Edith Marjorie Ward, born 25-9-1898 at 15 Stratford Road, Kensington where she lived for the first four years of her life, until her parents moved to Hurst Lodge, Bexley in Kent. From Bexley she was often taken to visit her grandparents at Sidcup or was visited by them, and she remembers grannie as a "dear old soul" who was greatly imposed upon by her elder sister, Great Aunt Harriet, the later having come to live with her sister and brother-in-law on the death of her husband, the Rev. Francis Wheeler Maloney in 1860. Great Aunt Harriet always seemed to have shown a condescending attitude towards her family, as to a poor relation as if she felt that her marriage had given her a higher social status, although she does not seem to have had any hesitation about living with them on this account, as she made their home her own until she died in 1910, 3 years after her sister Charlotte and 4 years after her grandfather. It will probably have been Great Aunt Harriet's Poms dog, seen in several of her photos, which Aunt Annie took to Abbey Cumhyr? when she went to live with Uncle Walter about 1910; as Aunt Annie had an old Poms dog there who was quite blind with age, but in spite of his blindness he used to find his way down the road to meet as Aunt Annie on her return from church every Sunday. Grannie Ward was obviously proud of her 2nd grandchild, Marjorie, who was a year younger than Grace, Uncle Cyril's eldest child, who will have spent most of her early years in India, so Grace will have seen far less of her grandparents than Marjorie. When Marjorie was about 5 she and John were taken for a holiday to Cornwall, with Grace and Cecil, probably when Cecil and At Bee? were on army leave in England. Alter, when mother's father, Charles Dunbar, was settled into his flat in Ramsgate, we were usually taken for a seaside holiday to Broadstairs every summer, during which time Marjorie would be taken to see her Grandfather there. For birthday or Xmas treats Marjorie and John usually went to the London Zoo, and when they got a little older they would go to a Pantomime or to the theatre to see "Peter Pan" or "Where the Rainbow Ends".

Mother, I think, enjoyed meeting people and taking Marjorie to see her friends and Marjorie seems to have responded well, and probably shared her enjoyment of these outings, early making friends with children of her own age, amongst whom were the Roger boys at Bexley, who used to come to tea with us in the nursery. Marjorie liked these parties, but remembers me sulking in a corner muttering "I don't want no Wogger boys", no doubt when being told to come and "get ready" for them. All I can remember about these parties is that being " got ready" meant having the face and hands well soaped with a smelly but old flannel, and a comb pulled viscously through the tangles in my hair, before being dressed in clean clothes, which always included a white cotton petticoat which had been so starched that the armholes, edged with "broderie Anglaise", cut red weals in the arm whenever one moved. I don't remember what games were played, but as Marjorie would be 10 or 11 at this time, and I was 4 ½ years younger, I probably took little interest in them, and as soon as the guests left nurse would order "hurry up and put everything back in the cupboard before coming off to bed". I thought parties "not much fun". All except Xmas parties which would be really exciting. We would start preparing for these some time before Xmas by making paper chains out of coloured strips of paper pasted into interlocking loops, with a large pot of flour and water and a wonderful mess on the nursery table! These would be hung all around the nursery ceiling, mixed with professionally make tinsel balls and bunches of holly etc., and on the day of the party a large Xmas tree with lighted candles and a present for everyone would stand in the corner of the room, and best of all, a real conjurer would sometimes come from London to entertain us.

Marjorie's first school was at "The Bonhams". Pevensey Road, St Leonards, a small boarding school known as a "home school" which took about 2 dozen boarders, 6 or 8 of which lived there during the holidays as well, while their parents were in India. Her cousin Grace Ward was at the same school, which had probably been recommended to our parents by Aunt Bee (Grace's mother). It was run by a courageous little character named Miss Rhodes and called "Auntie Wo" by everyone. She was very deaf (there were no hearing aids or other help in those days) and I believe she had had no training for her job, but having to earn her own living at an early age she decided she would have a boarding school. In order to look more responsible and older than she was, she always wore her hair in ringlets piled on top of her hear, with long black skirts to the ground and blouses buttoned down the back with a very high ruck(?) which was held up with a small whalebone just under each ear, all of which was supposed to add to her height and dignity. She was only about 4 ½ feet tall. She ran her school very efficiently although I don't think any of us learnt very much there. She and Mother used to get on very well together and I remember when Mother, on a visit to the school, was sitting in her drawing room and shouting into her ear about how many parties Marjorie had been to, while I started to sing "Froggie would a wooing go, whether his mother would let him or no", which was one of Mother's favourite little songs which she tried to teach us, and as Marjorie's nickname was "Froggie" (probably due to her rather prominent eyes) Mother burst into roars to laughter, which was shared by Auntie Wo after it had all been repeated to her. The subjects The Bonhams specialized in were those probably considered at the time most "suitable for young ladies" and very little, if any effort was made to pass public exams. Instead we had a lot of piano practice, dancing lessons one and week and plenty of French. The later included lessons in French grammar etc. and French spoken throughout the school 3 days a week. During these "French" days we were put on our honour to count the number of times we spoke English, and we were then given French verbs to learn on Saturday mornings in proportion to the number of times we had reported. We also had to spend about 10 minutes a week walking with "Madmoiselle", the French mistress, who used to accompany bus on our walks in order to call us each in turn for this 10 minute conversation, which we all hated so much it was considered the worst punishment that could be given! Madmoiselle, I'm sure, disliked the walks just as much as we did, and would stride along giving little or no help to her tongue-tied pupils, merely repeating the words "alors, parlez" whenever our silences became too long. Walks were taken from 12 'til 1 o'clock most days if we were not playing tennis or basketball, and we went either up and down the promenade between St Leonards and Hasting on wet days, or inland towards Crowhurst if it was thought dry enough for us "not to get our shoes dirty". On Saturdays in October the greatest thrill was to be amongst the older girls who were allowed to go on an excursion to Crowhurst for blackberries. All the school would start off together in crocodile until we got to the "half way house", a little cottage at the end of the built-up area where the road divided, one half turning into a country lane going downhill to Crowhurst. Here we had our "elevenses", which on this occasion we were sometimes allowed to choose ourselves, by saying after breakfast whether we wanted a 1d bun with icing sugar on top, a 1d current bun, or a smaller plain 1/2d one. Afterwards the younger children, and any older ones who were in disgrace for having been given 3 "conduct marks" during the week, would return to school for lunch, while the rest walked on as far as a little tea house in Crowhurst. From here we would go off for the afternoon in twos and threes to fill our baskets with blackberries gathered from the surrounding hedges, before we met

again for a large and welcome tea at the long trestle table and benches laid ready for us outside the little tea house. There were always large plates of current cake and great slabs of thick bread and butter with jam, the later always well attended by a cloud of wasps, and there was almost as much competition to see who would have the greatest number of dead wasps on their plate at the end of the meal, as there was to see who had picked the most blackberries after all the individual baskets had been weighted when we reached school again. As Crowhurst was about 5 miles away we must have walked a good 10 miles as well as all the walking that was done in the afternoon gathering the berries, but I don't think anyone felt tired and it was always considered the greatest treat.

Dancing lessons were given one day a week after tea, when all the furniture would be stacked at the side of the school-room, French chalk sprinkled on the floor, and the folding doors between the school-room and "Auntie Wo's drawing-room" would be folded back, with a row of chairs for the mistress and any girl who was not dancing to sit and watch. We would all change for the lesson into white cotton dance frocks, usually of the inevitable "broderie Anglais", with a wide pink or blue sash round the middle, and well brushed hair hanging loose or tied with a bow of the same colour on the head. On our legs we would have long black cotton stockings and soft dancing pumps. Each lesson would start with us drawn up in two lines facing the drawing room company and the dancing mistress who started each lesson with the remark "waists in, now Ladies; stand nicely with the feet in the ? position, then swing the right leg to the rear and curtsey please. After this we would walk round the room in single file each girl giving about the headmistress as we passed. Following this preliminary opening will be taught the waltz, gallop, polka, fox-trot and hornpipe etc, for which dances someone came to play the upright piano in the corner of the drawing room, where she used to thump out the tunes with as much vigour as we used to prance around the schoolroom, until usual message was sent up from the kitchen below to say we are broken the ceiling gas mantle and would we please not shake the floor so much.

At the end of the autumn term there would be a "Parents' Day" when as many parents as possible would be invited to an evening's entertainment, while the pupils would do various dances, recitations or small plays which they had learnt during the term. It was at one of these gatherings that Marjorie and Grace did a "skirt dance" for which they each had a dress made of yards and yards of white silk hanging loose from a high bodice, to a hem lined with a border of pink on one and blue on the other. During the dance they whirled around and with the hem of the skirt caught to each little finger they waved their arms in figures of eight etc, creating an effect on billowing waves or wings of silk which I thought quite magnificent! From an early age Marjorie had seemed to have all the instincts of a mother, and frequently said how nice it must be to have a large family and how she would like to have five of her own. While we were still at "The Bonhams" she had already started to "mother" us in various ways and always sat on the long black horse-hair sofa with her three younger sisters for morning prayers, which were read by "Tanby" before breakfast every day, and during the holidays she had far more confidence over making our clothes, doing our hair or generally looking after the younger ones then mother ever showed. She must have got on well at "The Bonhams" as she was good at both French and music, and the latter also helped her share mothers enjoyment of the piano during the holidays when both of them would sit in the dressing room after supper and one of my happiest memories of those days is it falling to sleep upstairs listening to one or the other of them playing the

moonlight sonata in the drawing room below. When she left "The Bonhams" she went to "finishing school" at Aldeburgh?, where I always thought she learnt how to cook and housekeep efficiently, as she had to do so soon after leaving school when mother became ill and died in 1919; but she has since told me that everything at school was taught almost entirely by theory and without practice, so that most of her knowledge of running a home at to be learned by trial and error later.

In 1917 we left "Ye Gables" at Boreham Wood and moved to Little Wittenham Rectory, Berkshire where we shared the house with Uncle Walter and Marjorie, who have decided to study medicine, spent the next four years as a home student at Oxford, where she used to travel on a motor bicycle, until later when she bought a second-hand Singer car. It was a snub-nosed two-seater car with a dicky seat at the back and after mother died she used to take her three younger sisters in it (brother John was in Canada at this time) to a different part of the coast in England every summer holiday. This was quite a feat as the old car would stop about every hundred miles or so and need to have a carburettor cleaned with a hair pin and the points reset to the thickness of visiting card, and the car was never driven anywhere without the hair-pin and visiting card as an essential part of the tool-kit. On one of those holidays we were returning home from Cornwall with the old car rattling down all the hills at a good 30 mph, although when climbing up again she would get slower and slower until, as the speed dropped below walking pace, we would all clamber over the side and help push her up. On the worst hills even the driver will get out and help push while one of us held the wheel from outside. On one hill which wasn't too bad only Jean and I dismounted from the dicky seat when, to our delight, a steam roller passed us and gave us a lift to the top of the hill while the old car chugged up behind us. On another hill a tourist bus passed us while we were all pushing and most kindly stopped at the top while all the passengers came back to help us push. Such incidents made the drives great fun and quite made up for any discomforts that went with it.

As well as studying at Oxford, Marjorie also gave more and more time to help nurse mother who became ill with TB in 1918. At first mother seem to make some progress against the disease and there were hopes of a cure, but then she developed cancer of the breast from which she died in January 1919. Throughout her illness Marjorie did all her nursing alone until only three days before she died, when a nurse came to help her, but the nurse was a dishonest woman who helped herself to all mother's blouses and stockings before she left us by emptying the chest of drawers in mother's bedroom into her bag. While at Oxford Marjorie joined the SC Movement and went to some of their weekend conferences. She also went to visit the three choirs Festival with Murielle Dashper. Girls were not allowed into the student rooms at the Oxford Colleges alone then, so if she paid a call on Michael Gibbs or any of his friends while there, she had to take me or someone else with her. At other times her friends used to come out to Little Wittenham for an evening party and singsong round the piano [Michael's favourite song was "Wi' & 100 pipers and a' 'a'] and in the summer we would have an occasional evening picnic with bonfire and sausages cooked on sticks over the fire on the Clumps: or a long walk over the Berkshire Downs. Many of the picnics were had with Michael Gibbs' family who lived only 3 miles away at Clifton Hampden Vicarage, sometimes rowing up the river to join them by boat or taking meals to the Little Wittenham woods, or in the winter having tea and games at the Rectory. On Clifton Hampden common we used to play a game I think Michael invented; dividing us up into two parties we would

take separate sides over an open stretch of ground and then each side would try and crawl or otherwise cross to the enemy's side without being seen. Each time anyone was seen by the opposite side his or her name will be called out and that person would have to retreat to the starting line. We called the game "scouts".

When Marjorie first went to Oxford, Uncle Walter gave her extra coaching in Latin as this subject was not taught at "The Bonhams". In return, while living at Little Wittenham Rectory she used to help Uncle Walter quite a lot by playing with the organ at church whenever the regular organist didn't turn up, which frequently seem to happen, and later as a regular organist, and I think she used to visit one or two of the cottages in the village, such as Mr and Mrs Nutt who are nearly always drunk I wouldn't allow a clergyman inside their home, although they allowed Marjorie in, and later we had one of their two daughters, Florrie Nutt, to cook and keep the house for us for many years, both at our cottage in Long Wittenham and afterwards at Quakers Corner.? Marjorie took her first four years of medicine as a home student in Oxford but caught scarlet fever and became ill just before the taking her exams in 1923. By this time we were living in Guy Dauber's house, which dad had bought at Little Wittenham and as well as driving to Oxford every day during term to study medicine as a home student and acting as housekeeper to dad at home, Marjorie was always helping to take her mother's place to her three younger sisters during the holidays by making their clothes, arranging their schooling and taking them off in her car to visit different parts of Britain during the summer holiday etc. I think our second trip in 1921 was to a cottage we stayed at in Trw? Cornwall, after a terrible drive through torrential rain storms all the way to Cornwall, when we were lost many times before we eventually arrived long after dark and soaked through, as Jean and I was sitting in the dickie seat exposed to all the weather; but the owners of the cottage was so kind in the welcome they gave us, and when we eventually woke to better weather the following day we found they had not only cleaned the car but even the wet head scarves and other things we had left in the car the previous night had all been washed, dried and even ironed ready for us again.

Another year 1920 we stayed at a boarding house in Conway and all four of us spent most of our days sketching in the hills which were covered with gorse and heather above the town. In the summer of 1923 we took our first holiday in Scotland, travelling by train to Edinburgh for the first night then to Balloch on Loch Lomond and from there we walked up the Loch and through Glen Coe by the old road, staying the night at Kings House Hotel, which was then very small inn which could only give us a double room with two beds for the four of us for the night, and they fed us on ham for high tea when we arrived, ham again for breakfast next morning, and ham sandwich which we took with us for lunch. After getting the steamer of the canal to Drumnadrochit we went to Duffus House to spend three nights with Great Aunt Isabella before returning home from Inverness by train. It was in 1923 that the next great to change was made in the family life at Long Wittenham: after mother's death 4 years earlier, as Dad now married his second wife Ursula Hopkins; so Margorie will no longer have felt she was needed so much at home, and as she was now engaged to Michael Gibbs (who had taken his degree at Keble College Oxford and was then were studying from the church and Culham), he persuaded her to marry him as soon as he was ordained, instead of waiting for her to qualify as a doctor first. It was also now that was the first known that Kitty then aged 20, had TB in both lungs, and so it was Marjorie who made all arrangements for her to go to sanatorium in Davos Dorf, Switzerland and went out with her

and stayed for some weeks in a pension nearby during the first winter she was there, and returned with John and Ella for Christmas 1924 and 25. In 1925 Marjorie married Michael Gibbs and at first they lived at Norry Road in Putney, where Michael was curate the St Mary's and two other churches in the district; but Marjorie's medical training was soon called into practice again when she noticed that Michael frequently coughed up blood, a habit he casually passed off with some such phrase as "Oh, I always do that in the winter". Eventually the doctor confirmed he was consumptive and so they spent the first winter from January to May in the south of France at Antibes, where the Bishop of Gib arranged for Michael to have a temporary job and afterwards for a short visit to Assisi. Their first child, Denis, was born 19.7.1927 at Norry Road but, as Michael's health soon started deteriorating again, they spent the next winter in Polperro, where they made good friends amongst the fishermen. Polperro was not nearly so commercialised in 1927 as it became later with a large carpark with built just above the village, and bus-loads the trippers would be walking up and down the little cobbled street all through the summer, and every cottage has it sign in the window offering bed and breakfast, postcards and teas; but when Marjorie and Michael stay there, donkeys were the only transport up and down the hill to the harbour and they stayed throughout the winter in one of the fishermen's cottages.

The following year in September 1928, Michael decided to accept work on the staff of the cathedral church in Salisbury, S. Rhodesia. This may have been on account of Michael's health, or perhaps because they're both keen on doing missionary work (Marjorie had been very interested in the work of missions in India while she was at Oxford). They lived in Salisbury for eight years, coming back on leave to England every third year for three months in the summer, and it was on their arrival home on leave when one realized just how much was sacrifice it must've been for Michael's mother when her oldest and probably her favourite son went to live so far away. There was no thought of them ever returning home by plane in those days and their holiday in England always meant a long journey by train to Cape Town, followed by three-week voyage by P&O mail boat to Southampton. At Southampton, one or two of the younger members to the family might meet them and come up to London with them on the boat train, after giving them some red or other bright coloured material to wave from the train window, so as to be quickly identified as the train drew into Victoria Station. Meanwhile Michael's mother, who by this time would be getting more excited than any schoolgirl home for the holidays, would be running up and down through the crowds on the station platform, waving her own bit of identification colour, and chasing every bit of similar colour she saw through the train windows, shouting "there they are, no here, where," etc. Marjorie always arrived proudly holding up the latest baby; John Mike was born in Salisbury on 8.3.1929, Mary on 7.1.1932 and Peter on 30.9.1935. All her babies looked very large healthy children with bright red cheeks and plenty of energy, but Mary, who had the same round face as a mother and with cheeks so puffed out they looked as if she was blowing a the trumpet, was perhaps her prize specimen, although when she held up for admiration of the station, the only remark that burst from Jean was "Oh, Wool, how could you!"

Peter was the most lively and rampageous youngster of 2 ½, with a very definite mind of his own, when he came from his first visit to England in 1937. That year we had a great family reunion at Brook Farm on the Isle of Wight, where the Gibbs from South Africa and John Ward and his family from N.S.W., stayed with the Whiteheads, Gibbs and Ward relations

from England. Although 17 of us at the farm, and Denis and Laire Gibbs with their eldest child making three more staying near. Peter started showing his metal straight away on the day of arrival at Aldenham Rectory, where we all gathered after meeting their boats train in London. Joanna Gibbs served everyone at lunch with meat and vegetables, amongst which were some parsnips, a vegetable Peter never liked. He said nothing when his plate was put down in front of him where he was sitting halfway down a long table, but he just picked up the parsnip in his hand and threw it straight back into the dish at the top of the table – the response to this was a threefold: some said "Oh, great shot", while others looked on in horror at this latest "little savage" as his doting mother was heard to murmur "Peter has such spirit you know"! It was interesting for the Aunts at Brook Farm to compare the different ways in which their nephews and nieces were handled by their respective parents. John and Leila were so careful of Neville, who was always clean and well dressed with his curly hair well brushed; and John used to sit beside his bed each night until he was asleep, for fear he might fall out. In contrast Peter strode around on his own with a great mop of unruly hair on his head which he refused to allow anyone to touch with brush or comb, and in fact Mary, his sister, was the only one who could do what she liked with him. When left in our care at Brook Farm while Marjorie and Michael went out for lunch, Peter woke up yelling with fury and refusing any food, but we only had to call for Mary, then aged 5 ½, and she sat down beside him to feed him and he took it all as good as gold. Marjorie and Michael went to stay with the Gibbs is at Clifton Hampden Manor that spring, and probably felt it was too much to take all the children with them, So she sent one of her usual P.Cs to me at Quakers two days beforehand to say "I'm leaving the boys to stay with you on Thursday, you'll love having them". I hastily sent a reply saying, "I'll take the rest of the family, but not Peter" to which I got the haughty answer "I wasn't leaving Peter with you anyway, he will come with us to the Manor". However, although he may have been more difficult than the rest of the family when he was young, his mother's pride in him was justified as he grew older and, like his brothers and sisters and his cousins, in spite of their different upbringings, they all turned into exceptionally nice people later on. Salisbury, S. Rhodesia was mainly a town of single-storied wooden houses with only a comparatively small area in the centre of the town with stone houses and shops when Joanna Gibbs and I visited Marjorie and Michael there in 1935. They were living in a wooden bungalow containing two living and five bedrooms with outside privy and a corrugated iron roof similar to all the others in the road. These roofs made such a noise with the rain beating on them, that when a heavy storm was passing overhead, it could be heard coming nearer and nearer as it rattled and a drummed it's way over the roofs of the houses all along the road. The Gibbs house here was always fall as all their future houses invariably seem to be, not only with their own children and visitors, but with the families of their friends from the surrounding country would leave the children in Marjorie's care while they did their shopping or other business in town. There would also be a flow of people coming to talk over their problems with Michael and usually quite a number of lonely "old dears" just wanted to talk to someone. These last would usually be seated in the drawing room pouring out their troubles to Marjorie, who would apparently be listing sympathetically to all they said, and as soon as they had gone she would hold up the sewing she had been busy with at the same time and say "now won't that make a nice little dress for Mary". She and Michael, who shared a bank account, had always been very economical with their expenses, although I don't think they had ever been desperately short of anything, and the economies they practiced were probably more from a feeling of moral duty then financial necessity, as

Michael especially could not be persuaded to buy anything he considered the least extravagant for himself, and I think Marjorie had great difficulty in getting him to agree to have even such things as a good spring mattress on the bed in place of their old one which was quite worn out. Marjorie kept the housekeeping accounts as low as possible and continued to make most of the clothes for the children, just as she has previously made ours and would, when necessary, even convert an old pair of curtains into a new garden party ensemble for herself when needed for a party at government house. They had two native boys to help in the house, John the cook and Elijah the houseboy. Both boys stayed with them for many years so that they were almost thought of as part of the family, but they had to be left behind when they move to Bulawayo when Michael was made Rector in 1936, where they lived for the next six years. While in Bulawayo they had a house opposite the swimming baths, which will, no doubt, have been a constant source of pleasure to the two elder boys, Den and JM, whose ages varied while they were there from 7 to 15. As Michael was Archdeacon of Matabeleland for most of this time, his work involved a lot of trekking around the country (and I think the whole family often stayed on the farm at Michael's cousin, Humphrey Gibbs, now governor in Salisbury at the time of Rhodesia's illegal declaration of independence), so they must have been become familiar with most of Rhodesia between the years 1928 to 1942. The next move was to the Cape when Michael was Rector at St Saviour's in Claremont for six years, and then Dean and Rector of St George's Cathedral and Archdeacon of Cape Town until 1954, when they finally decided to return to England.

With the exception of the Den, who was born in England, Marjorie's other children had all been born in Salisbury, JM in 1929, Mary in 1932 and Peter in 1934, after which she had a break of eight years before Biddie arrived very soon after they had moved to Claremont. Biddie will have been particularly welcome to her elder sister Mary, who was then aged 10 and had always been as maternal in her ways as her mother was before her. She liked nothing better than watching babies and had once asked if her mother couldn't have another little brother to look after when Peter grew too big for her to manage; so when Bid was born instead, I'm sure Mary will have taken her full share of looking after her. In Cape Town and at Claremont the children grew up with Table Mountain always at hand for long walks, excursions and even climbing, during the holidays and they, like the father, were always keen on walking and outdoor exercise. At that time the boys, if not all the children, seemed to look on Africa as their real home and had no thought of living permanently in England, even though they might go there temporarily for study at Oxford University. Their parents had many friends both in Africa and in England and Michael was probably rather divided in his feelings about where he preferred to live, although always determined to do whatever he felt was right, and it was Marjorie who at least got the reputation of longing to retire to an old Rectory in England, so that someone in Cape Town said of them that, whenever they were faced with the decision as to whether except another term of work in Africa, or returned to England, "Marjorie was to be found upstairs hopefully packing, while Michael was in his study praying for guidance". Normally they accepted the work they were doing for a period of three years at a time, so that every third year they would have the decision to make as to whether to carry on where they were, accept another post in Africa, or returned to England; but when Michael was asked to become Rector of Saint George's Cathedral and Dean of Cape Town in 1948, he felt the work was so important it would be unfair to take it on for short time only and I think he agreed to work there for at least the

next six years. He remained there for eight years, during which time both he and Marjorie did all in their power, with the help of sales of work and other money raising activities, to help finish the building of the Cathedral, although the South Transept was only finished after they returned to England in 1954.

They had been in England for a year in 1933, while and Michael took charge of a church in Wallingford for a short spell in the summer and they spent that winter in Hunsdon in Hertfordshire. It was well they were in Wallingford that Michael's father came to stay with them. He was a dear, kind old man, much loved by his family, but always laughed at for his dreamy absent-minded ways, just as Michael was later. On this occasion he confessed to having had difficulty in putting the car into their very flimsy jerry-built garage. When they asked if he hadn't been able to get it in, he replied "Oh yes I got it in alright, but it came out again through the other end"! He was still having trouble over driving the car when we later visited them at Aldenham where the garage was in a hollow at the bottom of a steep circular bank. This time the car had gone over the side of the bank and come to rest against the trees. He got out quite and hurt and then, like a small boy frightened of being found out, he hid the back of the car with some branches, "so that no one coming to the front of the house will see it". Michael inherited all his father's dreamy other worldly ways, so that he would be quite likely to greet you with the phrase "how nice to see you, are you staying here?" when he met you in his house, but unlike his father he was always very interested in cars, and had an excellent mechanical knowledge and was a good driver generally. The next time the family came on leave to England will have been in 1937 when they saw the coronation of George VI and Queen Elizabeth in London, and then stayed with the family party at Brook on the Isle of Wight.

Two years later the Second World War broke out, and by the time it was over the children were unable to be away from the school or college for long, so I don't think they came again as a family before 1954, although Den and JM both came to Keble College, Oxford before then, and Marjorie and Biddie came over for Den's wedding in 1953.

Marjorie had always led an exceptionally full life, from the time she left school and nursed her mother and looked after the home at the same time as studying medicine at Oxford, until now, 30 years later, when she was caring for own children and their problems, while coping with all the usual jobs which gets passed to the wife of a clergyman; plus running a house which was constantly full of visitors, either calling in for the day, or staying for a few nights on the way from other parts of Africa, to connect with the ship sailing from Cape Town. She thought the world of a husband, Michael, who had been described to me as "a real saint, who would give the coat off his back to anyone in need". Luckily they can have been few in need of his outsize clerical wear; but his habit of bringing in any number of extra guests you thought in need of a meal was, I'm sure, constantly put into practice, and the house would be frequently harbouring alcoholics and other strays he found in need of restraint or protection, all of which must have added to the problems of a housewife. At the same time, Marjorie was going through a period of insomnia and this, with other things, problems started her having several periods of depression and near breakdown, which she was constantly fighting against for the next few years. She was feeling very depressed and saying she couldn't cope when she came to England for Den's wedding in 1953, but Biddie, although she was only 11 years old then, struck me as being a wonderfully helpful

companion to her mother, advising her what to wear or do and managing everything in such a cheerful and capable fashion, as well as living up to her reputation of being the one who could always "jolly the family along" and keep them amused, just has her Aunt Jean at constantly entertained her family a generation earlier. They returned to live in England permanently in 1954. Their first winter in Chester, where Michael was Dean, was rather a grim time for them as the old house which had been the Deanery, was a large draughty old fashioned building which Marjorie felt it would be impossible to manage; so while a smaller house was being converted for them, they temporarily took over another one belonging to the Cathedral, which was on the outskirts of the town and just as difficult to warm and make a comfortable; and as they were only in it temporarily it hardly seems worth their while making much effort towards improving their living conditions during the months they were in it. While I stayed with them that autumn they were still only partially unpacked, with the rooms very bare and often un-curtained, although Michael never seen to notice anything wrong and quite enjoyed his walk of a mile to and from the Cathedral which usually prefer to do to on foot two or three times each day rather, than go on the bus.

Mary had been left at Cape Town University to take her BA exams, but she will have joined the family in England by Christmas that year when I think they all, excluding Denis and John Mike (who were now both married) joined up for a united family party. It was, I think, during this Christmas that Joanna and Victor Purvis also visited them there, and having heard how cold their house was, Victor confidently promised to change all that while they were there. In order to do so, they brought with them numerous portable electric stoves and warming apparatus, which he connected to every available plug in the house, with the result that as soon as all the electricity was in use after dark that evening, all the fuses blew from being overloaded and they were left colder and darker than ever, just when all the electricians have gone for the Christmas holiday! Luckily Michael was able to get one of the Cathedral staff to come and mend the fuses for Christmas.

Later they moved to 7 Abbey Street, which was in the same row of houses as the old Deanery, which had now been converted into flats, with a large room off the ground floor which Michael used as an office, and where he spent part of every day doing clerical and other work for the Cathedral, with the help of a secretary. This left Marjorie free to get on with the housework and cooking, which she did with the help of a "daily" who called in for a few hours most mornings, to help clean and wash up at N^{o} 7 and to entertain and cater for the family and friends, as well as doing the numerous jobs that fell to the wife of such an active member of the cathedral staff.

The house at 7 Abbey Street was a high, narrow building on three floors, with drawing room, dining room and kitchen on the ground floor, passage leading to a garden room well filled with junk, and a door leading to a narrow strip of garden at the back. Michael, Marjorie and Bid all had their rooms on the first floor, and the top floor had Mary's bed-sitting room overlooking the Cathedral, and the spare room and bathroom at the back. This was a house which Marjorie felt would be much easier to care for than the previous big sprawling old Deanery had been; especially later when Mary was not at home and on those rare occasions when no visitors were staying with them, Marjorie said that except for the bathroom she was able to be shot of the top floor and forget about it. They lived here in Abbey Street for about seven years until Michael died in 1962 and I think that, on the whole,

these were happy years to both of them, although Marjorie continue to have periods of nervous tension and insomnia for the rest of her life, but she seemed far more contented and at peace here than she had been when she returned to England, and it was only whenever some crisis loomed up in their lives that her sisters began to fear lest she would have a bad mental breakdown. We seldom saw either Marjorie or her family unless we called at Chester, or Marjorie would sometimes call in for a night on her way to visit her family, but most of the holidays were, I believe, spent with Den and Laire Gibbs in Devon. The Gibbs have always been a very close-knit clan, very ready to laugh at the rest of the world, but never, as far I could see, able to bear any criticism of their own family. Marjorie adored Michael and although she often laughed at his absent mindedness, I think she really enjoyed feeling that he depended on her so much and although she had tremendous respect for him, or perhaps it was because of this, and the fact that she was always have to care for his rather uncertain health, that she so often seems to treat him as just the eldest, and perhaps the dearest of her darling children. Certainly, they often laughed at some crackpot thing he had done, but if one complained about anything, she simply denied it had happened. This was so when I want suggested how frustrating he could be on such occasions as one, when they were both staying with the Whiteheads, Jean had taken the trouble to cook a good meal for the evening when the local vicar had arranged to join them, in order to meet Michael. In the afternoon they went out in the car and in order to get his exercise, Michael said he would like to walk home and did so after having been reminded that he must be home in time for dinner at 7:30. Later the vicar arrived and dinner was ready as planned, but of course no sign of Michael was to be seen, and the clock ticked slowly round at 8:30, with Jean's cooking getting drier and drier in the oven, until they finally decided they would all go out in the car and trying to find Michael on the road and bring him back. However they returned after a fruitless search, because Michael had turned up in their absence, found the house empty and, not realizing anything was wrong, was at that moment lying upstairs soaking happily in a bath! Meanwhile the dinner was burnt, everyone else was searching for him in vain, and his hostess, who had made great efforts to arrange the meeting between Michael and the Vicar, must have felt quite annoyed by it all; but Marjorie had forgotten all about it and in fact said that "Michael would never do such a thing, so I must've got it all wrong". In fact when she first read the first part of this family chronicle she laughed and said she didn't believe a word of it and I must've made the whole thing up, so I can only so I can only worn my great nephews and nieces (for whom this is really written, on the chance that they may one-day ask what sort of lives their ancestors lived), that these notes are only one person's impression of ourselves and to get a more truthful picture they should get at least one or two others to give their memories of the same people and times! The difficulty of doing so is that when we are young we are far too busy to be bothered with it and in any case, we are more interested in our contemporaries, or the future, then in the queer "old fogies" who whom we cannot imagine ever having been young, or like ourselves. Then by the time we are old and queer enough to be interested, we find that all the old ones have died off and cannot tell us! So here is just one side of the picture, in the hope that at least one of you will be able to carry on with it and write down all you can of yourselves and others, for any of your youngsters who may one-day want to find out about it.

While Michael was Dean of Chester, Biddie went to school as a day girl at Queens School in Chester and Mary frequently lived at home while training to be an almener, first at

Bromsgrove General Hospital and then at?, and finally at the Wingfield Hospital …ington. Den and John Mike were both married, but could fairly frequently come to Chester for short visits; and when I stayed at the deanery for a few days in 1956, Den was at the RAF station in Shifnall where Marjorie was able to run over in the car to visit them frequently, and took me over with her one evening, so during these years she was able to keep in touch with all her family and see quite a bit of a young grandchildren. When I saw Den and Rachel in 1956 Nicholas was not yet 2 and young Sarah was only a few weeks old. Later, when Den and his family lived in London, Marjorie used to take the night bus from Chester to London for an occasional visit to them and claimed that she slept better and felt far more rested after a night sitting up in the bus then she did after a normal night's rest in her own bed. But although she nearly always suffered from insomnia and seemed to live on her nerves, it was usually Michael's health and not her own, that was her chief concern. When staying with me in Edinburgh one year for the Edinburgh Festival, her nerves were so overwrought that there were some small jobs (packing her suitcase to go home was one of them I remember) which seems to send her into a panic, so that she kept repeating that she "couldn't cope" or "couldn't do it" and she would find anything else to keep her busy rather than carry on with the job she disliked. Yet in spite of these periods of panic or depression she refused any help or treatment (other than sleeping pills from her doctor) and by sheer will power somehow managed to carry on, giving me the impression that she felt she would be unforgivably letting her family down if she fell ill herself and was unable to be of use to them; although in her last years at Oxford she did occasionally go to stay with her son Den when she was feeling very rundown and this always seem to have a steadying effect on her.

Michael himself all seems desperately tired these days and at Chester in 1956 I noticed that although they seldom went to bed before midnight or the early hours of the morning, Michael spent a lot of the evening sitting on the sofa with his eyes closed, murmuring that "he would go and make some tea" but continuing to sit there, apparently too tired to stir, but I was never sure what he really felt, or how much of this was due to his usual dreamy ways, which everyone took for granted; just as I used to laugh at him as he left the breakfast table saying he must get along to study "for work" and then immediately spoiling the business like exit by asking where the mornings paper was, so that he could read it when he got there. However, he really did devote his life to his work and took a genuine interest in everyone he met, and even some years after his death I've still met people who were generally inspired and influence by is life and personality, even though had some had never met him beyond hearing him preach. He died of leukaemia in July 1962 at the Deanery in Chester. Mary helped her mother to nurse him and keep him as comfortable as possible during his illness and, at Marjorie's request, hey sister Jean Whitehead also stayed at the Deanery to help with the cooking, housework and to deal with the constant stream of visitors who called to make enquiries and to leave numerous kind gifts of flowers fruit and food etc to help in the house.

After leaving Chester Marjorie bought a little house in Parker Street, Oxford, where she was once more in close contact with Muriel Dashper and other friends she had there 50 years earlier, when an undergraduate; as well as having constant visits from all her children who, I hope, will continue to carrying on writing up these notes of all they can remember about these days.