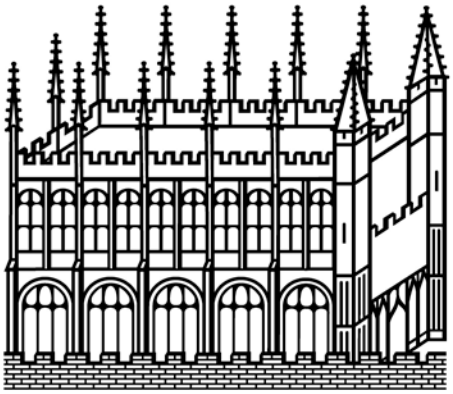


IWERNE MINSTER

IWERNE MINSTER
BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER THE GREAT WAR

The number of copies of this book is limited to 500,
of which this is No. 181.

IWERNE MINSTER
BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER THE GREAT WAR

EDITED BY

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY

H. SYNDERCOMBE BOWER,
THE REV. EDWARD ACTON, MRS. FORBES,
SIR FREDERICK RADCLIFFE, SIR JOHN RUSSELL,

AND AUTHORISED EXTRACTS FROM

THOMAS HARDY, O.M., AND HEYWOOD SUMNER, F.S.A.

Printed for Private Circulation only

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE MEN AND WOMEN FROM
IWERNE MINSTER AND SUTTON WALDRON

WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT WAR,
1914–1918, AND TO ALL WHO SERVED IN THAT
HOUR OF NEED

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

Names of the men and women from Iwerne Minster and Sutton Waldron who gave their lives during The War, and whose names are inscribed on the Memorial Cross.

IWERNE MINSTER.

PRIVATE ALFRED WILLIAM NEISH, 5th Battalion, Wiltshire Regiment. Reported missing, August 10th, 1915, at Chunuk Bair, Gallipoli. Aged 21.

PRIVATE REGINALD ELI JAMES CLARK, 5th Battalion, Dorset Regiment. Reported missing, August 21st, 1915, at Suvla Bay, Gallipoli. Aged 26.

CAPTAIN HAROLD BROWNE, 1/1st Queen's Own Dorset Yeomanry. Killed by a shell, September 7th, 1915, whilst discharging his duties as Military Landing Officer on "A" Beach, Suvla Bay, Gallipoli. Aged 30.

SAPPER ROBERT ASHBY, Royal Engineers. Died from the effects of German gas poisoning, December 21st, 1915, at Becourt, Somme, France. Aged 36.

PRIVATE WILLIAM HENRY FISHER, 5th Battalion, Wiltshire Regiment. Died from fever in Mesopotamia, August 9th, 1916. Aged 22.

STOKER (2ND CLASS) MAURICE HARRY GREEN, R.N., H.M.S. *Diadem*. Died from pneumonia, January 16th, 1917, in the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar. Aged 19.

MINNIE MUNRO, RED CROSS NURSE, V.A.D. Commenced duties at Military Hospital, Birmingham, September, 1915. Died from septic poisoning, July 30th, 1917. Aged 32.

PRIVATE FREDERICK JAMES ROBERTS, 20th Canadian Battalion. Killed, August 17th, 1917, near Lens, France. Aged 26.

PRIVATE FRANK CRABBE, 6th Battalion Dorset Regiment. Killed in action, November 19th, 1917, Langemarke, Belgium. Aged 22.

PRIVATE GEORGE STOCKLEY, 2/4th Dorset Regiment. Wounded in Palestine, April 9th, 1918. Died at Masaid, Egypt, May 14th, 1918. Aged 34.

TROOPER SIDNEY CHARLES WAREHAM, 1/1st Queen's Own Dorset Yeomanry. Died in Palestine on June 9th, 1918, from wounds. Aged 40.

GUNNER ASKER EDGAR HUBBARD, 1086 Battery, 215th Brigade, R.F.A. Died July 20th, 1918, at Station Hospital, Landour, India. Aged 22.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

ANNIE NEISH, RED CROSS NURSE, V.A.D. Commenced duties at Reading War Hospital, January, 1916. Died from pneumonia, October 18th, 1918. Aged 32.

CORPORAL JOHN ROBERTS, Royal Munster Fusiliers. Died October 20th, 1918, in Italy, from pneumonia. Aged 24.

PRIVATE FRED BRIDLE, 1st Battalion, Wiltshire Regiment. Died from wounds, October 24th, 1918, in Inchy Hospital, France. Aged 19.

SERGEANT SIDNEY SAMUEL HUBBARD, A.S.C., M.T. Died in France from pneumonia, November 20th, 1918. Aged 27.

SUTTON WALDRON.

PRIVATE RAYMOND WILLIAM BROWN, 5th Battalion, Dorset Regiment. Killed September 26th, 1916, at the Battle of the Somme, France. Aged 18.

PRIVATE HARRY FRANK TUFFIN, 5th Battalion, Dorset Regiment. Killed September 26th, 1916, at the Battle of the Somme, France. Aged 21.

PRIVATE PERCY CHARLES DOMONEY, 8th Battalion Somerset Light Infantry. Killed April 11th, 1917, at Arras, France. Aged 24.

CADET CHARLES JAMES TROWBRIDGE, Inns of Court O.T.C. Died at Berkhampsted, March 26th, 1918. Aged 18.

CADET W. G. BARTER, attached to R.A.F. Died at Hampstead Military Hospital, October 16th, 1918. Aged 23.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

LAURENCE BINYON.

THOSE WHO SERVED

The names of those from, or connected with, Iwerne Minster and Sutton Waldron who served in the Great War, 1914 to 1919.

ALFORD, ARTHUR.
ALDERMAN, R. T.
APPLIN, JAMES S.
ASHBY, ROBERT.
ASHBY, FREDERICK.
BARNARD, ARTHUR.
BARTLETT, WALTER P.
BARTLETT, HERBERT.
BARTER, W. G.
BARTER, R.
BECK, TOM F.
BLACKWELL, CHARLES H.
BRIDLE, F. G.
BROOKS, W. J.
BROOKS, CHARLES.
BROWN, BERTIE.
BROWN, HERBERT.
BROWN, PERCY.
BROWN, RAYMOND.
BROWN, GEORGE.
BROWNE, HAROLD.
BURT, EDGAR.
BURT, S.
BURT, A. H.
BURDEN, CHARLES.
BURROWS, BERT.
CHANT, HARRY.
CLARKE, REGINALD.
CLARKE, MAURICE F.
COFFIN, FRED.
COOMBES, G. J.
COOMBES, HENRY.
CRABBE, F.
CRABBE, SIDNEY.
CUFF, HAROLD.
DIBBEN, EDGAR.
DIBBEN, F. C.
DIBBEN, E. GEORGE.
DOMONEY, ALFRED.
DOMONEY, CHARLES.
DOMONEY, FRANK.
DOMONEY, E. J.
DOMONEY, H.
DOMONEY, H. W.
DOMONEY, LEVI.
DOMONEY, PERCY.
DOMONEY, WALTER.
DOUCH, ERNEST.
EDRICK, CHARLES.
EDWARDS, STANLEY.
EDWARDS, WILLIAM.
FISHER, WILLIAM.
FISHER, C. G.
FRIPP, BERTRAM.
FRIPP, ERNEST.
GRAY, FRANK.
GRAY, RICHARD.
GRAY, ERNEST.
GRAY, H. G.
GRAY, JOHN.

THOSE WHO SERVED

Gray, F. C.
Green, Maurice.
Green, Alfred.
Green, Percy.
Green, J.
Green, Victor.
Green, Charles.
Green, Lewis.
Green, Frederick.
Green, Harold A.
Green, William.
Guy, George.
Hubbard, Asker Edgar.
Hubbard, Sidney S.
Hubbard, W. H.
Hubbard, T. A.
Hutchings, R. R.
Ismay, James H.
Jefferies, Charles J.
Keirle, W. H.
Kerley, R. S.
Kerley, F. G.
Knight, A. B. W.
Langley, F. F.
Langley, Reginald.
Lascelles, T.
Lawrence, W.
Locke, Albert.
Munn, Percy.
Munro, Minnie.
Murrin, Bernard.
Murrin, Frank C.
Neish, Alfred.
Neish, Annie.
Penny, Lewis.
Phillips, William.
Pike, W. E.
Rabbets, A.
Rabbets, G.
Rawlence, Arthur.
Riglar, S.
Roberts, John.
Roberts, E. F.
Roberts, F. J.
Roberts, Sidney.
Smith, James.
Sprackland, Harold.
Stacey, T.
Stacey, J.
Stockley, William.
Stockley, H. G.
Trowbridge, James.
Trowbridge, G. K.
Tuffin, Lewis F.
Tuffin, H. J.
Tuffin, Harry.
Tuffin, George.
Ward, Charles.
Wareham, A. W.
Wareham, C. W.
Wareham, Edward.
Wareham, Francis G.
Wareham, Frederick.
Wareham, H. J.
Wareham, H. T.
Wareham, John.
Wareham, P. J.
Wareham, Tom.
Wareham, Sidney.
White, Ernest.
Whittle, Frank.
Wills, A. J.
Winsor, F. J.
Winsor, Thomas.

Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Thomas Hardy.

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE MODERN VILLAGE OF IWERNE:

CRANBORNE CHASE:

THE VILLAGE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY:

THE ESTATE IN WAR-TIME:

THANKS are due to The Rev. Edward Acton, H. Syndercombe Bower, Mrs. Forbes, Sir Frederick Radcliffe, and Sir John Russell, who have contributed original articles, to Thomas Hardy, O.M., who chose for the volume a passage from "The Wessex Novels" that practically applies to Iwerne, and "The Spring Call" beginning "Down Iwerne way, when spring's a-shine," and to Heywood Sumner, F.S.A., for permission to use from his book "The Ancient Earthworks of Cranborne Chase," the account of Hambledon Hill and Hod Hill, and also quotations from a lecture delivered at Shaftesbury, and to Mrs. Forbes for the sketches of the village clock and skep bonnet piece used by the Chase keepers.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE EDITOR

THE aim of this little book is to help in perpetuating the memory of those inhabitants of Iwerne and Sutton who lost their lives in the Great War, and also of those who had the good fortune to return. Because of this, it is hoped that the book will be kept in safety, so that future generations may possess it as a record of the deeds of their forefathers. It is primarily a history of the parish since the declaration of war on August 3rd, 1914, to the signing of the Armistice on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year 1918. To complete the account the annals are continued so as to tell of the memorials that have been set up, so that for all time the deeds of the village soldier will stand recorded in stone.

Those who follow this generation may be curious to know what was done by those who had to stay at home. Upon them a great task was laid, for Great Britain was found to have lost much of its old security as an island. Two new factors in modern warfare were introduced. Of old war was waged on land and sea; this war was fought, not only on land and sea, but also above the land and below the sea. Zeppelins and aeroplanes flew across our ancient barrier the English Channel and the North Sea, and assailed town and country with bombs and other explosives. Submarines threatened to inflict starvation by sinking food-ships. This was a particularly serious menace to a country which depends on imported food to the extent Great Britain did. A country starved in war is a country

beaten. How England rose to the occasion is known to us who lived in these difficult times, but as great events recede into the past they grow dim to the eyes of those who follow. If the latter desire to know the national events of history, there are plenty of books to tell of the bravery and skill with which the British Navy learned to discover, hunt and destroy the hostile submarines. Books of another kind tell how the civil population responded to the imposition of restrictions. Town and country were so completely darkened at night, that the enemy aircraft often dropped their bombs miles away from the town they thought themselves aiming at. The threat of starvation was met partly by rationing, but still more by increasing the food supply. The agricultural effort forms a fine chapter in the history of our race, showing that the hour of trial once more brought out the courage and resourcefulness by means of which the British Empire has been builded. Here we cannot deal with the country as a whole, but must confine ourselves to what was done in this Dorset parish. Long will it be remembered how loyally all responded to the call—rich and poor, the landed and landless. The allotment holders grew vegetables and bred rabbits, and other small stock, with as much patriotic feeling as that with which farmers and landowners ploughed up their pastures and increased their corn crops. How all this was done at Iwerne Minster is our theme. Although the book deals only with a little clan, it is a little clan representative of Dorset, and Dorset has been called a miniature of England.

Just a word more. I hope everyone who receives a copy of this little book will treat it as an heirloom to be carefully preserved and held in trust as a document that will be of more than common interest long after those who had a living experience of the Great War have gone to their eternal rest.

P. A. G.

A VILLAGE IN BLACKMOOR

THE village lay amid the north-eastern undulations of the beautiful Vale of Blackmore or Blackmoor, an engirdled and secluded region, for the most part untrodden as yet by tourist or landscape-painter, though within a four hours' journey from London.

It is a vale whose acquaintance is best made by viewing it from the summits of the hills that surround it—except, perhaps, during the droughts of summer. An unguided ramble into its recesses in bad weather is apt to engender dissatisfaction with its narrow, tortuous, and miry ways.

This fertile and sheltered tract of country, in which the fields are never brown and the springs never dry, is bounded on the south by the bold chalk ridge that embraces the prominences of Hambledon Hill, Bulbarrow, Nettlecombe-Tout, Dogbury, High-Stoy, and Bubb-Down. The traveller from the coast, who, after plodding northward for a score of miles over calcareous downs and corn-lands, suddenly reaches the verge of one of these escarpments, is surprised and delighted to behold, extended like a map beneath him, a country differing absolutely from that which he has passed through. Behind him the hills are open, the sun blazes down upon fields so large as to give an unenclosed character to the landscape, the lanes are white, the hedges low and plashed, the atmosphere colourless. Here, in the valley, the world seems to be constructed upon a smaller and more delicate scale; the fields are mere paddocks, so reduced that from this height their hedgerows appear a network of dark green threads overspreading the paler green of the grass. The atmosphere beneath is languorous, and is so tinged

A VILLAGE IN BLACKMOOR

with azure that what artists call the middle distance partakes also of that hue, while the horizon beyond is of the deepest ultramarine. Arable lands are few and limited; with but slight exceptions the prospect is a broad rich mass of grass and trees, mantling minor hills and dales within the major. Such is the Vale of Blackmoor.

Behind . . . stretched the soft azure landscape of the Chase—a truly venerable tract of forest land, one of the few remaining woodlands in England of undoubted primæval date, whereon Druidical mistletoe was still found on aged oaks, and where enormous yew trees, not planted by the hand of man, grew as they had grown when they were pollarded for bows.

From "The Wessex Novels," by Thomas Hardy.

THE SPRING CALL

Down Iwerne way, when spring's a-shine,
The blackbird's " pretty de-urr !"
In Wessex accents marked as mine
Is heard afar and near.

He flutes it strong, as if in song
No R's of feebler tone
Than his appear in " pretty dear,"
Have blackbirds ever known.

Yet they pipe " prattie deerh !" I glean,
Beneath a Scottish sky,
And " pehty de-aw !" amid the treen
Of Middlesex or nigh.

While some folk say—perhaps in play—
Who know the Irish isle,
'Tis " purrity dare !" in treeland there
When songsters would beguile.

Well: I'll say what the listening birds
Say, hearing " pret-ty de-urr !"—
However strangers sound such words,
That's how we sound them here.

Yes, in this clime at pairing time,
As soon as eyes can see her
At dawn of day, the proper way
To call is " pret-ty de-urr !"

From " Collected Poems," by Thomas Hardy.

PRE-CHRISTIAN INHABITANTS AND THE BUILDING OF THE CHURCH

By the Rev. Edward Acton,
Whose father and himself were successively Vicars of Iwerne.

IN writing of Iwerne and its history, the first question that requires an answer is, "Who were its first inhabitants?" If we answer "The ancient Briton," it must be remembered there were two ancient British races. The earliest were men with long heads, who buried their dead in long mounds or barrows. These belonged to the Stone Age. Their tools and weapons were of stone, and some of them beautifully made. There is no trace of iron or bronze tools in any of these barrows, but as there are no "Long Barrows" in Iwerne, and none nearer than the Pimperne Downs, there were probably none of these men in Iwerne. On that part of Hambledon Hill, immediately above Shroton Fairfield, there are some small earthworks, said to belong to this period. They are very poor works compared to those overlooking Childe Okeford, which are of Celtic origin. These long-headed men were about 5 feet 4 inches in height, and from certain relics found it has been inferred that they were cannibals. They were finally overwhelmed by a great invasion of Iberian Celts, who swarmed up from North Africa, Spain, and Gaul. These latter were a finer race, some over 6 feet in height, using bronze, and, later, iron weapons and tools. They buried their dead in round barrows, and of these there are many traces on Iwerne Hills. Just at the Ranston entrance to Preston Wood, and just over the Iwerne boundary, there are still the remains of a large settlement, with many

remains of pit dwellings, similar to those which General Pitt-Rivers, years ago, thatched over at Penselwood, near Gillingham. The burial of the dead of this village took place in round barrows on Iwerne land, which was ploughed to plant hazel copses about 1900, when several skeletons were found. The Celts settled in numbers in and around Iwerne. Many great enclosures on Hod Hill and Hambledon Hill were made by them to protect their cattle in times of war, and it was these people whom Cæsar found when he came with his Roman legions. A beautiful and perfect Roman camp still remains on the corner of Hod Hill nearest to Hanford, cut right through the Celtic trenches, to tell of the Roman conquest.

Iberian Celts burnt their dead and buried the ashes in vases of beautiful pottery. The civilisation of the round-headed men was far in advance of the long-headed and long-armed men whom they had driven out. They cultivated the land and grew good wheat, as good, perhaps, as some of ours to-day. Wheat was often found buried near their dead to feed the spirit of the man during his long journey in the spirit world. General Pitt-Rivers once filled a small measure with this carbonised wheat and also with that from a sheaf in the harvest field close by, and counted the number of grains, and the number was almost the same. The Romans conquered but settled down with them, and formed a large settlement in Iwerne close on the Shroton boundary. With Roman help and guidance, the Romano-Celt advanced in civilisation before the Roman armies were called home. In a field called "Great Bones," on the left-hand of the road from Steepleton to Hanford, Mr. Ship and Mr. Durden found considerable traces of an iron foundry for making spears and swords, and a fine example of a Roman sword still hangs in Ranston House. The settlement of these Romano-Celts at Iwerne was on a large scale. As late as 1830 or so, stones were hauled away to build houses and barns in the neighbourhood. General Pitt-Rivers excavated its

chief hall, and marked out many other parts, but, as on all sides there were only Romano-Celtic remains to be found, and nothing of an earlier date, he did not carry his work much beyond the largest villa, as he had thoroughly worked out similar settlements up on the hills beyond Iwerne.

The recall of the Roman armies to defend Rome from the invading Goths left the people in a very defenceless state. Their fighting had been done for them, and they were powerless to resist the invasions of the Saxon. During the latter part of the Roman period Christianity had spread in Britain—traces of churches built of wattle and daub have been found in Romano-Celtic villages similar to the Iwerne village, so that possibly there was a church there, but all remains of this earlier Christianity were driven before the heathen Saxon into Cornwall and Wales. The Saxons certainly settled strongly in Iwerne, and gave that name to the village. They seldom or never built on the Roman settlements, and the Saxon village grew up where we now find it—some distance from the Roman centre. When the Saxons became Christians their church was built on the site of the present church near the strong spring from which rises the little river Iwerne. The word " Iwerne " means " water " (the word surviving in ewer—a vessel to hold water). The name " Minster " comes from the Latin word " Monasterium," of which " Mynstre " was the Saxon term. Christian missionaries came from Gaul, among them St. Augustine and his band. They spread gradually over the country, their method being to establish centres in suitable spots. A Christian Bishop was sent with a staff of assistant priests. The latter were despatched into the districts round. The ministration of Baptism and the Holy Eucharist was always very carefully guarded. A mother-church was built close to a good stream for baptisms, and Christians came to it for the Eucharist. This centre was called the " Monasterium." This does not mean necessarily that there was a monastery there, but simply the centre of a

mission station. From this Monasterium came the Saxon word " Mynstre," and in our case it was the Mynstre on the Iwerne river—Iwerne Minster.

Certainly, long before the Norman Conquest, and from very early Saxon times, the Monasterium or Mynstre of Iwerne included what we now know as the parishes of Hartgrove (now East Orchard), St. Margaret's in the Marsh, Hinton St. Mary, Handley, and Gussage All Saints—a district of about eleven miles in length, with Iwerne as its centre.

King Alfred founded the Abbey of Shaftesbury in the year A.D. 888, and King Eadwig made over Iwerne and its churches (in those days five) to that Abbey.

In later Saxon days churches had got into bad repair. Legend tells of a belief that the world would end in the year 1000, and churches might not be needed. Whether there is truth in that story or not, the Saxon church of Iwerne was pulled down, and the present nave built by the Normans very early in A.D. 1100.

The hard green sandstone with which the church was built was taken from a quarry, where now there are allotment gardens, opposite the farm buildings of Bay House. This quarry was filled in soon after Lord Wolverton bought Iwerne, but I can remember part of it being used to obtain stone for roads. The pillars of Iwerne church and the north chapel and north aisle are of very pure early Norman work, and the low chancel arch and the round arches on that side. The arches of the south aisle are transitional and an interesting feature of our church. Architects had tired of the round Norman arch, and had not quite got to the pointed arch, and those arches mark their effort to effect a change: a French archbishop connected with Christ Church Priory brought this change into England. Mr. Gladstone once said that if you took the history of the Church of England out of English history there would be nothing left worth knowing, and very true that statement is when you

come to deal with the history of any single parish. Church life was vital in Iwerne in Romano-Celtic times. In Saxon days the great Norman builders came and built their noble churches. Their work still testifies in this parish, as in others, to the sincerity of their religion. The fourteenth century was another period of sound church architecture, and its influence is seen in Iwerne Church.

To that period belongs the church tower, and also the fine and roomy chancel. Who built the tower is not known, but we do know that in 1362 William of Wykeham was made a prebend of Iwerne Minster in the Abbey of Shaftesbury, and he was the great builder of his day, and we may be sure that his influence had much to do with the building of the tower and chancel.

No doubt on festivals and holy days the Abbess of Shaftesbury would attend services in Iwerne Church, and would require a good size chancel for those she would bring with her, and to that, perhaps, is due the fine chancel of Iwerne Church. Norman chancels were small and in the form of an apse, and not well suited for great Church functions. It is interesting, incidentally, to note how Iwerne was brought into touch with national movements. The King had appointed William of Wykeham to be prebend of Iwerne and other preferments on the death of the Abbess, Margaret Lewknar. The Pope said he had no right to do this, that they were his rights, and excommunicated Wykeham. King Edward told the Black Prince to march on Avignon with the English army, where the Pope was living, and at once the Pope changed his tone and withdrew his excommunication—all that marked a period in England's rejection of the claims of the Pope.

Passing on into another century, Iwerne churchpeople experienced a great change on September 11th, 1480. The Abbess of Shaftesbury granted the advowson of Iwerne and all her rights in the parish to King Edward IV., who was then

building his Royal Chapel of St. George at Windsor. This change meant that Iwerne's connection with Shaftesbury Abbey was at an end, and yet the relations between the Abbess and Windsor remained friendly, for several vicars were appointed by the Dean and Canons of Windsor on the nomination of the Abbess up to the time of the dissolution of the monastries. That fact suggests that Edward IV. treated the Abbey more generously than might be supposed. It is this transfer of the parish which accounts for the Dean and Canons of Windsor being to-day the patrons of the living.

From the fourteenth century down to the building of the south chapel by Giana, Lady Wolverton, in 1889, there has been no great structural building in Iwerne Church. That memorial chapel was built by the late Mr. Pearson in memory of George, Lord Wolverton, and is of very beautiful workmanship, but the fact that the church is as we find it to-day, tells its own tale of a vigorous religious life in each century.

The Tudor windows in the north and south aisle are very interesting, and there was one in the east of the north aisle which was removed when the vestry and heating apparatus were put in—the chimney of the stove having to be built up where that window stood. The pity is that ingenuity was lacking to suggest an arrangement whereby a Tudor window would not have needed to be sacrificed to a stove chimney.

IWERNE MINSTER

THE MODERN VILLAGE OF IWERNE

THE "Highways and Byways in Dorset" is a charming book in a charming series, but the author, Sir Frederick Treves, is singularly unjust to Iwerne Minster. In writing of it, he adopts the dangerous prophetic vein and says: "It must at one time have been very picturesque, but it is in process of being metamorphised into red brick. The low thatched cottages are gradually vanishing, to be replaced by bold houses of gaudy brick and tiles. Iwerne serves to show one phase of the village of the future—the well-to-do unblushing village of red brick, which for the bread of quiet beauty, offers the stone of harsh unseemliness. . . . The exquisite old thatched cottage with its tiny windows of tiny panes must go for the man of brains has spoken and with it will vanish the most characteristic feature of Rural England."

Obviously, Sir Frederick was not in touch with the new feeling of reverence and admiration that had been aroused for all that was fine and beautiful in the past. His book first appeared in the sixth year of the present century, just when the utilitarian destructiveness of the Victorian era was giving way to a love for quiet beauty and a desire to preserve the best of what is old. This dismal forecast has been utterly falsified. Never in its history was Iwerne more beautiful than it is to-day. We could ask for no better judge of that than Sir Frederick himself. It would gladden his heart to revisit the village and compare the reality with the horror of red bricks he envisaged. There are two noble additions to the village, to which his attention should be directed. A new cross has been raised where probably an old one stood before, at a corner at which three roads meet.

IWERNE MINSTER

THE MEMORIAL CROSS

The simple slender shaft with wistful dignity, carries the record of those who fell in the Great War, and has engraved on it the penetrating question:

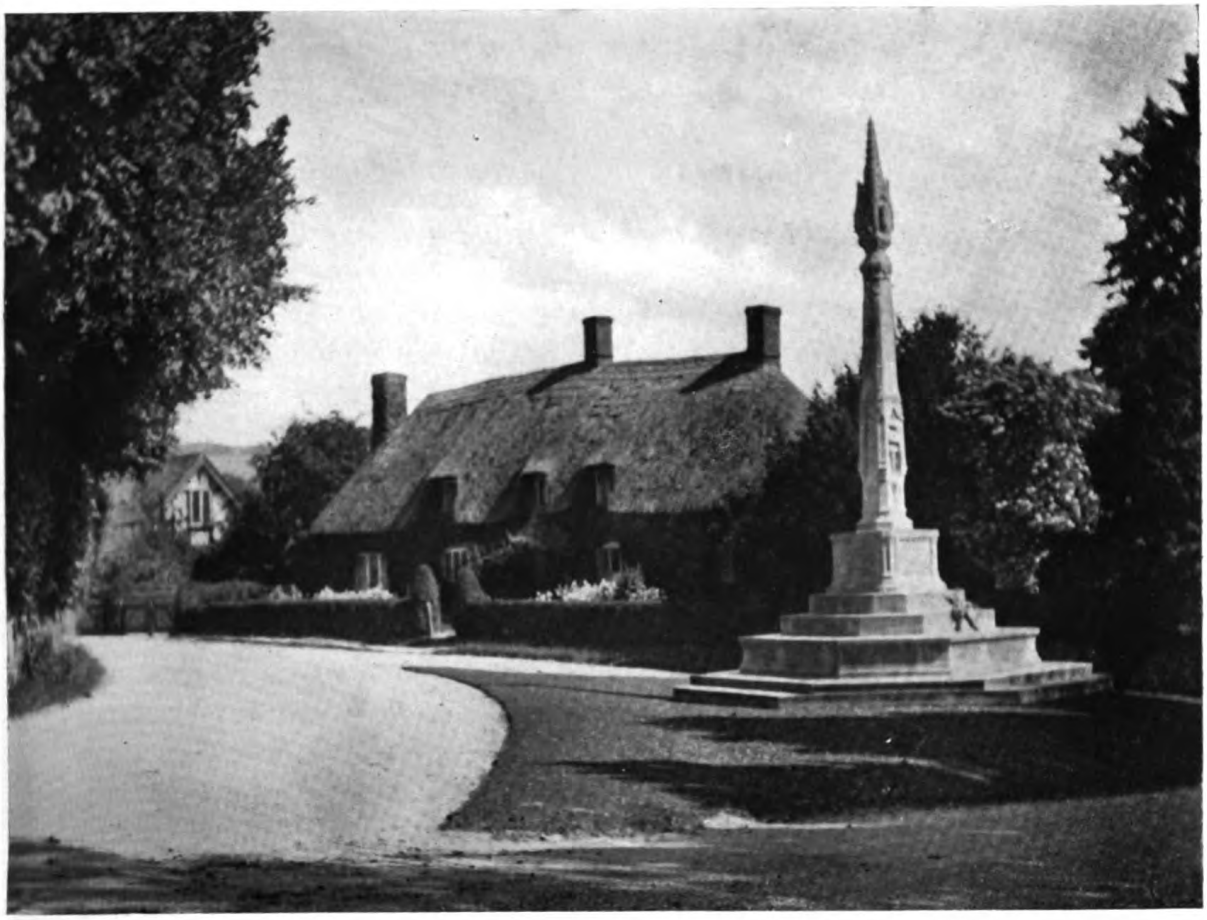
" Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ?"

We can imagine generations yet unborn, startled into a realisation of what the war meant by this question and this cross. No ugly girdle of iron protects the monument. It springs from a triangle of green grass and is left to the guardianship of the inhabitants. In winter, when the wayside trees are bare, its beauty is even greater than in summer, except to the eye of the moralist. He may well reflect that the austere question engraved on the stone comes from one well aware that the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; and unless memory is kept alive in succeeding generations, the monument will have been set up in vain.

We can easily believe that the wayfarer who passes this way in years to come, a holiday maker, a chance visitor, an utter stranger, will find nothing more striking on this monument of stone than the records of places where the men have died. In the early anxious days of the war, a poet found words expressive of the feeling:

" Where are the lads who went out to the War ?
This year and last year, and long, long ago ;
With eyes full of laughter and song on their lips;
Our sad hearts flew after as birds follow ships !
Where are they now, do you know ?"

The stranger casting a musing eye over the village, will see that it is a small place consisting mostly of the dwellings of labouring men, who, in the ordinary course of events, would have journeyed only a short distance from the cottages in which they were born, and the farms on which they worked.



THE MEMORIAL CROSS

Few knew the names of the lands they were to travel in. A recitation of those where members of the little clan died, brings home very vividly the tremendous extent of this far-flung battle line. On this monument to a very minute fraction of the British Army, the Somme, Italy, Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Palestine and India are mentioned as places where a Iwerne villager fell.

These records are more than homage paid to bravery; they show that the strength of the Empire was strained to its last extreme, that every parish, even the smallest, was drained of its men, and that the army fought on many wide, distant fronts.

The Dedication of the Cross

As this book is intended among other things to be a record of the origin and history of the cross, it may not be amiss here to copy an authoritative description, written at the time of its dedication on April 12th, 1920.

> Parish Council, Monday, April 12, 1920: Mr. J. H. Ismay presented for signature the deed of transfer of the site of the War Memorial Cross to the Parish Council. A vote of thanks to Mr. Ismay was proposed by Mr. C. Beck, seconded by the Rev. R. Ryder, and supported by Mr. F. Souden. All the speakers were enthusiastic in their praise of the cross and in their appreciation of all the carefully-carried-out arrangements for the service of dedication that day.
>
> On Monday afternoon the handsome wayside Memorial Cross erected in this village to the memory of the men and women of Iwerne Minster and Sutton Waldron who gave their lives for their country in the Great War was dedicated by the Bishop of Salisbury. The memorial, which has been subscribed for by the residents of the two villages, is undoubtedly one of the finest erections of the kind in the county. It was only fitting that this should be so, as Iwerne Minster is a model village, and one of the most picturesque parishes for many miles round. The memorial, which was designed by Mr. Gilbert Scott, stands upon an open triangular site at the junction of three roads, the front of the shaft facing the main Shaftesbury–Blandford road at the upper end of the village. It is carried

out in Doulting stone, and consists of a tall shaft standing upon a wide-spreading hexagonal base of steps and a seat. The socket stone has three main faces, and into these are let tablets of Hopton Stone marble, on which are cut the names of the fallen, with rank, date and place of death, and other particulars. These tablets are surrounded with a border of carving. On the base, immediately below, are the words: " Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ?" On the lower part of the shaft itself, and facing the main road, is carved the figure of a soldier, in a niche, standing with reversed arms. The top of the shaft is treated somewhat in the manner of the ancient example at Stalbridge, and consists of richly carved tabernacle work, with three open niches, surmounted by a crocketed pinnacle. The niche on the principal face contains the figure of our Lord on the Cross; while the other two niches are occupied by the figures of St. George and Joan of Arc.

The first portion of the dedicatory service took place at the Parish Church. The sacred building was crowded. The procession included the Churchwarden (Mr. J. H. Ismay) and Acting-Churchwarden (Mr. E. W Hooper), the Revs. R. Ryder (vicar), C. P. Edmonds (Fontmell Magna), R. H. Gundry (Shroton), E. Acton (a former vicar of Iwerne Minster), and C. H. Bower (Childe Okeford), who carried the pastoral staff. In the congregation were a large number of demobilised men of the two parishes, who, under the command of Mr. Barnard, marched to the Church and occupied seats in the centre aisle, and the Iwerne Minster Boy Scouts, under Scoutmaster J. Smith.

The service commenced with the solemn recital of the twenty-one names of the fallen. [The names are printed in a previous page, and are of those to whom the book is dedicated.]

The antiphon, " I am the Resurrection," was sung, and Psalms cxxx. and xxiii. were chanted. The Lesson, taken from 1 Thess. iv., was read by the Rev. E. Acton, after which a number of suitable prayers were offered. The hymn, " O Valiant Hearts," having been sung, the Bishop of Salisbury gave an address dealing with the resourcefulness with which Great Britain had set herself to meet the offensive of Germany and her allies. He enlarged on the memorial as being a great offering of thanks-giving, and said it was the most beautiful he had yet seen, and should serve as a perpetual reminder of those who had died.

A procession was then formed, headed by the clergy and choir, and on the way to the newly erected cross the Litany of the Passion was sung. The demobilised soldiers were formed into line on two sides of the triangular site, and the Boy Scouts stood on the other. The procession of

clergy made its way to the front of the cross, with the relatives of the deceased soldiers near by, whilst the remainder of the vast congregation stood reverently on the other sides of the memorial. After more prayers, the Bishop impressively recited the dedicatory sentences. The hymn, "When I survey the Wondrous Cross," was sung with great feeling, and at its conclusion, the Earl of Shaftesbury stepped forward and asked that he might add just one simple word of tribute on behalf of the county of Dorset to the memory of those men and women. Here in Dorset they rejoiced when all the villages sent forth their manhood to the service of the country, and there in Iwerne Minster they were not behind when the call of country came. To-day, they honoured the memory—the whole county joined with them in honouring the memory—of those who went forth never more to return. They honoured not only the memory of those brave men and women, but they honoured also those who were privileged to come back again, and they rejoiced with them that day. They rejoiced as a county to think that they had memorials in their villages which meant and silently spoke so much. There in that village they had a memorial which would always stand out as one of the most beautiful specimens of architecture, and one of the most beautiful that man could ever wish to see. Let them always remember as they passed through that beautiful village what that memorial stood for—the memory, not only of the men, but also of the women of Iwerne Minster, who did their share in watching over the sick and suffering. Let them be thankful that they had such a beautiful witness in the memorial of the faith in which they died.

The Bishop, having given the Blessing, the National Anthem was sung, and buglers of the Coldstream Guards sounded the "Last Post," the echo being taken up by a fourth in the centre of the village.

Many beautiful floral tributes were placed round the Memorial, and were fittingly surmounted by a wreath of laurel.

The ex-service men, who saluted the Memorial as they marched past, were afterwards entertained to tea at the "Talbot" by Mr. Ismay, following which it was unanimously decided, on the proposition of Mr. F. Souden, seconded by Mr. A. Barnard, that a Branch of the Comrades of the Great War should be formed for Iwerne Minster and Sutton Waldron.

THE VILLAGE CLUB

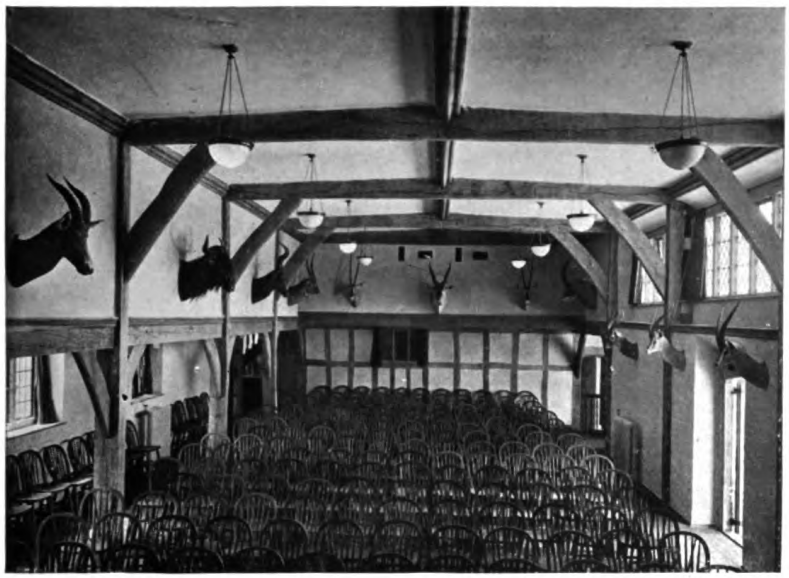
November 16th, 1921, was a great day at Iwerne Minster. It saw the opening of the Club built by Mr. and Mrs. Ismay. As an architectural achievement, it has won universal admiration, and it reflects the utmost credit on Mr. Baillie Scott, who

designed it. Placed between the ancient venerable Church and Bay House, a fine example of the flint hall, a type of residence characteristic of the county, its soft colour and cunningly proportioned lines fall into perfect harmony and companionship with them. It has had no need of waiting for the smoothing and weathering of time. Grass in its season and yews all the year round supply the only colour it needs. The group of buildings, the Church, the Club, and the House, are exactly what the surrounding landscape demands. It is pure Dorset—a land of green hills and little valleys, and trickling water—the little, but manful, Ewerne, not a brook but a river in miniature, flows away from the side of the Church on its journey to the Stour. Above all, it is a county of trees, coppice, and woodland, which, with the elm, ash, beech, and oak monarchs of the wayside are always changing and always fine.

The Club was built for a very definite and simple purpose, viz., to enable those who used it " to pass through life a little more pleasantly." No stress was laid on educational or kindred objects, although these are being pursued effectually, if incidentally. For example, there is the influence on manners to be considered. The Club is designed equally for men and women. In the large room, they dance together, they laugh together at the moving pictures shown them on the screen, and they listen to the same lectures. The very room is to most of them an education. The sound proportions, the excellent equipment, the decoration by numerous hunting trophies, which are hung on the Club walls, instead of being given to a museum, give it an air of refined comfort, which is bound to have an effect on the audience. Village amusements are, in themselves, innocent and beneficial. If ever they are harmful, it is due to the wrong environment. Young people, and their elders for that matter, will dance, and dancing is the most delightful physical exercise imaginable; but villagers are often sadly at a loss to find a suitable room. No doubt, the best of all is the village green, but

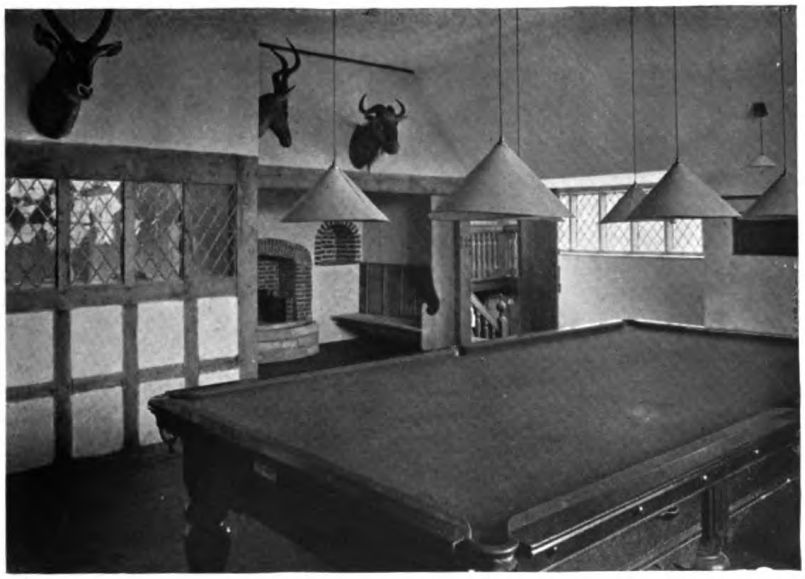
THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CLUB

THE WEST ELEVATION



THE LARGE HALL

For cinemas, lectures, and dances.



THE BILLIARD ROOM

It opens into a small room for cards and other quiet games.

BAY HOUSE

The Club stands between this very characteristic Dorsetshire building and Iwerne Church.

it is out-of-doors, and though its cool and well-cropped turf may excel the best carpet when the sun is setting of a summer evening, it is not always June in England, and even June evenings are not always dry. There is winter and rough weather to be reckoned with, and though many a merry night has been spent toeing it in a barn, farm buildings are not always available. So the dancers perforce are driven to quarters from which no good comes.

It is far better for them to have this spacious room, the very look and memory of which must stir boys and girls alike, to wash and dress and play, and dance, in a spirit worthy of the room, the dance and the partner. Of the cinema, all this might be said with greater emphasis. It's a delightful invention, and there are films so funny as to make one nearly split with laughter, but there are others which make a grosser appeal, and it is a sound principle that supervision should be exercised. The cinema is still in a very early stage of development, and there is ground for hoping that a time is not far distant, when the most acceptable films in English villages will be those written in England for English artists and film makers to produce.

The game of billiards is the very best indoor pastime for giving nicety of touch to the hand and exactness to the eye. A very fine room indeed and a first-rate table are allotted to it. Since the beginning of the new movement in favour of establishing village clubs, we have noticed as a new phenomena in local papers the report of matches in which quite small villages compete against each other. It is a stimulating form of rivalry. The beginner usually learns more from one match game into which he has put all his energy and keenness than from a hundred careless encounters in which he was only passing the time. One does not need to dilate on the advantage to a youth of playing on a good table in a well-lighted Club room and with people whom he knows.

The billiard room opens into a small but convenient and

well-equipped room for cards and other silent games like draughts and chess. Should the last-mentioned be taken up, perhaps the English supremacy in chess, which according to Senor Capablanca has passed under a cloud, will be redeemed by one who without the stimulation of Club practice would have been a mute inglorious Blackburne.

We must not overlook a feature of the Club which hovers in a region lying between use and pleasure. In an underground gallery provision is made for a miniature rifle range. Most of us would feel happier if we knew that in a world where peace reigns shooting with a rifle would become only a pretty accomplishment like the art of making nursery cannons with a billiard cue, but after such a terrible lesson as the country has had as to the necessity of learning to defend itself, the acquisition of skill in rifle shooting is not likely to be undervalued. It is a kind of skill that cannot be learnt too soon. Of summer outdoor sports, provision is made only for one within the precincts of the Club. A space at the west entrance was, in 1921, sown with grass, with the intention of ultimately turning it into a bowling green. Owing to the long drought, the grass did not come away very well, but after the moisture of 1922 it wanted only mowing and rolling to make it ready for the wooden balls There is a good cricket club in the village, and a good football club, and a tennis club. These are independent states within the empire, so to speak; in other words, they have their headquarters at the Village Club.

The following description of the Club was very kindly written for the book by Mr. Baillie Scott, the architect who designed it:

> The designing of the Village Club at Iwerne Minster represented for the architect an enterprise which was at once an opportunity and a challenge.
>
> Situated as it is close to the old church and fine old house, one was invited to complete a picture already partly painted by the old artists in building.

And so the task was approached with a strange mixture of gloomy forebodings and pleasurable anticipations. The latter mood largely induced by the kindly encouragement of a client who took the keenest interest in the work.

The site itself was not level but had a considerable slope, and this made it specially suitable for a village club, for this type of building usually resolves itself into a kind of two-storey house containing the club-rooms attached to a one-storey hall. It is not easy under these circumstances to make a continuous roof to cover the whole building, but a fall in the ground allows of this by dropping the floors of the two-storey part of the building, and this gives the building, too, that appearance of growing out of the ground instead of being planted on it, which is the mark of the old buildings of rural England. On the higher ground the hall is placed, a room of about 40 by 20 feet with stage beyond. On one side the roof runs down to make a kind of side aisle with posts, while on the other side the eaves are at a higher level for the sake of light. The stage is flanked by dressing rooms on each side. The woodwork in the hall is all English oak, the roof timbers finished with the adze in the old way. The stage, when off duty, has a setting which is a delightful essay in what may be called histrionic architecture. It represents a panelled room with Tudor fireplace over which are placed some priceless Chinese vases. To the casual visitor who duly admires the old panelling, such valuable china perhaps seems a little out of place in a village hall, until closer inspection reveals the fact that the panelling is not panelling, the fireplace not a fireplace, and the vases not vases, but the whole illusion is built up out of the scene-painter's art, and is "such stuff as dreams are made on."

The lower part of the building containing the club-rooms has, near the entrance, a tea-room somewhat irregular in shape and showing the oak timbers of the floor above in its ceiling. The fireplace here is surrounded by a space of tiles on which is painted a map of the village and surrounding country—a kind of imperishable record which grows in interest as time passes. Next to this is a ladies' parlour with a bay window and fireplace surrounded by Dutch tiles depicting as a central ornament a bird in a cage. Beyond these two main apartments of the ground floor are kitchen premises, bath-room and lavatory as well as the entrance to the rifle range which extends under the whole length of the building.

At the main entrance is the oak stair to the upper rooms, a billiard room occupying here the greater part of the roof space with card-room adjoining. Both have recessed fire-places, and there is plenty of space for the onlookers.

A little separate stair from kitchen gives access to the caretaker's bedroom which overhangs the roadway.

The general structure of the outer walling combines a variety of materials—grey oak and plaster, with walling of greenish Chilmark stone in bands, with flint and some brick. For the roof old tiles were used with stone slabs at the eaves.

The basement contains the required plant for central heating and electric light.

The Village Club may thus be said to contain all the modern conveniences and yet both in the character of its workmanship as well as in its furnishing nothing has been done to daunt the villager with unaccustomed elegancies. It is a place to feel at home in and as such would perhaps have been approved by William Barnes, the Dorset poet, who writes:

" An' chairs an' couches be so neat,
You mussen teäke 'em vor a seat:
They be so fine, that vo'k mus' pleäce
All over 'em an' outer ceäse,
An' then the cover, when 'tis on,
Is still too fine to loll upon."

To those who like to label a modern building with the title of some extinct period or style, no encouragement can be given in connection with the Iwerne Club. If a name must be found it may perhaps be the " home-made " style as opposed to the " factory-made " or " machine-made." It is merely a plain piece of country building with no architectural adornments.

THE TALBOT INN AND THE SHOPS

Illustrated signs are a feature which Iwerne has pilfered from antiquity. The most imposing is that of the Talbot Inn. It is the fierce head of a Talbot or Hound, which is the crest of the Bower family, who owned the small but beautiful Georgian house pulled down by Lord Wolverton, to make way for the present mansion. The inn itself has been restored, but yet left what it probably was when stage-coaches pulled up at it for rest and refreshment; deeply thatched without, and

THE VILLAGE INN

The Talbot or hound on the signpost is the crest of the Bower family.

THE "WAR OFFICE"

At first it was only a news-board on the village pump.

THE "WAR OFFICE"

The pump had grown so popular as a news-room that it was thought good to give the "War Office" a permanent habitation, of which the above is a photograph.

COTTAGES ON THE BLANDFORD ROAD

within stocked with the best to eat and drink as well as a tranquil bed to lie on.

The dairy is indicated by a picture of a deep-milking placid shorthorn. Saddler, barber, and their like all have their appropriate painted signs.

A unique feature is what is called the "War Office." It is a stone shelter, on the walls of which are pinned up the news of the day as cut from the morning papers. This is done with a judicial absence of partisanship. Papers containing the most diverse politics are utilised in order that he who reads may be able to ascertain what are the views held in regard to every aspect of a controversy. It is the outcome of a custom observed during the war when the important news of the day were posted on the village pump, as described on page 81. The following is a technical description of the "War Office" written by the Architect, Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, R.A.:

> This little building has been erected with the object of providing the village of Iwerne Minster with a place where the principal news, from international politics to local sport, can be posted up daily, so that all the villagers may have an opportunity of keeping in touch with current events.
>
> The position chosen is an excellent one for the purpose, and is at the roadside, in the centre of the village.
>
> This miniature Temple of Enlightenment is rectangular on plan, the front being open, leaving the back wall and the two end walls available for the notice boards, on which the news-sheets are pinned.
>
> The roof is gabled, and is of a fairly flat pitch. The dissemination of news by wireless is represented by a sculptured figure of Mercury, the messenger of the gods, flying over the world, with electric rays emanating from his hands; this forms an interesting and original treatment of a subject difficult of sculptural representation.
>
> Under this figure, and projecting from the lintel above the entrance, is a wrought iron lamp, fitted with electric light. This lamp is so arranged as to light both the news-sheets on the notice boards within the building, and also the road outside.
>
> The walls are built of local rubble, and the dressed work is of Doulting stone. The roof is covered with old local stone tiles laid on oak timbers.

THE COVER OF THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE

A LITTLE BIT OF "DORSET DEAR"

RECENT LORDS OF THE MANOR

I

THE PEDIGREE OF THE BOWER FAMILY

By H. Syndercombe Bower

I SUPPOSE family pedigrees, like the lists of ancient kings, often have a misty and uncertain dawn, and of Michael de Boure, whose name is said to appear "in ancient rolls at ye Conqueror's coming," we may probably make the same comment as is appended to the name of a certain Aleanor, three generations later, "but who married her or what became of her was not found." The family appear to have had property, including Bower Chalke, on the southern borders of Wilts, and Heralds' Visitations in the time of Edward III. seem to have found them there.

Hutchins's "History of Dorset" considers we are on more solid ground in John Bower, in Henry VI.'s reign, and this John's grandson held lands in Lower Donhead, to which the first Thomas Bower, in the reign of James I., added land in East Orchard, where he was buried. This said Thomas married four times, and left an enormous family, and one of his wives possessed the unusual name of Worbarrow. It is quaintly recorded that "he was a man of great means, but was ruled by his wives and became weak in his estate," a sort of thing that has happened before and since! One of the sons is thus described: "Being a famous boy at Oxford and greatly learned in Greek and Hebrew, he died young," so it seems to be darkly insinuated that he died of too much Greek and Hebrew, which was probably an unusual cause of mortality among country gentlemen of that date.

IWERNE MINSTER

In 1562, Edmund Bower was "Mayor of Shaftesbury," where "he built the Guildhall and Market Cross, paved the town, and was a great benefactor to it."

Early in the seventeenth century, Thomas Bower seems to have acquired land in Iwerne Minster through his marriage to Elizabeth Squibb, and the Bower family were connected with Iwerne from that time until Thomas Bowyer Bower sold the property to Lord Wolverton in 1876. The connection with East Orchard seems to have been maintained till about a century ago, and when the old house, near the bridge in East Orchard, was sold, the purchaser is said to have pulled down fourteen rooms. When we get to Colonel Thomas Bower, who died in 1789, we are in the region of family letters, and a very genial man he must have been—(he was my great, great, grandfather). He went for a time to France from motives of economy, and left an interesting diary of his stay in that country, as it was before the Revolution. Even in an important town like Lyons you had to reckon on the possibility of an agreement between the innkeeper and the thieves, so firearms were a necessity, and a dog in your room was an advantage. He had leave to shoot in the Royal forests, but keepers, even in those days wanted such high tips that the sport was expensive. His grandson (my grandfather), Thomas Bowyer Bower, had been in the regular army, but was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Yeomanry, and seems to have been one of those enviable people whom everyone liked, from the Regent to the poorest man. He died in 1840 (when I was only one year old), but I used to hear a good deal about him, and what a fine horseman he was.

In the absence of our modern facilities for moving about, country neighbourhoods were far more dependent on their own resources, and they seem to have been very sociable and happy.

The Royal family were much in Dorset at that time, as George III. was very partial to Weymouth, and the Regent lived for a time at Crichel, and entertained a good deal.

II

THE WOLVERTON FAMILY

By the Rev. Edward Acton

In October, 1876, Captain T. B. Bower sold his land in Iwerne to George, Lord Wolverton. The Bowers had lived in Iwerne for fully 250 years, and their departure marked a great change in the life of the village. Under their ownership, there were eight good farms in Iwerne and the population about 760. The change saw the creation of a park, and the disappearance very shortly of all the farmers, a lowering of the population, and the land passing all into one hand.

The old interesting English manor-house was pulled down and the New House stables and stud farm put in their place. West Lodge and much land in the possession of the last Lord Rivers was sold at the same time and also the Manor Farm of Brookmans was sold to Lord Wolverton by a member of the Duke family. Preston Farm, the home of the Frys, had passed to the Bower family by marriage at a much earlier time. Brookman's Farm, so called from very early times, because Hugh Brookman had held it, was the Manor Farm, and held the manorial sporting rights. From the time of Elizabeth, the family of Mitchel had held this manor; they held under the Abbey of Shaftesbury, and were farming up to the purchase of the property by Lord Wolverton. James Mitchel was its last tenant, and nothing pleased his father better than to hold large coursing parties and hunt the hares in front of Iwerne House. On this farm there once stood a very fine old house—long since pulled down.

It was a great interest to the people of Iwerne to see the new mansion and cottages built; the latter were certainly better to look at with good gardens and allotments, but were they more comfortable than the old ones? Thatched roofs were cool in summer and warm in winter, and the old-fashioned fireplaces,

where a family could sit round the fire, were missed by many, and the old ovens where bread could be baked at home disappeared.

Lord Wolverton was a keen sportsman, and his advent was soon marked by the appearance of a fine pack of bloodhounds. Many were the stories of little dogs these hounds ate up when out for exercise; even small children were thought to be in danger, but they soon settled down as part of the village life. Their pace was terrific, and their music grand, and once heard in full cry it was not easily forgotten.

In time they passed on to the New Forest, where they were tried unsuccessfully to hunt the wild deer, and were then bought by a Frenchman and went to France. Their place was taken by Harriers, but neither pack was a favourite in so keen a hunting country as Dorset. At the opening meet of these harriers, there was a great gathering of sportsmen from the district round, who were very hospitably entertained. The hounds were thrown into a belt of shrubs opposite the front door and out broke a fine fox who raced away across the park followed by great numbers of mounted sportsmen, who found themselves faced by a deep open ditch of some width, with the result of thirteen empty saddles, whose owners were in the brook. To this day the brook is known as " the Champagne Brook."

Lord Wolverton was a keen politician in the Liberal interest and a great friend of Mr. Gladstone. About the time of the Egyptian War Mr. Gladstone came to visit Iwerne. One Sunday morning were seen in the Wolverton pew (then in the chancel) Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Arnold Morley, and some other members of the Cabinet. On the evening of that day, Mr. Gladstone read the lessons before a crowded church with people sitting in the windows and standing crowded on the seats. Those were the days of the " three acres and a cow," and many halters, brought to take away the cows, were

left as decorations on the big eagles that adorned the main entrance to the house. A large red motto that stood there at the same time, entitled "Liberal Principal," caused some amusement. His lordship was, rather literally, the liberal principal of Dorset, as he was said in that election to have financed five contests.

The late Major Whyte Melville was a great friend, and was at Preston House for several hunting seasons. Some of his books were written there, and his bright and cheery manner enlivened the hunting field. Lord Wolverton was a very kind and hospitable landlord, and the writer could tell of many great acts of genuine kindness done by him of which the general public knew nothing, Keen and decided as he was in his own views, he bore no malice to those who differed from him. His sudden death in November, 1887, came as a great blow and a real loss to the villagers who loved him. His nephew, Harry, Lord Wolverton, only survived him about a year, and was then succeeded by his brother Frederick. In his time, Iwerne was honoured by a visit from King Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, just as the South African war broke out. At one point, when the head keeper said the air was full of pheasants, the Prince was lying on the ground reading the evening papers' account of the disastrous first battle—the battle of Dundee—and took no notice of the pheasants. Lord Wolverton at once volunteered, and went through that war with the North Somerset Yeomanry. His marriage to Lady Edith Ward brought another interesting family into touch with Iwerne life, and many a Christmas saw Georgina, Lady Dudley, and her many sons, with Lord Harding of Penshurst and Lady Harding, in our village life.

George V. and the Queen came to shoot as Prince and Princess of Wales. The King astonished all by his wonderful shooting; at one beat where the birds were highest, on two occasions three birds were seen falling dead in the air at one

time. At another point eighty-one birds fell to his gun, and twenty-five young farmers were standing in a single queue behind him, and it amused him to see them all stoop as he fired at birds behind him over their heads, and when birds were not coming, he talked freely with them all.

The Queen called at the orphanage and gave the twenty boys a new shilling each; the matron told them they must keep these as a souvenir. The Queen, hearing of this, brought them up twenty more, and told them to go and spend them.

Many good horses were bred at the Iwerne stud; the best of them perhaps was "The Bard." He was bred by George, Lord Wolverton, and won many a race. Another was "The Welkin." He was born just at the time when a new edition of the old Christmas hymn "Hark, the herald angels sing" was changed to "Hark, the welkin rings." "What was the welkin?" everyone asked. "A good name for a horse," said Lord Wolverton, and he at once gave it to a young colt that won everything as a two-year-old. The good soil of Iwerne put too much bone and weight into horses at the expense of pace.

III

A NOTE ON THE ISMAY FAMILY

By Sir Frederick Radcliffe

From Cumberland, on the northern border of the Kingdom, and its extreme north-western seaboard, with its harsh climate and lofty hills, to Dorset, the garden of England, on its southern seaboard, is a far cry. But in Cumberland the Ismay family had its origin, and lived, at any rate, from the period of Edward I. to the date, some seventy years ago, when the head of the branch with which we are concerned started his journey southward.

Now Cumberland, and more especially its northern border, is a County whose history has fashioned a people with a strong

individuality. The history is one of peril and of fighting, in which the weak went to the wall and the strong survived; where deeds counted more than fancies, and the facts of life were sternly to be reckoned with. The turbulence of its past within historic times is still illustrated, not only by the remains of its Roman camps and fortresses, in which it is nearly as rich as Dorset, but by the long line of the great Roman wall, running through Cumberland and Northumberland from the Solway on one side of England to Wallsend on the other, which marked the northern limit of the Roman power, and served as a defensible rampart against the constant peril from the Picts and Scots.

After the departure of the Roman forces from this Island, the inhabitants of northern Cumberland were left to their own resources in the struggle against their neighbours, whom even the masters of the world did not conquer, but were content merely to repel. Nor, when the Kingdom of England was consolidated into one, was the Border at peace. For, across it, England now gazed at an open enemy or an uncertain friend in Scotland. What the marshes of Flanders have been to Europe, that the Border country has been to the Island of Britain—a constant scene of warfare between rival Kingdoms. Even when there was no national war, it was the prey of marauding bands, bent on loot, on the revenge of private feud, or on the mere joy of conflict. Apart from minor disturbances, on eleven occasions between 1135 and 1387 the North of Cumberland was devastated by the Scots with fire and sword.

It was on this stern territory, and in 1292, a few years before one of the fiercest of these raids, that we first meet with the name of Ismay, when John de Ayketon (Aikton is a township some ten miles from Carlisle) and Isemaye his wife, conveyed certain lands to a neighbour (see the Feet of Fines for Cumberland dated December 7th, 1292). What happened to John de Ayketon we do not know. Probably he was killed in fighting or died young, leaving his wife Isemaye in possession of his lands;

or perhaps in possession of lands in her own right. Anyhow, in 1332, we find his son described (in the Tax Roll of 6 Edward III.), not by his father's surname, but as John, son of Isemaye, and taxed for his goods near Aikton; and described, once again, about the same date, as " John Ysemaisone " in respect of lands at Dundraw near Aikton. Thenceforth, the family seems to have adopted the name of Ismaye or Ysemaye as a patronymic instead of de Aikton, and under that name it lived at Dundraw, near where John, son of Ismay, had lived, the dangerous and stirring life of a family on the Border, through the restless years of warfare which continued beyond the union of the two crowns of England and Scotland under James I., through the troublesome private feuds of another century, into the more peaceful years which ensued after the Pretender returned, beaten, through Carlisle in 1745.

The Ismays of those days were a family of " Statesmen," as they are called in Cumberland, owners of their land. The sword of a man and his sons was the needful protection of his cattle, his home, and his life, against thieves and marauders from over the Border. Bold, vigorous, and tenacious of their rights and liberty, they were bound to be if they were to survive, but they had those qualities of hospitality, frankness, and humour which distinguish the inhabitants of rural Cumberland to-day.

In the nineteenth century, the Ismay family still lived at Dundraw as in 1332, though the younger members had begun to seek their fortunes farther afield, as is the usage of young sons. One died in 1795, a prisoner of the French in Guadaloupe. One settled in Maryport, a little seaport not far from the Border, which derives its present name from the landing there of Mary Queen of Scots, on her ill-fated journey to England. And with his descendants we have to deal.

Maryport was a busy little port in the days when expensive docks and great railways counted for less and individual enter-

prise counted for more; and when *Oceanics* and other leviathans were scarcely even dreamt of. It had a considerable coasting commerce, a fair trade with the Colonies and the Baltic, and it carried on the industry of ship-building, in which, and in maritime adventure, the Ismay family was concerned there for several generations.

But in 1853 new currents were stirring in the world. Trade was expanding to vaster proportions. Steam was opening new vistas to travellers on sea as well as on land. The father of Mr. Thomas Ismay had the wisdom to see that his brilliant and active-minded son needed a wider field for his talents than the small town of Maryport, and the family business, could afford. And so to Liverpool he was sent to gain experience with the firm who had been his father's agents in Liverpool for many years. Within fourteen years he had started that revolution in ocean travel associated with his name.

The ocean-going passenger steamer before his day was sound and seaworthy, it is true, but a voyage was still a discomfort not to be undertaken lightly, and to be endured with some stoicism. The great lines of Guion, Inman, Cunard, Allan, and the National Line, then held the Transatlantic Trade, and against them the young man of thirty entered boldly into rivalry, with the equipment of his hereditary knowledge of shipping, his Liverpool training, his own fortune, a number of friends who had confidence in his powers, and a talent for organization amounting to genius. Within a few years Mr. Ismay had revolutionized the outlook. From being a place of no little discomfort and some hardship, an ocean liner had become a comfortable hotel, with the decencies and amenities of a good house on shore, with its dining-room in the most stable position amidships, instead of in the old place astern, where motion was most violent and noise most severe; with its baths, its smoking-rooms, its excellent attendance, and its perfect catering. All these were grafted on the best ships that money could buy or

skill could build, with the best navigation that the English Mercantile Marine could provide. Comfort for rich and poor alike was aimed at, and secured. At the time of his death, the premier fleet in the Atlantic was that under his White Star flag. The Guion Line, the Inman Line, and the National Lines had disappeared, and the Lines remaining in the North Atlantic trade had survived by adopting the methods of Mr. Ismay's management. And the White Star flag was carried by great vessels to the Cape, to Australia, and to other parts of the Globe. Thus was established the standard of excellence in ocean travel which has done so much to knit the whole world of intelligent people together in a common knowledge of their differing civilizations, conditions, and needs.

Like the wise man he was, he allowed nothing to deflect him unduly from his principal task. A Director of the London and North-Western Railway, he refused to act as its Chairman; he declined to serve in Parliament, a seat in which was in those days a distinction; he declined the hereditary honours which were offered him. He found his satisfaction in the provision of permanent and handsome endowment for the old and worn-out sailors of Liverpool, a provision which has been supplemented by members of his family; in his willing service to the Government who frequently sought his advice and assistance on questions of the day, in his practical devotion to Architecture and to Art, and in that happy family life which was the crown of his interests.

Well the writer of these lines came to know and to admire his commanding figure, his strong face, with the twinkle of ready humour in his clear eyes, his indomitable resolution, his ready support of every good cause, his hatred of deceit or cant, his perfect loyalty to a friend once tried, his refusal, at whatever cost, to deal again with those who once betrayed his whole-hearted trust, his open mind, his clear vision of possibilities and sagacious foresight, his calm acceptance of temporary reverse as

a further incentive to effort, and his steady determination that nothing but the very best should ever be associated with his name. I always saw in him the fine flower of a race, moulded in the stern Border school which I have described, and the more willing from the very sternness of its experience to sympathize with those who suffered in the fight, so long as their hands were clean and their aims right. Perhaps only once in a generation do such men find their opportunity, but when it comes they take it, and leave their mark on the world.

Mr. James Ismay, the owner of Iwerne Minster, is his second son; I shall best consult his wishes if I say little here of him, or of his descendants, beyond recording the following dates and facts:

JAMES HAINSWORTH ISMAY, born March 4th, 1867, educated at Elstree, Harrow, and Exeter College, Oxford, of which University he is M.A. Became a partner in the firm of Ismay, Imrie and Co. (Managers of the White Star Line) in 1889, and so continued until 1903, when he retired on the sale of the White Star Fleet, purchased Iwerne Minster estate from Lord Wolverton in 1908, and has lived there since that date; during the war he served with the 1/1st South-Western Mounted Brigade with an Armoured Car Unit, which he equipped himself. He was given a Commission in the Hants Carabiniers in September, 1914, and was eventually transferred to the Queen's Own Dorset Yeomanry.

Married on November 10th, 1892, LADY MARGARET ALICE SEYMOUR, eldest daughter of Hugh de Grey, P.C., C.B., sixth Marquis of Hertford, and Hon. Mary Hood, daughter of first Viscount Bridport. Lady Margaret died August 18th, 1901.

Children of first marriage:

Winifrede Margaret Ismay. Born August 30th, 1893. Married April 26th, 1913, to Noel Christian Livingstone-Learmonth, Captain Royal Field Artillery, son of Andrew James Livingstone-Learmonth of Hanford, Blandford, Dorset, and Frances Maxwell (Dowager Viscountess Portman), daughter of the late Boyd Alexander Cunningham, R.N., of Craigends, Co. Renfrew, and has two daughters—Margaret Frances, born February 25th, 1914, and Ursula Joan, born December 14th, 1916.

Dorothy Alys Ismay, born April 12th, 1895. Married November 7th, 1916, to Edward Hotham Rouse Boughton, Captain Reserve of Officers, late 15th Hussars, only son of Sir William St. Andrew Rouse Boughton, twelfth Bart., of Downton Hall, Ludlow, Salop, and Eleanor Frances, daughter of the Rev. Fred H. Hotham, Rural Dean of Rushbury, Shropshire, and has one daughter—Mary Frances, born July 29th, 1917.

Married secondly on October 6th, 1903, MURIEL HARRIET CHARLES MACDONALD MORETON, fourth daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Augustus Henry Macdonald Moreton, late Coldstream Guards, and Anna Harriet Mary, elder daughter of Sir Richard Sutton, fourth Bart.

Children of second marriage:

Olive Moreton Ismay. Born September 28th, 1904.
Viola Bruce Ismay. Born March 18th, 1908.
Pamela Muriel Ismay. Born September 8th, 1913.

I have endeavoured briefly to depict the character of a family by a sketch of its origin and of the influences which moulded it, and to illustrate that character by the history of one of its members whose career, until its close, came most under my observation. May the representative of that family at Iwerne long carry on the tradition of active usefulness handed down to him, and transmit to many generations the qualities derived from his forebears!—qualities more valuable than possessions.

CRANBORNE CHASE

By the Rev. Edward Acton

CHASES were formed in the earliest days out of immense tracts of woodland. In the twelfth century Cranborne Chase passed into the hands of King John through his marriage with Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Gloucester. Red deer, roe deer, and wild cats, were the native animals, and it was not till long after Norman times that fallow deer were brought into it, imported from other parts of Europe. Elks were, in early days, found there, and the name "Elk Coombe," of frequent occurrence, owes its origin doubtless to the elk, bones of which were found at Woodyats and other camps excavated by the late General Pitt-Rivers.

The Chase was apportioned out into eight walks—ridings cut through them, and these planted and marked out by holly trees, many of which still remain as useful guides to pedestrians and other visitors to the Chase. The Chase was granted by James I. to the Earl of Salisbury. The Earl of Salisbury sold Fernditch Walk to the Earl of Pembroke, and the remainder of the Chase was sold to Lord Ashley in 1671, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, and by him much of it was dismembered, and he then sold the remainder to Mr. Freke, of Shroton, from whom it lineally descended to Lord Rivers, of Rushmore. Iwerne Minster was in what was termed the West Walk, its ranger living at West Lodge. The River Stour was the boundary of this walk, and another walk was that of Bussage Stool, the name of which still survives.

The deer were the property of Lord Rivers, and no one could kill any of them without his leave. There was naturally a

good deal of poaching. It was, in fact, bred in the bone from father to son, and old people will tell you that in Iwerne in hard winters their fathers hid in the ricks on Preston Hill and shot deer with old pistols when severe weather brought the deer out. Church towers were often found good places for concealing deer until they could be got to Salisbury or Dorchester. There is no record of the practice at Iwerne, but Tarrant Hinton Church was a famous hiding-place. The old clerk of that day came to the rector and asked him to take charge of the key of the tower, as stories had got about, he said, about poachers using the tower to hide venison. The rector kept the key, but he did not know that the clerk had made a hole in a wooden bolt by which he could open and close the door, and for years the tower was used to hang up the stolen deer in safety, as everyone knew the rector kept the key. Poaching of deer was not by any means confined to the usual class of poacher, but was indulged in by men of considerable position. Most of them were younger sons who went out purely for a love of adventure. They formed themselves into clubs, and if any member was caught, the other members paid the fines. The usual method of catching the deer was to drive them into suitable covers and then run high nets round the part and beat the deer out into the nets with dogs, when they were easily killed. It was an old form of sport, and is described at length in a well-known fourteenth-century poem, "The Green Knight." As long as fines were the only punishment all was well, but an Act was brought in for transportation to the Colonies; that was a more serious matter, and these clubs were broken up. There are many records of fierce fighting between the deer stealers and the Chase keepers, in which many lives were lost. At one famous fight in 1780 at Pimperne the poachers were headed by a dragoon from Blandford; the first blow broke the knee-cap of "the stoutest keeper" in the Chase and lamed him for life, while the dragoon's arm was cut off at the elbow by a keeper's

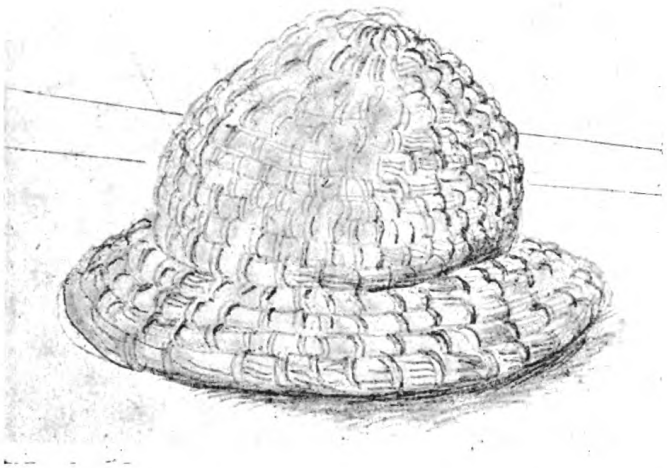
sword. In the end the poachers were all taken and condemned to seven years' transportation, but the Judge, Sir Richard Perryn, in consideration of their many wounds, commuted the sentence to a short imprisonment. The dragoon's hand was buried at Pimperne with all the honours of war. He was not turned out of the army, but allowed to retire on half-pay, and set up a game-shop in London, and became a well-known receiver of game from Cranborne Chase. Hutchins in his "History and Antiquities of the County of Dorset," gives a picture of a noted hunter of deer in his hat and jack. The hat here illustrated, shaped like a straw bee skep, was drawn by Mrs. Forbes from one in her own possession. The jack is a long quilted coat that would afford protection from the swords and clubs freely used in forest brawls.

There was much jealousy of the Lord of the Manor's rights of game, and small landowners set up their own keepers. The Ranger of Bussage Stool once found the keepers of Bubb Dodington, the builder of the great house at Eastbury (afterwards Lord Melcombe), killing some deer. He shot three of the keepers' dogs at one shot as they were drinking at a puddle. This very nearly led to a duel, Mr. Bubb Dodington sending a challenge to Mr. George Chafin of Chettle, the Ranger. Jacob Bankes, Esq., Member for Shaftesbury, waited on the Ranger—who bought a new sword for the occasion—to fix a place and time for the meeting, but managed to settle the matter, and the two parties dined together and spent a pleasant evening, and were good friends to the end of their lives.

Mr. Pitt (afterwards Lord Rivers) stood once for Parliament and was elected, but many squires, headed by the famous sportsman Mr. Beckford, of Stepleton, placed keepers in the West Walk. Mr. Pitt, fearing to endanger his seat in Parliament, could say nothing, and gamekeepers became general. Then Mr. Harbin, of Gunville, made a large enclosure, known to this day as

Harbin's Park, to keep deer out of his woods. Lord Rivers called a great number of his friends together at Rushmore; Mr. Dodington in his coach, Sir William Napier in his coach, Mr. John Pitt, M.P. for the county, Ranger of the West Walk, and who lived at West Lodge, which he had lately much improved. The party made straight for Mr. Harbin's new fence; Lord Rivers got off his horse and pulled down the first palings, and then his keepers set to work to pull the fence down. Mr. Harbin brought an action for trespass and won his case; and as a result further fences were made. Lord Rivers and his party returned to a dinner at West Lodge, and then all went back to Rushmore, where they hunted deer for three weeks. And for many years a large party so hunted for three weeks at Rushmore in September, until Lord Rivers went as ambassador to Turin, and these hunting-parties ceased.

The damage done by the deer to the whole countryside and the evil effect of the poaching were so great that a strong effort was made to have the deer destroyed. A Committee of Landowners was appointed to arrange to buy out the rights in the deer held by Lord Rivers. The names of this Committee are interesting, as the descendants of many of them are now well-known in Dorset: The Marquis of Bath; the Earl of Uxbridge; G. and R. W. Clarkson, Trustees of Charles Sturt, Esq., of Crichel; Rev. John Helyar; Peter W. Baker, Esq., of Ranston; the Earl of Shaftesbury; Rev. F. Simpson; Lord Arundell, of Wardour; T. B. Bower, Esq., of Iwerne; D. O. Parry-Okeden; Thomas Wedgwood, Esq.; Josiah Wedgwood, Esq.; John Elliott, Esq.; William Wyndham. The movement began in 1791. Josiah Wedgwood, of China fame and Eastbury, was their Chairman; they offered Lord Rivers £200 a year for his rights, and he asked £1,000 and a park round Rushmore. For years the question dragged on, until the matter was settled in the year 1829 by Act of Parliament: Lord Rivers to receive £1,800 a year, and the deer were destroyed.



THE BEE-SKEP DEFENCE FOR THE HEAD WORN IN THE FREQUENT BATTLES THAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN THE POACHERS AND THE KEEPERS

Then arose further difficulties. Owners made fences on their lands which kept out cattle, and interfered with the people's rights of feeding cattle and pigs. The people of Handley brought their case into Court in 1834, and established their right to feed cattle and pigs in the Chase. In ancient days wild pigs were found in the Chase. In 1433 (Henry VI.), Robert Clare was ordered to be fined for killing four wild pigs on Iwerne Hill. In 1434 (Henry VI.), Thomas Robe, Vicar of Iwerne, was in trouble for killing four wild pigs in Iwerne Wood with his bows and arrows.

In the year 1730 fox-hunting was established on modern lines by Thomas Fownes, Esq., of Stepleton; and Peter Beckford, of Stepleton, and the Rev. William Chafin, of Chettle, were among the first Masters of Foxhounds in Cranborne Chase.

Cranborne Chase was much used in the old smuggling days, and country people generally were in sympathy with smugglers. Up to quite modern times gentlemen would find their horses of a morning in a great state of heat and exhaustion, having been "borrowed" by smugglers during the night, but a keg of good brandy or the like would be left in the stable by way of payment. In the days of Sir Edward Baker, of Ranston, the Excise men were laying wait for a convoy of smugglers on Iwerne Hill, and the smugglers got wind of this, and on passing Ranston they sent in some of their number to tell Sir Edward that their wagons had broken down, and asked him to lend some of his. Sir Edward, who never refused anyone in distress, told them to take what they wanted, and the smuggled goods were transferred to Sir Edward's wagons. These wagons, when seen by the Excise men, were at once passed unquestioned, and the goods got safely through.

IWERNE MINSTER

SOME NOTES BY H. SYNDERCOMBE BOWER

Cranborne (Crane-bourne) Aylward de Sneaw (Snow), a celebrated Saxon nobleman and warrior of Royal blood, founded a Benedictine House in 980. Occupants transferred to Tewkesbury, 1102. A cell for three monks left at Cranborne.

His grandson, Bictric, described as very wealthy in Domesday Survey, went as ambassador to Count Baldwin of Flanders, and Matilda, the Earl's daughter, fell in love with him, but he would not marry her. Matilda afterwards married William the Conqueror, and persuaded the latter to seize Bictric's property and put him in prison, where he died.

Cranborne Chase and lodges passed into various hands till Thomas Freke, of Shroton, bought it for £3,500, and it passed by reversion to George Pitt, of Strathfieldsay, afterwards Lord Rivers, in 1714, and remained in his family till the Chase was disfranchised in 1828-29.

Bounds of the Outer Chase were, roughly, from the Avon to the Stour Rivers—about twenty to twenty-five miles from east to west, and from fifteen to twenty miles north and south—about 100 miles in circuit, comprising 700,000 or 800,000 acres and seventy-two parishes. Reached to Salisbury, Shaftesbury, Blandford, Wimborne, Ringwood.

Inner Chase about 40,000 acres in eight "walks," but Alderholt and Chettered do not seem to have joined the other Inner Chase. The number of deer in 1828 was variously estimated at 12,000 or 20,000. Hollies were planted so that the heads could be used to feed the deer in severe weather, but numbers died, and much interfered with the foxhounds, who wanted to stop and eat them.

Growing copse might be fenced from the deer for three years, and then the fence was taken down. My father—born 1808—got a right and left at a deer and a partridge in a gorse

where Mr. Ismay's farm buildings, at "Bower's Barn," now stand. There was much quarrelling about the rights as to deer. In the Abbey Book of Wilton, Edward III., 1354, complaints were made as to Rushmore Lodge. In the fifteenth year of the reign of James I. a trial about Chase rights was held, and Thomas Bower, aged 92, opposed the killing of the deer so frequently because he became "weary of venyson, for they did often eat the same boyled with bakon."

A Rector of Iwerne was punished for shooting deer with his long bow.

Great fights between keepers (armed with haugers and quarter-staffs, and with basket helmets) and poachers were common. A small flail was used as a weapon.

In 1829 Lord Rivers agreed to give up his rights, he retaining Rushmore, West Lodge, and Bussey Stool for £1,800 a year: some of this is still paid.

Poachers would hide their venison in the church towers. Any vehicle passing over Harnham Bridge, Salisbury, between June 9th and July 9th paid 4d. toll, and each horse 2d., on plea that they disturbed the deer and fawns.

As a supplement to the papers of Mr. Syndercombe Bower and the Rev. Edward Acton, readers may find of interest this description of the Chase. It is an extract from a most interesting paper read by Mr. Heywood Sumner, F.S.A., to the Wiltshire Archæological Society at Shaftesbury. We are obliged to Mr. Heywood Sumner for sending us the cutting from the *Wiltshire Gazette* of July 23, 1914, and for his permission to quote from his paper.

> We must understand the permanent conditions imposed by geological formation, and by water supply, which made this tract of country desirable for habitation from Neolithic times. Here, at Shaftesbury, we are standing on the verge of the old out-bounds of Cranborne Chase, 700 feet above the sea, with the wooded clay-land of Blackmore Vale stretching to the west, and with the bare chalk ridges and uplands of the Chase trending

towards the Avon Valley to the east and seaward to the south while the rich greensand Vale of Wardour bounds this tract of country to the north. I think we may assume that in Prehistoric times this area was surrounded by forests and swampy valleys; that it was mainly open country, with desirable pastoral and agricultural possibilities; with good water supply from streams rising higher up then than now, and with eminent hill-tops that only needed to be crowned with entrenchments in order to provide safety and defence for the tribal inhabitants and their cattle when raiding bands were afoot; certainly the large number of earthworks on this area show that it was regarded as a desirable land, and the numerous British village sites which still remain suggest a large population.

HOD HILL AND HAMBLEDON HILL

By Heywood Sumner, F.S.A.

(Reprinted by Courtesy of the Author from "The Ancient Earthworks of Cranborne Chase," Published by the Chiswick Press in 1913)

HOD Hill and Hambledon Hill are the two summits of a chalk outlier from the main ridge of the Dorset Northern Downs.

The Stour separates them on the West from Shillingstone Hill, and the Iwerne brook on the East from the Cranborne Chase uplands, while between them there is a dry valley cleft, which is crossed by the road from Steepleton to Hanford. Hambledon Hill rises to a height of 623 feet at the Southern end of the camp, and its ridge juts out for a mile into Blackmore Vale as a narrow bare promontory with steep scarps on the North, the East, and the West.

Hod Hill is less eminent. It is 471 feet in height at the North-Western corner of the camp area—within the low lines of the Roman entrenchment. The slopes of the hill are gradual on the North, the East, and the South, but on the West the hill scarp mounts abruptly for 300 feet above the Stour, with a rise of 1 foot in 2 feet.*

Whatever doubtful problems these two camps may suggest, we shall not doubt their makers' choice. These hills are natural strongholds, made stronger by man's indomitable

* This remarkable cleavage made by the Stour through the chalk ridge of North Dorset is discussed and explained by A. J. Jukes Brown (*Dorset Field Club Proceedings*, xvi., 1895).

energy and skilful purpose. Their castrametation compares with that of Castle Ditches, near Tisbury, of Whitsbury Castle Ditches, and of Badbury Rings; but the actual camps are larger than any of these—the area of Hod Hill being about 50 acres, and of Hambledon Hill about 25 acres.

HOD HILL

The camp on Hod Hill was surrounded on the North, the East, and the South sides by triple entrenchments, and on the West by double entrenchments along the steep scarp that falls abruptly to the Stour Valley. The outer bank and ditch on the East and South sides have been partially effaced by cultivation, but they can be traced all round, with gaps in their continuity. The Ordnance Survey ignores this continuity, hence the frequent description of Hod Hill camp as being surrounded by double entrenchments.

At the South-Western corner, the entrance from the Stour Valley is commanded by an outer flanking bastion, and here the defences are specially strong. The inner bank rises to the prodigious height of 41 feet above the ditch, with a rise of 1 foot in 2 feet. To scramble up such a bank with a measuring-rod is not easy; imagine such a scramble with a fierce stone-throwing Briton above! We get some idea of the defences of these camps even by peaceful survey.

This may be supposed to have been the most important entrance, as it would always have been needed for the defenders of the camp in order to obtain access to water—the Stour. There is another specially defended entrance on the Eastern side above Steepleton. Here the approach to the camp winds between ramparts that must have commanded an enemy on their left flank as they struggled up the narrow pathway of danger; while the incurving horns of the inner bank gave further protection to the defenders of the area. Besides these

there are three other entrances which may, or may not, have been original.

At the North-Western corner of the camp area there is a low, precisely cut entrenchment that has generally been assumed to be of Roman origin. If the plan and sections are studied, the absolute difference of this inner entrenchment from the outer entrenchments will be recognized. From superficial survey I see no reason to suppose this earthwork to be other than Roman. Its low elevation implies defenders that depended upon discipline rather than upon a big bank for protection. And the precise execution is wholly different from any of the earthworks on Cranborne Chase, Soldier's Ring excepted. The neat finish of this entrenchment should be noted where it fits on to the Western scarp of the great camp rampart, and the returns of the ditches on either side of the two entrances; also the extra bank at the corner, which would be the weakest point of defence.

Hutchins's " History of Dorset," vol. i., p. 306, edition of 1861, gives a " Plan of British and Roman Entrenchments on Hod Hill," and the following extract gives a description of the area of the Roman camp, since ploughed up:

> The whole appears to be formed with the greatest regularity and precision, and the same order seems to have marked the disposition of the interior. The marks of tents or huts may still be traced at regular intervals, and appear to have been placed in lines facing the front of the camp, three or four deep, with a large open space between them and the entrenchments. Wide level roads intersected the camp from each entrance. There can be but little question as to the origin of this work; every surviving portion answers perfectly to the system of encampment followed by the Romans, and so minutely described by Polybius (bearing in mind, of course, the difference rendered necessary by the smaller size of this work), and the imagination is wonderfully assisted by the configuration of the surface in supplying doubtful links. This camp, therefore, acquires extraordinary interest, if we call to mind that in all probability it is one of the most perfect examples known of the Roman entrenched camp.

IWERNE MINSTER

After reading the foregoing description of what was to be seen within the area of this small Roman camp, it is very disappointing to turn to the plan that was taken in 1858. The area is a mere blank ! Hutchins gives some account of numerous relics that have been dug up from time to time within the area of the camp on Hod Hill. They were in Mr. Durden's collection at Blandford, but are now in the British Museum. Roach Smith (" Collectanea Antiqua," vol. vi.) says of them: " These antiquities have been collected by Mr. Durden during a considerable number of years in the course of agricultural operations." From which it does not appear that there had been systematic excavation at Hod Hill. The iron weapons found point to occupation during the later portion of the prehistoric Iron Age. The Roman camp, or Lydsbury Rings as it is called, yielded a number of Roman relics, turned up apparently by the plough. The coins found give a very early date to the Roman occupation of this portion of Hod Hill.

The disappointing plan given in Hutchins's " History of Dorset " was " taken in 1858, just as the workmen were paring the turf preparatory to cropping the western portion of the area, and prior to the ancient traces being obliterated." Lydsbury Rings had not then been disturbed, but its area was subsequently ploughed over. In the preface to " Dorsetshire: Its Vestiges, Celtic, Roman, Saxon, and Danish," by Charles Warne, 1865, he says:

> Thus, and that very recently, the Roman Castrum within the Celtic camp and Oppidum on Hod Hill has, to the lasting disgrace of those concerned, been ruthlessly destroyed; the plough has passed over its prætorium, and the site once occupied by the surrounding host, with all its details so well defined, is now no longer to be traced; thus an example of Roman castrametation, the finest of its kind, in fact unique, has been obliterated, and that without a voice being raised or an effort made to stay the hand of the despoilers.

Accordingly, from these two extracts we may assume that the whole of the areas of the outer and the inner camps on

Hod Hill have been ploughed over. Now they have reverted to down grass, and we have to be thankful that the plough spared the low banks and shallow ditches that still mark the defences of Lydsbury Rings.

In the autumn of 1899 excavations were carried out within the area of Hod Hill camp by Sir Talbot Baker, under the supervision of Professor Boyd Dawkins, and the results are recorded in the *Archæological Journal*, 1900, vol. lvii.* Circular hut enclosures and pits were the earthworks that were examined, and from the relics found in them " it may be inferred that the settlement on Hod Hill continued to exist from the pre-Roman Age well into the time when the Roman influence was dominant in this district." No sections were cut through the defensive banks and ditches, consequently there is no positive evidence as to the original construction or as to the date either of the outer defences of Hod Hill camp or of the inner defences of Lydsbury Rings. In " Earthworks of England," by Hadrian Allcroft, Hod Hill and its earthworks are fully discussed (pp. 361-367). Mr. Hadrian Allcroft does not accept the record in Hutchins which I have quoted, nor the (rather vague) evidence of Mr. Durden's finds, but considers that Lydsbury Rings may have been thrown up by the Romano-British in opposition to the West Saxon advance, and cites " the lofty irregular vallum and fosse, the object of which is not obvious," that cuts across the adjoining camp on Hambledon Hill, as a parallel instance of a lesser camp being made within a larger one. I do not think, however, that the two earthworks compare. The one low, calculated, and very precisely cut, the other lofty, haphazard, and rudely thrown up. I take Bokerly Dyke as the proved type of earthwork that the

* In this record the area of Hod Hill is given as " about 320 acres," and of Lydsbury Rings as " about 70 acres." Although this is an obvious error, it may be well to note that the whole area of Hod Hill Camp is about 50 acres, and the area of the northern corner enclosed by Lydsbury Rings is about 7 acres.

Romanized Britons threw up to oppose the West Saxon advance. The mind that planned Lydsbury Rings, and the method of defence implied by their castrametation, appear to be wholly different from the mind and purpose behind the earthworks within the area of Hambledon Hill camp.

The inner rampart that defends the great circuit of the camp on Hod Hill seems to have been strengthened—raised—on three sides, North, East, and South, by means of excavations from the area side. In places these take the shape of semi-circular hollows from which spring the ramparts, in other places the shape of a broad and shallow ditch. The summit also of this inner rampart is humpy and irregular, while the summits of the outer ramparts are even and continuous. This may be well seen from below, looking up at the camp from the Steepleton and Hanford road. The present appearance of the inner rampart suggests sudden emergency and hasty reinforcements of a bank that was lower, and contrasts with the even run of the outer ramparts and ditches and with the orderly embanking of the Eastern and South-Western entrances. A section cut through the triple entrenchments of Hod Hill camp, and another cut through the low defences of Lydsbury Rings, would probably give us a final answer to the conjectures that have been put forward respecting these earthworks.*

The spacious area of this camp is covered with low humps and shallow hollows—now too much wasted by cultivation for definite survey record. They suggest that this site was sought after and fully occupied in Prehistoric times.

The excavations by Professor Boyd Dawkins, to which I have referred, showed that Roman relics were only found within and near Lydsbury Rings. Apparently but a small

* Mr. Reginald A. Smith in the "British Museum Guide to the Antiquities of the Early Iron Age," p. 122, says: "Hod Hill is one of the most imposing Dorset heights that were crowned with earthworks for the protection of the inhabitants during the Bronze and possibly in some cases the Neolithic period."

portion of the area was occupied by the Romans. And the coins found suggest that their stay was short. When the military necessity of occupying this outpost ceased, the site seems to have been abandoned. There are no signs of continuous occupation throughout the Roman period, such as General Pitt-Rivers found by his excavations at Woodcuts, Rotherley, and Woodyates.

HAMBLEDON HILL

The natural approach to Hambledon camp is on the South-Eastern side. Here the hill ridgeway forks into two spurs, one trending East towards Shroton, the other South-East towards the pass road leading from Steepleton to Hanford. Both these spurs are crossed from scarp to scarp by low banks and shallow ditches, double and triple, of which there are so many examples on Cranborne Chase.

The down outside the South-Eastern defences of Hambledon Hill camp has been dinted with modern diggings for flints, and thus it is impossible to form an opinion as to what sort of habitation existed here to account for these outlying banks and ditches. But we may be fairly sure that these simple multiplications of low banks and shallow ditches belong to a different period to that of the great earthworks, so cunningly planned, that encircle and defend the approaches of the camp on Hambledon Hill.

The South-Eastern defences of the camp are very remarkable. For miles around the great inner bank is a landmark. It rises 30 feet above the bottom of the ditch and 24 feet above the area, and beyond the double bank and ditch of this formidable earthwork there is a broad berm of 100 feet, very uneven in surface, and protected at its South-Eastern extremity by two more great banks and ditches. The entrance passes through this

outwork close to the Northern scarp of the ridge, and in such a way that an enemy would be assailed for 200 yards on the flank by the defenders of the camp. The random digging of the berm between the inner camp lines and the outer defences is noticeable, and the sudden rise of the inner bank as it crosses the down ridge with the rough scoops into the area—whence presumably came the earth—suggest emergency and strengthening of existing defences. The Western entrance is also very strongly defended. In both cases these earthworks are in a fine state of preservation.

The Northern entrance of the camp does not show signs of much usage. It must always have been inconvenient owing to its precipitous gradient. The South-Eastern and South-Western entrances were apparently the most usual approaches, and on these the camp defenders expended their utmost skill in fortification.

Within the camp area—which at the Northern end rises nearly 100 feet above the triple entrenchments—there are some curious earthworks of debatable purpose, and a round barrow.

The long mound Northward of the said debatable earthworks is a doubtful long barrow. It may compare with the long mound within the area of Knap Hill camp, excavated by Mr. and Mrs. Cunnington (*Wilts Archæological Magazine*, vol. xxxvii., p. 42), and shown by the finds to have been thrown up at some time during or after the Roman period—probably as a shelter.

Shelter is a requirement that is forced on the attention of any modern excavator on these uplands. The wind sometimes sweeps and buffets across these bare downs with such rigour that it becomes almost unbearable; but, as the digging proceeds, so shelter is obtained, both from the bank of upturned soil and from the excavated and lowered ground level. Thus protected, it is possible to dig in peace while the wind whistles through the bent-grass above. Cattle need shelter as much as men; and it

seems possible that the curious horseshoe form of bank, enclosing a sunken area, that may be found here, on Hambledon Hill, on Gussage Down, on Blandford Race-Down, on the Tarrant Hinton Downs, on Chettle Down, and at Buzbury Rings, may have been made for this elemental purpose.

It is impossible to write of Hod Hill and of Hambledon Hill and merely to expatiate on their Prehistoric camps. Their names will always raise up visions of beauty, the memory of which will abide as a possession to those who know these mighty earthworks. Hod Hill, with its bald, mound-like summit, here and there fringed with beech woods, dominating the Stour Valley, and rising abruptly, like a rampart above the still reaches of the winding river—Hambledon Hill, with its down scarps spotted with yews and thorn trees, with thickets of ash, elder, white beam, and yew, over which great wisps of traveller's joy fling their feathery tangle, with sheep feeding peacefully on the warlike camp, and hawks wivering in the pure air—while North, East, South, and West we gaze over hill, and vale, and down, and woodland that stretch and fade into far distance and vacant haze. So we praise these famous places, fortified by the toil and purpose of our forefathers in the ancient days when Time past unrecorded, except by such earthworks as we have been surveying, and by their makers' castaway possessions.

PRIMITIVE MAN AND HIS HILL DWELLINGS

(From the Lecture Delivered by Heywood Sumner, F.S.A. in 1914)

"In those distant times bare white mounds and banks and scarps of upturned chalk expressed an epitome of the changes and chances which here befell prehistoric man. 'Mother Earth' must have meant much more to him than to us. He began life beneath the earthen shelter of a pit dwelling. He

lived with some measure of security near the great earthworks which guarded the camps of safety on the hill-tops. He folded his cattle, and he bounded their wandering within banks of earth. He wrought terraces of earth for his crops on the down scarps; and, finally, in death, mounds of heaped-up earth commemorated his tribal chiefs. The Fable of Antæus, who maintained and renewed his strength by contact with 'Mother Earth,' may be taken as a symbol for the life of Prehistoric man. Earthwork was the visible expression of his civilisation."

MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS

By H. Syndercombe Bower

IF the tendency of education and progress, about which we boast so much, is to lift us up to a higher level, as we are promised, they certainly sweep away local peculiarities of manner, language, and dress, which made old times interesting and picturesque. Our destined goal seems to be a possibly lofty, but rather uninteresting, level plateau on which " all people do and say "

" The self-same thing, the self-same way "

and " do " and " say " in garments of the same uninteresting type. National costumes, local dialects, will be found only in pictures and books.

But if most people are all intent on " the great wave that echoes round the world "—the wave of speculation, perhaps, or the wave of amusement—" the rustic murmur of their burg " has still an attraction for a few old-fashioned folks. Dorset must have counted for a good deal among the counties some centuries ago, when Wareham and Shaftesbury had a relative importance as towns which they can scarcely claim at present, but I am afraid Dorset has no very great reputation now. I have sometimes thought that the traditional opinion of our county dates from coaching days, and is partly due to impressions derived from a passenger as he journeyed on a cold day, outside the coach, from Salisbury—through Blandford and Dorchester, to Lyme. It is true that there is no such turf as that of our Downs, and before the plough and barbed wire

interfered with them they were simply ideal ground for a horseman, but by the time a traveller *on wheels* had thus driven through Dorset in winter, and climbed the steep hills on the boundary of Devon, he probably had had a sufficient experience of cold winds and exposed roads. A hundred years ago, too, it was quite possible to be robbed of your watch, and the old custom that the Sheriff should go from Dorchester with numerous "Javelin men" to meet the Judges at Yellowham Hill, probably originated in the possibility that evil-disposed men might lurk among the copses there. But somehow people who come to Dorset like to stay there, and if the county has an attraction for strangers, no wonder it is dear to those of us who are, so to speak, aboriginal inhabitants, and have as yet resisted the centrifugal tendencies of the day, to which many a valued neighbour has succumbed. We do not lay claim to any very grand scenery, but we are proud of its great variety. In spring, and still more in autumn, the woods that still remain in Cranborne Chase are a restful pleasure to the eye, and very soothing to the troubled nerves, as they lie before us in their gorgeous colouring. And as you stand on the hills of the western boundary of The Chase, the green vale of Blackmore stretches away for many a mile towards the glorious oaks of Sherborne Park, and recalls pleasant memories of good days with hounds in the dim and distant past; while more to the left and farther away, two woods on a hill, with a space between, hide from view Lord Ilchester's beautiful park at Melbury.

West Dorset has a character and beauty of its own, with its broken ground and scattered hills, among which Shipton is conspicuous like a mighty vessel "turned turtle." And there is an indefinable air of restfulness about West Dorset and its kindly people—a most refreshing absence of hurry and bustle, so that one is reminded of the "Lotus Eaters," when

> "In the afternoon they came into a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon."

From the stony hills in the centre of the county one gets most beautiful distant views, but they are not attractive to ride over or to farm, and when, some years ago, at a certain Assessment Committee, sixty acres of a hilly parish were unaccounted for, the overseer calmly intimated that they did not think much of sixty acres up there.

Then the belt of heath which runs up towards Hampshire has a charm for some, and on the borders of that county I once helped a friend to kill eight different sorts of game, out of a total bag of about thirty head. Lord Ilchester's party at Abbotsbury are reported to have had a much more extraordinary variety in December, 1899, as the total bag of fifteen hundred and seventy-eight included fourteen different sorts, but then many of these were wild-fowl of various kinds.

The Dorset labourer has been often before the public, and the picture usually drawn of him has seldom been flattering to his brains or to his employer. It is not my experience that all the men in any class are exactly alike. We hear of landlords, and farmers, and labourers, as if individuals in each category were as much alike as the contents of a sack of beans. But surely human nature is pretty much the same in every age and every class, only the varying environment of different classes and different individuals produces very different results from natures which are radically much the same.

I have, of course, known men of the labouring class who were bad in every way, but the old-fashioned labourer of my childhood was very often one of nature's gentlemen, with a courtesy and a rough refinement, if one may use such an expression, that was very pleasant to see. No one appreciated more than he a man who was really a gentleman, and no one was quicker to detect the counterfeit of that much abused term. He certainly used to imbibe alcoholic drinks when he got the chance, and I cannot say I am much surprised that he did, when I remember that in those days it was practically the

only recreation he had, the only break or change in the very even current of his daily life. In these days of innumerable cheap " Scursions," fêtes and holidays, books and newspapers, things are very different, and if there is even now more drunkenness than there should be, matters are much improved in this respect, and this is the more satisfactory when we remember that an increase of wages has given additional opportunity to drink.

Alteration in habits of this sort cannot come all at once. I have heard a lady tell of the days when the coming of the gentlemen into the drawing-room, after dinner, was rather dreaded, because it was not by any means certain that they would all be sober, and at a much later date farmers were often wont to return from market in a state seldom, if ever, witnessed now. And very wonderful constitutions some of these farmers must have had. I have been told of certain well-known men who were literally " men of strength to mingle strong drink," and who would sit up for a drinking-bout and undo one button of their long waistcoats for each glass of gin-and-water they drank. Some would even go on till the waistcoats were buttoned up again, and I have been assured that these men would go to market next day and do their business as if nothing had happened. It would have been thought a breach of etiquette and hospitality if a groom did not have beer at every house at which his employer happened to pay what used to be called " a morning visit," and naturally this custom sometimes produced " a regrettable incident." One old family servant is reported to have said to his master, " I should be terr'ble glad if you'd let I have not so many buttons on my coat," and when his astonished master asked the reason of this strange request, the man explained, " You see, sir, every time we goes to Squire ——'s we has to drink a horn o' ale for every button we has on our coat, and there, my head baint s' strong as he did use to be."

Very shocking, all these old customs, but there was a genuine feeling of hearty hospitality at the bottom, and if an advanced total abstinence man had appeared then, he would have been answered in the spirit of Sir Toby, when his feelings were outraged by that prince of prigs, Malvolio, " Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ?"

I suppose I ought not to say we are proud of our Dorset dialect, but I confess to a fondness for it, and perhaps some readers of Barnes's poems may come to think it at least very expressive. A friend of mine who shares my feelings for Dorset declares it is much more correct from an Anglo-Saxon point of view to talk of a " wopse " or a " hapse " than a wasp or a hasp. And sometimes a " fond and foolish " fancy seizes me, as the wood-pigeons converse softly on a warm spring morning, that the Coo, Cooo, Cooooo, which gradually ascends and then repeats itself on Coo, Cooo, the lower note, is very much on the principle of old-fashioned Dorset, which always repeats in that way. In West Dorset, one even used to hear the same sort of intonation, as when a man would say, half-interrogatively: " You be gwine to Allington, you be," where an American would say, " I reckon." We used to say, " I'd 'low," or " I waarn " (warrant). An old woman, for instance, said in her last illness, " I'd 'low I sha'n't come downstairs no more till I be carred (carried in her coffin), but there—I mid " (might). And if you had asked her how she was, she would probably have answered, " I waarn I be just about rough (ill) I be—them pains d' terrify my bwones." Another old woman told a sympathising visitor, " There, I d'know what be the matter wi' I—I've a got a tureen in my inside, I have." Of course, by " tureen " she meant a tumour, which doctors now describe as " a malignant growth." Still a third feminine sufferer explained her sensations by the phrase, " I be like to vlee up to the ruff " (fly up to the roof), and this probably pointed to

heart trouble, for nerves were not invented in those days, at least they had not reached our cottages, and this same woman —a very little woman she was—used to tell of the days when the men were drained away for the French wars, so that she and the other women had to do men's work, and when the winter floods came on, they used to mount the cart horses, and carry hay in front of them " to sar (serve) the beasts." I believe it is now, or was, till this recent war-time, considered very dreadful that women should work in the fields, but in those days they did so (though not with bare feet, as I have seen them near Ratisbon), and they also found time to have large families, and often attained to a green old age, in spite of very hard times indeed. I remember a certain " Toosy Toms," who, no doubt, had once been a " Saucy Arethusa," but I only saw her as a quaint masculine person, much respected for her strength by the other women of her village, and when I look at the pale, anæmic young women of the present day, I am old-fashioned enough to think that Toosy Toms's habits were the more healthy for herself and her progeny.

The lot of the labourer and his family still seems hard to people who have themselves been brought up in luxurious homes, but it is very different indeed from what it used to be. When the Labourers' Union agitators were hard at work, many years ago, I asked a dear old labourer—a gentleman in a smock frock—whether it was true to say the men had never been so badly off, and his answer was, " I'd see a goodish few crustes a drowed about now as I should ha' been terr'ble glad of when I were a bwoy." Another man has told me that even the small farmer who first employed him did not possess a tea-kettle. The progress of actual comfort has, I am glad to think, increased by leaps and bounds since then, and, to take one small instance, what an advantage is the bright lamp seen in cottages now, when one remembers the old women as " they did buttony " (make buttons) " by the light of one miserable

candle"! But are the people happier? I sometimes doubt it. Far less well clothed and fed as many of them were, it seems to me that I saw more cheerful faces then than now, and as the long line of men and women were "tedding" the hay, one used to hear a "charm," as one used to call it—a merry laughing and talking, which I do not hear now.

I suppose human happiness—I do not mean from a religious point of view—depends on the ability to gratify our wishes, and modern life, with its railways and newspapers and general stir, unfolds a vista of innumerable things to be wished for which were quite unknown in those old days, when a woman would perhaps not go from one end of her small village to another for years, and was content to live in her groove, which would seem a dismal groove now. I think the first Lord Lytton said many years ago in one of his books that education of the poor would not add to their happiness unless it could add very materially to their wealth, because it only disclosed a vast number of advantages, possible in themselves, but only to be obtained by money.

Each village was more or less a little world to itself, with a distinct individuality, which has by no means disappeared even now, and with its own currents and undercurrents of opinion, and its perplexing strata of "rank," which a stranger finds it hard to understand and enter into. There was, naturally, much inter-marriage and possible complications of relationship, as when a man married the daughter of another man, who in turn married the first man's sister; and there were names peculiar to certain villages, as in one place, where there had been an abbey of Norman monks, Vacher was a name which apparently commemorates their cow-keepers.

Wareham, Blandford, and Gillingham are common surnames, but other towns in the county do not seem to have been much used in that manner. I think it is a great mistake to say that a Dorset man is deficient in brains, but he is undoubtedly very

slow to understand what you say when you begin a new subject. You tell a man to do some job in a field of which he knows every inch, but it takes ages to explain it all, and from force of habit he always says " What," or some equivalent word, to gain time. A gentleman, accustomed to quick-witted Londoners, used to say that he always prefaced any remark to a Dorset labourer by some gibberish, because the man he addressed was sure to say " What." But a slow comprehension does not by any means imply an absence of brains, and I have often been struck by the shrewd opinions given about men and things by people who could hardly sign their names, and, indeed, some of the best labourers I have known could not sign them at all, and yet it requires brains to make a good job of hedging and ditching. If any Senior Wrangler doubts this, let him try !

At a Board of Guardians some years ago an old-fashioned farmer exclaimed, " I don't want a man to bide about under hedge, reading a paper; I wants him to plough." If a man has been doing piece-work—" tut work " we call it—and I ask him how much he wants " on account," he may answer, " There, I mid have a sovereign, if I were minded," which would not imply any intention to assault me with what he would call " his vistes " or legal pressure through a solicitor, if I refused the sovereign, but simply that, in his opinion, and he is usually right, he had earned that amount, though he did not wish to have so much just then. To say that a man " has two faces under one hat," or that he is a " nonsense sort of a chap," is surely expressive, and there was no doubt what a keeper thought when he watched a man sent on to " stop," and ejaculated, " There, 'tis one step to-day, and another to-morrow wi' he." When a person complains that a neighbour has been saying " nasty nothings about I," or " he did scandalise I (speak scandal about me) dreadful," or " he did becall I but everything," a quarrel may be impending, and one may hear, " There now, do ee shut thee's girt ugly mouth," or even, " I've got a little ash

plant a-waiting for thee." But the abuse seldom ends in blows, only in dire threats and insinuations of what may be expected.

Vanity and a desire for praise is not peculiar to Dorset, but I have been often amused at the quaint way in which it is sometimes angled for, though one seldom hears such an open avowal of vanity as when an old man, whose work I had been praising, said with much importance, " Sir, you must know as how I've forgotten more than most people did ever know." And he meant it! Another man sang a painfully potent bass in a choir, and I once delicately hinted that the singing had not gone very well. His reply was, " I can't think how 'twere, for I don't know as ever I sung s'loud in my life."

That same slowness of comprehension, due partly to the quiet and the comparatively rare sounds in a labourer's life, must render it no easy matter to follow a sermon with a continuous train of thought in it, unless the preacher thoroughly understands the people, and perhaps one attraction in the old Dissenting Chapel was that very reiteration of the same words and ideas which, to an educated man, is so irksome. But attendance at church seems to have been better fifty years ago than it is now, when we hear complaints on all sides from our own clergy and from Dissenters as well. The old women often wrapped their clean pocket handkerchief round their prayer-book to carry it to church. Organs were not too common, and some of these only ground out mechanically a few arranged tunes, so we were mainly dependent on the " all kinds of music " provided by the choir. At one village church the rector used to wear black breeches and gaiters on Sunday—a relic of the times when trousers were a new and frivolous fashion, so that an old gentleman has told me how his tutor at Oxford warned him not to wear them when he went in for a scholarship, lest the Dons should form an unfavourable opinion of him.

When the rector entered his reading-desk, the clerk, from his place by the side of it, gave a vicious pull at a bell, which

plainly said to the ringers in the tower above, "Shut up at once." This they did, and then the choir, who were esconced in a sort of citadel in the middle of the west gallery, pulled red curtains to hide themselves from the vulgar gaze, and from behind these a voice gave out the hymn in a high falsetto, and then sang the proper scale. It must have been in a much more "advanced" church that the clerk explained the order of proceedings to a stranger clergyman who took the service: "First, the organ d' play a Volunteer, then we d' chant the Canticles, and when you d' go to the Haltar, I and the children be responsible for the Ten Commandments." But that clerk could not have been a true Dorset man, for we did not ill-treat the letter H till imported schoolmasters taught us!

In another parish, whose rector used, on cold days, to wear a spencer or short jacket, buttoned over his swallow-tailed coat, and whose pronunciation of Biblical names was somewhat peculiar, the curate asked a certain old man why he did not come to church. The man said: "There, sir, mine be a very wicked trade." "Why?" said the curate, "you go with Sir ——'s donkeys, don't you?" "Yes, sir, I does, and they donkeys, they be s' stubborn, they d' make I cuss."

Everyone has heard how a clerk once interrupted the clergyman, who had begun to read "When the wicked man" by the exclamation, "Plase, sir, he baint a come yet." The "he" being the squire, whose arrival in church it was customary to await. But at one church, at all events, no one ever attempted to leave church, at the conclusion of the service, till the squire and his family had gone out first. Such a thing is hardly conceivable now, but I really do not think these people regarded it as at all slavish or debasing. It was simply a customary token of respect for a family long rooted in that parish, and for a squire who was a personal friend to all and each, and had for everyone a simple little joke, such as is so dear to the heart of a Dorset man and so long remembered. A clergyman, who

lately settled in a sphere of work near the old family property, found himself warmly welcomed because there were men who had known three generations of his family before him, and they would tell him of little things said and done by these which it would seem impossible to remember. But when books were scarce, and newspapers scarcer, and the ability to read often lacking, memories were better and more concerned about local things: a woman who acted as village messenger to the market town could remember all her commissions and carry all her accounts in her head, though she could neither read nor write; and a very dear old squire, who boasted that he had attended every year for sixty consecutive seasons a certain meet of the hounds, always held at the same place on the same particular day, used to astonish me with the minutest accounts of runs he had seen in his younger days.

Black gowns were all but universal in the pulpit, and the "use" of one parish did not always obtain in the next. A clergyman was taking the service in a neighbour's church and reading the Churching Service, as was then done, in the middle of the other prayers. He had been accustomed to having the alternate verses of the psalm read by the congregation, but when he paused after the first verse, the clerk, from the western gallery, exclaimed: "Plaze, sir, Maister—he d' read un aa droo out a do" ("he does read him all throughout, he does," "him" being the psalm).

Of course, there were changes, even fifty years ago, but whereas change is now the rule, it was then only the exception. The rule was "Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, but Harry Harry." In other words, seldom a cruel tyrant or a very striking man in any way, but an ordinary country gentleman, who was nearly always resident on his own property, who did his ordinary duties, and very often did them with much geniality and common sense. Generation after generation "Harry" succeeded "Harry," and there was a pleasant but rather

exclusive county society of the various old families. Of the younger sons, one often took Holy Orders, and did not on that account abandon all the habits and pursuits of his youth. Whyte Melville in one of his books alludes to the objection entertained by some to any participation in field sports by the clergy because of the weak brother, and adds, characteristically, "But what a dog in the manger the weak brother must be." I do not think the weak brother was common in Dorset. The love of hunting seems as strong in the labourer as in the squire, and it used to be said, rather incorrectly, that "The religion of Dorset was a foxology." I can only say I have known men whom it was a pleasure to watch as they rode across the Blackmore Vale, who yet had reverent and attentive congregations in their churches, in whose parishes Dissent was almost unknown, and who read the prayers and lessons with an emphasis and distinctness I seldom hear now, when it is sometimes difficult to know what is said or read. The clergyman of half a century ago had no "clerical throat," nor did he break down, or need a long tour abroad for the sake of his nerves.

There certainly was, in most cases, a far more friendly feeling between the clergy and their people than there appears to be at present, and this seems due to the fact that they had often known each other and each other's families all their lives, and thus had many mutual sympathies and interests. Even now cases may be found where the young men still come well to church, in spite of the difficulties in the way of Sunday milking, and where this is not the result of any great organisation, but of a sort of hereditary friendship and many little kindnesses and genial common sense. Of course, I do not mean that the old-fashioned clergy were always perfect. It was reported—long before my time, though—that in one parish, where the rector was often away, the bells were not rung on a certain Sunday, and when the clerk was asked the reason, he said: "I've a made vools of them s' often that I won't ring till he d' come."

The old story of the sermon which could not be preached because "the hen turkey were a-sitting in the pulpit and nigh hatching" is said to have its origin from the church at St. Margaret's Marsh. The vicars at one period could only give a service there once a month. On one occasion, one of them arrived unexpectedly, and the caretaker was much disturbed, and said: "If you do hold service, you must not go into the pulpit, as the hen turkey is sitting there and will soon be hatching out her eggs."

The Rev. J. Acton became curate of Iwerne in 1848, and at St. Margaret's Marsh, which was in his charge, found one John Garratt, churchwarden, then over ninety years of age. Garratt often told him the story told to him by his grandfather, the Garratt of that day, how, about the time of the battle of Hambledon Hill, some of Cromwell's troopers raided the place, drank all the cider they could, and then tapped all the barrels and let the cider run away. This latter fact impressed the man most of all, the waste of good liquor.

It is an interesting story of longevity—a story told in 1848 by a man who had himself been told the story by a man present at this raid about 1645.

The Garratt family still lives on in St. Margaret's Marsh. This same hamlet was the home for many centuries of the Bennet family, now represented by the Bennet-Stanfords, of Pitt House, and there are some fine stone slabs in the churchyard with the Bennet coat-of-arms—members of Antel or Anketel family, as old as any in Dorset, are to be found there.

Mr. Acton used generally to ride by a field path to take duty at St. Margaret's Marsh, and his congregation usually were there to watch him jump the brook. On one occasion, another clergyman came on his horse. The horse took the brook, but the clergyman did not. The congregation got him out of the brook, put him to bed, and dried his clothes, and no service was held that day.

IWERNE MINSTER

In one Dorset parish the church tower was said to have been a favourable hiding-place for the spoil of deer stealers, when Cranborne Chase still had its deer, and the only non-poacher in that parish was a man who had a wooden leg, and so could not run away. And how those old gentlemen who told the old stories used to laugh over them in a most refreshing and infectious manner, like Diggory in "She Stoops to Conquer," who could not help laughing at the story of "Ould Grouse in the Gun Room," though he had heard it twenty years!

We certainly do not laugh as much now. Perhaps we have not time. Perhaps we think it vulgar.

And in other ways "we have changed all that." The country gentlemen of the old days are being improved away, and the starvation stipend of a modern clergyman does not leave much margin for hunting, and if it did, perhaps to not a few cases Rabshakeh's unkind allusion to Jewish inability to ride might apply, even if horses were forthcoming. And the hunting field itself has changed. Resident gentlemen and the farmers used to meet as old friends, in many cases hereditary friends, and the numbers were not excessive. Now the railways help to assemble a crowd of mounted men, few of whom have any connection with the county, but merely come to ride, while those of them who reside there during the winter possess or rent the old homes of men whose families had dwelt there for generations.

And the labourer goes away, as well as the squire—sometimes to London, more often to what he vaguely calls "The North." And when the middle-aged men die off, it is hard to say how our hedges will be made, or any farm work done that requires care and skill, for those young men who remain seem to take no interest whatever in their work, and their boyhood was spent in school learning, but not in learning their fathers' craft.

Nowadays we are all great politicians, and a considerable revolution was effected in our ideas by the 1885 elections. In the old days three candidates once went down together to canvass in a village of West Dorset. One voter, with the true West Dorset desire to make things pleasant all round and hurt no one, was sorely puzzled how to choose two out of the three men who stood before him, till at last a bright idea struck him: " Well, there, you be all very pretty gentlemen, and I'll vote for the two outside ones." It is told of that genial wit, the Rev. W. Butler—always called " Billy Butler "—that one day a fox had been run to earth, and could not be bolted or dug out. Party feeling ran rather high just then, and Mr. Frampton, the popular head of an old Dorset family, was exceedingly active on one side, so in answer to the question what was to be done about the fox, Mr. Butler promptly replied: " Make him a freeholder, and then send for Mr. Frampton; he'll get him out." When one thinks of the extraordinary statements and promises made by unscrupulous people to the labourers in 1885, it is wonderful how peacefully and well we got over what might have been a dangerous crisis. There was a good deal of noise, certainly, but not much serious loss of temper, and it was rather amusing to watch the proceedings. Those who had been instructed to interrupt a meeting generally trooped in with much stamping and forced laughter about nothing. Sometimes the instruction had evidently been that no one was to be heard at all; sometimes they were to stamp and cheer whenever a particular statesman's name was mentioned, and when one speaker found this was so, and referred to that statesman, not by name but as " the late Prime Minister," no interruption at all was made, because the would-be interrupters had no notion who " the late Prime Minister " was.

It was currently reported that one illiterate voter stoutly asserted he would vote for Lady ——, his kind and charitable

landlord (" landlady " is misleading), and, despite all explanation given, he declined to vote for anyone else and went away. At one meeting a member of the audience was wriggling about in his seat, in great disgust at what the speaker on the platform was saying, when a stalwart brewer's man behind him exclaimed: " There, man, can't ee bide quiet ? Hast got a vlee ?"

At another meeting a speaker alluded to political results at Liverpool, where there were numbers of labourers employed and " miles of docks," on which a farm labourer, on *other* docks intent, ejaculated, " Whatever made 'em sow they ?" Perhaps, however, nothing can better express the confused ideas of politics that then possessed some rustic minds than a conversation which took place after the death of Lord X, who had been an ardent politician, and had spent his money freely to advance his views.

" So Lord X is dead—that's a bad job for you." " Oh ! He's dead. Well—I d' 'low the properest man to succeed he would be Lord Y." Lord Y's political views were diametrically opposite to those of Lord X, and it is difficult to guess to what he was " to succeed." But, of course, the man's own train of thought was very evident. He had benefited by Lord X's money, probably in the shape of beer, and he thought, not without reason, that the next most likely man to help him in a similar way was Lord Y. As I said before, " we have changed all that," as to political matters and meetings, as well as in other things. " Many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased."

" The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and no doubt the new order is all for the best, but let us not quite forget what the old order was.

WILLIAM BARNES

(The great English poet who wrote in the dialect of his native Dorsetshire.)

OUR little book about a Dorset village would be incomplete without some mention of the Dorset poet who wrote the most perfect Dorset dialect of any man who ever lived. Barnes was a clergyman; he was offered and accepted the Rectory of Came in 1862, and he remained there until he died on October 7th, 1886. Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has edited various editions of the "Hwomely Rhymes," has given a delightful word-picture of him as he used to be seen in the county town of Dorset on a market day up to 1882. Probably at the time that this is being written, there are still alive men of Iwerne and the neighbourhood who remember seeing Barnes walking along the village streets and country lanes of this part of Dorsetshire. At any rate, his description of Shrodon Fair is that of one who knew the place and loved the people. If so, they will recognise him in Hardy's accurate and vivid pen portrait—"an aged clergyman, quaintly attired in caped cloak, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes, with a leather satchel slung over his shoulders and a stout staff in his hand." He generally walked up the middle of the street in shoes usually coated with mud or dust, and a little grey dog at his heels. He was a great scholar in many languages, but that did not prevent him from having a complete mastery of the homely Dorset patois of the people among whom he lived and to whom he, in a sense, belonged.

The example of his poetry which we quote was chosen because it is written in pure Dorset, describes scenes belonging to the locality, and has all the cheerfulness, humour, and wisdom that characterise the work of William Barnes.

SHRODON FEÄIR

The vu'st Peart.

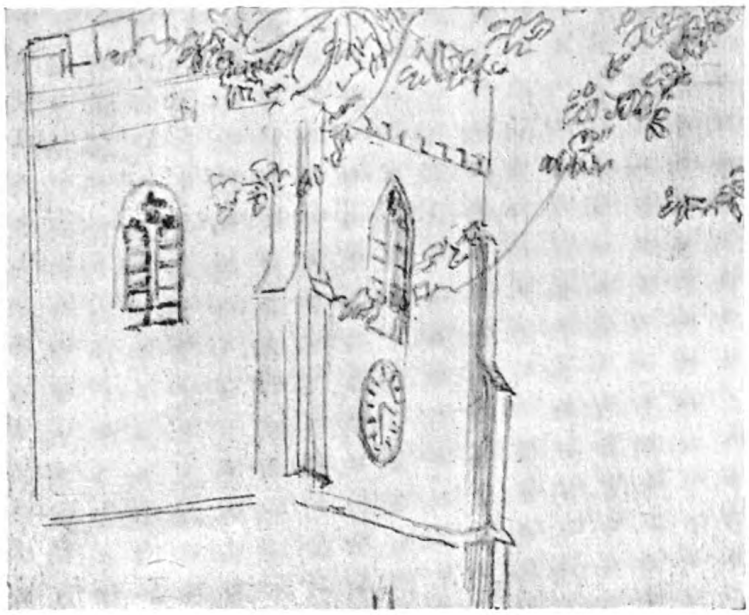
An' zoo's the day wer warm an' bright,
An' nar a cloud wer up in zight,
We wheedled father vor the meäre
An' cart, to goo to Shrodon feäir.
An' Poll an' Nan run off up stairs,
To shift their things, as wild as heäres;
An' pull'd out, each o'm vrom her box,
Their snow-white leäce an' newest frocks,
An' put their bonnets on, a-lined
Wi' blue, an' sashes tied behind;
An' turn'd avore the glass their feäce
An' back, to zee their things in pleäce;
While Dick an' I did brush our hats
An' cwoats, an' cleän ourzelves lik' cats.
At woone or two o'clock, we vound
Ourzelves at Shrodon seäfe an' sound,
A-struttèn in among the rows
O' tilted stannèns an' o' shows,
An' girt long booths wi' little bars
Chock-vull o' barrels, mugs, an' jars,
An' meat a-cookèn out avore
The vier at the upper door;
Where zellers bwold to buyers shy
Did hollow round us, " What d'ye buy ?"
An' scores o' merry tongues did speak
At woonce, an' childern's pipes did squeak,
An' horns did blow, an' drums did rumble,
An' bawlèn merrymen did tumble;
An' woone did all but want an edge
To peärt the crowd wi', lik' a wedge.

We zaw the dancers in a show
Dance up an' down, an' to an' fro,
Upon a rwope, wi' chalky zoles,
So light as magpies up on poles;
An' tumblers, wi' their streaks an' spots,
That all but tied theirzelves in knots.
An' than a conjurer burn'd off
Poll's han'kerchief so black's a snoff,
An' het en, wi' a single blow,
Right back ageän so white as snow.
An' after that, he fried a fat
Girt ceäke inzide o' my new hat;
An' yet, vor all he did en brown,
He didden even zweal the crown.

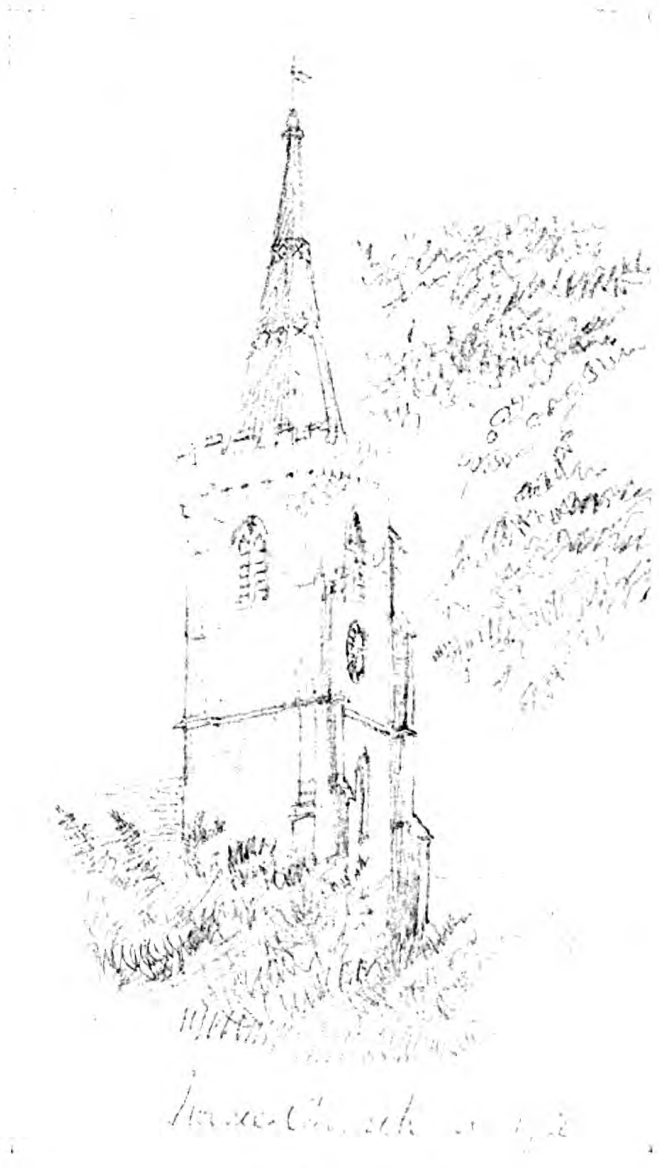
SHRODON FEÄIR

The rest o't.

An' after that we met wi' zome
O' Mans'on vo'k, but jist a-come,
An' had a raffle vor a treat
All roun', o' gingerbread to eat;
An' Tom meäde leäst, wi' all his sheäkes,
An' païd the money vor the ceäkes,
But wer so lwoth to put it down
As if a penny wer a poun'.
Then up come zidelèn Sammy Heäre,
That's fond o' Poll, an' she can't bear,
A-holdèn out his girt scram vist,
An' ax'd her, wi' a grin an' twist,
To have zome nuts; an' she, to hide
Her laughèn, turn'd her head azide,
An' answer'd that she'd rather not,
But Nancy mid. An' Nan, so hot
As vier, zaid 'twer quite enough
Vor Poll to answer vor herzuf:
She had a tongue, she zaid, an' wit
Enough to use en, when 'twer fit.
An' in the dusk, a-ridèn round
Drough Okford, who d'ye think we vound
But Sam ageän, a-gwäin vrom feäir
Astride his broken-winded meäre.
An' zoo, a-hettèn her, he tried
To keep up clwose by ouer zide:
But when we come to Haÿward-brudge,
Our Poll gi'ed Dick a meänèn nudge,
An' wi' a little twitch our meäre
Flung out her lags so lights a heäre,
An' left poor Sammy's skin an' bwones
Behind, a-kickèn o' the stwones.



CLOCK MADE BY MR. BRINE'S FATHER



IWERNE CHURCH

THE VILLAGE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

(This was written after a conversation with Frederick Brine, who celebrated his Golden Wedding in 1922, and whose ancestors have been clock-makers, gun-makers, and much else in Iwerne for over two centuries.)

WHAT have been called the "Hungry Forties" are the years between 1839 and 1850. The country was slowly recovering from the effect of the Napoleonic Wars, so slowly that many, seeing how hardships increased, doubted if there was any recovery. In Iwerne the suffering was not so great as it was in the industrial towns. Carlyle, who lived through that period, described workmen and their masters alike as being under an enchantment and unable to get on with their industry, although they were considered the ablest and most cunning in Europe. Then, as now, Europe was impoverished, and there were few buyers of our goods in the markets of the world. Iwerne, sheltered and protected, felt only a wash from the passing storm. A conversation with Mr. Brine, who may fairly be described as the Village Patriarch, since he celebrated his golden wedding in 1922, says that the pinch of hunger was never very acutely felt. That will be understood by those who can imagine what a village was like in those days. There was no dearth of cottage accommodation, for the simple reason that every householder had the means within himself of building a home. The material in the shape of mud, chalk, or cob, lay at his feet, and only needed excavating. Like Wiltshire and Devon, Dorset of old was a county of cob cottages, and when there was a pressure of population and a scarcity of accommodation, various measures were adopted to meet the want.

In some cases the methods were of a stop-gap character. For example, the not uncommon three-life tenancy had injurious effects. The first tenant was given land on which to build a house, on the condition that it fell back into the original estate at the end of the third life. Naturally, the last occupant had no interest in repairing a dwelling that was to pass out of the possession of his family when he died. The owner was equally reluctant to do anything, because of the heavy taxation imposed when his property fell in. Systematically neglected by both parties, the cottage was ultimately allowed to fall into ruin. Another curious practice was related to me as existing long ago in connection with property in the neighbourhood. The landowner gave the land on which a house was to be built, on the condition that smoke must be seen rising from the chimney before nightfall. It is believed that the object was to limit the size of the house. Obviously, the most rapid builder could not run up a chimney of loose bricks and also lay a large foundation in twelve hours. The advantage of the cottages was that they could be erected by the men who were to live in them, each giving a little assistance to his neighbour. The method was handed down by tradition, and was really very simple. When thatched, the dwelling was warm in winter and cool in summer. It also looked pretty, with its white walls and the brown thatch placed for protection above the walls, as well as forming the roof. Then each cottage had its garden and pigsty. Mr. Brine says that they could cultivate as much vegetable produce as carried them through the winter and spring, and also helped to feed the pigs. It was common among the cottagers to kill two pigs a year—one in autumn, one in spring. When a cottage had two flitches of bacon and a ham hanging from the ceiling and a garden stored with wholesome vegetables, the inmates could defy famine. Being so much dependent, they grew a considerable variety of plants, some of which, like salsafy—" Gentleman

John," as it was called—have now, to a large extent, passed out of cultivation. Wages were very low—from 7s. to 9s. a week in the early years. But, fortunately, there was little to buy. Each household was nearly self-supporting in regard to essential food, and the countryman of that time did not spend so much on dress as his successor does. What he wore was lasting. The smock had not gone out of fashion, and a well-made smock lasted a lifetime, and, occasionally, longer. Very few people had started upon the expensive style of living which began to affect all classes in the latter part of Queen Victoria's reign. For one thing, it was difficult to make the long journeys now common. To a large extent, they travelled on foot. It was considered nothing to walk into Blandford—thirteen miles there and back—in an afternoon. Mr. Brine thought little in his youth of walking to Salisbury and back in a day, and remembers one occasion on which he made the journey to Salisbury before breakfast, a meal for which he must have prepared a very hearty appetite.

Another effect of the isolation of villages was that the inhabitants had to depend on themselves for many goods that now they obtain from shops. It was necessary for someone to walk to Blandford, or even Salisbury, before a broken or worn-out piece of furniture or a farmyard implement could be mended or replaced. The services of anyone who was handy with tools were in great demand. Trifling breakages were made good by the travelling tinker, and such jobs as grinding an axe or sharpening scissors were done by itinerants who wheeled their grindstone and carried small tools in a box. For work of more difficulty or importance there was needed a settled mechanic. Of more importance was one who was able to turn his hand to anything.

Thus John Brine was the village clock-maker, gunsmith, bellhanger, and locksmith. We may, in fact, assume that he was what is called to-day a handy man. The villager in those

days did not always possess a clock or a watch. They made demands much too serious on the slender income that trickled into his pocket. Yet it was not rare to find a good eight-day clock in the house of a labourer, though he who possessed a watch aroused the envy of his less fortunate neighbours. The clocks and watches made in English villages during the early part of the nineteenth century were of excellent workmanship; some of them are tick-tocking and keeping excellent time at the moment in the houses of those of the middle classes, who now collect and treasure as curiosities the clocks and watches that belonged to the peasants of the early nineteenth century. It was Frederick Brine's father who made the church clock which Mrs. Forbes has sketched for the book. These clocks are not only ornamental, but excellent timekeepers.

Something to the same effect may be said about the guns of the period. Colonel Peter Walker, in his famous work on "Shooting," tells us that it was the custom to go out for pheasants and partridges on horseback. By making a bold push with his steed he was able to get so near the covey of partridges as to overcome, to some extent, the handicap of a short-ranged gun. It was not the gun used to-day with which a crack shot, assisted by a clever loader, can get a right and left twice at the same covey. It was indeed a clumsy muzzle-loader, generally of a single barrel, and the sportsman did well if he could make one successful shot. He did not usually have a loader in those days, but even if he had possessed one, the partridges would have been far away before he managed to ram into the gun the powder, and wadding, and shot and more wadding, to say nothing of putting on the cap, which was considered an extraordinary improvement on the older flint-lock gun.

It is plain from various records that the poacher—who, in those days, was generally a sportsman, though a sportsman with a bar-sinister, so to speak—very seldom possessed a gun. He was an adept at snaring birds and ferreting rabbits. He was

particularly in his glory during a snowstorm when hunger compelled birds to forget their accustomed shyness and timidity. From a casual observation made by Mr. Brine, it would appear that some of the villagers aimed at higher game than the humble rabbit. When the keepers were searching for the spoils of the poacher, it was a common practice to drop venison and any other dead game down the well for concealment. We did not enquire how the water tasted afterwards or the effect on the submerged meat.

It is customary to expend a great deal of pity on the children of that generation. It was certainly the day of the stern parent and the unbending pedagogue. But reading about such things in books is very different from knowing about them from those who speak from actual memory. Mrs. Forbes, who was brought up at West Lodge, a famous house with windows overlooking Cranborne Chase, in the course of a letter to the editor, who had asked her to make a sketch of the church clock at Iwerne, incidentally gave a graphic sketch of the parish in her early days:

> " You must understand that, though it (Iwerne) was our parish, we lived two miles from it. What I most remember is the extreme poverty of the people when wages were even as low as 7s. and 8s. The old men wore smock frocks, and the women and children dressed in coloured prints, and ranged far and near for fire-wood; coals were fetched all the way from Poole, twenty-one miles, and then they had to be fetched in waggons; and one used to meet three and four on the road, having been out all night: what wonder if the drivers fell asleep and accidents ensued."

Mr. Brine, from his personal experience and from what he has heard from those who had gone before him in life, stoutly holds to the opinion that children had a better time then than they have now. It is true that a mere recitation of the hard facts about them would lead to a different conclusion. They were certainly not killed with kindness. They were neither overfed nor coddled in any way; when the majority of the houses consisted of two rooms, it is certain that the good wife, much as she

loved her little brats, was very glad to have them out of her way as much as possible. They lived in the open air, and that was their salvation. Yet the death-rate among children was very high. In Iwerne churchyard many of the names and epitaphs are indecipherable, but in other parts of the country, where a more durable stone obtained, a frequent ending of the list of tenants in the narrow dark room below is "and several small children." I am sorry not to be able to speak particularly of Iwerne, partly owing to the accidental burning of the registers, and partly because inscriptions on the tombstones soon become indecipherable. Fresh air and rough, wholesome food, carrots, onions, potatoes from the garden, and from the dairy Dorset cheese as hard as a brick eaten with a barley loaf, formed a diet out of which came the Dorset Regiment which won so great a name for gallantry during the war.

It is common to speak of the education of the child being neglected. So it was in a way. Mr. Brine's generation, for instance, got its learning at a dame's school, yet he stoutly contends that the villagers then were a more thoughtful, a more educated, race than to-day, because, to use his own words, the latter "have a flick at everything at school, and an understanding of nothing." They were sent very early to work; as early as five a child might be paid as little as 6d. a week for scaring birds from the spring-sown fields. By the time the boy was seven, he became worth a small weekly wage for performing such duties as leading the horse at plough, driving the roller, gathering stones, or weeding. If we remember that at the very same time children, equally youthful, had to begin their work in the factory and the coal-mine, it will be conceded that these little country urchins were more favoured than others of their own age. They, at any rate, lived an open-air life, and the work they were asked to do was light and healthy. It is needless to say that a schooling was under no circumstances compulsory, and many individual children, and even whole families, never had any book-learning.

They could not even write their names; yet that is not to say they were uneducated. Some of the wisest cowmen and shepherds have a store of knowledge and a wisdom which could not have been greater if they had had the best tutelage in the kingdom.

The fact that Mr. Brine's forefathers lived at Iwerne a couple of centuries before his day goes to show that families once settled in a village were not prone to move quickly or easily. As a matter of fact, the period to which we have alluded was one of slow progress, if not of complete stagnancy. But although it has become a fashion to deride the Victorian era, things moved rapidly after the development of the railways, the introduction of the penny post, and other changes. Among the most important of the latter were the movements respectively towards a better education and more hygienic conditions. During the sixties and seventies, public men began to feel and express a new and greater responsibility for the welfare and improvement of the working classes. No doubt this was stimulated to some extent by Lord Grey's Reform Bill, and the subsequent extensions of the franchise. Power began to pass from the wealthy few to the army of workers. In Iwerne, however, things were very different from what they were elsewhere. This was, in a large measure, due to a succession of liberal-minded lords of the manor. Seven of them were remembered by Mr. Brine. They were:

Thomas Bowyer Bower.
Lord Rivers.
Thomas Bowyer Bower.
Lord Wolverton.
Harry Carr Glyn.
Lord (Frederick) Wolverton.
James Hainsworth Ismay.

The Bower family own a name that is always remembered with respect and affection. In their time there stood near the place

occupied now by Iwerne Minster House a small, but beautiful, Georgian mansion. It was one of those houses that in our time would have been jealously preserved at any cost, but when Lord Wolverton bought the property, the fashion ran in favour of large and imposing country houses. So it came about that the little Georgian mansion was removed to make place for the Iwerne Minster House. Lord Wolverton is remembered as a very generous landowner. On his own initiative, he raised the wages on his estate first to 12s. and then to 15s. a week. He did a great deal to beautify and improve the village. It is scarcely necessary to say, in a little book written for the inhabitants, that the present lord of the manor has carried out this liberal tradition. In that way Iwerne was enabled to pass lightly through such trying periods as that of the great agricultural depression which began in the last of the seventies, and continued close up to the occurrence of the Great War. Luckily, the Dorset farmers found a sheet-anchor in dairying, and so did not suffer so much from the fall in the price of cereals as other less favoured districts. There could not have been many places in Great Britain where cottagers were more comfortable.

The increased prosperity of the village was reflected in the amusements of the people. From the conversation of the elders, one does not draw the conclusion that dullness prevailed to any great extent at any time, though judged from the modern standpoint there seemed few opportunities for recreation and pleasure. The agricultural labourer of those early days worked from daylight to dark. In the evenings he was probably too tired to look for any pleasure greater than he found in bed. If he had been inclined to do so, he would have been checked by the expense and poor quality of the light obtainable, and also by the cost of fuel which made an inroad upon his wages. Nevertheless, he was living in the way his fathers lived, and he was content because he was ignorant of entertainments now common. Games were played by children,

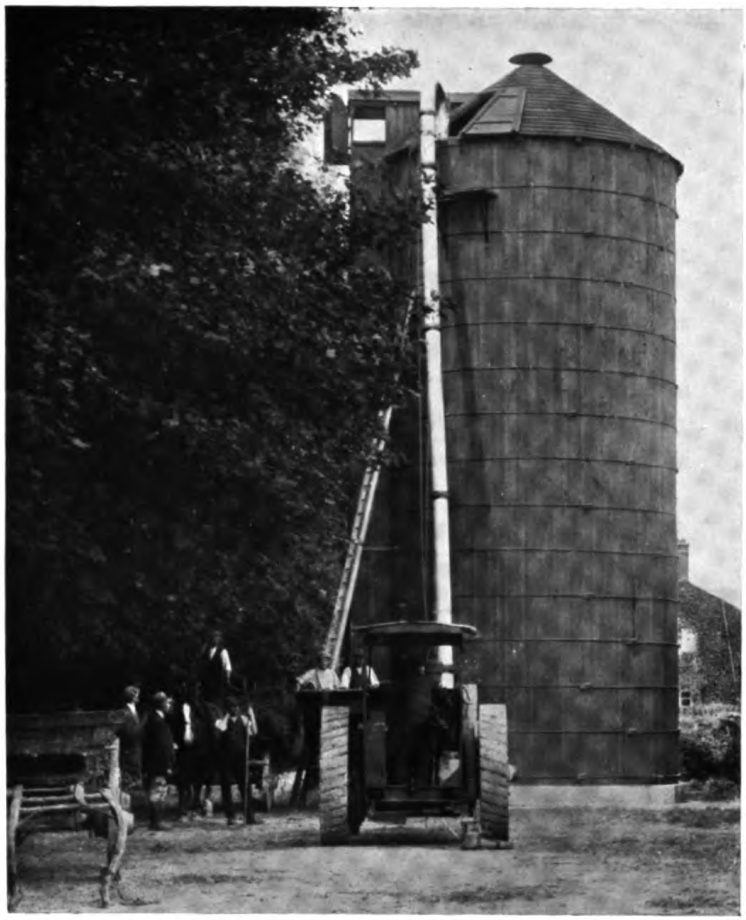
A WAR CHANGE

Iwerne Bottom covered with hazel, February, 1917.

A WAR CHANGE

The same field covered with wheat, February, 1918.

but the attempts at football and cricket would be considered ludicrous now, when strong Clubs for both have been established. Dancing must have been a favourite amusement, but it could only be carried out in barns and other farm buildings. The preceding generation could not possibly have dreamed of such a luxury as was provided by the building of the new Club, with its endless opportunities and possibilities. It is enough here to note that these developments were due to the greater political independence of the people—the introduction of free and compulsory education, the growing habit of newspaper reading, and the greater facilities for travel, which enabled young and old to visit other parts of the country and obtain glimpses at least of the gaieties of town and bathing-place.



THE SILO AT BOWER'S BARN, HILL FARM

THE ESTATE IN WAR-TIME

(REPRINTED FROM "COUNTRY LIFE," MARCH 9TH, 1918)

(When these words were written, the enemy was preparing the gigantic spring offensive by which he broke through. Increased submarine activity threatened to stop our sea-borne food. In consequence, there was a great call for increased food production. The article records what a good response was made to it at Iwerne.)

THE main impression made by a recent visit to Iwerne Minster is that it would be good for all town dwellers to realise the thought, activity, and resource which are being applied on the land to the production of food for the industrial population. Mr. James Ismay was a notable sportsman before the war, but the interest attached to growing food with him now far transcends that of shooting pheasants. It has led him to investigate means by which modern science is able to simplify the work and make it more effective. The Home Farm, it should be explained, runs to about 1,200 acres, and is describable as a stock farm. Fortunately a bacon factory was established on it years ago, and when Mr. Prothero, on the first early menace of food scarcity, advised that attention should be devoted to pig-rearing, arrangements were made for each cottager to have his pig. Now the wind has veered in the opposite direction, and the cottager finds it difficult to feed his pig. But Mr. Ismay is firmly convinced in his mind that the policy of the Food Controller must eventually change again, and therefore he has maintained a very large stock of pigs. They are to be seen everywhere—on the pastures, in sties specially built, and in sties adapted from other buildings. In order to fatten them he has made purchases of rice damaged by contact with sea water, flour, and other merchandise injured,

but not altogether destroyed, by torpedoes, and this food is made over to the cottagers at the same price *pro rata* that was paid for it. Thus pigs flourish at Iwerne in spite of the dead set made against them. The work of feeding is very much helped by ensilage. Last year Mr. Ismay came to recognise fully that there was a chance in this way of finding a good substitute for concentrated foods, a scarcity of which was even then threatened. He grew a certain quantity of oats, peas, beans, vetches, and so on, but found that was not enough to fill the silo, which is built for 140 tons, and on the top of it was piled quantities of grass and any other greenstuff available. The pigs take very readily to the ensilage, and there is no reason to suppose that they could not be fattened—up to a certain point at least—with it if leguminous plants were utilised for the purpose. There is a large herd of cows, and they consume the ensilage with evident relish. The cows are mostly shorthorns, but a number of South Devons have recently been introduced, and are greatly appreciated. The original purpose was to make Cheddar cheese, but in these days the Food Controller is of opinion that it is better to stop cheese-making and send the milk to town. One can easily see the reason for this policy, since it helps to ensure the best food that can possibly be had for the children, but it has the disadvantage of reducing a source of food supply for the pigs. The whey was largely utilised in the days of peace. It could be kept for a long time, and some of the old inhabitants hold that whey butter is an easily manufactured and useful commodity. To complete our sketch of the animals in use, a word must be said about the horses. The breed most favoured for the work of the farm is the Suffolk Punch. It is active, so that the ploughman has to walk at a pace which the Shire and similar carthorses do not demand; and it is clean-legged and easily groomed. It is not easy to imagine that the Suffolk Punch will be superseded by the Percheron. The animals look very homely and nice in harness, and on their

THE DAIRY

foreheads each one carries the kindly and humane motto of the Ismay family, "Be mindful."

The Iwerne flock of Hampshire Down sheep is second to none in the United Kingdom, and under the care of its perfectly efficient shepherd is being maintained splendidly. By the end of February the lambing season had all but ended, and the lambing yards were practically empty. The season has been unusually good, and the lambs are of first-rate quality. It will be strange if some of them do not add to the long list of honours won by the flock which, in the shapeliness and vigour of its members, is a triumph of modern methods. In the eyes of their owner they have one small fault—they refuse to eat ensilage! In this they stand alone among the farm animals. We had occasion a fortnight ago to show for how much shorthorn cattle stand as an asset in the stud farms of the world, and Down sheep claim a share of that importance. No reconstruction policy after the war will be acceptable unless it takes into account this opening for increased production.

Stock carries with it a necessity to employ labour. You cannot have herds of swine and cows, flocks of sheep and abundance of working horses without the hands to attend to them. And the needs of the animals do not form the only demand on human energy. Since the war Mr. Ismay has devoted himself to the development of the estate in every possible direction. Much land not hitherto cultivated or allowed to fall back into rough pasture in the lean years following 1879 has been brought under the plough. Some of the more promising downland was taken in easily, but several problems in reclamation had also to be solved. A good example is furnished by a ten or twelve acre field that used to be a hazel copse in years antecedent to the war. The bushes were cut down, the stumps got rid of, and this year the field is green with a crop of wheat which has come away almost too thickly. Much other wood has been cut for pit-props or other commercial timber, and

replanting is being carried out on an extensive scale. This has led to a little difference of opinion between the owner and an elderly keeper. In the mind of the latter the great distinction of the estate used to be its pheasant shooting. Few places in England gave the crack guns better opportunity of dealing with high and difficult birds. The gamekeeper would die happy if he knew the plantation would be planted so that in future years the ancient shooting glory would be revived; but the owner has been impressed by the national requirement of timber, and is planting to secure that this estate shall furnish its due quota. And he is not experimenting. He knows that the ground readily produces ash and spruce, both giving wood of which there is much need, and when he gets the order of " tools down," from which neither rich nor poor can escape, it would be a satisfaction to be assured that the nurslings now being put in had become or were becoming a useful crop. Not that he has turned hostile to sport, but, whereas of old, shooting came first and utility second, he would now reverse the order.

To advance the general improvement of the soil he has enlisted the resources of modern science. Miss Coats, who makes such excellent use of liquid manure on her pastures at Brattles, would be delighted with the arrangements here. By a system of underground tanks and stop-pipes it is collected and distributed at convenient centres, at each of which the cart at a minimum of trouble can be filled in a period indicated by seconds; the remainder is pumped on to a huge manure heap largely made up of peat moss, the absorbent nature of which is well known. This produces a most efficacious farmyard manure. If the soil from a too liberal application of liquid or any other cause shows signs of falling off, a spit of it is sent to Dr. Augustus Voelcker for analysis, after which the appropriate correction can be applied.

Chalk is employed liberally. As need scarcely be explained, the amount used varies over the county in accordance with

the nature of the soil. On the flint and clay, common, for example, to Herts, the farmer uses a very heavy dressing indeed, varying from 35 tons to 60 tons to the acre. He reckons to do that once in his lifetime, and the good effects can be noticed for about twenty-five years. In this part of Dorsetshire, where the chalk lies close to the surface, 20 tons an acre is the customary dressing. Mr. Ismay follows a newer method. He has purchased an American chalk crushing mill, which reduces chalk to the fineness of wheatmeal. Dr. Voelcker was immensely pleased with the sample forwarded to him for analysis, and in accordance with his advice the powdered chalk is applied at the rate of 2 tons to the acre, a dressing which yields excellent results. The land will not need chalking again for four years.

The provision of labour has at times caused anxiety, but presents no insuperable difficulties. German prisoners are freely employed, and appear to give satisfaction. In some parts of the country feelings of dislike and jealousy have been aroused by the employment of these captives from our implacable enemies, but little trace of this can be found at Iwerne. The native reasoned in this style: To comply with the wishes of the Food Production Department Mr. Ismay is bound to find outside labour. The village has sent every fit and possible man to the war. Many have paid the final sacrifice, and a passionate desire is felt that when the survivors return they should receive not only a welcome, but a place in the old home. But there is a danger of their finding this place occupied. It was moderately easy to avoid this in the case of a comparatively short war like the South African. During a war of longer duration the labour imported temporarily in its early character tends to become permanent. Suppose men just beyond the age limit were brought in with their families, suppose young conscientious objectors were chosen, suppose exempted men were employed, how would it be possible to prevent them or their children settling in the neighbourhood? But the class to

which this objection does not apply is that of the German prisoners. They, when peace is declared, will return to their own country, leaving vacancies to be filled up by our own men, some of whom are at present fighting in France, some working on German farms. That is an argument which makes an irresistible appeal to those who have kinsfolk serving abroad.

And the German prisoners, from the employer's point of view, do as well as could be expected of captives in a strange land. I saw a large gang numbering several dozens engaged in forestry with pick and shovel making holes for the young trees that are to replace the old. Others were going about the ordinary tasks of the farm quietly and steadily. They have their own compound, where they are permitted and encouraged to grow their own vegetables, and to possess scores of little rabbit hutches made out of every kind of box they could lay hands on. They have their own kitchen and messroom and sleeping places. It was not without a touch of pathos that one noticed the little coloured pictures and photographs from their own land which they had stuck above their pillows. Some had acquired a little English, and showed with pride their doe rabbits and the litters of young. Mr. Ismay, with characteristic tact, managed to instil into them a collective responsibility for good behaviour by intimating that if one misbehaved, all would have to go, and they appreciate the humane and reasonable treatment, combined with the advantage of exchanging the deadly monotony of a prison camp for life in the open air and work in which it is possible to be interested.

Personally, I was most attracted by the way, marked by the fidelity of mutual friendship, in which Mr. Ismay keeps in touch with those of his former tenants and labourers who have gone to the war. While they have been away he has been more sedulous than ever in helping and encouraging those they have left at home, doing many things as original as they are thoughtful. For the school he has bought a cinema, for which

films, patriotic or otherwise, instructive or amusing, are hired from London; and then he has turned the village pump into what he playfully calls a "War Office." A large board has been fixed up for news. He gets all the morning papers from London and selects the best illustrations, the important news, and the most instructive leading and other articles, so that the board every morning gives a *résumé* of the day's history of the war and the leading events of the hour, with pictures of the men and scenes which are "in the news." In addition, he subscribes to a Press agency and posts up its telegrams, so that at the village pump the villager has some of the best advantages of a town club. And they are highly appreciated.

In other ways their comfort and well-being are his solicitude. Iwerne—pronounced Euren—is a pretty old-fashioned Dorset village, out of the way and old-world, lying in a vale set among swelling hills, agricultural fields, and alluring woodlands, with a lively streamlet, the Ewerne, from which the name of the village comes, boiling fussily on its way out. The Ewerne rises close to an old Dorset church, beautiful externally, but internally restored and modernised at a bad period. Originally, it is probable all the cottages were thatched, and in some of those recently built this style of roofing has been followed. It has its drawbacks, however, and the latest cottages are really better both in looks and comfort. The people are his chief care. When Mr. Prothero said "Keep pigs," he found both pigs and provender, not on an enervating charitable, but a friendly basis, or, in other words, at cost price. When the cry was for rabbits he encouraged their keeping.

To keep in touch with those who had gone to the war he, in the early days, wrote a weekly letter to each, but this became too much of a burden, and latterly he has sent a circular letter instead. This is in reality a news-sheet composed by one who knows thoroughly what his correspondents most like to hear.

IWERNE MINSTER

One can see how exactly the writer discerns what topics and items are most likely to interest his old friends at the front. We can well understand the entertainment and solace this communication will afford when read in the trench or the messroom. It will take the soldier back to " Blighty "—and one cannot pay it a higher compliment than that !

CROP PRODUCTION AT IWERNE MINSTER

By Sir John Russell, D.Sc., F.R.S., Director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station

(Reprinted from "Country Life," August 17th, 1918)

THE central idea of the management of the Iwerne Minster estate, and the general methods adopted in carrying it out, have already been described in *Country Life;* there are, however, a number of interesting features of the Home Farm which I propose to discuss here.

The Home Farm is situated on the chalk; a good deal of it lies on the escarpment which is here hollowed out, forming a great bend based on the bold headland of Hambledon Hill. The general trend of the escarpment just here is north and south, but the Home Farm is fortunate in having many exposures, and some of the slopes face west, some north, some south. The situation is of great interest because it is near the western end of the chalk in England; straight westwards from here one looks over the older formations which crop out one beyond the other: first, the Upper Oolite—the Kimmeridge clay that expands to the north into the famous Vale of Blackmore; then the high ground of the Lower Oolite which, further north, forms the Cotswold Hills and stretches right across England as a high ridge, terminating on the Yorkshire Coast in the Cleveland Hills; then the great low-lying tract of Lias with its grey clay mostly in grass; then the red soils of the Triassic formation; and so on to the oldest formations of the extreme west.

IWERNE MINSTER

Going eastward the chalk extends right across Dorset, Wiltshire, and Hampshire, and then sends off three great prongs, one in a north-easterly direction, across Berkshire, Hertfordshire, Cambridge, and Norfolk; a second running across Surrey and North Kent to East Kent, forming the North Downs, and a third striking in a south-easterly direction across Sussex to end in Beachy Head.

As usual on the chalk, the chief factor in the management is the sheep flock. Iwerne Minster, however, has the special feature of a famous strain of ram lambs which necessitates some important modifications. For the breeding flock is not like the fattening flock, which to-day is and to-morrow is not; its history persists for generations, and mistakes made in any one year may show their effects for some time to come. The shepherd has to be assured of food all the year round—food that will suit the animals and enable them to develop those fine points that make all the difference to the breeder. Moreover, he is very particular as to the choice of land for lambing and for raising the young lambs. Lambing takes place in January. "January 1st, twelve o'clock, sir," was given me as the ideal time. Even Mr. Ismay, however, does not always attain his ideal, and in consequence the lambing season is spread over January and February, and may even reach into March. It is a bitterly cold world then, and arrangements have to be made to mitigate the effects of the weather.

Further, the shepherd is convinced that on certain fields the young animals "do" better than on others; they make more and better bone—important factors in a ram intended for breeding. As soon as conditions become more normal it will be desirable for the experimental stations to go into this question. Some soil factor seems to be involved of which at present we have no certain knowledge. It is not only sheep-breeders that are affected. Breeders of thoroughbred horses also declare that on certain fields they cannot obtain the bone they need,

while on other fields there is less difficulty. It is possible—though on the point we have no evidence—that the trouble is in some way connected with the curious bone diseases engendered on some of the soils in South Africa, in the Belgian Congo, and elsewhere; these may, perhaps, be an intense exaggeration of the differences noted by our breeders here. In a country where pedigree livestock is so important as in England it is manifestly important to have a clear understanding of the factors that make good breeding land, so that if possible we may suggest some method of improving land for this purpose.

The problem put to the farm manager is, therefore, threefold:

(1) He must produce a succession of crops to provide the ewes with food all the year round, and the lambs with food to last from the time they are born to the time they are sold in August.

(2) He must arrange these crops so that those ready in January, February, and March will be in fields suitable for lambing.

(3) He must have crops on the "good" land suitable for the ram lambs at the proper time, so as to help in the production of good bone.

At Iwerne Minster the problem is solved in the following manner: Sowings are made in May of rape, mangolds, hop clover, and rye grass; in June, of turnips and rape mixed indiscriminately, turnips alone, swedes alone, swedes and kale, four drills of the former to six of the latter; in July, kale; in August, cabbage—garden sorts, not the drumhead, this variety being reserved for the cows—early red trifolium, late white trifolium; in September, winter barley, rye, first sowing of winter vetches; in October, more winter vetches, cabbage; then in the spring, say in March, a mixture of vetches, oats, and peas. This is an extensive list, but the breeder cannot afford to leave anything to chance. A case recently came to the writer's notice where a breeder two years ago obtained

over £20 a head for his ram lambs, but last year, owing to a gap between the crops, he obtained only £12 a head, a very considerable drop where numbers of animals are concerned.

The areas devoted to each crop have to be thought out carefully so as to avoid unnecessary work and trouble. While provision has to be made against possible failures it is also necessary to have some way of using up possible excess; here the silo comes in very useful. Any crop not wanted by the sheep can be cut up and blown into the silo, where it will keep for a long time, and can be fed to other animals, for the breeding flock will not take silage.

The breeding flock is the main consideration, but it is not the only feature in the management. Although the shepherd does not object to using the same land two years in succession, or even more often in special cases, it is not usual for the land to be " sheeped " too often; and in the intervening period corn crops can be grown. Thus, of the 700 acres of arable land on the Home Farm 250 acres are under corn crops (mainly wheat and oats), and 14 acres under potatoes. As might be expected, the corn crops do very well following crops eaten on the field by the sheep, though they are noticeably poorer after mangolds are drawn off for the cows.

Soils lying on the chalk usually respond to potassic fertilisers, and these seem to be no exception; flue dust (medium grade) is found useful, as also is salt which, it is important to remember, is in many cases a valuable substitute for potash. Much use is made of liquid manure, which is rich both in potash and nitrogen, and care is taken to conserve the farmyard manure as much as possible. Chalk is applied to all the land. With these there is also used some basic slag and sulphate of ammonia. Perhaps the most striking feature is the small amount of purchased nitrogenous fertiliser necessary when all the manure, liquid as well as solid, is utilised. Only about 6 tons of sulphate of ammonia is bought during the year. Much more slag is

used, however. It would be interesting to ascertain whether slag would increase the feeding value of green crops grown for the animals. This would, of course, require a careful trial on animals themselves, as it cannot be determined either by weighing or by analysis. There is some evidence based on experiments made at Cockle Park and in Scotland to suppose that such an increase in food value might be obtained. A further direction in which investigation is needed is in regard to the effect of manures on the rate of growth and ripening of plants. The general rule is that phosphatic fertilisers encourage an early start: they therefore might be applied in cases where there was some risk that a particular crop would not be ready in time for the sheep. Again, nitrogenous and potassic fertilisers both tend to keep the crop growing; they might be tried where there was the possibility that a particular crop would " go off " or ripen too soon. One cannot help feeling that the breeders' problems in crop production have not received the attention they deserve.

Besides the sheep there are a considerable herd of dairy cows and a large herd of pigs, both pure-bred Berkshires, which are as well known as the sheep, and cross-bred pigs for the bacon factory. The cross is obtained from a Berkshire sow and a large white boar; the offspring is white like the sire, and not black like the mother. In addition also there are some good Suffolk Punches, a type of horse that is very useful for farm work.

The provision of food for all these animals needs much careful planning. On an average about 50 per cent. of the arable land of the country used to be devoted to cereal crops. As a result of various changes during the war about 55 per cent. is now being used for this purpose. It is conceivable that the figure might temporarily be raised to 60 per cent., but very doubtful if it could be maintained there. On a farm so heavily stocked as Iwerne Minster it is not possible to have

more than 37 per cent. of the arable land in cereals, the remainder being devoted to the needs of the animals. But with a population of sheep, pigs, cows, and horses numbering well over 1,200, these 700 acres of arable and 500 acres of grass must be considered to be doing very well, and the Home Farm is as interesting to the agriculturist as the village is to the social reformer.

AT HOME IN WAR-TIME

WHEN the War broke out the men of Iwerne Minster were not behindhand in answering to Lord Kitchener's urgent call, " Your King and Country need you." After training they became dispersed on the different Fronts, and it was then that Mr. Ismay conceived the idea of encouraging the men to write home often by sending out himself a letter to each one of them which contained all the news—little details of village life dear to men far from familiar scenes. To many men it must have often seemed that they were isolated amid the terrors of war, that home and England had receded far away and an unbelievable everyday existence proceeded just as it did before Germany unsheathed the sword. It was of great value to the men this stimulating of their pens in writing home. Every Iwerne man received his letter of news. The work on the farm, the development of the pig industry, food difficulties, improvements, labour changes were noted, so that whatever his work had been, each soldier knew who was taking his place, and the efforts that were made to keep all the agricultural work well ahead. There were, of course, food shortness and other deprivations—even paraffin was sometimes lacking—but Mr. Ismay's cheerful letters made light of it all to those who were suffering worse things. Everything possible was done to cheer and encourage those at the front and allay the anxieties of those at home. The prisoners were provided for, and the inevitable horrors of war lightened as far as might be.

The letters are well worth preserving, as they give a close and detailed account of life in a small English village during

the greatest war ever known in history. To a large extent what was done in Iwerne was typical of what took place in other parishes during the same period, but probably Iwerne was unique in having this system of letters to keep the men in touch with it.

IWERNE MINSTER HOUSE,
BLANDFORD.
December, 1917.

From Iwerne and Sutton, we send you all good wishes for Christmas, and may the Christmas of 1918 see you all back at home again.

You will be sorry to hear that John Page is dead. He was buried on December 6th. His age was 77.

Chris Smith has gone to Ranston, and a new hurdle-maker, Durrant, has come. W. Pike is also back from France, and is making hurdles at Iwerne. Bob Green is laid up with a bad foot, and Laban Domoney is also on the sick list.

Sir Randolf Baker has lately been wounded, and is now in hospital at Cairo, his wounds are not serious. Sidney Wareham has also been wounded, but we hope not seriously.

Captain Norman and Major Arthur Rawlence are both home on leave, and came to Iwerne for the day on Friday.

The War Savings Association is doing well. Mr. Spencer has given some extremely interesting lectures in the school illustrated by lantern slides, which have been well attended.

It is hoped that after Christmas we may be able to run a cinematograph with both amusing and educational slides, perhaps we may even have Charlie Chaplin on the film.

The gardens and allotments have all done well this last year. The potatoes have been a big success.

You will see a good many changes in the cultivation of the land when you return, for we have ploughed up a large amount of pasture on which to grow cereals.

The new Silo on the top of the hill is going to be a success. We have just started to feed the ensilage, and the animals like it.

The Talbot sign has been repainted, and I think is a great improvement.

There are now over forty German P/W working on the land here and helping to replant at Iwerne; it is very strange to feel that some of those who are working for me have got British P/W on their farms in Germany.

We have got quite a lot of Suffolk Punches on the Farm, and all the Carters like them; Gulliver Wareham works a pair, which make him look quite small.

There are many new pig-sties in Iwerne, and the meal is supplied from the Home Farm at cost price.

The Bacon Factory still manages to carry on, but pigs are getting very scarce.

The Board at the Village Pump is the centre of all news, for on it I put every day the most interesting news out of the papers, and also the telegrams which I get from London about the War. When you are all at home again, I hope to carry on the Village News Board—it helps to make life more interesting.

This is rather a dull letter, but it probably tells you a little more about what is going on at Iwerne and Sutton than you hear.

Good luck to you.

January, 1918.

This is my second circular letter to you all, and as I have received so many letters from all those on the different Fronts saying how glad they are to receive Village news, I must try to make this one more interesting.

Well, Christmas has gone, and it was an old-fashioned one as we had frosty weather. The School-children gave two really good entertainments in the Village Club, both of which were crowded. The distribution of Christmas Beef took place, but this year it was rationed, and the man who had the largest family got most. Some of those who in the years gone by had the full allowance only received a small proportion of what they had before. I was luckily able to get the usual quantity of tea for the Widows and Old Men, and also Cardigans for all on the Farm and Estate.

We are trying to grow as much in the way of corn as we can. The Far Paddock on the Stud Farm has been ploughed up; Mr. Hooper has ploughed a good deal more of the Down; and on the Home Farm I think we have about 100 additional acres of arable; Mr. Millard at Sutton has also ploughed up a large portion of the land I put down to grass. The War touches us all in many ways—for instance, Chant, the Blacksmith, had no frost nails and had to reverse the shoes.

So far lambing has gone on well, but Sprackland will this year miss the cake he has always had.

The Ensilage from the new Silo is a great success—sheep, pigs, and cows are all keen about it.

I expect some of you remember Mr. and Mrs. Longbottom, my tenants at West Lodge. Mrs. Longbottom had already lost two Sons in the War, and on Sunday, the 6th of this month, Mr. Longbottom died suddenly. He was at Church in the morning, and he passed away in the evening. During the

time they have been at West Lodge they have taken the greatest interest in all Village life.

The weekly supply of fish which we get from Grimsby is a great success, and the quantity has had to be considerably increased.

I had bad luck about ten days ago, one of my best Suffolk Punch Mares died from congestion of the lungs. She was one of the pair worked by Gulliver Wareham.

I hear that Sir Randolf Baker, who is in Hospital at Cairo, is much better. He has been lucky in getting so quickly over his two wounds, the first at Gallipoli, the second in Palestine.

The Cinematograph will soon be in going order; all the wiring has been done, and we are now only waiting for the lantern, etc., to arrive from London. I intend to have War Pictures so that those at home may fully realise what those Overseas have to go through.

We had a great scarcity of paraffin in the Village for about twelve days; many people had none, and so had to go to bed much earlier than usual. Now we have an ample supply. With the exception of paraffin, I do not think that either Iwerne or Sutton can complain. It is true that last week there was not much meat to be had, but it was the usual shortness after Christmas. There is no doubt that we shall all have to take in our belts a bit, but no one minds that much as long as we can come out on top, and be free from War for the future.

I recently went down to Warwickshire to see one of my sisters who has a large hospital there—about 130 men in all, half of them being in the House and the remainder in the Village. She has had no Dorset men there lately, but should any of you be sent to Kineton House, you will, I am sure, be most comfortable.

The Estate Clerk, Trowbridge, joins up early next month. He tried to go at the very start of the War, but was rejected. Then he attested, and now will soon be in khaki. As both the Mr. Rawlences, one a Major, the other Mr. Norman, a Captain, who has just been awarded the Military Cross, have gone, I am rather short-handed. Still one manages to carry on.

We are looking forward to the day when you all get back, for the Village wants you. The married ones will find their homes much better furnished than when they left, as their wives have seen to that, and the unmarried ones will, I hope, find Cottages all ready for them as soon as they are married.

You have seen things we have not seen, and do not want to see. You have gone through hard and bitter times, and when you return you will have much to tell us. The best of luck to you all.

IWERNE MINSTER

February, 1918.

Each month seems to pass very soon, and unfortunately, as one gets older, time goes quicker. We have had the most perfect weather for farming, everything is doing well, and the winter wheat and oats are so strong that we shall probably have to run the sheep over them.

I expect you have seen in the papers long accounts of people waiting for hours to buy food at the shops. Well, this has not been the case at Iwerne and Sutton, for I do not think, with the exception of butter, which is scarce, that anyone has had to go short. The trouble in the towns is probably due to the difficulty of distribution, but this is being rapidly overcome. The Germans would like you at the Front to believe that there is a shortage of food in Great Britain, but I can honestly assure you that, if people have had to suffer a certain inconvenience in the past, that will soon be done away with. Naturally we shall not have as much as we had before the War, and the bread is not as white, still that is nothing compared with the want sustained by the Germans for the last two years. We at home, and I am not speaking for myself only, feel that if we can help our Allies by sending some of our food to them, that we are doing our small bit. We should be proud that we can do something.

We had our first Cinema show in the School last week. The room was crowded, and evidently I shall have to get a sign to put up outside—" House full." We had a really good film sent by the Government on the need of buying War Savings Certificates. It was quite a success, not too much " Buy War Certificates." By the way, I am Chairman of the Iwerne Minster War Savings Association, and I am very pleased at the progress we are making.

About a fortnight ago the " Raiders " came over from Blandford Camp, and gave an entertainment which was well attended.

Wood Pigeons are beginning to give a certain amount of trouble, so we are trying to institute a regular shoot for Wednesdays.

We hope to make jam on a co-operative principle here this year, and we have already got 3,000 bottles with which to start.

It will interest those of you who have gardens or allotments, to know that I am giving a certain amount of lime from Evercreech to each householder. It will, so Langley, Beck and Read tell me, make all the difference to what is grown in the gardens. I have also arranged for a tip-cart to go round the Village twice a week to collect the refuse from the buckets, which until recently was always dug into the gardens.

When you come back on leave—or for good, soon may that time be—you will find the gardens and allotments going strong. Then as to spraying potatoes, even William Wareham in the Street has promised to do it this year, although he says he had the best lot of potatoes last year—and he did not spray—that

he has ever had. Perhaps if he had sprayed he might have had even a better crop.

I rather think our new Saddler will soon arrive, he was out with Major Rawlence for some time, and will shortly be a time-expired man. He is a Staff-Sergeant Saddler, and when he does come, I hope to get him to help in starting afresh the Iwerne Minster Boy Scouts. All of you who were Scouts before the War have done so well—in a great measure due to your Scoutmasters, Blackwell and Barnard. Blackwell has lately been home on leave—Barnard is in Egypt. I think every scout from Iwerne has gained his stripes, not one in many cases, but three. Those who have not got stripes are either snipers or runners.

Last week I was at Mr. Arthur Hiscock's sale of Berkshire pigs at Motcombe; the average price for 40 pigs was 35½ guineas. I got three sows and a young boar. This year I have decided to have my Hampshire Down Ram Sale at Iwerne; this will take place on the 7th August, and I am on the same day selling some of my pedigree Berkshire pigs.

I expect you all remember the trees in front of George Reade's and Gulliver Wareham's Cottages—well, I have had those cut down; a great improvement to the Cottages and the gardens. Instead of the trees there is a yew fence.

I think I have told many of you that the Basset kennels are now used for breeding Belgian hares; every house in the Village has Belgian hares, quite a useful form of food, or to sell.

Last year the Village bottled about two thousand bottles or tins of vegetables or fruit. This year I expect we shall manage over five thousand; either for the use of those who bottle, or for sale.

The Village Red Cross Sewing Party meets at the Village Club every Friday. There are about twenty-five members.

Fred Winsor has been home on leave—he looks wonderfully well, but says he will be glad to get back to his horses. Jimmy Smith is still in hospital. I hope he may get here for a few days after he is convalescent. Bob Green, at Bowers Barn, has been laid up with a bad foot, but he is on the mend.

In March there is a confirmation, and the Bishop is to dedicate a brass in the Church, which Mrs. Harold Browne is putting up in memory of her husband, who was killed in Gallipoli, where he was one of the M.L.O.'s.

I am hoping to get Mrs. Rouse Boughton and her small daughter here shortly. As Miss Daisy you will remember her working at harvest time, and when she gets down from London she intends to work on the Farm. At present she is Pantry Maid at a Soldier's Hospital in London.

Mrs. Brook has returned from Epsom, where she went to see Charlie; he is very cheerful and getting on well. I expect he will soon go to Roehampton to have a new leg fitted.

The dry cows and heifers are doing well on the ensilage. We are producing more milk from the Home Farm this year than we have ever done. Mr. Anderson Graham, the Editor of *Country Life*, came here this week to write an article on " Farming in War-Time." I hope to send you each a copy of the paper. Iwerne has really got a good name for doing its best in the War. We have certainly done so in the number of those who are now at the Front, and I must say that those at home are working their best.

Lord Stalbridge is selling a good deal of his land, including the towns of Shaftesbury and Stalbridge. This is owing to the high death duties, taxation, etc.

Bert Domoney and Des Green manage the Mogul Tractor, they have become great experts. Hull drives the Petter Petrol Engine, which runs the new American Pulveriser—we are grinding up a great deal of chalk for the land. In Miles Field we are to grow Potatoes, about 16 acres. This we had intended to put into Oats, but the other day at a meeting of the Blandford Farmers' Club, a Mr. Tom Thomson came from the Board of Agriculture, and gave such an able and practical address on the growing of as many acres of potatoes as possible that it was decided to increase the area we had intended to put into potatoes.

You will be sorry to hear that this Year the Village School did not win the Shield.

I am trying to get some damaged flour, and if I can, every house in Iwerne will be able to keep a pig or two. I try to get everyone to have at least one side cured for home consumption.

Captain Norman Rawlence is home on extended leave—quite right, for his Firm have to deal with many thousands of acres of farming in England. I must have told you that he has been awarded the Military Cross.

You can all rest content about your people at home. They are fit and well, there is no sickness in the Village. All we want is to see you back once more, but I am sure none of you want to return until you have won many long years of Peace, and destroyed all hope of a German Military Power running the World.

March, 1918.

At the Cinema on Friday, March 1st, we had a really good Admiralty Film showing the Drifters at work, also a Naval attack on Zeebrugge. Amongst the other films sent down was one called " Did Archie deserve it ? " I was a bit nervous as to what would appear on this film, but it was quite good and caused much laughter.

During the week of March 4th to March 9th, a great effort was made throughout Great Britain to try and raise one hundred million pounds towards

defraying War Expenses. Each town or district was asked to collect sufficient money for a definite object. The Rural district of Shaftesbury for instance, was put down at £5,000, or two aeroplanes. The first day not far from £7,000 was collected, and in the week over £25,000, just five times as much as the Shaftesbury district was asked to do.

On Monday the 11th we had an excellent lecture given by Mr. Usher from Ranston on the cultivation of the soil for growing crops, especially potatoes. In Iwerne, although we all think that we know a good deal about cultivations, Mr. Usher put before us certain facts which should help us to grow more than we have ever done.

I think everyone has now got the lime from Evercreech, for their gardens and allotments. The crops should be great.

On the 12th we had a Confirmation Service in the Church, when about fifty were confirmed. Before that Service the Bishop of Salisbury dedicated the Memorial Brass, put up by Mrs. Harold Browne "In proud and loving memory" of her husband who was killed whilst acting as M.L.O. at Suvla Bay.

You will be glad to know that Frank Whittle, who was my Dairyman. is now a Sergeant, and has been awarded the D.C.M. He is out in Palestine, Sir Randolf Baker has had a bar added to his D.S.O. He had a very narrow escape when he was wounded for the second time—had to lie out all day and was carried back at night. He has well done his bit in the War, and I am glad that he is to have extended leave to attend to his Parliamentary work. He is by no means fit yet, and will have to be careful. I had a long talk with Rabbetts on the evening of the 11th. He suffers a good deal of pain, but is very brave about it. Trowbridge has gone into the R.N. Division. His joining up has made a considerable difference to me, for he knew all the details of the Estate. Burstow, the new Clerk, invalided out of the Service, is doing his best to get in touch with things as soon as he can. Stanley Edwards is now in Egypt. Sidney Burt is home on leave. He seems to be taller every time he comes back.

I think few of you would recognise the Church Walk, we have had all the yews topped—it looks rather bad now, but it will soon improve, and by cutting down, the light in the Cottages south of the Walk has been greatly increased.

We have got some new dance music for the gramophone which has caught on. I hope to have the Village Club a centre of all our Village Life. We now have a Committee composed of both sexes; the Social gatherings are a great success, also the whist drives.

The German P/W finished replanting West Lodge Plantation on the 11th. I have used Ash and Larch with a border of Spruce round to break the winds.

Some day that plantation will prove useful. It is about 26 acres, and has been planted on the very best system.

This is really not a letter—it is rather in the nature of a three-weekly *Iwerne Times*, for I just write out notes of what takes place every day or so. I hope you will all get the copy of *Country Life* with an account of "War Farming" which I have sent to you. Mr. Cocks does not look as if he rationed himself, but that is due to his being taken broadside on, and his coat was open. He has been greatly "ragged" about this photograph at the Markets.

I think that Harold Cuffe, from whom I heard on the 11th, will soon be invalided out. His left arm is nearly useless, but his right arm is quite fit, and I have asked him to try and put in some work in the greenhouses. He was a very keen gardener before the War, and I know he will be useful to Mr. Neish. I expect he will agree with my suggestion to him, that even if one has a considerable pension it is better to have an interest in life, and try to do some work. I know that would be my feeling if I was rather crippled.

On Friday the 15th we had another Cinema Exhibition. Amongst the films shown was an excellent one of the work done by the R.A.M.C. in France. The Scenes we saw appealed strongly to everyone. My only trouble with the Cinema is the lack of seating room. A good many people had to be turned away.

I bought two more Suffolk mares at Ipswich. They have gone to Sudbourne to be stinted. Gulliver Wareham will have one to work alongside his present mare. The other one he had unfortunately died. We finished drilling the Stud Farm Paddock with Swedish Victory Oats on the 19th. The weather for many weeks could not have been better for farming.

On the 20th there was an interesting and instructive demonstration given in the Institute by Miss Olive Senior on the most economical methods of using the Food rations. These rations come into force on April 7th in this Country. Over fifty Mothers and future wives came to listen, and from what Mrs. Ismay tells me, they must have learnt a good deal. Unfortunately, I had to attend rather an important Committee Meeting of the Somerset, Wilts, and Dorset Farmers' Association at Frome, and so could not be present. Mrs. Ismay took the chair. After this demonstration there should be nothing to complain about as regards cooking—at least I hope so.

Jack Dibben has pruned all the fruit trees in the Village. I have, as you know, put in many new ones every year, and these are really a source of gain to everyone in the Village. Barter has just finished laying the fence which divides upper and lower Farmfield. I told him that I would put this news in my letter.

The Cinema Pictures on the 22nd were quite good. I only wish the School could hold an audience three or four times the size it does, for it is a great disappointment to those who have to be turned away.

IWERNE MINSTER

April, 1918.

I had a letter from Mr. Acton on March 28th saying he had read that letter of mine in *Country Life* giving all Village News, and asking if he might be put on the list of those who receive them. It is pleasant to find that everyone likes the *Iwerne Times*, whether they are in France, Salonica, Egypt, Italy, Palestine, Mesopotamia, India, or in England, so I suppose it is up to me to make the three-weekly budget as interesting as possible.

I sent my younger brother, who for some time was in France, in the Lancers, and is now at a Remount Depot, a copy of the *Breeder's Bloodstock Magazine*, which contained a long account of the progeny of Craganour. You will remember my brother won the Derby with Craganour, but the horse was disqualified on account of bumping; it was the Derby when the Suffragettes created trouble, and one poor girl was killed when she tried to stop the race by running on to the course, and was trampled on by the horses.

I have told you how for some time we have got fresh fish from Grimsby, and sold it at the Bacon Factory. Well, the Village got rather tired of whitings and asked me to try and get other fish, so I wrote to the Globe Fishing Company at Grimsby, and the week before Easter we got cod. The run on this was immense; perhaps that was due to Good Friday, when the custom is to eat salt fish.

On the 12th, amongst other Films at our Village Cinema, we had quite a good one showing the work done in Scotland in cutting down larch, and how the trees were got to the Saw Mill by shutes and water.

You will all be sorry to hear that Jim Trowbridge, the only son of Mr. Charles Trowbridge of Vale Farm, Sutton Waldron, died from pneumonia the other day. He was in an O.T.C., and was getting on so well.

The new Saddler arrived last week, and is busy getting his shop into order. I expect he finds some difficulty in getting leather.

Charlie Brooks is back; he seems very happy and cheerful, and is looking forward to the time when he goes to Roehampton to have a leg fitted. Tom Winsor has been wounded again. He is still at a Base Hospital, but expects to be moved back to England soon.

We had quite a sharp frost on Thursday night, about eleven degrees, which touched up the gooseberries a bit, but I do not think anything else was damaged.

Store pigs have greatly risen in price; always the way when people want to buy them. Gulliver Wareham got two nice ones from Piper's Mill, and Burden was also lucky enough to buy one there also.

Rationing seems to have come in throughout the Country without much trouble. It will make supplies fair for everyone.

Mrs. Rouse Boughton (Miss Daisy) is staying with me. She has taken on

work at the Stables. One of her duties is to drive the luggage cart to the Station.

Everyone is very busy in their allotments or gardens, and many more potatoes will be grown on the Iwerne Minster Estate this year than last.

The new age limit will not, I think, affect us much here, but the clear cut up to 23½ may take the only two remaining of that age.

We have read much of the very hard time those on the Western Front have had, and we are thoroughly proud of you all.

May 24th, 1918.

We have just commenced shearing. This year we cannot get the usual shearing gang, so Sprackland and the other shepherds have taken on the job. It will keep them pretty busy, for it is, of course, in addition to their ordinary work. Sprackland does not believe in a shearing machine.

Miss Hutchings met with rather a bad accident—burnt her hand with sulphuric acid when testing the milk—so Flossie Crabb and Grace Bartlett are cheese-making this season, until Miss Hutchings returns. Cheese can now be sold when it is twenty-one days old; rather different to the olden days when everyone kept their cheese for some considerable time, so as to let it ripen.

It is difficult to estimate what sort of a fruit crop we shall have. I do not think the frost did much harm, but one cannot expect this year such a wonderful crop as we had last year. We have fortunately been able to secure an allowance of sugar for the purpose of having the surplus fruit in the Village made into jam, which will afterwards be sold to the Government. I intend to buy the fruit from the Villagers, paying them market prices. Then if any profit is made on the sale of the jam after the cost of sugar, jars, labour, etc., has been deducted, this will be handed over to the people from whom the fruit was bought.

We had a good Cinema Show on Whit Monday—some of the R.F.C. from Blandford Camp walked over to see it. Rather a compliment, for in the days before the War, when any of you wanted to see the pictures, you used to cycle to Blandford.

Lord Portman is building a Red Cross Hospital in the Park at Bryanston, just opposite to the Cottage Hospital. I am giving the X-ray apparatus, and Mrs. Ismay a full-sized billiard table, which after the War will come to Iwerne for the Village Club.

You will all be sorry to hear that George Stockley, who was wounded whilst in Palestine, has died at Cairo. Willie Stockley is missing, and Coffin and Maurice Clark are P/W in German hands. Tom Winsor, who was badly

wounded, is in No. 4 Scottish General Hospital, Ward B2, Stubhill, Glasgow. He is going on well, and says he hopes to be back at Iwerne for the Combined Hampshire Down Ram Lamb and Berkshire Pig Sale, which this year I hope to hold at the Home Farm on Wednesday, the 7th August. Herbert Brown was married just before he left the East Coast.

All the Crops at Iwerne are looking well, and we should have quite a good cut of hay.

Mr. Holloway had rather a narrow escape from being mauled last week. His young bull attacked him, but he managed to get the better of it. By the way, he has a pupil now from India, who is learning how to farm on English lines.

Store pigs are a big price. This means that many people do not care to spend so much in buying them, but Harry Green has a sow due to farrow in a few weeks' time, and I understand that most of the litter has already been bespoken.

The Mogul Tractor has again broken down, but Hutchings went up to London and got the necessary spare parts, so she was only out of action for four days. In addition to the Mogul we have two Fordson Tractors at work; these are much lighter than the Mogul, and are operated by one man instead of two.

As the 24th May, Empire Day, the date of this letter, comes while the School Children have a week's holiday, we are putting off our Empire Day celebrations until School starts again; Empire Day has become a living force, and it helps us all here to realise how the whole Empire is fighting for freedom in the future, and the final downfall of Militarism.

Mrs. Ismay and the children go down to the Isle of Wight early next month, but I am remaining on here.

You will find a good many trees missing when you return to Iwerne, for they have been cut down for use by the Government at the large Saw Mills which have been put up at Milldown.

Good luck to you all.

June, 1918.

The time for another letter has come round, and first of all I want to thank all those, and they have been many, who have written to me saying how much they like my three-weekly letter, as it gives them much news of what is going on at Iwerne and Sutton. Now I am sure that not one of you will think I am becoming a Schoolmaster, if I give you a little lecture. I know it is often extremely difficult for you to write home to your people; now and then it must be hard to find paper, an envelope and a pen, but you can usually

manage to send a Field postcard. You know that all of you are in our thoughts, and when a Mother, a Wife or a friend does not receive a letter for some weeks, it makes them feel anxious, and they wonder if possibly some unpleasant thing may have happened to you. I know none of you will mind my putting this point to you. I am sure you all write whenever you can, but now and then just an additional Field Card would make such a difference to those at home. The letters you write me, and they are very many, I always take to your people. Sometimes those letters are the latest news they have heard for a long time. Don't trouble to write to me, just tell your people that you have heard good news of Iwerne from me. I value your letters very much, and I know many of them have been written when you have not exactly been in comfort. I am afraid what I have written must read rather like a sermon or a lecture. It is not meant in that way at all. My only wish is to make your homefolks get as many letters from you as possible.

On Monday the 17th we started a Cheese-making Class at the Dairy. It is run by the County Council. The class is not allowed to number more than 12, and consists of Grace Bartlett, Flossie Crabbe, Hugh Holloway, Maud Sprackland, Mrs. Mullett, and four from outside the Village. The Demonstrator is a County Council official, and most efficient. She teaches how many different kinds of cheese can be made.

Jam-making started on the 10th in the Village Club. Mrs. Hull and Florence Beck are in charge. The Sugar Ministry allowed us 18 cwt. of sugar, and with that amount we are trying to make as much jam out of the Surplus fruit in the Village as we can. I pay all those who bring fruit to the Club the fixed Government price, charge all expenses, and then if there is any profit, hope to divide it amongst those who bring fruit, on the basis of the amount of fruit supplied by them. The growers of fruit are on Velvet, as the saying is, for in the first instance they get the full Government price for the fruit, and they stand to receive more, unless there is a loss, which I bear.

I had an interesting day on the 6th when I went down to Mudford, not far from Yeovil, to see a Milking Competition. There were about 130 Competitors, quite young children and quite old ladies—that is wrong, I should not have said " old," for no woman is ever old—and War Agricultural Workers.

Mr. Holloway motored me down, and also took Mr. Charles Trowbridge, Mr. Spencer (who has taken the Vale Farm), and Mr. Cocks. All these acted as Judges. It was a perfect day. Mr. Holloway is a little erratic in taking his corners, but we got to Mudford and back without any accident. I hope to get these Milking Competitions started in Dorset. Such competitions help to make country life more attractive. I do not think I ever told you that I am one of the Members of the Dorset Agricultural Wage Board, nominated by the Board of Agriculture—that takes me down to Dorchester very often.

IWERNE MINSTER

The future of all interested in the land and agriculture depends very largely on whether those who live in the Towns are going to take a wider view of the legitimate prices for home-grown produce, but I will not touch upon matters which come within the Political atmosphere.

Allan from the Bacon Factory has not been called up, I am glad to say, for so many at Iwerne and Sutton get their meat supplies from my small Factory; it has been a great boon to the Village.

On the whole we have got quite a decent hay cut, especially on the top of the hill; some of the clover will average two tons to the acre. On the 8th we were all busy moving the hay by West Lodge, also at the corner, where the road from Sutton meets the top Blandford and Shaftesbury road. Sweeps, swathe-turners, elevators all working hard; the German P/W did their best, and if there had not been a heavy dew, we should have been able to start earlier and clear the lot. We managed to get through a good deal. On Sunday we had the first rain for many weeks. A Farmer's life is a pretty difficult one, it would be much easier if he could arrange on which fields rain fell. We don't want it for hay, but we do need it badly for the roots and the Cottage gardens. By the way, all the Gardens and Allotments look better this year than I have ever seen them. It is a great pity that fruit has not done better; the failure is due to the late frost we had in May.

I had a number of interesting letters from India last week. Frank Wareham writes that he is much better, but wishes that he could be at home to help with the Harvest. That is the wish not only of you who are abroad, but of your people at home. Still when that time does come, everyone of you will be only too thankful that he has been able to play his part freeing the world from any fear of Prussian Militarism. Life would not be worth living for the children, or their children, if such a Force was in power. Another long letter was from Albert Locke, who wishes me to tell everyone that he is in the pink—I suppose it must be rather warm in India. He says that where he is two crops of corn can be grown in a year on the same land, so I expect when he comes back we shall have to alter all our methods of cultivation. No, on reading his letter again, I see he says, two crops of potatoes. Well, if we could do that it would be useful. As a matter of fact the one crop of potatoes we can grow looks extremely well. From many of you I have heard how you liked the copy of *Country Life* I sent you. Perhaps after the Combined Hampshire Down Ram Lamb and Berkshire Pig Sale which takes place on Wednesday, August 7th, I may be able to send you another interesting copy, for the Editor of *Country Life*, Mr. Anderson Graham, is coming to stay with me, so as to be present at the Sale. I do wish you could all be home then, for every one of you takes the greatest interest in all that belongs to the welfare of Iwerne and Sutton. Then I had another interesting letter from Asker

Hubbard in India, which also contains a better account of himself; he has been in Mesopotamia, commonly called Mespot. He saw Tom Beck there, and he also just missed seeing Bastable, who went to look him up at King George's Hospital at Poona just before he left for Mesopotamia the second time. Reg Langley is also in India, and I am glad to say is getting better. Sapper E. Burt also writes me a long account of his doings in India. He has evidently become quite an expert signaller. What a change in his life to the time when he drove the children out in the pony cart! I often wish I had kept copies of all the letters I have received from you—they would make an interesting history of all that you from Iwerne and Sutton have seen.

We have now four prisoners in the hands of the Germans—Maurice Clark, Fred Coffin, Willie Stockley, and George Coombes; the latter most of you will not know, for he is the stepson of High, who is gardener to Mrs. Harold Browne at Preston House. To keep a P/W in Germany well supplied with food parcels means about £40 a year, so we are going to have a house-to-house collection in the Village, a Whist Drive, and also, I hope, collections from the Church, the Wesleyan and Baptist Chapels, will be given on a fixed Sunday. Still, £160 is a lot for our small Villages to collect, but we shall do it, for we would not like our P/W to be supported by those not connected with Iwerne and Sutton. Edrick writes from France that he has been out there since September, 1914, and that he is getting quite a good French scholar. Of course he has been home on leave. He is now in a Labour Battalion, but he says that he would much rather be back with his Battery. At the same time he writes that he is quite proud of his Labour Battalion, for it has been under fire very often; two of his Company, he writes, have received the Military Medal. I must tell you that, both from Col. Sir Randolf Baker and Major Gordon, I have heard of the excellent work done by Sergeant Frank Whittle. You have, I know, all done wonderful things, so I know you will not mind my mentioning his name.

Sprackland and the Shepherds managed to shear all the sheep, rather a hard task for them, when one considers the other work they had to do, still they got through it well, and with a good heart.

Keeper Green joined up on the 13th. I could have probably got him exempted if he would have let me appeal, but he said he would rather I did not. Hemery, my Butler, is also called up. Leslie Coole, who helps his Father in the Cowstalls and whom I would have got off, if I had appealed, for he is doing absolutely War work, would not let me appeal.

Evelyn Beck, Edwina Applin, Dorothy Green, Charlotte Wareham, and Ellen Domoney are all working in the gardens under Mr. Neish.

Mrs. Rouse Boughton is a helper in the Stables. She and Taylor have just started to break in Red Mullet's foal, a filly, and I am sure they will

make a success. The Basset Kennels are full of Belgian hares, so the Village has been kept well supplied with young ones. Bob Green has gone to Hospital at Salisbury, and I hope he will soon return fit and well. Gallimore, who has been working at the Remount Depot at Gillingham, is to be operated upon for appendicitis.

Souden, the new Saddler, is a great success, and I hope, when he is really settled down, to get him to help in starting " Boy Scouts " at Iwerne again; you will remember we had such a good Company before the War, and every one of those who were Scouts has done so remarkably well.

Quite a successful meeting at the Village Club on Wednesday the 12th to discuss ways and means of sending out parcels to our Prisoners in the hands of the Germans and the Turks. I did not mention before that Ernest Gray was taken prisoner by the Turks. To keep our men we shall have to raise about £250 a year, and we are going to do it. In the first place, we have decided upon a house-to-house collection, and Charlie Brooks has been appointed one of the Collectors—no one can refuse him, for he has lost a leg and is on crutches. Then we have decided upon a Concert, when we hope to obtain help from the Royal Air Force Camp at Blandford; a Whist Drive, and other entertainments. Miss Hubbard is to collect on the top of the Hill; Mrs. Millard at Sutton; Mr. Hooper at Peggs. No one can be expected to give largely at one time, so we came to the conclusion that collections from house to house should be made once every three months.

We finished cutting Iwerne Bottom on Wednesday the 12th, and we are now busy in the Park.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Mockeridge came to tell me that one of the Gate posts at the Blandford Lodge had been knocked down by a cart carrying faggots, and the German Eagle absolutely destroyed. I had never looked upon the two eagles as German, but perhaps Mrs. Mockeridge is right. Anyhow the Eagle will not be put up again, and I am having the Eagle taken down from the other gate post. Perhaps the fall of the first means the defeat of Germany, and the taking down of the other the peaceful agreement to any terms of Peace which the Allied Nations may insist upon.

Goddard, the pig controller on the Home Farm, received notice on the 12th to report at Dorchester for Medical Examination next week; he reached 50 years of age on the 13th, so I can only expect that the National Service Director wishes to see if Goddard is in good condition, and will then report to the Food Controller that Goddard weighs so much, that the pigs he feeds must be well over ten score.

Langley has had trouble with the floor of the Baptist Chapel, but we have raised sufficient money to get the repairs effected, when we can get the labour.

The large Whey Tank behind the Cowstalls at the Farm is finished. Beck

is very proud of it; he has done the work, assisted by two German P/W, who were also quite keen about the job, and anxious to make it as perfect as possible.

As soon as we have finished bottling and jam-making at the Village Club, we are going to have it thoroughly cleaned out.

July 19th, 1918.

Sergeant Tom Winsor arrived home on Thursday June 20th, and his banns were given out for the first time in Church on the following Sunday.

You will be sorry to hear that Trooper Sidney Wareham died in Palestine from wounds on the 9th June. The two poor old parents are terribly cut up—they have worked so hard to keep going until his return, when they expected he would marry (for he had been engaged for some time) and would settle down with them.

Bob Domoney has at last had a postcard from Fred Coffin, who sent it from Stendal, a German P/W Camp. Our collection for our P/W in enemy hands is going ahead well. Charlie Brooks made an excellent and most persuasive Collector. I took him in to Dorchester on the 28th to be measured for a temporary leg.

Oswald Burden is ever so much better after his last visit to the Cottage Hospital at Shaftesbury. He is starting to learn Carpentry under Page, who has promised to teach him. The Estate Workshops look very empty now. On the 25th we had a really busy day in the Park, and must have carried about fifty-five tons of hay. The P/W worked well, and took an interest in their job. The Oil Engines had no breakdown, and so the elevators all ran smoothly. Even George Read turned out: we all told him that his hands would be blistered, and that after two years' rest his bones would ache the following morning. He took all our chaff in very good part. Mrs. George Wareham, who raked behind the cart, picking up the rakings, said she would have to talk to her daughter, Lottie, who was driving one of the broad rakes, for leaving so much behind. Mrs. Rouse Boughton's Mother-in-Law, Lady Rouse Boughton, also helped; she led one of the hay-carts. We were a cheerful party, for the news from the Italian Front was so good, and we got through a lot of excellent work.

I went down with Mrs. Rouse Boughton to the Stud Farm on Wednesday the 26th to see how they were getting on with the hay, for I knew there was a lot to carry. It was in the evening, and we found a very busy crowd; Hearn had gathered together everyone he could; John Dibben, Cuffe, Willie Taylor, High, Wild, who had done all the cutting, and a good many women. It is

perfectly marvellous what a man can do when he puts his back into the work, and Hearn certainly deserves all credit for what he has done. In addition to those I have mentioned, Boyte was there. The women, of whom there were a good number, told me they got through the work of turning the hay much quicker than the Men. The Men told me they allowed the women to think so, for it pleased them. Anyhow, both Women and Men were putting their best into getting through their job.

This year, for the first time since I have lived at Iwerne, the rooks have built their nests in the trees in the garden, and have hatched out. Mrs. Ismay considers it means great luck. In addition two Swans came and nested here on one of the islands in the Lake. They hatched out three cygnets, so I hope the whole lot will remain.

I had a long letter from Mr. Acton on the 27th June in which he writes:

> "What a capital edition your last one of the *Iwerne Times*. I enjoyed reading it so much, it gave us quite a breath of Iwerne. Things are certainly humming with you in food production, but I am truly sorry to hear of George Stockley's death, and now Sidney Wareham. I am hard at my hay, 50 acres of it, and a wonderful crop. I have got my own machinery now and four Government horses for the job, and two soldiers. I have got four cows now; my pigs are doing well; my bees are coming along. I took two swarms to-day in the middle of my haying and have just hived. I had two swarms last month. Teddy is going very strong, working all this afternoon, cocking hay up just ahead of me, as I was hitching. 'Do you think my work is worth sixpence, Daddy?' he asked me when he had done. I paid him there and then, and he went off to bed very proud."

From this letter you will gather that both Mr. Acton and his son are hard at work—in fact every one is.

Tom Winsor and Amy Wareham were married on Wednesday, July 10th. He has set a good example to you all, and I hope on the successful termination of the War we shall have many happy marriages in the Village. Fred was best man; it was lucky that he was home on leave. I had to go up to London on Tuesday, and so could not be at the wedding, but Mrs. Rouse Boughton went.

Hugh Holloway had a narrow escape on the 9th. His Father has got a new tractor—a Moline—and Hugh tried to take it up the Beech; half-way up the Brakes would not act, and the tractor rolled down the hill.

On Monday, the 15th, Salisbury Sheep Fair took place; Sprackland and all of us thought that we should bring back the Cup to Iwerne for the best pen of Ram Lambs, but the quality of the Ram Lambs shown was so good that we had to be content with the second prize; the first went to Mr. Williams,

who has got Best as his Shepherd. Mrs. Rouse Boughton and I went to the lunch given by the Mayor at the Town Hall; I found that I had to make a speech.

The fifteenth was St. Swithin's Day, and it rained, but I hope we shall not have the same weather for the next forty days, otherwise the harvest will be a difficult one. My winter oats are already flat on the ground, and some of the wheat has also been laid, still we shall have a record harvest if the weather proves kind. At last I have persuaded Mrs. Ismay to give up her goats—she thought all cows might be taken over by the Government, and so went in for goats. These goats have been most troublesome—it has been impossible to keep them in their wired enclosure in the garden, they are always getting out, eating the roses, and shrubs, and everything that Neish valued.

On Wednesday, the 24th, I am going to the Suffolk Punch Sale at Sudbourne to see if I can get a couple more good mares. Then on Wednesday, August 7th, we have our Ram Lamb and Berkshire Pig Sale here.

Good luck to you all.

August, 1918.

The days soon roll by, and it is time for another three-weekly letter. You will all be sorry to hear that Asker Hubbard died from pneumonia in India on the 20th July. No one tried harder than he did to get into the Army at the commencement of the War; I well remember when he came to me and said he had been rejected at three different recruiting stations—could I help him in any way? It was difficult, but I got him into touch with Colonel Learmonth who had the Dorset Battery in the early days, and he took him. Asker got on well, went to India, then to Mespot, and was invalided back to India. I heard from him some time back, and he wrote that he was fit and well. On Sunday the 4th both Keeper Bill Green, now in the Marines, and Keeper Jimmy Smith were at Iwerne. Green told me that the life in the Army was good, and when I asked him how he liked physical drill he promptly, and in a very military fashion, showed me he could touch his toes. Jimmy Smith, who has quite recovered from his last wound, is now an Instructor in Signalling; as one of the Iwerne Boy Scouts he always was keen at dots and dashes, flag-wagging. He also told me that his Father and Mother, whom you will remember at Iwerne, are both fit and well.

On Sunday, the 4th August, the fourth anniversary of the Declaration of War, we had an open-air service in the grounds; I should think about five hundred people were present. Mr. Ryder read out the names of those from Iwerne and Sutton who have paid the great Sacrifice; Mr. Backway, who is an eloquent Baptist Preacher, and I read the lessons, then the rain came down

in torrents, so we all moved to the Racquet Court, where Mr. Kinnear, C.F., and Mr. Brockman, Wesleyan C.F., spoke exceedingly well. The feeling of everyone present was that all the different denominations should try and come together much more. I am sure that is the end we must all aim at. The collection was made for the Red Cross, and amounted to £15 8s. 7d.

We want fine weather, for Providence has given us tremendous corn crops, and if the weather is favourable Great Britain should be nearly self-supporting; bacon is now practically unrationed. Much as one felt inclined to kick against the rules and regulations of the late Lord Rhondda, and candidly I did a good deal of grousing myself, I am now convinced that his policy was right; we have never been really short of food. In Mr. Clynes, his successor, a Labour Member, we have an equally good man.

Amongst my many jobs at the present time I am a Nominated Member by the Board of Agriculture on the Dorset District Wage Board. It has been most interesting; at first the representatives of the Employers and the Workers did not see eye to eye by any means, but when they got to know each other, resolution after resolution was passed, proposed sometimes by the Employer and seconded by a Worker, or proposed sometimes by a Worker and seconded by an Employer.

Colonel Sir Randolf Baker, who has just been passed fit for general service, lunched with me on the 4th, and afterwards went to the open-air service; he hopes soon to go to France and to have command of a Battalion. He has done well, twice wounded, as an M.P. he need not have gone at all, but he is one of those men who feel that he ought to be doing something more than merely acting as an M.P.

Gulliver Wareham is very pleased with his new Suffolk Punch mares; I went down to the Sudbourne Sale in Suffolk, hoping to buy some mares, but the prices at which they were sold were absolutely beyond the money I could afford.

On the 5th of this month I arranged with Mr. Holloway for a meeting of the Farmers in this District to take place at his house, so that I could explain to them their position under the rulings of the Wage Board. I am glad to say that all agreed to make the new Minimum wage retrospective as from the 6th April, and to make the new wage for stockmen, Cowmen, Carters, Shepherds, etc., date from the 22nd of this month. The financial interests of the Farmers and those who work on the land are absolutely identical and so are the interests of those who live in Country Towns, whose prosperity hangs upon the prosperity of the Farmer and the Worker. I am trying to get a large number of last week's issue of the *Farmer and Stockbreeder*, so as to send you each a copy, but I hear it is not possible. In that number there is a long account of the Iwerne Hampshire Down Flock.

IWERNE MINSTER

You will all be very sorry to hear that Colonel Moreton, Mrs. Ismay's Father, died on Tuesday the 6th of this month. He used to be in the Coldstream Guards, and was a great personality. There was an immense attendance at his funeral. Many of you must have often seen him, when he stayed with me. His only son, Captain Norman Moreton, who was in the 60th Rifles, was killed in France on the 13th October in 1915; that told upon him a great deal.

The Jam Making at the Village Club is a great success, and the children are going to gather all the blackberries they can. You will prefer that jam to rhubarb jam, the latter always sounds rather like a medicine.

Well, the three-decker sale, as I found it was called, took place at Iwerne on the 7th. Ram Lambs, Berkshire Pigs and Heifers. There was a great crowd of people, and light refreshments were served in the Granary. Mr. George Gordon was in the Chair. The Ram Lambs made a record, the pigs sold wonderfully well, and so did the Heifers. A Cinema photographer in connection with the War Office Branch of the Ministry of Information took photographs, so perhaps you may see them at the Cinemas—wherever you may happen to be. The day was perfect. Mr. Acton came down; he is now clean-shaved, and hardly anyone recognised him.

We are now busy with the harvest, and I am thankful to say the weather is good. The Crops are exceptionally heavy. I expect some of you have heard that the minimum wage in Dorset for agricultural workers is 30s. a week for 54 hours during the summer and 48 in the winter. Nearly all the farmers are making this payment retrospective as from the 6th April; overtime is 8½d. an hour, and 10d. on Sunday. For Carters, Shepherds and Cowmen, the wage is 36s. a week; this includes working the usual hours on Weekdays and Sundays, which have been the custom in the past. Overtime during harvest is 1s. 1½d. an hour. Personally, I am very glad that Agricultural labour is to be paid a fair wage, but whether Farmers will be able to carry on, should prices for produce reach the low scale which existed before the War, is another matter. Common sense would indicate that Home Produced Food should be kept at such a price, as will give the Farmers a fair profit, and enable them to pay the workers a reasonable remuneration. The interests of the Farmers and the Workers are identical. This War, terrible as it is, will not see the end of all wars, and Great Britain must continue to grow more, much more, corn than she did in the days before August, 1914, if she is to be secure against the submarine.

The latest news from all the fronts is excellent. Mr. Lloyd George has told us all to " Hold Fast." You are doing more than that, you are " Getting Forward."

Good luck to you all.

IWERNE MINSTER

August 29th, 1918.

Abel Rabbetts has joined the great Majority; he was a wonderful old man, and even when so ill and in such great pain, he was glad to see one and talk over the days when he used to be a shepherd.

Iwerne, during the week ending the 24th, was full of men home on leave. Gunner William Edwards, after nearly four years in India and France, on arrival promptly got married by special licence to Mrs. Bert Domoney's sister. Sergeant Tom Winsor, home from Wyke Regis on four days' leave, is an instructor there, and is nearly sound again after his wounds. O.S. Victor Green, broader than ever, and most keen about getting on in the Navy. Fred Gray on draft leave for Egypt—he likes the idea of going there. Ted Wareham—his second leave at home, after being wounded. Gunner Douch is also home at Shroton. I have had bad news about two of the original members of the Crew of my Armoured Car. Botten was killed on the 6th August, and Gunner W. Keirle, who used to be my N.C.O. and joined the Tanks afterwards, is wounded and in Hospital near Chester. It seems a very long time since we used to drill in the Park, and then joined up at Forest Row.

I think I told you that the Ministry of Information had taken a film of life at Iwerne, of harvesting, etc., so perhaps some of you, when you go to the Cinema, whether at home or abroad, may see pictures which will carry your thoughts home.

I am hoping to start the Boy Scouts again; Burstow, who has taken Trowbridge's place at the Estate Office, and Souden, the saddler, who was out with Major Arthur Rawlence for so long in France, are going to help. The boys are all very keen, so perhaps we may get a troop of thirty as good as the one in which so many of you were.

The Village Children are going to collect all the blackberries they can—this will considerably increase the output of jam from the Village Club. By the way, mentioning our Village Club reminds me that I am on the Executive Committee of the Village Club Association, which Sir Henry Rew has started with the idea of having a Club in each Village to try and stimulate social activity in rural life. I am thoroughly in accord with the movement.

In connection with priority certificates for pig meal, I had to have a census taken of the number of pigs kept by the Villagers. In Iwerne, in addition to those on the Home Farm, there are over 70 pigs, and that number would easily be doubled if there was a certainty that feeding stuffs would be available. Last year, we were all worried about potato disease; everyone sprayed except William Wareham, Senr., who had the best lot of potatoes he has ever had. This year, when he told me that he would spray if I really wished it, I could not take the responsibility. At the

Home Farm we had all the ingredients for spraying, but the dry weather has been so favourable that hardly anyone has sprayed. Providence has been exceptionally kind to Great Britain in all the harvests, and also in the weather.

On the 24th I had a long letter from Sergeant Frank Whittle of the Dorset Yeomanry. He told me how Sidney Wareham met his death.

This year we have a regular plague of wasps—nearly as troublesome as the mosquitoes are to those of you who are in Salonica, Mesopotamia, or Palestine, so you can sympathise with us. It is only fair that we at home should have an occasional grouse.

Mrs. Rouse Boughton returned from Paris last week—she had been there with her husband who had got Paris leave. A shell from Fat Bertha—or is it Long Bertha?—fell quite close to her, at least she says it was close enough; I think the distance was 200 yards.

You will find a good deal of timber cut down at Iwerne when you return, but I am replanting as much as I can, with German P/W labour.

Captain Glyn returned to France on the 25th. He came over for his Father's funeral. Old Sir Richard was a hard-working man in all County business.

My letter seems often to go back to Farming; the aftermath is great, but roots are bad. The fly has been rather a Hun, for he has attacked the roots in July—quite unusual, and distinctly not playing the game. If you on the different fronts could suggest an effective method of getting rid of charlock and the fly, you would help us at home to make a great advance in Agriculture. I often wonder what Walter Bartlett will think of my South Devon cattle with which I have replaced the Guernseys. He will be rather alarmed at their size, for the Guernsey is a dwarf to them.

Mrs. Ismay tells me that I ought to have mentioned that when in London on the 22nd I saw the Iwerne Film. It is quite good, and if you do see it, you will recognise many friends. However, the film is to be greatly improved, and if you happen to come across it at one of the Cinemas at the Front, you must let me know what you think of it, and whether you approve of the way in which we are trying to carry on, during War-time, at Iwerne.

We expect to have a fête here next month, so as to collect more money for our P/W fund, and I hope we shall soon have Charlie Brooks back from Roehampton fitted with his new leg. He made a most persuasive collector.

September, 1918.

Since I last wrote you, events have moved rapidly on the Western Front, and lately against Bulgaria. We, at home, can only thank you at the different

Fronts for doing magnificently. America has entered into the war with the determination to attain a result—which will ensure civilisation in the future, and protect our children and grandchildren from the misery which has fallen upon the world during the last four years.

Now as to Home News. The Fête at Iwerne in aid of our men who are P/W in Germany and Turkey was a great success; the net proceeds will be at least £100. Beck had an enormous success with his Aerial Railway; Berry, my temporary chauffeur, was dressed as the Kaiser, and from behind a sheet bobbed up every now and then, when he was bombed with tennis balls. The Band of the Royal Air Force played exceedingly well, and in the evening there was given in the Stable Yard, what, I am told, was the best concert ever held in Iwerne. The Royal Air Force was responsible for this. Neither Mrs. Ismay nor I was present, as we were up in Scotland, but Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth (Miss Wynne) opened the fête, and from what I hear, conjured money out of everyone's pocket.

Harvest Festival was celebrated in the Church on Sunday, the 15th, and the collection taken for the local hospitals was quite a good one.

I ought to have told you that one of the attractions at the Fête was a Baby Show; Mrs. Ismay gave War Savings Certificates as prizes. Nurse Monger told me that no other Village in Great Britain could produce such a Grade A1 show of Babies as were on view at Iwerne.

Mrs. Ismay, Miss Olive and I had quite a good leave in Scotland; I was dead tired when I went up, but still managed to walk a good many miles each day after grouse; they were very wild. On our return journey there were a lot of American sailors on the train, fine strapping men, who made friends at every station we stopped at. The harvest in Scotland, as it is everywhere in England, is a record. We in the South have managed to carry all without much rain, but the last ten days have been rather bad for the Farmers in the North.

Walter Bartlett was home on leave the week-end of the 22nd. If one can judge by him, there is no rationing of the men in France. I should think he must let out his tunic at least once a week. Wareham was also back—three years since last he was at Iwerne; he has been at the Salonica Front for most of the time; there also the rations must be first-rate, for he looked extremely fit and well. Don't think because I mention how well these two looked, that food is scarce in Iwerne; on the contrary, our rations now are better than they were. The Jam made in the Village Club by Mrs. Hull and Miss Beck has all been sold to the Food Control Committee at Shaftesbury; a certain amount was reserved for the two shops at Iwerne. It is good jam, and after the War is over, I hope Iwerne will always produce a certain amount of Jam; now that people have once tasted Iwerne Jam, they want more.

IWERNE MINSTER

In most of my letters I have some sad news to tell you, and in this letter I have two deaths. Victor Saunders, who died in Hospital at Manchester from injuries received in France, and William Jenkins, who was killed when detraining by a bomb, after having been in France only a fortnight. He joined up at the start of the War, when he was below the Military age, but the Authorities found this out and he was sent home, and came to help in the Stables. On the day that he was 18 he again joined up. His final leave he spent here, and used to come and assist in the Stables. One can only feel proud of his determination to try and help the World to remain free from the Hun Horror. Mrs. Jenkins has had two sons killed in the War.

On the 20th we started to harvest our linseed crop, which we have grown just above Whitelands; this is the first time we have ever tried linseed at Iwerne. It should prove a useful addition to our feeding stuffs. By the way, I am now registered as the Village Coal Merchant, and hope to keep the Village well supplied.

Hutchings and his sister have both left; the former expects soon to get a Commission in the Motor Transport. Miss Barnes, who has helped George Wareham to look after the poultry, and also assisted Goddard with the pigs, has gone; her Mother is ill. The Boy Scouts are going ahead, under Burstow and Souden. If they only turn out to be as good a lot as the Iwerne troop before the War, one will be more than satisfied.

We are opening the Cinema again on the 4th October, and I think one of the films shown will be the one taken of Village and Farm Life at Iwerne. I hope to be able to buy a copy of that Film, so that you can see how we tried to carry on when you were all away.

L/C W. Keirle, who was the N.C.O. of my Armoured Car, writes that he is soon coming on leave when he is allowed out of Hospital. I hope that after the War we shall have him as a permanency at Iwerne. He certainly played the game when he was with me, for I knew nothing of Military Life. He, as an old Soldier, not old in age, but in experience, taught me a great deal, and never let me down.

Lord Henry Seymour, my brother-in-law, whom you have often seen at Iwerne, as he used to spend nearly every leave with us, has again been badly wounded. He is still at No. 10 Base Hospital in France.

On the 24th October there is to be another Red Cross Sale at Blandford. I am afraid the result will not be as good as last year, for Farmers have lately been so heavily handicapped in every way, that they will not be able to afford such large gifts as they gave in 1917.

The Choir Outing took place on Thursday, the 5th inst., and the members spent a very enjoyable day at Bournemouth.

IWERNE MINSTER

October, 1918.

It is somewhat difficult to write this three-weekly letter, for you at the different fronts are making history and giving us, at home, all the splendid news. In France, Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Italy, we read in the papers of what you are doing to get rid of the Hun Brutes, as Mr. Balfour has so correctly named them.

I am afraid my first news to you must be sad, for it will tell you of the deaths of your friends. Neish, the head gardener, whose boy, Alfred, was missing at Gallipoli, has just lost his daughter Annie, who has been a V.A.D. Nurse for two years; she died after nursing a soldier who had septic pneumonia; she has given her life for the future generations just as much as any soldier who has fallen in the excitement of battle. Then Corporal John Roberts has left us; he died from pneumonia in Italy, and Willie Barter, who came back from France to receive a commission, has died from the same illness. I remember so well when Willie Barter came up to see me, after he heard that I was joining up with an Armoured Car, to know if he could form one of the Crew, but I was already over-staffed with Iwerne men.

Jimmy Wareham has been home on leave from Salonica—I think he is now in France. L/C Charles Ward came to stay at Iwerne House for part of his leave, and loaded for me when I went to shoot partridges at St. Giles's—he looked very fit and well. Gunner W. Keirle, who was my N.C.O. on the Armoured Car, also came to stay when he left Hospital. He was badly wounded whilst serving in the tanks in France.

Mrs. Ismay opened the Red Cross Sale at Blandford on the 24th. The Band of the R.A.F. from Blandford played extremely well, and there was quite a good gathering. The financial result will not, however, be as good as last year, when the total was over £4,000.

The new Portman Hospital in Bryanston Park will soon be opened; it is certainly most complete in every respect. Captain Noel Livingstone-Learmonth is the Commandant; his Wife is one of the Nurses. I have given the X-Ray apparatus; Mrs. Ismay the billiard table; and my young daughters the easy chairs for the Nurses.

I am sure you will all be sorry to hear that Colonel Sir Randolf Baker has decided not to stand for North Dorset again; he has done so well in the past in the way he has stuck up for Agriculture, that it will be hard to replace him. With his Yeomanry in Palestine, he gained a great reputation; he has been twice wounded; now his one idea is the " Tanks "; he has served with them in France. He is home on leave, but returns again to France after he has had some experience with the latest form of Tanks.

The potato crop is wonderful. We in Dorset have been most fortunate in carrying all our crops; everyone has helped.

IWERNE MINSTER

November, 1918.

Since my last letter to you, we have all received with delight the news that the Armistice has been signed, and now we are looking forward to the Declaration of Peace, and your speedy return home. On the 11th we had a Thanksgiving Service in Iwerne, when the Church was simply crowded. But even at a time like this, when the Nation is rejoicing, our thoughts must dwell on those who have paid the Great Sacrifice, and but for whom we should not now be celebrating our Victory. And in this connection I am sorry to have to tell you of yet another death—that of Albert Freeston, who has died in hospital at Aldershot of pneumonia. A good many of you will not know him, but he was the Hall boy at the house for some time, and only joined up recently when he became of military age. He died the day after the Armistice was signed.

The Order of the Day issued by General Petain on the 12th of this month must appeal to every one of you, and in case some of you in Salonica, Egypt, Mesopotamia, or in other parts may miss it, I have decided to include the Order in this letter. It is simply stirring.

"TO THE FRENCH ALLIES.

"For long months you have fought.

"History will celebrate the tenacity and proud energy displayed during those four years by our Country, which had to conquer or die. To-morrow, in order to DICTATE PEACE, you are going to carry your arms as far as the Rhine. In that land of Alsace-Lorraine, that is dear to us, you will enter as LIBERATORS.

"You will go still further, right into Germany, to occupy territories, which are the necessary pledge of just reprisals.

"France has suffered in her devastated country-side, in her ruined Villages.

"The liberated provinces have had to endure intolerable vexations and odious outrages, but you will not reply to the crimes that have been committed by acts of violence, which you might deem justified in the fullness of your resentment.

"You will remain disciplined, respectors of persons and property; after having beaten your Adversary with Arms, you will know how to impress him still further, by the dignity of your bearing, and the world will not know which to admire the more, your bearing in success or your heroism in battle.

"I recall with emotion our dead, whose sacrifice has given us the Victory. I send a greeting full of grief and affection to the Fathers and Mothers, the Widows and Orphans of France, who cease weeping for the moment in these days of National Joy to applaud the triumph of our Arms. Vive la France."

Thank God, the towns and villages of Great Britain have not had to endure the horrible destruction which has taken place in France and Belgium. We

must also be grateful that your Mothers, your Wives, your Sisters or Children have not had to pass through miseries such as the Women and Children in Belgium and France in those parts where the Hun was in possession.

On the Cross which we hope to erect at The Round in Iwerne, in memory of those who have fallen for our sakes in this World War, I hope to have the following inscription placed above the tablet, on which will be carved the names of those—both Women and Men from the two Villages—who have paid the Great Sacrifice:

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

Carry your thoughts to 2018, one hundred years hence, when probably many more people will travel on the Blandford–Shaftesbury Road than did in 1918. That Cross and those names will remind them of the four years' World War, on the result of which, by your efforts Justice, Equity and Freedom were reassured to your descendants by the magnificent courage and self-sacrifice of those whose names are on the Tablet, and of countless others from Villages and Towns in Great Britain and our Sister States beyond the Seas.

I think I told you that, in addition to paying for the maintenance of those held by the Huns and Turks as P/W, we raised nearly £120, in case more money was required. Everyone gave, the fête was an enormous success, and Mrs. Millard, of the Manor Farm, Sutton Waldron, collected a great deal of money by her Jumble Sale. One thing I have learnt, that is, if money has to be raised for anything in connection with our Sailors or Soldiers, then Mrs. Millard and Charlie Brooks cannot be beaten as collectors.

We are to have a Village Meeting to decide what to do with this money, but I rather gather the desire of those who have contributed is to give each of those who have been in the hands of the Huns or the Turks a real good welcome.

Souden and Burstow are quite proud of their Wolf Cubs, soon to be passed as Scouts. Unfortunately, we have no one in the Village who can get the Scout Band going. That will be done when we get the necessary knowledge of bugles, drums, etc., from some of you on your return.

I had a Shooting Party here on the 11th and 12th—all the guns were on leave from abroad. Fred Wareham and Edrick were among the beaters. We were just finishing a partridge drive over the Sutton Road when the Church Bells rang out and told us the great news. Then the cheers went forth from everyone, a thank-offering for the glorious Victory you have won.

The new billiard table will be ready for you at the Village Club, and we are having all the rooms thoroughly done up.

You will find us on rations when you return, but we have to keep the Allies going with food, and also our late Enemies. You won't mind a certain amount of scarcity, and it is not much.

The Church and Stable Clocks now strike at night. No need to keep all

lights darkened, and, greater than all, no fear that we shall get a telegram from the War Office saying that some relative has fallen.

RULE BRITANNIA.
GOD SAVE THE KING.

P.S.—You will be interested to hear that L/Cpl. A. W. Wareham has received the following letter from Major-General R. P. Lee:

> "I have read with great pleasure the report of your Regimental Commander and Brigade Commander regarding your gallant conduct and devotion to duty in the Field on 27th August, 1918, at Bernafay Wood."

November 26th, 1918.

I have only just sent you a letter, also the *Estate Magazine*, of November, which contains some account of Iwerne. I have had such an excellent description from one of our Iwerne boys (O.S. Victor Green of H.M.S. *Sovereign*) of the way in which the Hun Fleet came out to celebrate "Der Tag," and did so in a very peaceful manner, that I felt you would like to read it. I give you his letter exactly as he wrote it:

> "Since writing your letter we have taken over the German Ships, so I thought this short account of how things were carried out might interest you. We—the 1st Battle Squadron—received orders last night to prepare for sea and get everything ready for action by 2 a.m. this morning. At 2.30 we received a signal to 'Proceed at 4 a.m.' together with the 5th Battle Squadron, and the Battle Cruiser's Squadrons. The American and French Navies were also represented. At 8.30 a.m. we were well clear of the harbour, and all ships cleared for action, and everyone went to his action station. My place was down in the after submerged Torpedo Room, well down below the water-line. We at once prepared the tubes for firing, placed two great torpedoes in a position for loading quickly. Meanwhile all the guns and turrets were busy in the same way. Our Light cruisers and destroyers had been in touch with the German ships some time, far ahead of us. I think we first saw them at about 10.30 a.m. but wouldn't be sure of the time. All water-tight doors were screwed down above us, so that if, as in an action, the ship was hit in that compartment, only we would drown. Shortly afterwards, our Torpedo Lt. sent two men of the tubes crew on deck to have a look at the German ships. They were then steaming line ahead about 11 miles distant and hardly discernible because of a slight fog. I managed to get a look at them at 11.30 when they were closing in on us. One of our cruisers led the way for them. On one side was our Squadron, the 1st and the 2nd B.C.S. On the other side was Admiral Beatty in the *Queen Elizabeth*, the remainder of the 5th B.S. and the foreign units. The Light Forces brought up the rear. The *Bayern*, von Scheer's flagship, headed the German line, then came their Battle Cruisers, two of which helped to

bombard Scarboro' in 1914, and after them the Battleships and light forces. They looked a very imposing lot, strong and well armed, and they would have given us plenty to do in an action. It seemed too strange altogether for such a powerful Fleet to submit being surrendered without a blow being struck. At 2 p.m. the *Queen Elizabeth* increased speed and went on ahead, stopping at a point off Inchkeith, where every ship would have to pass her. The destroyer *Oak* brought the King on board, while she waited for us. The German ships passed first and I don't know whether they saluted *Queen Elizabeth* or not; some say they did: I was closed up at the time. As we passed we gave three cheers for the C. in C., who was standing on the forecastle. Shortly afterwards we all anchored just off Inchkeith in a square, completely surrounding the Huns. Search parties were at once sent to them and found that they had removed the breech-blocks from the guns, and taken the war-heads off the torpedoes, so rendering them harmless. Our men were received very quietly and there was no trouble at all. Most of the crews were young men of about 20 to 24, and seemed glad to hand over the ships. Although it is not quite how we expected to meet them, we are pleased to have them safely under our care. They are being thoroughly examined again to-morrow, and then will be taken to Scapa Flow."

Then I have other good news for you. Willie Stockley, one of our Prisoners of War lately in the unpleasant clutches of the Huns, has arrived in England at Ripon Camp. We shall all be very thankful when the other four—Fred Coffin, Maurice Clark, George Coombes, and Ernest Gray—are safely back in what you all call " Blighty."

Well, Parliament is dissolved, and Sir Randolf Baker no longer represents North Dorset; he was an excellent Member, but so many of his old friends who used to be with him in Parliament have paid the Great Sacrifice, that he felt he could not stand again. In Major Colfox (Son of Colonel Colfox, who formed the 2/1st Dorset Yeomanry and under whom I served for some time, acting as O.C. of the Armoured Car Unit) we have an excellent man, not much good as yet at speaking, but I much prefer deeds to words. He was a soldier before the War, has been badly wounded, and it will be some time before he can walk without the aid of a stick; he has also been awarded the Military Cross. I am glad he is absolutely sound on the point of good cottages, for I believe that is one of the greatest troubles in the Country. I am sure he will make a good Member for an Agricultural Constituency. Captain Hambro is standing again for his old Constituency, but, owing to bad heart trouble brought about by hard work on the East Coast (sounds strange to you, perhaps, that any of us had on the East Coast hard work, but as a matter of fact, we did) when he applied to be sent Overseas he was not passed. Then, being medically unfit, he was taken on as one of the Staff at the Air Ministry, where he did so much, and, unfortunately, he has been told by his Doctor that he is not

fit to canvass during the election; still he is so well and favourably known that he ought to get in again. Both Major Colfox and Captain Hambro are keen supporters of Mr. Lloyd George and his policy of making Great Britain a sunny home for everyone.

The Iwerne film is a great success, and I have been busy, with the help of Mrs. Ismay and Mr. Spencer, in choosing titles for the different subjects. Mrs. W. Green is shown with her children—that picture we have called "Domestic happiness: knitting socks for Father." I am sure you will all be pleased with the pictures when you see them, and I sincerely hope that time will not be long distant.

Flue is rather bad at Iwerne just now. It is not the serious kind, more like the old type. Mr. Cocks, Smith, the Under Bailiff, and Mr. Burstow, the Estate Clerk, are all down with it, so you can understand, with all the Committees I have to attend in Dorchester, Sturminster Newton, Wimborne, Blandford, etc., I am fairly busy—still we must carry on.

You will all be sorry to hear that news has just been received that Corporal Sidney Hubbard has died in France from bronchitis.

December 19th, 1918.

This letter should reach most of you just about Christmas Day, so from Iwerne and Sutton we send you the best of good wishes for Christmas and the New Year. I hope the Christmas presents from those living in the two Villages will safely reach you, and that you will find the contents useful.

Willie Stockley and Fred Coffin, both of whom were P/W in German hands, are back. We hear that Ernest Gray is on his way home from Egypt; he was a P/W in Asia Minor: and Maurice Clark is also expected soon from Germany. Fred Coffin tells me that he will probably remain on in the Army.

I shot at Bryanston on the 18th. Keeper Green is home on leave; he loaded for me. Rather different to the 6-inch guns he is with.

The Royal Show is to be held at Cardiff next year, and Goddard is already busy preparing. I hope to do well with both Sheep and Pigs. It seems strange to write about Shows.

Mrs. Ismay had a Jumble Sale on the 18th in aid of the Village Nursing Fund, and realised nearly £30, which was quite good. A Village Nurse is an excellent Institution, and has probably saved Iwerne from a really severe attack of this horrible Influenza.

The Iwerne Film has now arrived, and when you see it on the Cinema I am sure you will be pleased with the pictures. I have had to add the Editorials, and they are rather in the same style as I write my letters to you. Somewhat crisp, and perhaps to the point. At the End I have written, " Pull together, Iwerne, and we shall come out on top." I am keen to have a good Football Club here, when you all return, and once more to win the League.

I also want a first-class Cricket Club, so as to beat all the other Villages. We must also continue to be at the top as regards rifle shooting. Anyhow, one thing we must be good at—billiards, for in the Village Club there is now a full-sized billiard table by Burroughes and Watts, and Mrs. Ismay is giving a Victory Cup, to be competed for on lines arranged by the Billiard Committee of the Club.

Charlie Brooks has decided to become the hair cutter and barber of Iwerne and all the surrounding Villages. I thought it was advisable that he should first try on people not living in Iwerne, so wrote to the Hairdressers where I usually go to in London, suggesting he should be taken on by them so as to learn the trade. Messrs. Hill and Son, of Bond Street, replied that they would be pleased to take him, but they have their customers to think of, and said they would find another shop where he could start, then, after some experience, he could go to them, and when he was a perfect barber and hair cutter he could open at Iwerne. On the whole I think Hills are right. It is better that he should learn on other people first, then become an A 1 Barber at Hills', and finally bring his knowledge to Iwerne without any discomfort to us. I am sure he will be a success, and if he sells cigarettes, etc., he should make a decent living.

I had a very nice letter from R. T. Alderman of the Canadian Army, thanking the people of Iwerne and Sutton for all the presents they had sent him during the War, and for my three-weekly letters. He ended up by writing, " My sincerest wish is that the lesson learnt by us all will enable us to reap the full fruits of victory in a way which will mean better conditions for us in every way." This War will not have been fought for a useless purpose if this England of ours can be made a better and a happier land for all.

IWERNE MINSTER.
January 22nd, 1919.

We wish to thank the Committee of the Prisoners of War Fund, and every parishioner of Iwerne Minster and Sutton Waldron who so generously worked and subscribed for the above-mentioned fund. We also wish a special word of thanks to be conveyed to James Ismay, Esq. (Chairman) and Mr. A. J. Burstow (Hon. Sec.) for their strenuous labours on our behalf during our time of captivity. We fully realise that in such times as you have all experienced it must have been a great effort. We regret that one of our number has not yet returned, and sincerely hope that his recovery and homecoming may be soon. Thanking one and all for your kindness in our time of need,

We remain,
Yours truly,
M. F. CLARK.
W. STOCKLEY.
E. A. GRAY.
F. J. COFFIN.