

THE KILVERT SOCIETY

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JUNE 1977.

Dear Member,

The last newsletter (dated 31st. March) told every member that this year's Commemoration Service is to be at MADLEY in Herefordshire on Sunday the 19th. June at 3 o'clock, and gave the reasons why it is to be in a church not mentioned in Kilvert's Diary. Now follows the full details.

The service will be conducted by THE REV. W. LAURENCE PATERSON - Vicar of Madley and a member of the Kilvert Society. It will be remembered that Mr. Paterson gave the ADDRESS at our service at Much Marcle in 1975. The ADDRESS will be by an old friend of the Society - THE REV. JOHN GOSS, who did this for us at Bredwardine in 1956 and at Llowes in 1960. There is a little note about him on another page. The LESSONS will be read by our PRESIDENT and by our VICE-PRESIDENT - and the ACT OF REMEMBRANCE will be by THE REV. W. LAURENCE PATERSON.

Madley Church (dedicated to the Nativity of the Virgin) is a large and very beautiful church. There is a note about it further on in this newsletter. Nikolaus Pevsner has much to say about it in his "Buildings of England" series - Herefordshire. It is nearly 7 miles from Hereford, just about half-way between Hereford and Bredwardine when taking the road which runs south of the Wye all the way - the A.465 (for Abergavenny) for the first two miles or so, then on to the B.4349 for a similar distance, finally on to the B4352 for the last two miles plus. This route is one of the three ways between Hereford and Hay-on-Wye. There will be ample parking for cars near the church, very plainly indicated.

Madley has had an Annual Musical Festival for a number of years past. This year on the 4th. to 10th. July - see note further on. At our Commemoration Service on 19th. June we are to have the benefit of a section of the Madley Festival Chorus, conducted by Tom Lloyd with Robert Milan at the organ.

After the service there will be TEA in the large Parish Hall, very kindly provided and served by a band of Madley ladies. The charge will be 50p per person. Please try your best to have the necessary coin ready, this will greatly help to speed things up.

There will be the usual bookstall in a corner of the Hall, and we can stay on after tea for anything up to an hour; something to be looked forward to when both Mr. Wynford Vaughan-Thomas and Mr. Frederick Grice will be there. This will also be an opportunity for any other member present who has an interesting contribution to make to speak briefly on it.

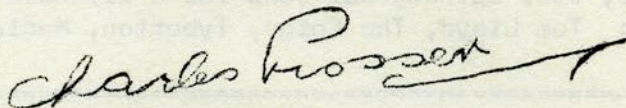
The Parish Hall is a few hundred yards from the Church, along the main road through the village, just beyond the "Red Lion" but on the opposite side.

POSTERS will be sent to many members - with this newsletter - PLEASE DO YOUR BEST TO GET THEM WELL DISPLAYED. They excite people's curiosity (who was Kilvert?) wherever they are seen ... far away or in Herefordshire, etc.

The year is nearly half way through - have you paid your subscription yet?

AUTUMN SERVICE - to be on Sunday, 16th. October, at LLYSWEN, in that part of Powys we know better as Breconshire. A village on the banks of the Wye, not far from the former Three Cocks Junction and more-or-less midway between Hay-on-Wye and Builth.

Yours sincerely,



C.T.O. Prosser - Hon. Secretary.

Please see overleaf about a WALK on Saturday, 18th. June - and about the BOOKCASE that we are giving to Madley Church to mark the occasion of this service there. AND, OF COURSE, ABOUT THE MOTOR-COACH THAT WILL RUN FROM HEREFORD TO MADLEY ON SUNDAY, 19TH. JUNE.

NOTES AND NEWS - by the Hon. Secretary, with contributions from Members.

MOTOR COACH TO MADLEY ON SUNDAY, 19TH. JUNE.

A motor coach (two if necessary) will run from Hereford - leaving the Town Hall at 2 o'clock (PROMPT) and returning after the service, tea, etc., is over. Coach fare will be 50p per person. Please book at WYEVAL LIMITED, Photographic Dealers, BRIDGE STREET, HEREFORD or with the Hon. Secretary of the Kilvert Society. Please book early and kindly pay for seats when booking.

BOOKCASE FOR MADLEY CHURCH.

It has become the custom to give something to the church where we have a Commemoration Service - to mark the occasion (usually with a tiny plaque on it giving the date and saying that it was given by the K.S.). Madley has chosen to have a BOOKCASE. This will cost upwards of £20. Now, whilst we have ample funds from which to buy this bookcase, we always find that there are some members who like to be associated with the gift, and to subscribe towards it. Will any member who wishes to make a donation towards this BOOKCASE please send same to the Hon. Secretary at 8, Prince Edward Road, Hereford. Receipt will be sent with the October newsletter.

A WALK ON SATURDAY, 18TH. JUNE.

A walk on the day preceding any of our services has also become a custom - and is something appreciated by many, especially by those who come to this area for a few days (or longer) in order to attend the service. We do hope to arrange something a little different this time, but have not finalised it yet. IT WILL BE IN THE CLYRO DISTRICT - so we will meet near the Baskerville Arms at 11 a.m. and move off up into the hills about 11.15 a.m. Please bring picnic lunch AND TEA.

ABOUT MADLEY CHURCH.

The following is taken from a brochure of a Madley Festival a few years ago.
..... Madley was the birthplace of St. Dubricius (St. Dyfrig to give him his Celtic name) who in infancy was miraculously saved from drowning in the river Wye to become later a greater leader of the British Church, spreading the Christian faith in these parts long before St. Augustine landed in Kent to convert the English. Tradition has it that he established schools for training clergy at Moccas and Hentland, and founded the See of Llandaff, where his bones lie. The XII-XIV Century Church is an almost perfect example of Early English and Early Decorated architecture. It stands today almost exactly as it did when it was finished in 1330. It started as a Norman Church in about 1120. The present nave was built in 1220; the aisles and tower in 1240. During the Middle Ages there was a shrine in the church and pilgrims came from far and near to visit it. It was out of their offerings that the present chancel was built in 1320. The glass is one of its glories. It is some of the oldest in England.

THE REV. JOHN GOSS.

I asked Mr. Goss for a few details about himself - here they are, and I am sure that all members will agree that we have done well in getting him to preach at Madley on the 19th. June. Mr. Goss says "my first living was Old Radnor, with Kinnerton and Knill - 1941 to 1952. Parts of the Diary I kept there have been published in "The Countryman" and I may publish some more if the opportunity arises." So there he was, on the very edge of the Kilvert country and but a few miles from Newchurch, Colva and Glaschw, with Bryngwyn, Painscastle and Clyro a little further away. In 1954 Mr. Goss became Vicar of St. Peters in the heart of Hereford City, and remained there until 1965. From 1965 to 1971 he was Vicar of St. George's, Worthing, and from 1971 to 1976 Rector of Buxted. Mr. Goss says, "Christopher Wordsworth was a Rector of Buxted - a link with Kilvert that I much value". The Rev. John Goss now lives in active retirement near Bristol.

MADLEY FESTIVAL - MONDAY, 4TH. JULY TO SUNDAY, 10TH. JULY.

It is not possible to give all details here. The varied programme includes a Concert given by OSIAN ELLIS (Harp); the COULL STRING QUARTET; ORCHESTRA DA CAMERA; WELL KNOWN SOLOISTS, etc. but why not send for a brochure (stamp, please) to the Festival Secretary: Tom Lloyd, The Forge, Tyberton, Madley, Hereford. (Telephone: Moccas 342).

THE A.G.M. AND SOCIAL EVENING.

Held in Hereford on Thursday, 21st. April, the third in St. John's Ambulance Hall. Exactly 100 members were present some, as usual, from far away (Reigate, Surrey; Buckfast, Devon; Lytham, Lancs; Bournemouth; and Abercynon, Glamorgan - some of furthest - with many from the nearby counties of England and Wales). The business

part of the evening was got through as quickly as possible, all officials, committee etc. bring re-elected. This gave Mr. Grice time to talk about the B.B.C's dramatisation of parts of KILVERT'S DIARY (then being filmed around Hay and Clyro, etc) and of his efforts to try and get them to cut out some of the stupid things that they have introduced. Two members who are taking part in it also told of their protests about such things being brushed aside. Refreshments followed - this year done by the same caterers (from Kington) who did us so well after our service at Llowes in 1974 and Newchurch in 1975, thus relieving the little band of ladies who for so many years have provided and served refreshments at the A.G.M. so splendidly. Mr. & Mrs. M. West once again ran the bookstall during the refreshment interval and for a little while afterwards, and did very good business. Upon resuming the meeting Mr. Hugh Dearlove (Forest of Dean) spoke about correspondence he had with a librarian in the Isle of Wight, through which the house where Kilvert stayed (in Shanklin) was pinpointed, although it has changed its name (see item about a visit to the island). Mr. Dearlove also spoke about the Bristol associations with Kilvert (the visit to Bristol by a coach party of members on May 21st. will be reported further on in this newsletter). Then, for the best part of the last hour - we sat back and listened to Mr. Wynford Vaughan-Thomas talking about his work over a period of many years with both radio and television. Sometimes he was serious, sometimes just amusing ... as when he recalled the famous occasion (he was present) when "the Fleet was all lit up"..... and when he took over Radio Hamburg from "Lord Haw-Haw"..... and many other incidents, some going back to early days when he was interviewed by the awe-inspiring Lord Reith. Not much about Kilvert you may think; but he led into it by talking about the filming now going on in Hay and Clyro, etc. Ten o'clock came much too soon and another enjoyable A.G.M. was over.

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IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

In 1975 the Dearlove brothers organised that highly successful visit to Cornwall (for a party of ten, by minibus) when we saw so many of the places written about by Kilvert during his three weeks holiday in Cornwall. Similarly in 1976 practically the same party went to the Lake District, inspired by Dora Kilvert's "Honeymoon Diary" and Mr. and Mrs. Pitcairn spent their honeymoon there. This was another highly successful venture. This year (in early May) it was to the Isle of Wight, and I was again invited to join them. Kilvert wrote a lot in his diary about his several visits to the Isle of Wight but we managed to visit most of them. I will make the details of our days in the island a separate item - it can then appear in the October newsletter if crowded out of this one.

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OBITUARY.

Sadly, several deaths among our members have occurred since the last newsletter. They are:-

Mr. Herbert Byard of Bitton, Bristol, who died on March 25th. (but by the time I heard from Mrs. Byard the March 31st. newsletter had been finished and circulated). They have attended many of our Commemoration Services, the last one at Kington St. Michael in October. A service in his memory was held in the Lord Mayor's Chapel in Bristol on May 14th.

In April (the 16th) we lost a most distinguished Catholic member - the Rt. Rev. Monsignor John M.T. Barton, D.D., F.S.A. of St. John's Convent, Kiln Green, Twyford, Bucks., but for many years a Tenant of Westminster Cathedral. He joined the Society in 1964 and I have had some delightful letters from him ... he was a great admirer of Francis Kilvert.

Mrs. Morfa Spinks of Hereford died on May 16th. - a founder-member and one of the Committee for many years. At the funeral service (at Eignbrook U.R. Church) the Society was represented by a number of its officials, committee members and others - among a large gathering of friends. Mrs. Spinks had rarely missed any function of the Society in the 28/29 years that she belonged to it. In the very early years, when B.B.C. Radio broadcast an enactment of scenes from the Diary, Mrs. Spinks played Sophy Ferris "the warm-hearted Carmarthenshire women" - something she did extremely well, being born and brought up in Builth Wells.

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THE ANNUAL MAY COACH TOUR TO BRISTOL ON SATURDAY, 21ST. MAY.

This will be a hasty report of a very good day, for it is past time that the "copy" for the June newsletter was in the hands of the duplicators. Perfect weather, sunny but very clear and a cooling wind keeping it from being too hot. A full coach left Hereford at 10 a.m. picked up our guide, Mr. Hugh Dearlove, en route, and went via

Tintern and the Severn Bridge, etc. to Keynsham, where we drove slowly past "Dr. Fox's Mental Establishment" (where Kilvert visited his Aunt Emma). On our way from there to the "S.S. Great Britain", Mr. Dearlove pointed out many features of Bristol, some with Kilvert connections, some not. After a guided tour of this old ship, slowly being restored - until eventually it will be much as when it left the very same dock for its first voyage more than 100 years ago; picnic lunch was eaten in comfort in a converted warehouse nearby, (and we came back there for an excellent "high tea" later). Then followed visits to the Cathedral, the church of St. Mary, Redcliffe and the Lord Mayor's Chapel.... and then to look at a number of houses in the Clifton area which have Kilvert connections (see the newsletter of 31st. March), and in the area of the Suspension Bridge the Zig-Zag and the Observatory. Finally, and an un-expected "bonus" on our way homewards, out of Bristol Mr. Dearlove took us to the pretty "Blaise Hamlet" (National Trust) with its thatched houses all around a secluded village green. Hereford was reached (after a lovely run homewards, with wonderful visibility) at 8. 45 p.m. ... just 15 minutes late. Surely one of our "best ever" May days out .. thanks so largely to Mr. Dearlove and his wonderful knowledge of his native City of Bristol.

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A GUIDE FOR THE KILVERT COUNTRY - by the Honorary Secretary.

Already this year I have helped several lots of members from far away to enjoy their first visit to the Hay/Clyro area (and all that lies behind Clyro) far better than if left to their own devices ... by going to where they were staying and taking them out for a whole day in my car (leaving theirs at their hotel or guest house). That way we can get round more in one day than they would probably do in three or four days. This is something that I can well do now I am on my own; anyone else coming to the area and thinking this a good idea might like to contact me to see if I am free on the date suitable to them ... it is something that I enjoy doing whenever it is possible to fit it in with my week.

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LANGLEY BURRELL CHURCH ROOF APPEAL.

The small parish of Langley Burrell has to raise (somehow or other) £2,500 for repairs to the roof of their lovely and ancient church. Of this, £1,000 is wanted almost at once. Surely we must try to help them? Contributions can be sent direct to the Hon. Treasurer of the Appeal Fund - Mr. J.A. Payne, Old Brewery House, Langley Burrell, Chippenham, Wilts.... but members may like to send any such contributions to me and it can then be all sent to Mr. Payne in one cheque by Mr. Worsey. In 1964 we raised over £100 for their Tower Fund - with the inflation of today we must endeavour to do much better than that Hon. Secretary, Kilvert Society.

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MUSIC IN KILVERT'S DIARY.

Among the many sidelights on mid-Victorian England presented in Kilvert's Diary are several interesting references to contemporary music - and music making. The period he writes of has been described as representing "the nadir in British music so far as artistic production, as distinct from an active life is concerned". At least the active life of Victorian England must not be minimised, nor its variety. This Diary alone deals with such diversified subjects as musical boxes, euterpions, piano duets, concertinas, cornets, harpists, bagpipers, village concerts, recitals, drawing-room ballads, carols, wassailings and other traditional songs. Kilvert's own musical taste seems to have been of the typical middle-brow variety. At the very beginning of the Diary he describes a concert at Exeter Hall in London, and confesses that much as he enjoyed the singing of the famous baritones, Sim Reeves and Charles Santley, "the instrumental music was too severe and classical for me". Yet he was certainly interested in music and often took the opportunity of hearing professional performances of works by the two composers who provided the staple musical fare at that time - Handel and Mendelssohn. The Crystal Palace, that vast glass conservatory epitomising the Victorian era, was from 1859 the centre of a great triennial musical celebration, the Handel Festival. One critic described it as "a kind of musical monster, a festival on a gargantuan scale which would have satisfied even Berlioz". As one of these mammoth Handelian events occurred in 1874 Kilvert travelled to London to hear it. His train arrived late and he found all the best seats already filled. The acoustics of the Crystal Palace were notoriously cruel to massed choirs, its size making it difficult to achieve a satisfactory balance between soloists, chorus and orchestra. Worse still, because the performers were so scattered and so far from the audience, it was impossible to obtain any subtle shading of tone or phrasing, and hard enough even to maintain unanimity of tempo. Yet Kilvert remarks that "although a long way from the orchestra, and on one side, yet I heard all the 28 choruses admirably", but he admits that "some of the solos were almost inaudible and all sounded like faint voices crying out of a vast empty distance". Among the

soloists was the celebrated soprano Lemmens-Sherrington whose voice, said Kilvert in a striking phrase, "pierced like lightning".

On another occasion he went to Bristol in order to hear a performance of The Messiah. He and his friends arrived at the Colston Hall to join the queue for unreserved seats five minutes before the doors opened. "A great crowd had assembled and had been waiting some time. Directly the doors were thrown open a dreadful struggle began. People got wedged in the doorway and were shot in like cannon balls by the terrible pressure from behind". In spite of this inauspicious start the performance must have impressed him for he includes a long account of it in the Diary which has not been included in the published selections.

Kilvert was obviously not a performing musician himself and only once does he record that, to his own great astonishment, he sang three songs in the convivial atmosphere of a harvest supper. Generally he was much more content to be an appreciative listener during a typical Victorian evening with songs and music making in the drawing room after dinner, but one feels that he was often carried away less by the melodious lines of the music than by the graceful contours of an attractive performer. Thus when Florence Hill took her concertina and played, "Home, Sweet Home", he confessed "I never saw anything more beautiful as she stood playing by the window with the evening light falling upon her golden head. Her head was slightly turned on one side as she played and there came over her lovely face a rapt, far-away look". Once, when smitten with the charms of a particularly comely young singer the susceptible parson was seized with "an ambition to write some songs which shall be sung by the girls of Hay and Glasbury, and at village concerts and about the hills. I should like once to hear my little friend singing a song of mine". Alas, as far as we know, the ambition was never fulfilled.

Entries in the Diary during the summer of 1874 relate the course of a musical crisis in his father's parish of Langley Burrell which in many respects recalls the heated discussions in Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" about "those barrel-organs or the things next door to 'em that you blow wi' your foot". The church at Langley had no organ and for forty years the singing had been led by a faithful choir member who "never could and still less now can he restrain his voice from uttering a war cry". Squire Ashe of the village insisted on his dismissal but "resolutely set his face against having any instrument in church so that everything seemed hopeless and at a deadlock". Finally after "a family conclave and indignation meeting" it was decided to defy Squire Ashe and introduce a harmonium into the church whether he liked it or not. A trial instrument was carted to the church one Thursday and Kilvert followed "to see where it ought to be placed and hear how it sounded. Though a small instrument it quite filled the church with sound. We placed it in the Baptistry close by the Font. This morning was an epoch in the history of Langley church and the first sound of an instrument within the old walls an event and sensation not soon to be forgotten. How this innovation, necessary though it has become, will be received by the Squire no one can tell ... but we expect some violence of language at least". The real test came on the following Sunday, All Saints Day, and all went well. "Fanny played the harmonium nicely and the singing was capital. The congregation was delighted and some of them could hardly believe their ears and the Squire said nothing for or against, but he came to Church twice. George Jefferies is as good as gold, no jealousy or spite or resentment at the summary way in which he has been treated and dismissed from his post of chief singer".

Kilvert appreciated what he called "hearty choral singing" from a choir and congregation and one of the several things which depressed him when he inspected St. Harmon's church for the first time was its "broken-winded organ with wheezing bellows". Being unable to play an instrument himself he does not appear to have taken an active part in choir practices, but numerous entries in the Diary show that he took a keen practical interest in what was being rehearsed. Thus on one bitter Friday evening he went to hear the choir practice at Llowes church. "It was very cold and Williams lent me a thick coat which I was very glad of. The two Vulliamy brothers came from Glasbury to conduct the singing. One of them played the harmonium. After the people were gone he played Martin Luther's Hymn and his brother accompanied him on the cornet, exquisitely played, and the effect in the church was grand, the long drawn solemn notes of the horn making the noble music of the hymn even more impressive". His interest in church music led him to pay a visit to Tenbury Wells where Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley had built and endowed a fine church and a college for the education of boys with promising musical ability. Kilvert heard "a full choral service, the Te Deum long and drawling, fine Venite and Psalms. Sir F. Gore Ouseley intoned part of the prayers in a high cracked voice". Perhaps the diarist would have been more impressed if he had known that at the age of five the Rev. Sir Frederick had such a sense of absolute pitch that he was able to exclaim gleefully, "Just think, Papa blows his nose in G sharp!" and that a year later he was imperturbably playing difficult duets with Mendelssohn.

The same insatiable interest in church singing prompted Kilvert to hear famous choirs giving professional performances. He went to New College Chapel, Oxford, to Saint

Paul's, and to Evensong at Canterbury Cathedral. And it was the music at Canterbury which moved him so deeply that it inspired one of the most eloquent and glowing passages in the whole of the Diary:-

"The Anthem was very beautiful. It was taken from the 4th. Psalm. Part of it was sung by a boy with an angelic voice. 'I will lay me down in peace and take my rest', sang the sweet and solitary angel voice, 'for it is Thou, Lord, only that makest me dwell in safety'. And again the sweet and lonely voice of the angel sang amidst the breathless stillness of the listening Cathedral. 'I will lay me down in peace, for it is Thou, O Lord, only Thou, that makest me dwell in safety'. The solitary voice of the angel singer ceased, the last faint sweet notes died away. Then was a moment's intense silence and then the whole choir with one voice, and one burst, broke into full and glorious song".

Vincent Waite - Bristol.

Hon. Secretary's Note:

This item fits in so very well with the visit to Bristol on 21st. May. Mr. Dearlove particularly pointed out the Colston Hall and referred to Kilvert's going there to hear The Messiah - and of the great crush to get in.

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FILMING WITH THE B.B.C.

A contribution from the Misses Mumford - great grand-daughters of the Rev. R.L. Bevan and Mrs. Bevan of Hay Castle in Kilvert's time. We read of archery at Hay Castle in KILVERT'S DIARY, the family have kept it up ever since.

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The part of the Diary in which we acted as extras was centred around page 179 in volume one, and because of the difficulties the B.B.C. had in finding suitable locations, a portion of the party mentioned in the diary was filmed at Cae Mawr and the actual archery at Garnons*. The first and third day at Garnons and the second day at Cae Mawr. The wardrobe was held in the ballroom at the Crown Hotel in Hay. We began each day at 7. 45 by being laced into original boned stays, a petticoat, a bustle pad, and a hooped petticoat before the final dress - and because of the modern way of life, we did not find shooting in stays very easy or very comfortable - how we envied the men who were fitted out with much more comfortable clothes and only had to endure having mutton chop whiskers adhered to their cheeks.

When we were all dressed - which included the stars - Miss Oswald, Henry Dew, Mr. Kilvert, Mr. Venables, Mrs. Venables, Cept. Bridge and Mrs. Bridge, and some most attractive local children - we all boarded a bus and were driven to Garnons. Here the scene that was filmed shows Margaret Oswald shot the Brahma hen, and Henry Dew very much over-reacts. In archery parlance we were a party of three lady and two gentlemen shooters - and we felt the B.B.C. were fortunate in having members of the Hereford Bow Meeting Society because they still have two way shooting and shoot with the Long Bow & use hand made wooden arrows - exactly as were used in Kilvert's time. Aluminium arrows, the flat bow, steel bows, and the cupid type laminate bow are inventions since the 1930's. The equipment the B.B.C. provided was totally unsuitable, being only stage props and caused us much amusement. They did, however, seem to appreciate that we had the correct equipment belonging to the period of the film. The filming at Cae Mawr on the second day concentrated on the tea party when Kilvert made such a hash of carving the tongue. Several times the filming and sound tracking had to be retaken due to the roaring of the traffic along the A.438 road lying below the garden and it was while standing on the lawn for a rather long period in a biting wind that our thoughts flitted back to a more comfortable time when we sat on the same lawn on a hot Sunday afternoon and listened to Dr. Plomer reading passages out of the unpublished portion of Kilvert's Diary at the end of the meeting at Clyro in 1970. The weather was very moody which made the jumbo bacon and egg rolls and coffee for breakfast, the excellent lunches and tea all the more acceptable. These were all served from a mobile van on the location. It was nice to have a visit from Mr. Lockwood on the day we were at Cae Mawr.

* Garnons is the mansion 8 miles out from Hereford on the Hay road, on a wooded hillside, right.

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B.B.C. TV. DRAMATISATION OF THE DIARY - by our Deputy-President.

The B.B.C. TV. programme is going ahead without serious interruption, in spite of a great deal of cold, grey weather, and I am told that it ought to be on the air before the end of the year. I gathered, when I went, on the invitation of the B.B.C. to see the film unit at work, that no great alterations to the proposed script had been made. The incident about which I have the most serious misgivings - Morrell's dyeing of his hair - has already been filmed. I expressed once more my regret that the script-writer should have thought it necessary to invent his own narrative when so much that

is already available has been ignored, but I am afraid I was met with the old argument, viz: that for the purposes of television entertainment and pleasure even bigger fish than Kilvert - notably Dickens and Arnold Bennett and Trollope, had all to be amended and cut. I was again disappointed with the excuse given, and felt that with more care a version of the diary could have been prepared that would have been far more faithful and just as entertaining. However, in fairness to the B.B.C. I must say that Mr. Hammonds approach to Kilvert is genuinely sympathetic, and his main desire is to translate into film the pleasure and happiness he has gained from the Diary; and the actors and actresses with whom I spoke seemed to have a genuine interest in Kilvert, and an equally genuine desire to portray their roles with sincerity. There will no doubt be a great deal of head-shaking on the part of those who know the Diary intimately at the distortions and inventions which the B.B.C. euphemistically call 'stream lining', but I have no doubt that the film will bring Kilvert to thousands who otherwise would have remained in ignorance of him and his work. I would not be surprised to see an unprecedented demand for Kilvert Society publications, and a, perhaps embarrassing increase in membership.

Frederick Grice.

A great increase in membership ... I sincerely hope not; especially of the type who join in a fit of enthusiasm but soon cool off, and we have had all the trouble of entering them up, issuing a membership card, sending them newsletters ... all for next to nothing. They never pay more than their first subscription and do not bother to write and say they are going to pay no more !!!

Hon. Secretary.

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LISTS OF MEMBERS.

It is surprising that after all the clamour there has been for many years past for such a list the sales, now we have them, are a little disappointing. About 50 sold to date. They are 25p per set of sheets, plus a stamp for postage. (Stamps can be sent for lists and postage ... 31½p at present - 32p after June 13th.

WHO'S WHO IN KILVERT'S DIARY - by Frederick Grice.

Selling quite well, but please note that after June 13th. postage on this and on all our other publications will be substantially more. Why not fill up any gaps now (pink leaflet detailing all our publications on request .. but they have been detailed in recent newsletters). WHO'S WHO is 60p plus 11p postage (12p after June 13th).

KILVERT'S DIARY - New Illustrated Edition.

Selling well, although it's £20. Please see newsletter of 31st. March re postages, and about offer to take previous sets in part exchange. ALSO PLEASE NOTE THAT WE HAVE (NEW) ODD COPIES OF VOLUME ONE AND VOLUME THREE (BUT NONE OF VOLUME TWO) at £4 plus postage.

CHRISTMAS CARDS - our very popular packet of 10 assorted is still available at 70p plus postage (10p at present). Members buying this packet can then decide on any particular card, all are put up in packets of 10 or of 5 - all one type. These cards are of scenes and places in THE KILVERT COUNTRY - envelopes included, of course.

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THE SECRETARY'S COMMENTS ON THE B.B.C.'s DRAMATISATION OF THE DIARY.

Elsewhere in this newsletter are both Mr. Grice's piece on this subject and the Misses Mumford's experiences. Now here are a few of my comments - (I could say much more).

It is all very well for the B.B.C. to say that they are doing nothing different now (with KILVERT'S DIARY) than they did with Dickens, Arnold Bennett and Trollope, but there is ONE BIG DIFFERENCE ... all those are fiction to start with, whereas KILVERT'S DIARY is full of fact, and far removed from fiction. Mr. Grice has already commented on that silly silly episode of Morrell dyeing his hair, then going out for a walk in the rain and the dye running all down his face (nothing at all like this anywhere in the Diary. The B.B.C. have conjured it up as a magician produces lighted cigarettes out of thin air). And what a cheek they have... in turning Mrs. Crichton from the gentle, motherly woman that I am sure she was into a HARD woman, very forward-looking, of whom Kilvert is afraid. They have even "dreamed up" a complete "forward looking" sermon, which Kilvert delivers from the pulpit of Clyro Church, presumably to please Mrs. Crichton!!!!!!

I am very glad that I have had nothing whatever to do with it - something I said must have frightened them off when they came to see me in June, 1975, (yes, as far back as that) and they have shunned me like the plague ever since - for which many thanks.

C.T.O. Prosser.

KILVERT AND CRICKET - by a Bristol Member.

In reading KILVERT'S DIARY one is drawn to the conclusion that he never played cricket. Is it surprising in a way as he was a reasonably built energetic man. In fact the sort of batsman who would cause the fielders to spread out as he came in to bat. On the other hand we hear references to defects in his eyesight, so perhaps he did not have the eye for it. Instead, he is happy to act as scorer for the Langley Burrell team, to which task no doubt he gave as much dedication as to the writing of his diary. It would also seem that he was Treasurer, and Squire Ashe is shown in a more human light when Kilvert visits him to collect his subscription. The diary shows village cricket to be thriving in Wiltshire in Kilvert's time, but in the Welsh Border not so much. We do, however, get references of the odd game being played in Herefordshire. There is no reference to the game at higher levels. Exactly one hundred years ago - in 1877 - Gloucestershire (an adjoining county to Kilvert when he was at Langley or at Bredwardine) won the county championship. The great W.G. Grace was at his peak and most certainly he would have appealed to Kilvert and have given him the opportunity for some excellent descriptive writing. 1877 was also the year of the 1st. Test Match between England and Australia, but no doubt the press coverage was small compared with that given to the recent centenary test match.

Hon. Secretary's Note..... on page 173 of volume one there is a reference to a cricket match at Portway (8½ miles out from Hereford on the Hay road). This is my home country, and I have always understood that cricket at Portway was played in the meadow opposite my old home (the only house at Portway other than the hotel) - with the scoring board fastened to the oak tree in the middle of the meadow; that tree is still there; but no cricket has been played at Portway in this century, probably not for nearly a hundred years.

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BROBURY SCAR - by a Birmingham Member, Mrs. Mary Rose of King's Norton.

Brobury, Moccas, Bredwardine, the Golden Valley. What enchantment these places held for me when, more than fifty years ago I spent my school holidays there. Was it only in my imagination that this Wye countryside had a curious mystic charm? Before I ever heard of the Rev. Francis Kilvert I could have believed that someone special had "passed that way". It charms me still. There were characters, too, I recall, who were themselves touched with an almost other-worldliness. Such a one was dear old Bessie Havard, at whose cottage I stayed on Brobury Scar. She was a widow but never seemed lonely for she shared her life with her dog Jackie, a pet magpie, some game bantams, a goat and a pig. It is almost certain that her cottage was one of those mentioned by Kilvert (vol. 3. p. 371) where he referred to visiting the three widows living on the Scar. Then there was a gypsy friend I had one summer, who took me fishing. Tall and lean she was, about thirty, with eyes which did not exactly look at you but rather at something over your shoulder, and I recall her shrill laughter and her habit of seeming to talk to someone who wasn't there! That day below the Scar rocks will stay in my memory always. There were the glorious oak trees in Moccas Park, to the right the curve of the red rocks above the silver Wye, and beyond, the deer park, and over all the incense-like smell of cottagers' wood fires. We caught no fish but as our tackle was only string and a bent pin, this was not surprising. Looking towards the Black Mountains we saw rain coming, and very shortly we seemed to be slipping into the water, although, in fact, it was the river already rising up to our feet. My friend laughed and left me to go wooding. My initials were carved on one of those grand trees in Moccas wood, but when I looked for them last Easter they had gone, alas, like the days of my youth. One of my greatest good fortunes was to come across Francis Kilvert's diaries. He caught and has preserved for us this 'other time' to which we can escape.

Hon. Secretary's Note..... the scanty ruins of one of the three cottages which Kilvert visited "on the Scar" can still be seen, on one's right not far after starting the short walk from the parking place on the roadside to the wooded heights on top of the red sandstone cliffs with the Wye winding at their foot..."the Scar"... from where one looks down on Moccas Court on the other bank. This is all part of Kilvert's route from Bredwardine Vicarage when he walked to see his sister Thersie at Monnington Rectory.

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LLANSHIVER.

Following up his good article on Llanshiver in the September, 1976, newsletter, Mr. Ivor Lewis (Mountain Ash) sent in a longer but equally good one which should have appeared in this newsletter, but it was not possible to include it. Please look out for it in the next newsletter (October).

FAMILY LINKS WITH THE DIARY - by the Hon. Secretary.

Many times since the Society was formed (in 1948) I have been asked, "How did you and your wife become so interested in Kilvert's Diary and in the Society?" I think the answer to this may interest many, because of what is brought out in giving the answer. In the first place, my home (and that of the family on my mother's side for many generations) was in the Bredwardine/Monnington area. Similarly my wife's home was Bryngwyn in Radnorshire, not far from both Painscastle and Clyro, and both her parents were of farming families with roots going back a very long way in that countryside. So that when volume one came out in 1938 we bought it right away, followed by volumes two in 1939 and three in 1940. We were both at the inaugural meeting in Hereford Town Hall on July 17th. 1948 and were thus two of that little band of ninety who formed the infant Society that day. But it is the relationships of both of us with some of the characters who figure in the Diary that will be of most interest.

On pages 67 and 68 of volume one we read, "I decided to explore the lane running parallel with the brook towards Painscastle and discover the old Rhos Goch Mill". Kilvert then describes the scene and the "cosy old picturesque ivy-grown mill house with its tall chimney covered with ivy" (the same today). Kilvert then writes of the "handsome young miller, who said his name was Powell, his father was dead, and he carried on the business, and with the most perfect politeness and well bred courtesy asked me to come in and sit down". Now I knew Mr. William Powell when he was an old man; my wife-to-be took me to see him in 1930, not long before we were married - for he was her father's first cousin; he gave us his blessing and put a little gift into her hand. He was a highly respected man in that countryside, a magistrate, and a preacher at the nearby Hermon (Congregational) Chapel. His first wife, who died young, was one of the Gores of Whittys Mill. We can read about them on pages 255/6/7 of volume one ... and on other pages.

Turning again to my own forebears. On page 355 of volume three we read of Kilvert calling to see "old John Parry" at the Dolfach on Bredwardine Hill. He is mentioned several other times after that, in volume three. Great-grandmother was a Parry of Bredwardine, of that same family, as was the mother of Jane Davies of Bredwardine who is mentioned on page 445 of volume three.

Now when Kilvert was Vicar of Bredwardine, his sister Thersie and her husband, the Rev. W.R. Smith, were at Monnington Rectory, less than three miles away; my old home was quite near and my grandparents knew them well, so did my mother. After Mr. Smith's death they moved away from Herefordshire, but often returned on visits, and always called to see my parents. I therefore have vivid memories of Hastings and Percival, Florence and Essex calling at different times, and can just remember Thersie calling too....for she died at a goodly age in 1922, but had not been to Herefordshire for many years. I was a schoolboy when she last called, and still have the pocket compass that she gave me. How little I thought then of the interests that were going to develop in later years!!!

Both my wife and myself knew many descendants of folk that Kilvert knew...and both knew the countrysides concerned very well indeed.

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WHO WAS ARTHUR JONES?

In a recent newsletter I bemoaned the fact that we knew so little of the long walk from Abergavenny over the Black Mountains to Llanthony and then to Hay which Kilvert undertook "with Pope and Arthur Jones" - (page 235 in volume two). We know full well who Pope was (the curate of Cusop who was "confirmed" at Whitney, and who was later on married at Much Marcle, with Kilvert his best man), BUT WHO WAS ARTHUR JONES? There are four other references to him in volume two (pages 121, 221, 222 and 236) but nowhere any clue as to who he was. It is only when we look up the index that we see he is described as the Rev. Arthur Jones. I believe that I am correct when I say that the index was prepared by the Rev. Roderick Dew - a Whitney man and a clergyman...who would know the clergy of the district. Perhaps he was a curate? - perhaps at Hay? for we come across him at Hay Castle; he dines with Kilvert, and Pope is there too. Previously they have all been walking together and watching salmon fishing in the Wye. Here is a chance for some keen member to do a little detective work and establish just who was Arthur Jones.

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LUCIEN SAVOURNIN.

A recent newsletter contained an item about the Savournin children, who were at Bredwardine school during Kilvert's time as vicar of Bredwardine, and who figure several times in the Diary. Particular mention was made of Lucien Savournin, and of his later activities in the world of cycling. No-one can tell who sees our newsletters or to whom information from them is sent. About two months after that particular newsletter was circulated a letter arrived here from Sheffield, signed by Lucien Savournin.....a nephew, named after his uncle - the Lucien of Kilvert's Diary. He had

been told of what was in our newsletter - by a friend of his who is one of our members in Cornwall. Mr. Savournin writes - "I had no idea that they (the Savournin children) spent time in Herefordshire, my knowledge of their settling in England starts with a home in Buckingham Palace Road" and he goes on to say that his father, George Savournin is not mentioned. Perhaps this is because he was younger than the children that Kilvert knew at Bredwardine. I now look forward to a further letter from Sheffield and information on Lucien's whereabouts and untimely death after leaving Herefordshire.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT by Minibus.

Here is the detailed account of the most interesting few days that Mr. Dearlove's party of ten members had in the island in May. We crossed from Lymington to Yarmouth but had a drizzly journey down there. This meant mere halts at Stonehenge and at Old Sarum, but Beaulieu (Palace, Abbey and Museum) are all under cover, so no problems there. The projected visit to Bucklers Hard had to be abandoned, but it cleared for the crossing, and proved to be far the worst day we had. Again we had excellent accommodation at Freshwater Bay (really recommended - address on request) and from here we toured the Island on different days in all directions - visiting all the places that Kilvert wrote about in the Diary (plus Osborne House and several other places not with any Kilvert connection). Once more it was brought home to us what we have missed through the destruction of the original notebooks. How nice it would have been to see Carisbrook Castle through Kilvert's eyes; but all the Diary says is that he visited it. The highlight came in Shanklin. We had managed to find out that Newstead - where Kilvert stayed with the Cowper Coles family - is now a private hotel named Fairhaven. We had notified them that we were coming for morning coffee and told them why. We were greeted with enthusiasm (though they had not previously heard of Kilvert or the Diary) and came away with a photograph of the house as it was when Kilvert stayed there - (very much the same today, except for a modern sun lounge along the front of it). We could easily visualise where Kilvert had pushed Mrs. Cowper Coles (a sister to Mrs. Venables of Clyro) in her wheel chair to the top of the cliff to look down on Shanklin beach, etc. A visit was paid to the nearby St. Saviour-on-the-Cliff Church (where Kilvert preached several times); and whilst in the area to Luccombe and to Ventnor and Sandown. Although there was some rain most days it occurred when we were travelling and no-one got one bit wet, and there was a lot of sun between times.

Return was via Portsmouth, and after a visit to the "Victory" we set out for Selborne - where our good member, Mrs. Anne Mallinson of the Selborne Bookshop was our guide to Gilbert White's house and the church - and then piloted us to Chawton and was again our guide for Jane Austin's house. Then on to Frome for our "final fling" a little dinner party before we dispersed. Mr. Dearlove again "came up trumps" by taking us where he knew we should get a really good meal at a reasonable price (again, address on request) ... and it was then "homewards for Hereford", but dropping our Bath member en route. So ended our third venture "following footsteps" - all most enjoyable.

SPRING IN KILVERT COUNTRY

He would have loved this brash Spring morning,
Loud with the cry of birds and lambs,
The hills a playground for clouds to chase on,
The green notes of cuckoos falling like rain.

Here, by the Standing Stone I sense him
Striding from Clyro alone, his mind
Busy with cowslips, sermons and children
Waiting to greet him with eager eyes.

For he has left us a life that was gentle,
Far from the pulse of our darkening world,
And we who can live in his words are the richer
For those distant Springtimes seen through his love --

The far mountain walks, the quiet river-rovings,
The Church on the hilltop, the lapwing and dove,
Farmsteads and homesteads, a dark country people,
The toil of the earth, and the freedom of sky.

Peace he has found by the soft-singing river,
Where shadows lie deep and the wild cherry tree
Sheds on the lingering breezes her petals
To drift on his grave like a pale memory.

Gwendoline Calderbank - Cheltenham.