

I remember—  
I remember



by  
*Ms. Montgomery*

Mother of Field Marshal Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, K.C.B., D.S.O.

I remember—

I remember

*by*

M. MONTGOMERY

Mother of Field Marshal  
Sir Bernard Law Montgomery,  
K.C.B., D.S.O.



*Printed and Published by  
W. & G. Baird, Ltd.  
Belfast*

## FOREWORD

THE first place I met Mady Montgomery was in the special train from London to Canterbury for the Bishops attending the Lambeth Conference of 1920. Her husband, Bishop Montgomery, was one of the honorary secretaries of the Conference, and Mrs. (as she then was) Montgomery, with her usual unwearied benevolence, was looking after the comfort and the interests of the Bishops' wives and chaplains. I have come to know her very well since then, for when her husband retired from the secretaryship of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in which he rendered eminent service, he and she came back to live at his ancestral home, New Park, Moville, a beautiful spot in County Donegal, overlooking Lough Foyle, situated about twenty miles from Londonderry. There she still lives, and both in her husband's lifetime, and since, has been actively engaged in all good works. In these latter war years she has shown an energy and a tirelessness which would have been striking in anyone, but are marvellous in her case. As the mother of Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery she has been in great demand for all sorts of gatherings, and she has never spared herself for a single moment, travelling all over Northern Ireland and across to England, welcomed everywhere she goes, raising large sums of money for the benefit of the troops.

Lady Montgomery has had many interesting experiences and has met many interesting people in her long and varied life. She has now written this book of her reminiscences, and I am sure it will repay everyone who reads it ; I hope they will be many.

J. IRVINE DERRY.

FOREWORD

The first place I can remember was in the nursery at The Park. I was born there in the year 1840. I was the fourth child of a family of ten children. As I write these words, four of us are living. I was told afterwards that when I was taken to be christened my parents wished me to be called "Muriel." But my godmother, Mrs. Holt, declared at the font that Muriel was a heathenish name, so it was changed to Maud. My other godmother was Jean Ingelow, the author, and my godfather was Mr. Tushington. My earliest recollection is in connection with Mrs. Holt. I was brought down from the nursery when I was about three and taken into the study where Mrs. Holt presented me with a tiny chair, which I still possess. She was a very awe-inspiring lady with long full black skirts and a large black bonnet, and she figure largely in my child life. My next recollection is moving across the road to another house called "The Park." This was a very large, beautiful house. I remember a lady once coming to call and exclaiming as she entered the hall—"Why, they live in a palace!" And I still recall our first meal in the nursery at The Park, and the fact that the plates did not match. The nursery window looked on to the road, and we used to stand there in the

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD

I DO remember the house where I was born, though I don't remember being born in it. It was at Harrow on the Hill where my father, the Rev. F. W. Farrar, was assistant master at the school. I was the fourth child out of a family of ten children. As I write these words, four of us are living. I was told afterwards that when I was taken to be christened my parents wished me to be called "Muriel." But my godmother, Mrs. Holt, declared at the font that Muriel was a heathenish name, so it was changed to Maud. My other godmother was Jean Ingelow, the author, and my godfather was Mr. Tushington. My earliest recollection is in connection with Mrs. Holt. I was brought down from the nursery when I was about three and taken into the study where Mrs. Holt presented me with a tiny chair, which I still possess. She was a very awe-inspiring lady with long full black skirts and a large black bonnet, and she figure largely in my child life. My next recollection is moving across the road to another house called "The Park." This was a very large, beautiful house. I remember a lady once coming to call and exclaiming as she entered the hall—"Why, they live in a palace!" And I still recall our first meal in the nursery at The Park, and the fact that the plates did not match. The nursery window looked on to the road, and we used to stand there in the

mornings and watch the boys going to school ; our joy was great when we were able to call out " Hurrah ! there goes the Duke of Genoa." I often wonder if the Duke is still alive.

Our nursery at The Park was over the classroom where my father taught the boys. Sometimes a very shy boy knocked at the door with the words : " The Master says would we please make less noise." Below the house was a beautiful garden with a large lake. Once when we were playing there my brother Eric, next to me in age, fell into the lake and was hauled out dripping wet. I remember wringing my hands and saying : " Eric *never* will forget what it is to be so wet." For we had been brought up on " Struwel Peter," which we knew by heart.

Years after, when I was twelve years old, I remember skating on the lake with my future husband, the Rev. H. H. Montgomery. Some one came up to him afterwards and asked him who was the girl with the bright eyes with whom he had been skating.

Family prayers were held in the hall at The Park. I can point you now to the corner where I used to sit and listen to the familiar words of the prayers, which I knew by heart without understanding them. On the right of the hall was the drawing-room, and opening out of it, by folding doors, the dining-room. The windows opened on to the garden, and opposite them was a green bank, down which we loved to roll.

I remember vividly one scene in the drawing-room one Christmas Day. We had come back from church, and there in the drawing-room was a cradle, and in it, as we thought, a real live baby. I don't know if our mother was in the secret, but she pretended to be as much surprised as we were,

and said she did not know what she should do with another baby. And then it turned out to be a doll, life size, dressed in the most beautiful baby clothes and with all that a real baby could want. I still have that baby's robe, and my own babies have worn it. Afterwards we found out the donor was Mrs. Leaf, that kind friend who was so much connected with our childhood.

Another Christmas Day brings back to my mind a scene in the dining-room. We had hung up our stockings the night before as usual, and we came down to breakfast in great excitement to tell our mother that there were no presents in our stockings, only an orange and a sixpence, and a letter from Father Christmas, telling us that we were too old now to hang up our stockings any longer. Children nowadays are more sceptical, but we believed firmly in those letters and kept them for years.

I remember, too, a children's party when we all had tea in the dining-room. I can see now the place where I sat near the window, and thought myself so grand because I was asked if I would have tea or coffee. After tea I can see myself sitting on a lady's knee in the hall while the other children played games, and being too shy to play with them.

At the end of the hall was a swing door, and beyond this a room called the " schoolroom," where my mother taught us lessons, and where we elder ones played. One scene in the schoolroom comes vividly before me. I had been naughty, I suppose, and was just about to be punished by my mother when a diversion was caused by the entrance of the butcher who had come to be interviewed by my mother. The old butcher's charges, I gathered, were too dear, and my mother wished to try this new one. She asked him his prices, and

I remember her exact words when she said—"and leg of mutton?" "Eightpence" said the butcher and my mother said with a sigh—"a halfpenny less." It must have been my report of this conversation which led to my being teased in the nursery, because I declared you could buy a leg of mutton for eightpence. Whether or not I got my chastisement after the butcher had left, I do not remember!

I do not remember much about my lessons. I think I did them with my sister Hilda. My mother kept three little books, gold, silver and black, in which our names were written—"very good," "rather good," "bad." But we could all read when we were four years old. There was a sloping board in the schoolroom on which we had to lie. In the afternoons when we had no lessons we had great fun sliding up and down this board. My eldest sister, Evelyn, had an inventive genius and used to make up the most wonderful games. One was called "sacks of coal." Taking us one by one on her back, she used to shunt us down the board into the coal hole.

Upstairs, I have some dim recollections of the nursery, but the figure of my nurse, Hannah, stands out very clear. I call her "my nurse," for she came when I was the baby and I was always supposed to be her favourite. My sisters will tell you that I was a very cross child with a perpetual cold. I was always saying "Dirty dose Hannah," and calling myself "Biserable Baud." But what a delightful nurse Hannah was to us. When I first remember her she was the under nurse. I can't quite recall the head nurse except that she had beer every morning at eleven, and used to put a red hot poker into the jug before drinking it, which impressed us very much, and I remember a

mouse hunt in the nursery one morning and both nurse and Hannah standing on chairs and declaring the mouse had run up their skirts. Every evening after tea Hannah played games with us and taught us songs to sing with them.

Every Sunday when Hannah appeared in a clean cotton gown the same formula was gone through. We danced round her and sang—"Hannah, I hardly know you in your new gown," and she replied "I don't suppose you do, sir," etc.

And now, as I write of the nursery, more scenes come back to me. My sisters and I were sitting on the floor one afternoon sewing under Hannah's guidance. My mother came in and we showed her our work. I thought she was going to praise me, when she turned to the back and said I had made little stitches in front and big stitches behind. There was a big cupboard in the nursery where we were put when naughty. I don't remember ever being shut up there, but my brother Reggie was. He was the eldest of the family and I suppose he was hardly in the nursery, but he had tea with us and used to prepare his school lessons there after tea. When we made a noise and disturbed him he used to get angry and say "Shut up." Then we used to go and pretend to shut all the doors and windows. When I say "we," I mean my two elder sisters and myself, for we were always together. Then if we were still in a teasing mood we would begin to sing, and there were two songs that Evelyn used to sing to tease Reggie, though why they teased him I don't know. One was "Ring on, St. Angelus" and the other "Many a youth and many a maid."

I remember another nursery scene. Soon after we moved to The Park my brother Cyril was born. My mother was sitting on a low chair in



the nursery with the baby in her arms, and I can see myself standing at her knee saying pleadingly—"He may be my baby, mayn't he? It is my turn to have a baby." This was because Evelyn had adopted Eric as her child; Hilda had Sibyl, and I was in fear lest I should be thought too young to "have a baby." Ever after that until his early death in China, Cyril was my special charge and my favourite brother.

I can't remember the night nursery, but I recall the attic where my sister Hilda and I slept. We undressed in a room downstairs and there was always a scramble between us as to who should get in first and put our clothes on the end of a bench nearest the door. The reason for this was obvious. When the signal came in the morning for us to go and be bathed, there was another race to see who could get downstairs first. The one who had her clothes nearest the door could sweep them off the end of the bench as she ran. One curious custom Hilda and I had—when we were put to bed for our morning sleep we used to get up directly Hannah had left the room, go to the washstand, and drink quantities of soapy water!

Many years after, when I was married, I went to see dear old Hannah, who was living in retirement at Harrow. She showed me a quilt, composed of little squares taken from all the dresses we used to wear as children. I recognised many of the old-fashioned prints and calicoes.

We were brought up very hardily, with cold water baths even in winter. I remember one morning we lifted a hoop of ice out of the bath which had been filled the night before, and I remember, too, my joy when one morning my mother called me in to her room and let me have a hot bath in her bath.

## CHAPTER II.

## MY GODMOTHER

NO account of my childhood would be complete which did not mention my godmother, Mrs. Holt. She lived in a large house just on the outskirts of Harrow, and I and my sisters were often sent to stay with her for weeks at a time. The pleasure of these visits was largely mingled with awe, for we had to be so very, very good and quiet, but I think the pleasure preponderated.

Though I was barely six years old at the time of our first visit to Mrs. Holt, many things stand out vividly in my memory. The square hall tiled with black and white marble, the little bookroom opening to the left of the hall where we were allowed to read certain books. Here in this little room a tragic scene was once enacted. We had been left to play alone there in the dusk. Evelyn who, with her fertile imagination, always led our games, was the proud possessor of a shilling. She began to conjure with this, pretending to bring up shillings out of her mouth. Not to be outdone, I began doing the same with a penny when, in a second, the penny slipped down and stuck in my throat! I can see myself now and live over again my childish agony as I turned away from the table in the dark and tried to get the penny up. My sisters, struck with my sudden silence, questioned me hurriedly. "I've swallowed the penny," I managed to say. Then I remember their cries and tears, the hurried rush to another room where our father was writing, and the intense relief when after

sundry shakings and pittings, the penny came to light again. I was given warm milk to drink, and we were forbidden to play that game again.

To the right of the hall was the library where we used to sit in the evenings and play dominoes with Mrs. Holt and work our samplers. In this room was a picture of a very beautiful lady. But we used to look at it with mingled feelings, for the lady in the portrait had her finger touching her nose, and we thought it looked suspiciously as if she were "picking her nose"—a habit strictly forbidden.

The dining-room, I remember well, with its gloomy family portraits, and how well, too, I remember the teas when our kind hostess took pleasure in providing us with the dainties she knew we liked. I have never since tasted such strawberries and cream, the strawberries floating in a sea of rich yellow cream. Then the country butter, made up by the kind old cook into swans swimming in the water. Plum loaves we had, too, such as I have never been able to procure since from any baker. And when oranges were in season we were taught to eat them in a very special and genteel manner. Cutting off the top peel, we also cut out a piece of the inside, and took the juice out of the hole with a spoon. If we made the least noise over this performance we were immediately told that "there is a little pig in the room."

We were staying at Oxford House one winter when there was heavy snow. A travelling Zoo had come to Harrow and we were told that a large polar bear had escaped. You can imagine how thrilled we were one morning when we looked out of the window and saw in the deep snow under a large cedar tree the "form" of the bear, which had evidently spent the night there.







Aged 14

In a sunny room in a corner of the house lived dear old Dosseter, a faithful servant who had been with Mrs. Holt since she was a girl. She had injured her back by a fall downstairs and Mrs. Holt had kept her and cared for her ever since. How we loved to climb the stairs and visit Dosseter, and listen to her funny stories and still funnier nonsense rhymes. And many lessons of patience and resignation we may have learned from the unfailing cheerfulness of the suffering old lady.

Our frequent companions, both at The Park and at Mrs. Holt's, were Lucy and Nelly Arnold, the daughters of Matthew Arnold, the poet. Though they were older than we were, I think they equally enjoyed the games of dolls we had together, in which they always played the leading parts. The last visit we paid to Mrs. Holt when I was six years old was when we were moving from Harrow to Marlborough. My father, who had been an assistant master at Marlborough College before he went to Harrow, was now returning there as headmaster. We were sent to Mrs. Holt to be out of the way, I suppose, during the move. How long we were there I don't know, but the old lady had evidently determined to do her duty by us, and to counteract the spoiling of home life. We were constantly told to behave "like little ladies." We were made to hold ourselves very upright and, at an unfortunate moment, it occurred to my godmother to superintend our education. Then it was that she suddenly discovered that none of us knew how to write the letter "S."

From that moment began a life of torture for us. Every morning after breakfast we were sat down at a table in the big drawing-room upstairs, with our copybooks and quill pens, and made to write line after line of "S's" for two or three

hours at a time, until we had satisfied the exacting old lady. How well I can recall the three little girls, sitting with flushed faces, dishevelled hair and inky fingers, and oh, how our backs did ache as we strove in vain to give the right twist to the crooked letter. Often it was lunch time before we were released, and Mrs. Holt would say "I expect you like your dinner better than 'S's.'" It never occurred to us to complain or rebel, and it was not till long after that we told our mother how we had been treated.

### CHAPTER III.

## MARLBOROUGH DAYS

I MUST have been six years old when we moved from Harrow to Marlborough, where my father was headmaster for six years. The lodge was a beautiful house with a large garden. There was a side porch from which led our school-room, with bedrooms overhead. Nursery days were over for me and my elder sisters, and I remember my mother telling us that a governess called Miss Fox was coming to live with us. From now dated a custom of dividing the family into "big ones" and "little ones." Our mother would come into the schoolroom and say "Where are the little ones?" The "big ones" ended with my brother Eric. Below him were the five "little ones."

We all had breakfast with our parents in the large dining-room. When my father came in we all went up to him and kissed him good morning, and he used to say it was one of the "Labours of Hercules" to be kissed by his ten children. Then we had prayers in the dining-room. For breakfast we children had porridge one morning, bread and milk the next, and we used to come down and say "Hurrah, porridge this morning," and the next day—"Hurrah, bread and milk this morning." Meat for children was unknown except on Sundays, when we had a sausage. Oh, that Sunday sausage! We looked forward to it the whole week, and when at length it was placed before us, we cut it in half, lengthways, and then

across, and made it last as long as possible. Toast, too, was a luxury unknown to children. I remember Evelyn timidly putting out her hand once to a piece of toast and my father saying—"No, no, my dear, leave that for your elders." Butter and marmalade together, or butter and jam was strictly forbidden!

I remember Archbishop Davidson once reproaching me playfully when I was having breakfast at Lambeth Palace for eating marmalade and butter together, and telling me that he had always kept to the restrictions of his childhood. It must have been soon after we came to Marlborough that we "big ones" were allowed to come down to dessert after late dinner. I was very fond of preserved cherries; my father, who was fond of teasing me, knew this, and would call out directly I got into the room "Maud, will you have a cherry?" when probably there were no cherries!

To return to our new governess, Miss Fox. She lived with us all the years we were at Marlborough. She was very strict and we were in great awe of her, but she certainly taught us well. When we were naughty we were punished by being made to sit on a chair opposite the clock and look at it steadily for half an hour. At the piano our knuckles were rapped unmercifully if we played false notes. We went long walks every afternoon over the Downs, and into the New Forest, and Miss Fox taught us to love wild flowers and to know their names, also the notes of the wild birds. As I write, a memory of my childish days comes before me vividly. We were walking on the Downs. I was a little behind the others and suddenly it came over me in a flash that I had forgotten to say my prayers that morning. That in our eyes was a heinous offence. I remember

standing with clenched hands in an agony of remorse and terror, but I never told anyone about it.

Our life at Marlborough was much influenced by the school. My mother visited the "sick house" regularly and was much loved by the boys, and sometimes my father would bring a convalescent boy into the schoolroom to have tea with us. In this way we got to know intimately the sons of Millet and Burne Jones and Norris, who afterwards went to China, and years later sent me from there a little piece of Chinese jade which I still possess. The masters, too, were all very kind to us. One of them, Mr. Storrs, used to tell us the most wonderful stories. Years later we recognised one of them in "Undine." Then there was dear old Dr. Ferguson, who attended us when we were ill, and Mr. Sellick, the mathematical master, who came once a week to teach us sums.

The country round Marlborough is most beautiful. We had frequent picnics to the New Forest and to Martinsel, a high hill some miles off. My father delighted in these picnics and always brought several boys to them, and after tea he would make us play games and dance the "Swedish Dance" and "Sir Roger de Coverley."

Sundays were very happy days at Marlborough. I have mentioned the Sunday sausage. Then, too, it *never* rained on Sundays and we used to go into the garden and pick a buttonhole for our father. We loved the Chapel services, and had many favourite hymns in the beautiful Marlborough College Hymn Book. And every Sunday evening our mother read aloud to us. Our favourite poems were "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" and "Enoch Arden." The latter we knew almost by heart.

Another favourite book was "Tom Brown's School Days," and you can imagine how thrilled we were when Mr. Tom Hughes, the author, came to stay at the lodge. He gave me and each of my sisters one of his books—mine was "The Scouring of the White Horse," since lost, I fear. Mr. Hughes was one of many interesting visitors who came to the lodge; the artist, Mr. Burne Jones, and his wife, Matthew Arnold, the poet, and many others. I think my sisters and I were rather smart for our age. Anyway, the visitors took a good deal of notice of us. We delighted in asking riddles and in talking about our story books. Our favourite book was "Alice in Wonderland." We knew this almost by heart, and one of our amusements was to quote a sentence from any part of the book and go on with it.

Our most cherished recollection was a children's party at which Lewis Carroll was present. I remember distinctly sitting opposite to him while he told us a story, but all I remember of the story was that it was about a mouth without a face. We were very fond of Matthew Arnold's poems, and knew many of them by heart. I remember one afternoon, when we were sitting with him in the garden at the lodge, I criticised the last line in his poem "St. Brandon" and declared it did not sound right. It was very cheeky of me, but you can imagine our joy when in the next edition of the poem that line was altered.

Later on I remember a dinner party at 17 Dean's Yard, when Tennyson, Browning and Matthew Arnold were all present. We girls came into the drawing-room after dinner. I can remember Tennyson pulling Hilda on to his knee and asking her if she was "a good little girl." Then he read some of his poetry aloud—"Come

into the garden, Maud" and "The Revenge." I can hear his deep voice now—"At Flores in the Azores." We asked my mother the next day what he talked about at dinner, and she said "Bugs!" I recall, too, a visit from Gladstone. Our father told us next day that after dinner Gladstone stood with his back to the fireplace, waved his hand and said "All you people have come here to admire me."

My father and mother once stayed with the Tennysons in the Isle of Wight. My mother and Mrs. Tennyson became great friends, but my mother was shy about kissing her when they parted. Tennyson saw this and said in his deep voice "Well, why don't you kiss each other" so they did.

Our summer holidays for many years were spent at Swanage. Tillywhim Caves, Ballard's Head and Studlands were all favourite spots. My father spent every morning writing his books. There was only one sitting-room, but he was able to work with the children playing in the room. Every afternoon he took us for long walks, when he carried his hat in his hand and rejoiced in the sea breezes. Many sayings of his come back to me. One was "Les choses s'arrangent." Another, "Leave a margin in your lives." The long train journey to Swanage was always looked forward to by us. We had reserved a carriage and carried food with us. I was much puzzled on these journeys by the word "Shunt." Was it a place? What did it mean? My father, with his love of teasing me would put his head out of the window of the next carriage and call out "Tell Maud we're going to shunt." Where *was* shunt?

## CHAPTER IV.

### GIRLHOOD AND EARLY MARRIED LIFE

I WAS twelve years old when my father became rector of St. Margaret's. He had only been a few days there and had not appointed any curates, when my future husband, the Rev. H. H. Montgomery, walked up to him and said, "I am coming to be your curate." He had just left his first curacy at Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, and was determined to work under my father. The other curate was Mr. Russell.

The curates soon realised that my father was too great a man to understand small parochial affairs. They begged him to leave the parish to them and devote himself to his writing. The curates, with my mother, ran the parish, and Mr. Montgomery had long talks with my mother every day in her boudoir. But my father much enjoyed the large party which he gave every year for all the parishioners, which he called "The Herrings."

It was while he was at St. Margaret's that my father started his temperance work, which made him so famous. He was appalled at the drinking in the parish. There were many bad streets; one of the worst was Pie Street, where all the thieves lived. It is now known as "Dean Farrar Street." One day the thieves in Pie Street determined to have a dinner. They sent one of their number, dressed as a butcher, round to all

the houses to say "The wrong joint has been left by mistake, would you please return it?" In this way they got their dinner! My father had always enjoyed his glass of beer, which he drank out of my christening cup, a beautiful silver mug from Germany, but he now gave it up. The curates took to coming to schoolroom tea with us, and that was how romance started. Three of us married my father's curates. When my youngest sister came of age we said to her "For goodness sake son't marry the curate." But she did! My father was then Dean of Canterbury, and she was known as "The Canterbury Belle."

I was only fourteen years old when I became engaged, and I was married before I was seventeen. Dean Stanley was then Dean of Westminster. He invited my future husband to go for a walk with him one day and took a very great fancy to him. When Dean Stanley's birthday came, my sisters and I went to wish him "Many Happy Returns of the Day." He was much pleased, and wrote the following poem—

May Evelyn and Maud and Hilda  
Be blessed from London to St. Kilda,  
May Hilda, Evelyn and Maud  
By cat or dog be never clawed.  
May Hilda, Maud and Evelyn,  
The hearts of all their neighbours win,  
As by their greetings all and one  
Their Dean's heart they this day have won.

My husband became his secretary. Dean Stanley was very much interested in our engagement and said that no Henry and Maud had ever been married in the Abbey since the days of King Henry and Queen Maud, and he told my husband he was to drop his second name of Hutchinson.



The Dean gave my husband a little case containing a whistle and bells, which was one of his christening presents. The Dean promised to marry us in Henry VIIth Chapel where I had been confirmed, and where later two of our daughters were baptised, but a few days before our wedding he fell very ill and passed away before he could give us his blessing, which he wished to do. We were married by Archbishop Tait, and after the ceremony we went and knelt at the Dean's tomb and I laid my bouquet there. Our wedding was to have been a large one, and I was to have seven bridesmaids. In the end it was very quiet, with no bridesmaids.

I was told to keep our engagement secret and not even to tell my sisters at first. I distinctly recall walking in the college gardens with my sister Hilda. I told her Mr. Montgomery was engaged and asked her to guess to whom. When she failed I remember standing still and saying in a dramatic tone—"Hilda, congratulate me—he's engaged to me."

I was only 14 when I was engaged and I went on with my lessons till a few days before I was married, interrupted only by shopping with my mother for the trousseau. Owing to my youth I was not allowed to wear an engagement ring at first, but Mr. Montgomery gave me a gold bangle, afterwards converted into a ring, which I still wear.

I have often wondered since what made my dear husband fall in love with me. I was a pretty girl and had had one or two embryo love affairs, but I was not clever and was a great tomboy. I remember when our married life began. Some visitors at St. Mark's vicarage were scandalised to see their vicar's wife come pelting down the stairs, followed by her brothers. Before we were

engaged, my sisters and I used always to go down to the hall and see Mr. Montgomery off, as he often came in the evening to see my father.

One night when he left, Mr. Montgomery kissed me on the top of my head. My mother always came into our bedrooms the last thing at night. I lay awake that evening, and told her that Mr. Montgomery had kissed me (for we told our mother everything). She told me it didn't mean anything, but the next day she had a talk with Mr. Montgomery, and then I was told that he was to be allowed to come and see me twice a week. The curates, too, always came to supper on Sunday evenings, and Mr. Montgomery used to sit on the sofa between me and my sister Hilda. I remember one evening, before they left, my father put his arm round my waist and found Mr. Montgomery's arm there, too!

I was married in a white satin dress and a veil that had been worn by my mother at her wedding. Owing to Dean Stanley's death our wedding was a very quiet one. I can now remember walking through the cloisters and the nave of Westminster Abbey on my father's arm. I forget what my going-away dress was. It was the custom in those days for the bride to come down the stairs and throw her wedding bouquet to be caught by one of the bridesmaids. The one who caught it would be first married.

Dresses in those days fastened down the back. I remember on our honeymoon the worry my husband had in fastening my frocks. We went first to Cambridge and stayed at the "Bull." On our wedding night we knelt and said our prayers together, a custom we kept up all through our married life. From Cambridge we went to York, and I saw the beautiful York Minster for the first

time. Then to Edinburgh, where we learnt the habit of eating our porridge standing. This habit we kept up, and found it most useful at our large summer house parties at New Park, when the guests walked about eating their porridge and admiring the family portraits.

From Edinburgh we went across to New Park. My father-in-law was Sir Robert Montgomery. He was Governor of the Punjaub, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for disarming the troops at Meerut and so saving the Punjaub. His grandfather was a wine merchant in Derry, and when the cellars of the merchants were searched for illicit spirits his was exempt, because he was "above suspicion."

Sir Robert was a charming old gentleman, but I was terribly in awe of my mother-in-law, Lady Montgomery. She said afterwards she could do nothing with me I was so proud and stiff, but in reality I was consumed with shyness for I had never really "come out." But we became great friends afterwards, and I nursed her through her last illness.

We arrived at New Park from Scotland early one morning and were met at the boat by the carriage. The butler met us at the door and took us up to our bedroom where we had porridge and cream. All the guests had porridge in their bedrooms, as breakfast was not till 9.30. Sir Robert bought several little jugs and these were filled with milk overnight so as to get the cream in the morning. After breakfast I was taken to St. Columb's to see Aunts Mary and Charlotte, Sir Robert's sisters. I had been primed beforehand what to say, so after the introductions I went to the window and said "Oh! what a beautiful view," and Mary said to Charlotte—"See, she

admires our view," so then I knew I had said the right thing.

My husband was Vicar of St. Mark's, Kennington, when we married, and the vicarage overlooked the Oval. To be frank, I must say I was not very happy at first in our married life. My husband loved me devotedly. I was his first and only love and he had never kissed a girl till he kissed me, but he took our love too much for granted. I was young and foolish and I wanted to be told that I was loved. Also, I came from a very large family, and I was often very lonely. My husband was out every evening, and I can remember sitting in the drawing-room and crying bitterly because I had nothing to do and felt so lonely. But all that was changed when our first child was born. She was christened Sibyl Frances in Henry VII's Chapel, but the nurse from the beginning called her "Queenie" and the name stuck to her. Harold, Donald, Bernard and Una were also born at Kennington, and we also had charge of three small boys, Rivaz by name, cousins of my husband, whose parents were in India. So I soon had my hands full, with the children and with parish work.

## CHAPTER V.

### TASMANIA

ONE morning we got a pleasant surprise. About 9 o'clock the bell rang. I opened the door and saw my father. He went up to my husband and said—"The Archbishop of Canterbury has sent me to ask if you will be Bishop of Tasmania." We did not even know where Tasmania was and had to look it up on the map. My husband had always held that a clergyman should go where he was sent, so he accepted. Before we started, our fifth child was born, and was christened "Una" (the first Bishop's child to be born at Kennington). Her godmothers were Miss Sargeant and Miss Fletcher, and she was christened in Henry VII's Chapel. These same friends gave us a beautiful set of old oak furniture, which we took to Tasmania, brought back to Chiswick, and it is now at New Park.

Our journey to Tasmania in 1889 took six weeks by sailing boat—the "Tainui." I used to give the children lessons in the saloon. Years afterwards my husband went to Canada in the same ship bearing another name and recognised the saloon. How well I remember our arrival in the beautiful harbour of Hobart. Several clergy came on board to meet us and I can now see my husband greeting them. Bishopscourt was being enlarged, so we lived for some weeks in a house nearby. There our eldest child, Sibyl Frances, always called "Queenie," fell ill and died. As my husband said—"like Abraham we

entered into our new possession by a grave." We had four children left—Harold, Donald, Bernard (the Field-Marshal) and Una. Bernard was three years old, Una a baby in arms. After seven years, Winsome and Desmond were born, five years later Colin, and then Brian, the youngest, who was born at Chiswick.

We spent twelve of the happiest years of our life in Tasmania, and made many friends. Everyone was most kind and hospitable. We were introduced to "Billy" teas and picnics. The boys learned to bathe and swim, and their father taught them cricket. We built a schoolroom for them outside the house and had a tutor. The children had tea in the schoolroom. Tea, bread and butter were provided and they were given a shilling in turn to buy extras. One boy spent all his on biscuits, which went mouldy. Another canny girl bought a tin of salmon and got the cook to make fish cakes. Harold caused much amusement by telling us he had spent his shilling on "reduced eggs."

My husband was called to Melanesia for a year to take the place of Bishop Selwyn who had died. He had wonderful experiences there, and I date from that visit his missionary tendencies. Though he never actually converted the heathen, he became one of the greatest of missionaries. He brought back from Melanesia many native weapons, including a sheaf of poisoned arrows, which all adorn the walls of New Park. His visit included Fiji and Honolulu. One day in Fiji the native cannibal chief, King Thakembau, walked behind him carrying a huge club which he afterwards presented to my husband, and which hung for some time in the hall at New Park. My husband, writing once to the Bishop of Fiji,

mentioned this club, and the Bishop, who was then in England, expressed a wish to have it, but I said "If you want the club you must come and fetch it." So the Bishop of Fiji came to Merville, held a drawing-room meeting at New Park and took away the club. Many years after, when I made a trip round the world, I visited Fiji and saw the club.

Not long after we went to Tasmania the banks broke. My husband voluntarily gave up some of his income, and gloried in the fact that "his wife was the worst dressed woman in Hobart." The clergy always travelled first class, thinking it "infra dig." to go third, but my husband, until he was given a free pass by the railways, always travelled third class, and many of the clergy were glad to follow his example.

I remember well dining at Government House soon after our arrival, and my awe of the Governor's wife, who greeted me with two fingers. That night, too, we had our first view of the Southern Cross.

Gorse and rabbits were introduced into Tasmania as a blessing, but they became a veritable curse. The gorse in the Bush grew so thick you could walk on it, and the rabbits multiplied to a great extent. People first would not eat them, but we did, and afterwards many enjoyed them, too. Living was very cheap. We often had a large fish for dinner called a Barracoota, which cost sixpence. My husband used to visit the Tasmanian half-castes in the Bass Straits, and also went to all the dioceses in Australia. Every parish in his diocese was visited by him yearly, and he was away from home more than half the year.

We had many interesting visitors while we lived in Hobart. The bishops from Australia

used to come over to us in the summer to avoid the great heat. Another visitor was the author of "Robbery Under Arms," Rolf Bolderwood. I used to drive a little carriage with two ponies "tandem"—rather "infra dig." for a bishop's wife! Rolf Bolderwood was most anxious to come with me, and I can remember now our driving past the club in Hobart, and all the members coming out to see the great man pass. When we got into the country Rolf Bolderwood was very anxious to take the reins, but "tandem" driving is not easy and he soon had the leader in the ditch. Rolf Bolderwood was a magistrate, and he told me the story of a boy who was brought up before him for sticking up the mail coach. He was convicted, and when asked what he had to say for himself he replied that he had been reading "Robbery Under Arms."



## CHAPTER VI.

### LIFE AT CHISWICK

ONE day we heard that the secretaryship of the S.P.G. was vacant. My husband was a true missionary at heart and had spent several months in Melanesia after the death of Bishop Selwyn. He wrote to those who had the appointment, telling them the kind of man who should be secretary, and urging the great importance of the post. The archbishops and bishops consulted together and said—Bishop Montgomery is the man for us. I still have the wire they sent, signed by both archbishops and seven bishops, offering my husband the post of secretary to the S.P.G., but we were so happy in Tasmania that we hated the idea of leaving. Many wires passed. At last my husband wired "Is it Episcopal?" The reply came—"World-wide supervision surely Episcopal." So, with heavy hearts we had to pack up and leave our beloved home. Many kind friends helped us to pack and we were able to take all our old oak furniture with us and many other treasures.

I remember our landing in England at Plymouth on a Sunday. My husband went to the refreshment room to get tea for us. The waitress said severely that no refreshments were served on Sundays, except to bona fide travellers. The Bishop replied humbly "Madam, we have travelled 40,000 miles."

Colin was a baby in arms when we left Hobart. I never had a nurse, and no one has ever washed

and dressed my babies but myself. All our friends in Hobart took turns in looking after Colin and "mothering" him while I was busy getting ready to leave. For years after, the children always talked of Tasmania as "home." If I refused Colin anything he used to say—"You always let me do that in Hobart." We took a house at Grove Park, Chiswick, which we called Bishopsbourne.

Not long after we came home, my dear father, who was then Dean of Canterbury, died, and was buried there. My mother came to live near us at Chiswick, and I nursed her through her last illness. She was buried at Canterbury next my father.

I have often thought how hard it must have been for the bishop, who had always taken the chair at meetings, to sit at the side of the table and read the minutes. In Tasmania my husband was "the Bishop"; I was the "Bishop's wife," but he transformed the S.P.G. and made it the greatest missionary society in the world. Besides visiting every Diocese in England he went abroad to China, Japan, Korea, India, Canada, America. The only diocese he did not visit was South Africa.

It was a great change, too, for his family to leave their beautiful home in Hobart, Bishops-court, and live in a suburban villa, but one compensation was our summer holiday of eight weeks, which we spent at our Irish home at Moville. Sir Robert died soon after we came home and the property became my husband's.

My husband was secretary of the S.P.G. for nearly nineteen years. After he had resigned, when there was a vacancy at S.P.G. House, he went back as secretary for a year, a thing almost unprecedented, and you can imagine the welcome he got from the staff.



??  
No R.H.F.  
in house  
David

Soon after we came to Chiswick my husband called the three eldest boys into his study and told them it was time for them to choose their professions in life, but whatever they choose, Army, Navy, Air Force or civil life, he hoped they would all "serve the Empire," and they have all done so. Harold, the eldest, went to South Africa to the Boer war. When he arrived it was over, so he joined the native police. From there he went to British East Africa to Kenya as District Commissioner. He rose to the post of Chief Native Commissioner, received the C.M.G., was director of man power and woman power, and knows the natives as no other man.

Donald and Bernard went to school at St. Paul's, Kensington, where Donald won a scholarship. They were both in the cricket, football and swimming teams. I went to see the high master to ask if they were doing well. He said to me "Mrs. Montgomery, you need never be afraid for any of your sons."

When he was through Cambridge, Donald went to Vancouver, where in time he became the leading barrister and solicitor.

Bernard, when he left school, went to Sandhurst, and then joined the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. He married Betty Carver, a widow with two sons. Soon after he was sent as instructor to Quetta staff college, where his son David was born. They were there during the Quetta earthquake. The post office was wrecked, and there were no stamps, so Bernard had to endorse all letters with the words "Quetta Earthquake."

Una married Andrew Holden, whose parents had lived near Hobart, and Una spent many years in Egypt.



Newpark House, Moville, Co. Donegal, Home of the Montgomery Family

FOUR GENERATIONS



Mrs. Hemelryk  
(Mrs. Holden's daughter)

Lady Montgomery  
Gina Hemelryk

Mrs. Holden

Winsome was married from New Park to Colonel Holderness, who served in the last war and is now commanding a troopship.

Colin married a charming Irish girl, Margaret Drennan. Before that he was at Durham University, then went to Belgium. While there, the curacy at Stockport became vacant. I wired to Colin. He came home, went to Stockport and saw the Rector. He said to him—"I will take you as my curate because you are a son of Bishop Montgomery, though I don't know you." From there he became vicar of Egremont, Wallasey. Colin wrote to me one day: "Winsome and Margaret talk all day long and have 'no use for me'." So then I wrote this poem—

"Winsome and Margaret they talk all day,  
What do they talk about? Who can say?  
But from early morning to close of day  
They talk and they talk and talk.

Colin, poor man is much dismayed,  
He looks on and listens sore amazed;  
He humbly asks 'Can't I talk, too?'  
But they rudely reply 'We've no use for you  
When we talk and talk and talk.'

They talk of the weather a bit, perhaps,  
Of husbands' and mothers' and maids' mis-  
haps;  
Of Mrs. Simpson and Edward VIII,  
And they settle all the affairs of State  
While they talk and talk and talk.

When bedtime comes it is just as bad,  
And Colin then goes nearly mad;  
For Winsome says as they climb the stair  
'There is something more for you to hear,  
I nearly forgot it I declare  
So come into my room while I brush my hair  
And we'll talk and talk and talk.'

The next year Winsome was at Wallasey again, and Colin wrote to me "they're talking just as before." So I wrote another poem—

"Winsome and Margaret have met once more,  
They've been parted you know for over a year  
Will they talk as much as they did last year?  
Just wait a bit and you shall hear.

Says Margaret to Winsome 'I greatly fear  
We can't talk as much as we did last year,  
For Colin you know has made me see  
That it isn't fair to him and me.'

But Winsome replied 'What awful rot  
I pay for my board and lodging here,  
And if I can't talk I shall go elsewhere,  
For talking's the only pleasure I've got.'

(Ed: quite true!)

'Well,' but Colin says that the sum you pay  
For your board and lodging isn't enough;  
To pay for the scandal and gossip and stuff  
That you talk and talk and talk all day,  
So you must pay more—or else you can't stay.'

'Well right' says Winsome, 'I can't afford  
To pay any more for my bed and board,  
So we'll curb our tongues and I'll stay here  
For I greatly love my brother dear.

'The weather's a topic that's always safe,  
But the Duke of Windsor I fear, is taboo  
And so are all those with names in 'Who's Who,'  
There's not much left for me and you.

'But, Margaret, one night when Colin is out  
And both the maids are safe downstairs,  
To the blazing fire we'll draw up our chairs  
And we'll talk and talk and talk about—  
Oh! bother! Here's Colin. 'Goodnight, brother  
dear!''

Later, both Wallasey church and vicarage were badly bombed. Luckily no lives were lost. Later on, Colin was made chaplain on a hospital ship and has been all round the world. Margaret is running a British restaurant at Dumfries, and the Red Cross are now sending her out to Holland to help feed the starving children.

And what about Brian, the youngest? In some ways he has done the best of all. He joined the Indian Army when he left school, after going to Sandhurst. Four students were chosen from Quetta to go to Minley Manor, which was the last word in Army staff work. Brian wrote to me about it and said "Of course, I haven't an earthly chance," but he was chosen one of the four! He only had one term at Minley Manor. He was spending his leave at New Park when war was declared and he had to go back to India at once and join his regiment. He was at Dera Ismail Khan, then with General Alexander in the Burmah campaign. He escaped with Alexander through the jungle. Alexander made him Lt.-Colonel and sent him to Quetta staff college as instructor. From there he flew all over Asia, China, Armenia, Persia, Palestine, and when he came home he was given a very good job at the War Office, where he is now, and is very happily married. So I think I may say that all my sons are "Serving the Empire" as their father bade them.

We kept our Golden Wedding in 1931. Four sons were present with their wives, two daughters and one grandchild. I have now five sons and two daughters living.

There are now nine grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. My dear husband was made Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George and was knighted by the King. He died in 1932

a year after our Golden Wedding, and is buried in the churchyard of St. Columb's, Merville, a church largely built by the Montgomery family. Not far from Merville is a cross, and the custom is to put a pebble into the top hole and wish. My husband constantly took visitors to see this cross, and we used to walk there every Sunday afternoon. So a facsimile of the cross was placed on his grave, and the first Sunday it was up there was a pebble in the top hole.

A private walk leads from New Park to St. Columb's. You go through a very low doorway. Over it are these words by Herrick—

"Humble ye must be if to Heaven ye would go,  
High is the roof thereof, but the door is low."

## CHAPTER VII.

### MY ANCESTORS

I OFTEN tell my children that the Montgomerys are the most conceited family in the world. They only think of *their* ancestors and never of mine. One of my ancestors came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror and was his half brother. He was a blacksmith and our coat of arms is a horseshoe with the motto: "Ferre va Ferme." Another ancestor was Bishop Farrar, one of the seven bishops martyred by Queen Mary.

My grandfather was the Rev. Charles Pinhorn Farrar, chaplain of the Church Missionary Society. My father was brought up at Nasik in India. Not so many years ago people still remembered little "Freddie Baba" and spoke of him as "a great case," i.e. a very lively child. His wife was Caroline Turner, a very saintly woman to whom my father owed much. For an account of her I must refer you to my father's life, written by his eldest son, Reginald.

My mother was a Cardew from Cornwall. There is only one family of Cardews in the world; they are all connected. "By Tre, Car, Pol and Pen ye shall know the Cornish men." She was a sweet and beautiful girl of nineteen, a daughter of Mr. Frederic Cardew of the East India Company's service when my father met her in 1860. He fell in love with her at first sight and they were married before the end of the year. Her brother was Sir Frederick Cardew who was later Governor

of Sierra Leone. As children we were devoted to Uncle Fred, who played croquet and other games with us. One year while he was with us he gave up smoking, but we often found him smoking and he used to say "he was 'treating' his resolution." His wife was Aunt Clara, and they had three sons. The eldest, Freddie Cardew, was one of our playmates at Marlborough and did lessons with us. In later years he went to Paris as chaplain and did a great deal for the little English children who were sent over to theatrical companies and were shamefully neglected.

In 1856 my father went to Trinity College, Cambridge, as a Sizar. His father, being only a curate, was a very poor man, and my father supported himself entirely on his sizarship and King's College scholarship. He drank water only for breakfast and the dinner consisted of the dishes left over by the Fellows. From Cambridge he went as assistant master to Harrow, then as assistant master to Marlborough, where later he became headmaster. It was in 1856 that my father began his career as an author. His first book "Eric, or Little by Little" went through more than fifty editions, and at one time it was impossible to find a copy in a second-hand book shop. My father received letters from all over the world thanking him for the book and saying that the read of "Eric" had marked a turning point in their lives. "Eric" was followed by "St Winifred's and Julian Home"—a tale of college life. "Eric" records much of his own school days in the Isle of Man, where he was a pupil at King William's college, and when I went there by air not long ago I found his name was still remembered in the school and his photograph treasured.

But "The Life of Christ" established his reputation as a writer. I can remember now his coming into the dining-room and telling my mother that he had been offered £100 to go to Palestine and study the scenery, etc., with a view to writing a life of Our Lord. £100 only! and it has had a tremendous circulation and has been translated into every language in the world. After that he had to write only an article to get £100 for it. He always wrote standing at a high desk, and he had a wonderful power of concentration. He could write with children playing in the room, or playing on the piano next door. For the summer holidays we used to go to Swanage in Dorset and later to Llanfairfechan in North Wales. How my father loved those summer holidays! He used to take us for long walks in the afternoons, and always carried his hat in his hand. On Saturday mornings we used to repeat a piece of poetry to him, and on Sunday evenings my mother used to read poetry aloud to us. In this way we got to know "Enoch Arden," "Evangeline" and many other poems by heart.

I think it was in 1876 that the call came to my father to leave Marlborough and become rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster. It nearly broke his heart to leave our beautiful country home, but it had to be. We lived at 17 Dean's Yard, and there were many compensations. My father became known as a very great preacher. He was also Archdeacon of Westminster Abbey and chaplain to the House of Commons, where he read prayers every day when they were sitting. When evening services were started in the nave of Westminster Abbey and my father was due to preach, half an hour before the service began, a notice would be put up "Abbey Full" and the



people had to go into St. Margaret's. He restored St. Margaret's Church, which was in a very bad state, and raised a large sum of money for the purpose. The ten of us sat in a pew under the pulpit, with my mother. I can see my father now in the pulpit, thumping the red velvet cushion, which was full of dust, and calling on the congregation for generous alms.

The following story which I often remember hearing my mother relate may interest my readers. An ancestor of hers, a Colonel Cardew, was walking very late one night through the churchyard at Truro when the clock struck. He stopped to count the strokes, and to his astonishment the clock struck thirteen. A working man was passing, and Colonel Cardew spoke to him about it. The following morning he heard that a terrible murder had been committed, and later that a man had been caught and was to be tried at the Assizes.

A few nights later, Colonel Cardew woke up from his first sleep to hear a voice saying to him "Go to Bodmin, go to Bodmin." This happened three times, and then Colonel Cardew woke his wife and told her that he must get up and go to Bodmin. "Well," said she "how will you cross the ferry?" "I don't know, but I must try." So Colonel Cardew dressed and went out, and to his astonishment he found the ferryman there with his boat. Colonel Cardew asked him why he was there so late. "I don't know" was the answer, "something told me I might be needed." Arrived at Bodmin, Colonel Cardew went to an hotel for breakfast. He saw a number of people passing by and asked the landlord what was up. "Oh!" he replied "the Assizes are on and a man is being tried for murder." Having nothing to do, Colonel Cardew went into the court and

saw the prisoner standing in the dock. He had been convicted of murder and, before putting on the black cap, the Judge asked him if he had anything to say for himself. "No," said the prisoner. "I am innocent of this crime, but there is only one man in the world who can prove my innocence and I don't know where he is." "What do you mean?" said the Judge. "Well, at the time the murder was committed I was walking through the churchyard at Truro at midnight. The clock struck. I stopped to listen and heard it strike thirteen strokes. A gentleman was passing by at the time, and we remarked to each other about it." Then Colonel Cardew knew why he had been called to Bodmin, and he went forward and proved the man's innocence.

I remember soon after we went to Tasmania the Boer War was begun. I shall never forget the day when Mafeking was relieved, and the enthusiasm of the people in Hobart, who always talked of England as "Home." For the first time we heard those rousing songs—"Sons of the Sea" and "Soldiers of the Queen." It is a pity this war has not produced any national songs. It may have been during that time that the martial spirit was first born in my son, Bernard, now the Field-Marshal.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### OLD AGE

I now live alone at New Park with one very faithful maid, Violet. Before the war I drove my car and it came to be known as "the Parish Bus," because I was always giving people lifts. My recreations are the Theatre, Bridge and "Thrillers." I am very fond of Ireland. Though English by birth, I am Irish by adoption. You can't beat the Irish for humour and hospitality.

"Does it always rain in Ireland?"

"Naw, whiles it snaws."

Everyone you pass on the road greets you—"a saft day," or "a fine day."

"You're welcome," you hear, when you visit a farm or cottage, and you are always offered a cup of tea.

Not long ago I flew to the Isle of Man to speak at King William's college where my father was educated. I found the flying delightful, just like sitting in a motor car, and it was wonderful to look down on the clouds. I stayed at Government House with the Governor and Lady Granville. She is the Queen's sister and is most charming. I was greatly fascinated by the Isle of Man. No one knows its age or who the Manxmen are related to. The legend is that the giant Fin-ma-Cool took a lump of earth from Lough Neagh and threw it across at Brian Boru, and that lump is the Isle of Man. It is a land of giants and fairies. There is a tomb there seven feet long, and there is a "Fairies' Glen" supposed to be haunted. When-

ever we drove through this Glen, Lady Granville used to bow and say in Manx "Welcome, little men." I went to a dance and danced "The Lambeth Walk!" I brought back with me a Manx kitten. They have no tails, and the theory is that the mother cats bite off their babies' tails when they are born. "Monty," as I call the kitten, is a great pet and my constant companion. She is black with a white front and I have also a white cat called "Rommel."

In my old age I have taken to public speaking and have spoken all over Ulster for "Salute the Soldier" and "Wings for Victory." I have no notes and speak extempore and generally end with a recitation.

Now that my car is laid up I have to go to Derry by bus. When we get to the border everyone is ordered out of the bus, but I refuse to stir. "I am a great-grandmother," I say, "and if you want me to leave, you will have to carry me." So I am left in peace. Of course, all the Irish are born smugglers, and I could tell you many amusing stories of the border. Here is one. Yeast is prohibited, because it is used in making potheen. A woman came up to the border carrying a basket. "Please don't open the basket," she said to the officer, "because I have a cat inside, and if you open it, it will run back over the border."

"Very sorry," said the customs officer, "but we must open it." So they opened the basket and sure enough a cat jumped out and ran back over the border.

"There," said the woman "now I've got to go after that cat." Back she came. "Please don't open the basket this time."

"No, we'll let you pass," said the officer. But the second time the yeast was inside!

Then there is the story of the little boy and his mother. When the inspector came into the bus the woman touched her mouth and ears, and the child's.

"Ah!" said the inspector, "poor thing's deaf and dumb" and he passed on.

When they were over the border the boy jumped up—"Now, mummy, can I talk again," and the woman had heaps of duitable goods.

My great wish is to visit Tasmania again before I die. I went round the world in 1932 after my husband died, and the whole trip cost me only £112, but it would cost more now. But after the war I think we shall all be flying, and my one ambition is to come down in a parachute!

I must now end these reminiscences. I attribute my long life—for I am over 80—largely to the fact that I take a rest every afternoon. My maid has orders not to disturb me for anyone—except the King. "The Field Marshal?" Well, perhaps!

FINIS.