Diary* and was always reading it. Looking through his copies after his death she discovered that he had marked just one passage in the whole of the three volumes. This passage was read out at his funeral service.

It is the entry for 24 May 1875 which begins: *This afternoon I walked over to Lanhill* and ends *I shall ever remember the place and time in which such great happiness fell upon me.*

Mrs Ostlere added that her father had told her that he had had such an experience only twice in his life but she was unable to provide any further explanation.

* * *

Mr R. Best of Middlesex in April 2005, he had been a member since 1976,
Mrs J.W. Carpenter of Bury St Edmunds, she died in December 2002 and had been a member since 1998,
Mrs Betty Tottenham of Sandhurst on 15 March 2005, she had been a member since 1996. Her husband, John, has indicated that he will continue membership of the Society.

We offer our sincere condolences to the family and friends of the deceased.

CORRECTIONS

Profreeder blunders again!!

My apologies for a number of errors which appeared in the March *Journal*. Despite what Barry Smith may think, I *can* spell and I do read the proofs carefully! But, occasionally errors slip through, unnoticed because often, one reads what one supposes should be there rather than what actually is. Try it!

Similarly unnoticed was an omission of part of a sentence in John Wilks' article on Cader Idris (p4) which made nonsense of the early part of paragraph one and which must have puzzled the (attentive) reader!

It is in the paragraph which begins: 'Kilvert and his father travelled…' and the omission occurs after 'Mawddach'. The continuation should have read: They stayed at the Golden Lion at Dolgellau, this can still be seen through the marshy meadows at the back of the hotel, where Kilvert annoyed the lions; the meadows are now the main car park.

Finally, I am sorry that in the obituary for Mrs Thomas of Clyro (p20) her first name Margaret, under which she was known, was omitted.

(Ed.)

NEWSLETTERS AND *JOURNALS*

Back numbers of the Society's Newsletters and *Journals* are available from the Publications Manager, priced at £2 each, including postage. Limited availability.

Members are reminded that ALL e-mail communications with the Society or its officers should be made via the dedicated website: www.communigate.co.uk/here/kilvertsociety.

The editor is going on holiday, contributions for the September 2005 edition of the *Journal* should reach the editor **not later than 9 July** – earlier if possible.

Opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the Kilvert Society nor of the editor of the *Journal*.

The current ordinary subscription is now £12.00 (Joint membership £15.00) and is due on 1 January of each year. Cheques payable to The Kilvert Society should be sent to: Barry Smith, Membership Secretary, 25 Prospect Road, Abergavenny, Mon. NP7 5DU

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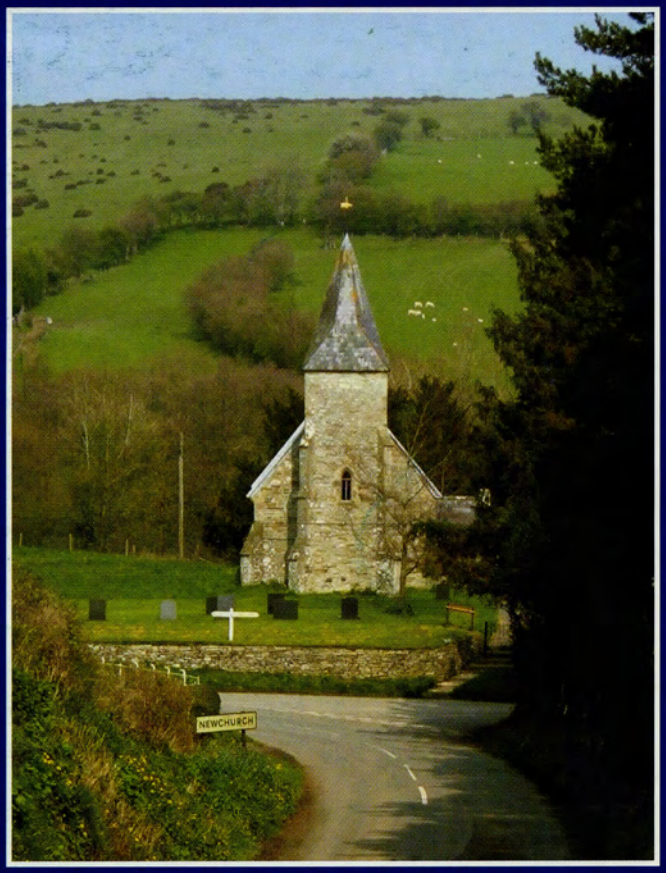
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