The Hawthornden Prize

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When Graham Greene died in April, 1991, I read in an obituary that he had, in 1940, won the Hawthornden Prize for Literature with his *The Power and The Glory*, later made into a film (as were many of his books, including *The Third Man*. I had supposed, for some reason, that the Hawthornden had passed into limbo by that date, and was pleasantly surprised to find that the Prize is still alive and well today, having survived one or two hiccups, and, under new management, is still being awarded to distinguished writers. I resolved to find out more about the Hawthornden, with of course, particular reference to its significance as far as Henry Williamson was concerned.

We know that H.W. won the prestigious Hawthornden Prize, in 1928, for his book *Tarka the Otter* which had been published in October of the previous year. The Prize, which then consisted of a cheque of £100, given by a Miss Alice Warrender, was an annual award (since 1920) for a work of imagination by a British author less than forty-one years old. [A full list of Hawthornden Prizewinners up to 1991 is given at the end of this article.]

Alice Helen Warrender (1857–1947) was one of the six children, three boys and three girls, of Sir George Warrender, 6th Baronet of Lochend, and Helen, daughter of Sir H. Hume Campbell, 7th Baronet of Marchmont. The Warrenders' home was Bruntisfield House, Edinburgh, which had been bought and rebuilt in 1695 by a George Warrender. In the 1930s the vast crumbling mansion was sold to the Edinburgh municipal authorities and used as council offices until its eventual demolition. The middle i of Bruntisfield has now been dropped, and the site of the mansion and its parklands, once known as Warrender Park, is now know as Bruntsfield Links with its small golf course. Its original name is perpetuated in the Warrender Park Terrace which is its southern boundary. (The 8th Baronet of Lochend, Alice's nephew, was created the first Baron of Bruntisfield in 1942 — in 1991, very elderly, he was living in Switzerland.)

Alice's oldest brother pre-deceased his father, who died in 1901, and the second son, George, born in 1860, became the 7th Baronet of Lochend. He was the only one of the six children to wed — he married Lady Maud Ashley in 1894, and had three children. Sir George as a lad was educated at the Rev John Hawtrey's School at Slough for the Navy — members will no doubt instantly recall that so was Richard Maddison! (–see *The Dark Lantern*, ch 20. 'Richard' was seven years younger than Sir George, but even so they may have been at Hawtrey's together!). Sir George, a qualified French interpreter, became a Vice-Admiral. When still on the Active List in 1916 he fell ill, resigned his Command and died early in 1917. The third son, Hugh, educated at Eton and Sandhurst for the Army, became a Lieutenant Colonel and won the D.S.O. He had been Commanding Officer of the Civil Service Rifles who were decimated on the Somme in 1916. He died in 1926. One of Alice's sisters, Eleanor, was a close friend of Lady Jennie Churchill (Winston's beautiful and talented American mother). Her brothers George and Hugh very much admired Lady Jennie — Hugh pursued her diligently but hopelessly, in fact, in between her marriages, of course, according to Peregrine Churchill's *Jennie*, 1974.

Most of the Warrender children, I understand, emigrated over the Border to the South of England. Alice herself, in about 1890, aged thirty-three, moved to a village near Wilton, Salisbury, Wilts. Her close friends Lord and Lady Pembroke lived at Wilton House — Lord Pembroke was probably Lord Reginald Herbert (1880–1960),

who became the 15th Early of Pembroke in 1913, and Lady Pembroke would then presumably have been the Countess of Pembroke. Alice became Vicar's Warden at the local church, and rode side-saddle with the Vale of White Horse hounds. It is whispered that she had another very close friend there whose wife was locked up in an 'institution'. As far as is known, nothing became of this relationship, and in 1919 or thereabouts Alice aged sixty-two moved to Bayman Manor, Chesham, Bucks, ostensibly to be near her sick brother Hugh at Pinner. She lived alone at the Manor, a red-brick Victorian pile, except for her staff, until her death in 1947, aged ninety. She died suddenly, and unexpectedly, after a fall in which she broke her arm.

Alice, caring and generous to a fault, entertained her many literary, musical and artistic friends at the Manor, a kind benefactress to them all — she also generously supported the theatre and opera. Frequent guests were Edward Shanks, the first Hawthornden Prize winner (inexplicably known as Dickie) and Bernard van Dieren, musician and composer, who tutored Alice, already an accomplished pianist, at her beloved grant piano which she left him in her Will. Another long-term guest was J.C. Squire (later Sir Jack) who organised cricket matches at the Manor and even joined the local Home Guard in the Second World War. Jack made full use of the study and well-stocked library — it was he who urged Alice to set up her Prize. One of his books, *The Honeysuckle and The Bee*, 1937, a collection of autobiographical yarns, was dedicated to Alice, and was probably written at the Manor. Her sister Eleanor disapproved of Jack — 'He's not in your class,' she sniffed. Alice was passionately fond of children and animals, especially horses — she maintained a stable at the Manor into her old age and loved to be driven around the Buckinghamshire lanes in a pony and trap while her chauffeur polished her huge American Hotchkiss car. A heavy smoker all her life, she loved to tell ghost stories to her assembled guests around the Manor firesides, the while waving her long elegant cigarette holders. In spite of her frail physique she was a tough character, and ruled over her establishment of maids, cooks, gardeners, chauffeurs, groomsmen and stable boys with an iron hand. She was awarded the O.B.E. in 1936.

There is a photograph taken about 1941, unfortunately not clear enough to be reproduced here, of a group of people which includes Alice and one of her sisters. Alice, aged about eighty-four, tiny, sports a typical period hat above lantern jaws; long bony fingers clutch the inevitable cigarette. She seems happy enough, surrounded by friends and family, dogs and children. In the group stands Sir Jack Squire, looking suitably sheepish in his Dads' Army outfit.

The splendid picture of Alice reproduced on the previous page is from a painting by a Miss Augusta North in about 1937 when Alice was some eighty years of age.

I am much indebted to Mrs Lola Cameron, a god-daughter of Miss Alice, for much of the personal details of the lady to whom H.W., and we ourselves, of course, owed so much.

Near Alice's home was Hawthornden Castle, a wild and romantic place perched on a cliff edge at Lasswade, Midlothian. There is no doubt that Alice named her award after the castle, which now houses the International Retreat for Writers, to whom we are indebted for the fine photograph reproduced here. It is now, I understand, more usually, and more correctly, known as Hawthornden House, for little now remains of the castle on the site of which William Drummond, the noted Scottish poet, built the house in 1638. Drummond (1585–1649) was a law student and inventor turned poet. His father, the first Laird of Hawthornden, was a gentleman Usher at the Court of King James VI in London. The dramatist Ben

Jonson once stayed for several weeks with William at Hawthornden, having walked there from London, it is said. Drummond made copious notes about Jonson during his stay; these are said to have been the basis of Jonson's later biographies. An interesting and most unusual feature of the Castle is that beneath it are some artificial (man-made) prehistoric caves.

Recently I search the large well-stocked Central library in Newport in vain for the work of any of the Hawthornden Prize winners up to 1929. I noticed that the novels of the popular late 19th century and early 20th century writers such as H.G. Wells, Hardy, D.H. Lawrence, Eliot, Galsworthy, Conan Doyle, Somerset Maugham, Kipling, Buchan and even Edgar Wallace had been 'promoted' from the Fiction shelves and now gathered dust in the Literature section, and wondered whether this was the case elsewhere. I was glad to see in the Nature section, though, *Salar the Salmon, A Clear Water Stream, Collected Nature Stores* (much used), and *The Henry Williamson Animal Saga*, and in the Fiction section three Chronicle novels, *The Golden Virgin, The Innocent Moon* and *It was the Nightingale.* In a sort of Huntin', Shooting' and Fishin' section was a brand new *Tarka the Otter!* There was another battered Tarka in the Childrens section, whilst in the Poetry section was some work by Vita Sackville-West [1] and Siegfried Sassoon [2], Hawthornden Prize winners in 1927, 1929 and 1934.

In my local Branch library I found a 1967 reprint of Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, the book which won the Hawthornden in 1929. Although the Prize was for the best piece of imaginative prose or verse by a British author under the age of forty-one, Sassoon, born in 1886, was in fact forty-two when his book was published in 1928, and the book contained little of an imaginary nature being, according to the dust-jacket blurb, a work of semi-fictional autobiography. The story is charmingly told, with some fine descriptive passages. It is the story of George Sherston, Sassoon's alter ego, told in the first person, and is similar in many ways to the story of Wiliamson's Phillip Maddison for we read in the opening pages 'My childhood was a queer and not altogether a happy one', 'Circumstances conspired to make me shy and solitary', and 'I was a dreamy and unpractical boy ... there was an unmanly element in my nature which betrayed me into many blunders and secret humiliations'. The book is evocative of pre-War rural Kent, and its last chapters tell of Sherston's joining the Army in 1914, serving first in the ranks but soon as an officer (like Robert Graves, in the Royal Welch Fusiliers), becoming a Transport Officer on the Somme ... all very familiar, somehow! Sassoon's solitary expeditions in No Mans Land earned him the nick-name of Mad Jack, and also the Military Cross. It is as a War poet, I believe, that he is best remembered.

Another interesting case is that of R.H. Mottram [3], who won the Hawthornden in 1924 for his *The Spanish Farm*, published in that year. The following year came *Sixty-four, Ninety-four*, and in 1926 *The Crime at Vanderlyndens*. All three books were re-published as a trilogy, in 1927, collectively entitled *The Spanish Farm*. In spite of their strange titles they were all based upon his personal experiences in Flanders in the Great War. (The Under-41 Rule was also relaxed a little to enable Mottram to win the Hawthornden — clearly the Rule has now been abandoned altogether for Claire Tomalin, the 1991 winner with her *The Invisible Woman* — the story of Charles Dickens' unseen mistress, Nellie Ternan — was born in 1933.) Again, like Sassoon's *Memoirs*, and indeed one or two other Prize-winning biographies and 'autobiographies', *The Spanish Farm* was based on factual experiences, but no matter. What is interesting is that *The Spanish Farm*, in spite of being widely and loudly acclaimed by John Galsworthy (whose style it affected), was largely ignored by the critics and the public until it won the Hawthornden Prize with its attendant

publicity, when it 'took off' to become a best-seller. In 1927 it was filmed as *The Roses of Picardy*, and enabled the fortunate Mottram to leave the Bank and take up writing as a career.

The Hawthornden Prize was first awarded, in 1920, to Edward Shanks, at the Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, London. There were two distinguished speakers on that occasion, the famous Edmund (late Sir Edmund) Gosse, C.B., and the author and poet Maurice Hewlett. A friend who helped Miss Warrender to set up the Prize was Marie Belloc Lowndes, a sister of Hilaire Belloc; her 1971 biography records that the date of the first presentation was July 10th, 1919, but I'm sure this is a mistake and the year was 1920. Mrs Lola Cameron, the god-daughter of Miss Warrender previously mentioned, although herself now elderly, well remembers being taken as a young girl by her mother to the Aeolian Hall [4], in 1930, to see the Hawthornden being presented to Lord David Cecil by Stanley Baldwin, who had been Prime Minister and was to become Prime Minister again.

Henry Williamson's Hawthornden Prize was presented by John Galsworthy [5] at a gathering of literary cognoscenti in the Aeolian Hall, London, on June 12th, 1928. It brought H.W., at the age of thirty-two, the recognition and fame for which he yearned, and the money enabled him to complete the purchase of his beloved field at Ox's Cross, Georgeham, Devon.

Strangely, H.W. was somewhat reticent about his winning of the Prize, in print, at least, and it gets only a brief mention here and there in his writings, for example 'I should have told earlier that the story of the otter had been awarded the Hawthornden Prize of 1928.' (*The Children of Shallowford*, ch. 7. In the same book, ch. 17, he gives a short account of the presentation ceremony.) Whilst we marvel at his unwonted modesty in the printed word we do in fact have an unsolicited first-hand account of the presentation, literally in his own words, from a broadcast interview with Goronwy Rees in 1960 [6]. In the interview, which I'm sure he would have loved to edit (for instance, Rees refers to H.W.'s greatest achievement and calls it the Chronicle of Ancient Twilight!), we are afforded a glimpse of the Great Day sixty-three years ago which marked for him in many ways a turning point in his long career and provided a solid platform of self-confidence which never left him. I produce a transcript below, with the hope that the punctuation is reasonably accurate:

'Yes', (says H.W.) 'Tarka was a Cinderella story. I remember John Galsworthy gave me the Prize in the Aeolian Hall. There was no rehearsal — I just didn't know what was going to happen. I went on the platform — I was called up — Galsworthy gave this tremendous praise for it. I went up in a dream — I climbed the steps and I just took this cheque, and I thanked Miss Alice Warrender who was on the platform (Thank you very much), and the cameras flashed, and I was going off, you see, I didn't want to talk about myself, and Robert Lynd, who was one of the Committee, said 'Would you like to make a speech?' I said 'No, thank you,' (I wouldn't), and thanked Miss Warrender again, and I jumped off the platform and ran off! Well, when I was leaving the Hall I saw a row of reporters, one of them from the Weekly Despatch, my old paper, saying 'Mr Williamson, do give us a story, we've got to take something back, you've been a reporter, you know what it's like.' I said 'But there's no story, I'm sorry, there's nothing in it. I merely live in a cottage, rent one-and-six a week. I live a dull life down there. I had a tame otter which escaped, and I had other things, a buzzard, and sea-gulls in this cottage, and dogs and cats, and I just grew a beard. I went down there, and I wrote this story, and here I am today. There's no story in it at all.' Then he added 'I think they had about ten thousand orders the next day. That was June, 1928.'

In March, 1946, in the magazine *Woman's Illustrated* [7], H.W. wrote 'After some years of solitary living and writing in obscurity, I awoke one morning to see my name printed in all the newspapers on the same day, and in two London dailies my work was the subject of a leading article.' [8]. He added that he had not been surprised for he had long been aware of the talent with which he had been born by an accident of heredity.

For the bare bones of the presentation itself, in print, we need look no further, perhaps, than the reproduction in the Henry Williamson Society *Journal* No 16, 'The Tarka Diamond Jubilee Issue', September 1987, of newspaper cuttings collected at the time by H.W. himself. Some of the wording of the articles is too similar for coincidence, and no doubt some journalistic syndication took place. *The Times* of 13th June 1928 reported that the Hawthornden Prize of £100, given annually by Miss Alice Warrender for a work by an author whose age does not exceed forty-one [9] had been awarded by the Committee that year to Mr Henry Williamson for his recent book *Tarka the Otter*. The paper added that Mr Galsworthy, when presenting the Prize, had said that 'Mr Williamson was the finest and most intimate living interpreter of the drama of wild life. For sheer beauty and power it is not easy to match some of his phrases in the whole of English literature. In him they had a writer akin to Richard Jefferies [10] and W.H. Hudson [11] in the power of feeling, seeing and expressing nature in her many moods.' (Galsworthy's comments, especially his comparison with H.W.'s idol Jefferies, must have been particularly gratifying to H.W. They are quoted by Wheatley Blench in 'How Good is Tarka the Otter as Literature' in the HW Society *Journal* No 22.) For good measure, another paper, *The Daily Telegraph*, reported that Galsworthy had also said that '*Tarka* was a truly remarkable creation, the result of stupendous imaginative concentration, fortified by endlessly patient and loving observation of Nature. He (H.W.) was, at his best, a beautiful writer.' Praise, indeed, from the Great Man — no wonder he was speechless when the cheque was presented to him. [12] The newspaper articles provide one or two other snippets of information, such as the fact that among the audience were Hugh Walpole and Rebecca West, and that was that.

Not the least fascinating aspect of H.W.'s writings is the undoubted fact that most of his fictional characters were modelled upon real people. This is particularly noticeable in *The Power of The Dead*, the story of the year 1928, in which H.W. parades many of his literary contemporaries of the 1920s and 1930s, the era in which Phillip Maddison became a successful writer with his *The Water Wanderer* and *The Phoenix* (and won the Grasmere Prize), like his creator with *Tarka* and *The Pathway* (and his Hawthornden Prize). Phillip moved with confidence among the literati of Fleet Street, and ran happily up the stairs of the Barbarian Club. This Club, which Phillip joined in 1928, was clearly modelled upon Savage Club (one does not say *the* Savage Club) is placed firmly in Adelphi Terrace, just off the Strand, although at least once in the novels (I have lost the reference) it is placed in St James Street. (Indeed, Savage Club, always peripatetic, has been sited in both Adelphi Terrace and St James Street, where it occupied the basement of the Constitutional Club.) Savage Club, founded in 1857 (one source says 1868), was named after Richard Savage, a gifted but dissolute poet and satirist, who died in 1743. Savage, a convicted but pardoned murderer protected and patronised by Queen Caroline, was hounded out of London after the death in 1737 of the Queen, who had wanted him to be appointed Poet Laureate, and he died in poverty in Bristol gaol. Savage Club was in Adelphi Terrace from 1888 to 1937 when the Terrace was demolished. It moved to Lord Curzon's residence in Carlton House Terrace, then shared premises with the National Liberal Club before moving to St

James Street, date not known to me. By 1957 it was in Fitzmaurice Place, and it has again recently moved to Whitehall Place, Members of Savage Club from time to time have included the composer Elgar, Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan, Edgar Wallace, Somerset Maugham, Harry Tate, Reginald Pound, A.G. Street and Dylan Thomas. Although I have not found much reference to Savage Club in H.W.'s non-fictional writings (I haven't looked very hard), it is worth having a look at the place which Phillip (and H.W., no doubt) regarded as his home in London. 'The Barbarian Club was a place of good-fellowship among writers, actors, painters, lawyers, and doctors of distinction. Within was light, warmth, and joviality.' There was a library, billiard and card rooms, and on the first floor a large supper room, an adjoining bar and a reading room with wide windows overlooking St James Park. The supper room was a place of convivial talk which often went on after midnight. In the hall was a small porters lodge, a telephone box, and a small divided place for use as a ladies room with waiter service where members (presumably men only) could entertain their lady guests. After supper there once 'at the long table where sat comedians and authors, flute-players and surgeons, script-writers and gossip columnists, actors and scientists', Phillip slept in a garret bedroom with near-cardboard walls 'through which travelled many sounds', including Big Ben's chimes.

I will attempt to unravel the real and the imaginary, which of course is not easy when interpreting Williamson's writings, giving brief outlines of some of the characters who featured in his life and work in the decade after the Great War.

When H.W. is describing Phillip Maddison receiving the Grasmere Prize for his *The Water Wanderer* in *The Power of The Dead*, 1963, he is virtually recounting his own experiences when receiving the Hawthornden, or as much of it as he could accurately recall after some thirty-five years. There are some differences, naturally. 'Thomas Morland' (Galsworthy) has already received his Order of Merit [13], for instance, while Galsworthy did not receive his until 1929, the year after the presentation; but Henry and his wife Loetitia were the guests of the Galsworthys at their London residence, as were Phillip and Lucy at the home of the 'Morlands'; the names of the literary celebrities at the real presentation were disguised, e.g. J.C. Squire became 'J.C. Knight'. (J.C. Squire, 1884–1958, established the London Mercury in 1919. Educated in Devon and Cambridge, he was a highly respected journalist and essayist. He was onetime literary editor of the New Statesman, and chief literary critic of *The Observer*. He was the leader of an influential group of literary personalities known as the 'Squirearchy', and received a peerage in 1933. It was he who urged his close friend Miss Warrender to set up the Hawthornden Prize. H.W. thought that it was Squire who was mainly responsible, as a member of the Committee, for him winning the Prize in 1928. *Love and The Loveless*, 1958, was dedicated to him.) In the official photograph Galsworthy does not hand H.W. a cheque, or a piece of paper purporting to be one. (Opposite page 55 of Farson's *Henry*, 1982, and also on page 31 of HW Society *Journal* No 16, we see our handsome hero resplendent in morning coat, top hat and spats. There he is smugly nonchalant, but on the same pages we see him at the Aeolian Hall modestly attired in a grey lounge suit looking as if he didn't know what had him him while he has his fingers crushed by Mr Galsworthy. The first photograph, by Knight of Barnstaple, was taken, I believe, at a previous function, in situ, i.e. not in a studio, for somebody is walking past. It may have been at a wedding, but not his own — Loetitia is holding a bouquet of flowers, and it is unlikely that she was given this at the Aeolian Hall. It is also unlikely, in any case, that Knights would have sent a photographer to London for they would not have known that it was a local man

who was to receive the Prize. The placing of the photographs together, in both publications is misleading, for clearly they were taken on separate occasions.) But I'm sure that the story of the 'Grasmere Prize' is as good an account of what actually happened on the evening of 12th June 1928 as any that have appeared in print, to date, albeit in a fictional form, and I make no apologies for reproducing below an abbreviated account straight from the relevant pages of *The Power of The Dead*.

In ch. 8 Phillip's wife Lucy, one spring morning, gave Phillip a letter in an unknown hand. It was a brief note from Corinna Arden (Miss Warrender), from a manor house in Buckinghamshire, telling him that the Committee of the Grasmere Memorial Prize for 1928 had unanimously [14] awarded it to *The Water Wanderer*. She added that she hoped to get Thomas Morland O.M. to make the presentation, and asked him to keep the secret, as it was hoped to announce it for the first time at the Award in London in June.

Phillip exulted 'I knew it! I knew it, though the thought never came to my conscious mind. I've always known my true place in the world. Seven years to be famous! Walter Ramel (Walter de la Mare) told me in J.D. Woodford's (J.D. Beresford's) house in 1921 that it would take seven years. The prize is £100, so I'll be out of debt to Nuncle (his uncle Sir Hilary Maddison). I must revise *The Phoenix* at once. It will be timely in the autumn and will get the publicity of the Grasmere Award.'

Walter de la Mare, 1873–1956, was a poet and novelist. His early books were published under the name of Walter Ramel. He received the Order of Merit in 1953. His son Richard, a Director of Faber & Faber, was H.W.'s literary adviser at that time, and was the Best Man at his wedding in 1925.

J.D. Beresford, 1873–1947, was a novelist and short-story writer. He was Reader for Collins — read his brutally frank criticism of *Dandelion Days* in *The Sun in the Sands* ch. 19. H.W. accepted this manfully, and dedicated his next novel, *The Dream of Fair Women*, to him.

H.W.'s first reaction, of course, with regard to the £100 prize money, was that it would enable him to complete the purchase of the field at Ox's Cross, Georgeham, for which he had already paid a deposit of £25 of the total price of £125.

Phillip asked Mr Japer Driver of Mashie & Co (Constant Huntington, of Putnams), who had published *The Water Wanderer*, to take his latest novel *The Phoenix*, and asked for a £50 advance — Driver demurred [15]. Phillip's literary agent Anders Norse offered the book to Coats (Jonathan Cape) who accepted it and agreed to an advance of £250, of which sum Phillip got £225 and Norse (presumably) a 10% commission.Norse was modelled upon Andrew Dakers, 1868–1947, H.W.'s literary Agent, to whom *Dandelion Days* was dedicated. As Norse was the Best Man at the wedding of Phillip and Lucy, he may also have been partly modelled upon Richard de la Mare.

Edward Cornelian, famous critic and Reader for Coats, and 'discoverer' of Conrad, wrote to Phillip admiring his new novel. Cornelian, of course, was modelled upon Edward Garnett, 1868–1937, who was a writer and critic, and Reader for Jonathan Cape. Himself an unsuccessful novelist and playwright, he encouraged and assisted Joseph Conrad, D.H. Lawrence, E.M. Forster, W.H. Hudson and Galsworthy himself. He was, says Lois Lamplugh in her *A Shadowed Man*, 1989, the most eminent, perceptive and revered of publishers' Readers. His father had been a writer, and his son David won the Hawthornden in 1924.

Phillip, then learning the farming business at his Uncle Hilary's place in Rookhurst [16] travelled by train from Shakesbury (Shaftesbury) to London and met his new friend and neighbour Piers Tofield [17]. Unknown to Phillip, Piers was the

son of the Sir Roland Piers who had in France in 1893 met Hetty Turney, later of course to be Phillip's mother, and had proposed marriage to her — see *The Dark Lantern* ch 2. Sir Roland, at Hetty's secret request years later, 'arranged' a job at the Moon Fire office for Hetty's husband Richard Maddison, when he was sacked from Doggets Bank. Sir Roland was himself the son of Sir Roger Tofield, City gent, brewer, onetime Lord Mayor of London, who had bought farms and land from the Maddison estate which had been run down by Philip's incompetent grandfather.

Phillip then told his delighted agent Norse about Miss Arden's letter, and later met by appointment Edward Cornelian and Thomas Morland at Romano's restaurant (Galsworthy's favourite) in the Strand, where they discussed Phillip's work and aspirations. [18] There we hear, too, Cornelian giving Morland some gratuitous advice in what Morland may well have considered to be a somewhat patronising manner — Morland reflected that Cornelian had not himself succeeded as a creative writer. [19]

A few days later, on the day of the presentation, Phillip and Lucy, together with Pa and Ernest (Lucy's father and brother), drove to Reading where they caught a train to Paddington. There they took a taxi to the Adelphi Hotel where Pa and Ernest were to stay the night, while Phillip and Lucy were to be the guests of the Morlands at Hampstead. (Although the Galsworthys had moved to Bury House in Sussex in 1926 they retained Grove Lodge, Hampstead, where they had lived since 1918, as a town residence.J.G. died there in 1933.) Phillip's mother (Hetty) and 'Spica Virginis' (H.W.'s other name for the fictional Tabitha Trevilian who was modelled upon Gwendoline Rendle, an old flame of his) were to meet up at Charing Cross and walk to the Aeolian Hall. Phillip saw in an evening paper (an early afternoon edition, presumably) that the 'secret' was out, betrayed by a previous winner of the Grasmere Prize with his book of poems called the Queen of Sumeria — this must have been Edward Shanks, a friend of Miss Alice Warrender and the first winner of the Hawthornden with his poems *The Queen of China*. At 2.30 (5.30 in real life) Phillip and Lucy arrived at the Aeolian Hall and were met by J.C. Knight, the poet and editor of The London Apollo (The London Mercury). In an ante-room Knight presented Phillip to Miss Corinna Arden (Miss Warrender), a tall elderly lady with a bright, virginal manner, then to the other three members of the Committee beside himself, who are not named in the novel but in real life were Laurence Binyon, Robert Lynd and Edward Marsh.

Binyon, 1869–1943, was a poet, playwright and art critic. His best known poem was *For The Fallen* ('They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old. Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.') For many years he was on the Staff of the British Museum. Robert Lynd, 1879–1949, was an Irish essayist, free-lance journalist and critic. He was literary editor of the News Chronicle, and a contributor to the New Statesman, using the pseudonym 'Y.Y.' Edward Marsh, 1872–1953, was an eminent civil servant and a patron of the arts, particularly modern poetry. He was also prominent in politics, and was onetime Secretary to Winston Churchill. He was knighted in 1937.

Thomas Morland himself then appeared at the Aeolian Hall; a press photographer for an evening paper took pictures of Phillip with Morland who was shown handing him a piece of paper purporting to be a cheque. Knight asked Phillip to find a seat at the edge of the gangway about half way down the Hall and to go up to the platform when called.

On entering the Hall with its red upholstery and clusters of electric light bulbs Phillip saw his mother and Lucy, with Pa and Ernest and 'Spica' about a dozen rows from the back — Lucy had kept a seat for him, at Spica's suggestion.

Phillip noticed Margot Asquith, then aged about sixty-four, entering the Hall 'striding briskly, entirely buoyant' (her famous husband had recently died!), accompanied by a beautiful, fair-haired young woman. Margot was the second wife of Henry Asquith, Prime Minister 1908–1916. She was a strong controversial character and greatly influenced taste and fashion. She was a close friend of Virginia Woolf [20]. Three paragraphs of her autobiography are quoted before ch. 1 of *The Golden Virgin*.

Behind Phillip sat a famous War poet, not named, unfortunately. Also in the Hall was Phillip's agent Anders Norse, who saw how busy Phillip was and kept out of sight. Edward Cornelian had told Morland that he would be there, too, but his presence is not reported.

Spica murmured to Phillip that she had always known that this Great Day would come for him.

Thomas Morland stood up, a sheaf of papers in his hand. He spoke of the famous writers who were concerned for the preservation of wild life, and described *The Water Wanderer* as a work of stupendous imagination fortified by endlessly patient observation.

Phillip's name was called and he advanced, grinning nervously, along the gangway and up the steps and across th platform, behind the seated Committee, to Miss Arden. She stood up to give him an envelope, and shook his hand. He bowed his head, thanked her and retreated. A Committee member invited him to make a speech. The audience clapped in anticipation — Phillip, totally unprepared, managed a Thank You to the audience and another to Miss Arden, jumped down the steps and fled back to his seat threequarters of the way down the Hall. Miss Arden made a short speech instead, and the ceremony was over.

A small number of people stayed to congratulate him. The Colonel of his old Regiment, (The Gaultshires), Lord Satchville, [21] invited him to visit Husborne (Woburn) Abbey to renew acquaintance with the Duke of Gaultshire (Bedford), his first cousin. Phillip had received some medical treatment at the Abbey for the effects of mustard gas in May, 1918, (recorded in *A Test to Destruction*, chs. 12 & 13), and he also recalled visits there as a boy with his cousins Percy and Polly Pickering. The invitation was not repeated when Col Lord Satchville and Phillip next met three months later at the Regimental Reunion Dinner at the Connaught Rooms.

Martin Beausire, literary editor of the Daily Telegram (Daily Telegraph) invited Phillip and Lucy to visit him. Beausire was modelled upon S.P.B. (Petre) Mais, 1885–1975, who was a broadcaster, novelist, scholar, Oxford Blue, lecturer, journalist, traveller, onetime literary editor of Evening News, Daily Express, Daily Graphic and Daily Telegraph — a real Fleet Street man. We see his face (just) in a photograph in *Goodbye West Country* ch. VIII. It was Petre's book *Orange Street*, 1926, a skit on Williamson and his life in Georgeham, that made H.W. (and Phillip) laugh in *It Was the Nightingale* ch. 17. A senior Society member believes that Beausire was a combination of Mais and Reginald Pound.

Also at the presentation was Archie Plugge, a friend of Piers Tofield. Plugge is thought to have been modelled upon Dudley Carew, a novelist and literary agent who worked with J.C. Squire at the London Mercury (and probably also at the B.B.C. with John Heygate), and was a friend of Evelyn Waugh. Plugge introduced Philip to his friend the gushing Zorinda — Miss Nembhard la Guardia, original unknown to me — who asked Phillip how to obtain an otter cub for her as a pet, and suggested a visit to the West Country; Phillip palmed her off on Lucy, and went to see some reporters from the evening newspapers, three young women including the bashful Felicity Ancroft [22] and a young man. He told them briefly how

he had left Fleet Street to live in a labourer's cottage in South Devon after the War and how he had kept, among other pets, a tame otter called Lutra.

Someone told him that he had heard Sir Godber Hollins (Sir Godfrey Collins, Managing Director of Collins, who refused to publish *The Pathway*) saying 'I discovered that young man', after he had received congratulations on being Phillip's publisher. Although Hollins had published some of Phillip's work he had not in fact published *The Water Wanderer*, nor did he publish any later work. [23]

Spica, Hetty, Pa and Ernest left, while Phillip and Lucy accompanied Mr and Mrs Morland to a house in Upper Brook Street where they listened to a string quartet. After dinner they all went to hear *Hiawatha* at the Queens Hall and then went on to the Morlands' house at the edge of Hampstead Heath. The politely grateful Maddisons left next morning, three hours before their train was due to leave, after a rather strained visit during which Phillip had secretly though Morland to be a writer inferior to himself. In *A Test to Destruction* ch. 23, Phillip said that he hoped one day to write a family trilogy of novels which would bite deeper than Galsworthy's, by which he obviously meant *The Forsyte Saga*. 'Phillip' said this in 1963, ten years after the publication of the third of the three Chronicle novels which are generally known as the 'London' trilogy i.e. *The Dark Lantern, Donkey Boy* and *Young Phillip Maddison*. These books are considered by many, including myself, to be Williamson's best work. Ronald Duncan in his article Memories of Henry Williamson in the H.W. Society Journal No 5 thought that the Chronicle sequence would probably be more valued in time than *The Forsyte Saga*, and added that Williamson was quite consciously trying to do for our period what Tolstoy had achieved in *War and Peace*.

The morning papers, bought at Paddington station, reported the award, some with the photograph of Morland shaking Phillip's hand and handing over a piece of paper shaped like a cheque. The Award was reported in The Crusader (The Daily Express) as £100 and a gold medal.

The Maddisons took a taxi from Paddington to the publishers of *The Water Wanderer*, Mashie & Co., Managing Director Mr Driver. (The publishers of *Tarka*, of course were Putnams, and we must smile at the golfing terms of disguise chosen by H.W. — mashies and drivers were golf clubs; the put or putt is in Putnams.) Mr Driver told Phillip that sales records were being broken, sackfuls of orders arriving from booksellers, including Harrods, following the announcement of the Award on the BBC News the previous evening. (Tongue in cheek, I wrote to the BBC Written Archives at Reading to see whether it would be possible to trace such an item I was told that in 1928 the BBC had no independent news service; all bulletins were compiled from Press Agency material the texts of which were not retained.) Mr Driver was not too disappointed to hear that Phillip had changed publishers to Coats (Capes). He told him frankly that his novels were not in the same class as his animal books, and advised him not to regard himself as a novelist, for his novels lacked humour and vitality. Phillip's response is not recorded.

Phillip and Lucy were reunited with Pa and Ernest at Reading station, and went back to Rookhurst in Ernest's car. The Great Day was over.

* * * * * * *

The first and most important effect that the winning of the Hawthornden Prize had on H.W. was, I am sure, the achievement of the fame and recognition which he knew secretly was no less than he deserved. This in spite of the fact that by his own admission (in a Preface to the 1982 paperback edition of *The Peregrine Saga*) his first

three novels *The Beautiful Years, Dandelion Days* and *The Dream of Fair Women* had failed to sell, and indeed not one had earned its advance royalty payment of £25 — moreover, the publishers, Collins, had returned the copyrights to him. Colin Wilson, in his article 'Henry Williamson and his Writings, A Personal View' in the H.W. Society *Journal* No 2, said that '*Tarka* brought Henry recognition but not fame' — a fine distinction, perhaps, which is not easily interpreted. But Henry, said Daniel Farson, was 'hailed by all artistic London'. He basked in the praise of men like Galsworthy, Hardy, Masefield, T.E. Lawrence, Garnett, Bennett, Hilaire Belloc and G.K. Chesterton. Maurice Wiggin (to whom *The Power of The Dead* was dedicated) wrote in the Sunday Times in June 1958 (quoted in the H.W. Society Journal No 11 p. 7) 'after 1928 the greatest critics were quick to call him genius. Arnold Bennett [24] could not praise *The Pathway* too highly, while Thomas Hardy and John Galsworthy did him honour.' But H.A. Manhood (portrayed in the Chronicle as A.B. Cabton, see Fred Shepherd's article *A Chronicle Character* in H.W. Society *Journal* No. 21) writing to Edward Garnett in 1929, asked him whether he thought winning the Hawthornden had done H.W. any good — this in the sense, perhaps, that the Prize may have 'typed' him as a Nature writer. I would love to know how Garnett replied. 'There is no evidence,' said E.W. Martin in *Henry Williamson, The Man, The Writings*, 1980, 'that Henry regretted *Tarka's* immense success. What he did fear was that it would cause readers to think that he had written only one book.' This, H.W. knew, was what the success of *Lorna Doone* had done for Blackmore. In the same publication, David Hoyle, in his essay 'The Flax of Dream', said that whether we liked it or not, for most readers and critics Williamson was predominantly a nature writer. In the Preface to a paperback edition of *The Old Stag*, 1926, H.W. tells us that as early as 1924 the editor of a London magazine had asked him why he wasted ink and paper and burned the midnight oil writing about animals, and said that he thought it was a waste of real talent. H.W. may well have agreed, but with a growing family to feed in the early 1930s he had the good sense to see well enough on which side his bread was buttered, and he hammered out another successful animal story in the shape of *Salar the Salmon*, 1935. Publishers, said his friend Lady Diana Mosley in *Henry Williamson, The Man, The Writings*, p. 35, begged him for more, for books about animals were always best sellers. Again quoted in the same publication, p. 160, Ted Hughes had said in his Address at the Memorial Service for Williamson in London in December 1977 'If ever a writer was hounded and hallowed by one of his creations, Henry was hunted by the fame of *Tarka*. As if he had never written anything else. At the same time he was passionately attached to Tarka. He knew just how important it was to him. In a very real sense, that Devon otter was his totem, something truly sacred to him, deeply and mysteriously kin, and it remained so throughout his life.' Hughes added that 'it was the spirit of Tarka still wild, alert, open to everything, ready for anything, that drove Henry, for he, too, was untamed, and was free.'

If less satisfying to H.W., no less important was the immediate effect of the Hawthornden Prize on the sale of *Tarka*, which up to then, he thought, had been somewhat disappointing. But before he won the Prize and immediately after the First (published) limited edition in October 1927, with its 1000 copies for sale (at £1.05p per copy, of which he received probably less than half), came an unlimited edition (with an unknown number of copies printed, but perhaps between 2500 and 4000). This was followed in January 1928 by a Second Impression of the First Trade edition (although the numbers of copies is unknown), and if one supposes that prudent publishers did not bring out new editions unless existing stocks were sold,

or were at least selling well, then the position could not have been all doom and gloom as H.W. seems to have suggested. Even if the private edition of 100 copies for subscribers in August 1927 had failed, the book, says John Homan, sold well against good reviews, considering the author was virtually unknown, before the Hawthornden was announced — see also John Homan's definitive bibliography in the H.W. Society *Journal* No 16. Williamson's initial disappointment over what he thought were the poor sales of *Tarka*, however, soon dissipated with the very welcome publicity of the Hawthornden, and he tells us in *The Children of Shallowford*, ch. 17, that 3000 copies were sold on the day after award, and the publishers ordered another edition to meet demand. Moreover, the original 100 vellum copies of the first printing were sold at once (at £3.15 per copy of which H.W. received £1.25). In the same book, ch. 7, writing of October 1928, he says 'With the sudden success of my books ...', and it appears that the Award had by then had a retrospective effect upon the sales of his previous books, too. We know that by then, at least, he had bought his first little car, a Peugeot, I think, and undoubtedly with the Prize came greater financial security. In October 1928 was published another book which was more important than *Tarka*, H.W. then thought, *The Pathway*. In Appendix 1 of *Henry Williamson, The Man, The Writings* (p. 147) H.W. tells us that *The Pathway* sold 30,000 copies; undoubtedly the publicity of the Hawthornden played a vital role here, even before the book's publication, by persuading his new publishers, Jonathan Cape, to fork out an advance of £250 (or £225), most welcome to H.W. who admitted to being badly in need of money.

The third, and immediate, result of winning that £100 was that it enabled H.W. to complete the purchase of the two-acre field at Ox's Cross. The price of £62 per acre (equivalent of £1,364 per acre in 1991) was a huge sum in those days for poor agricultural land — certainly a luxury which he could ill afford; there is no doubt the he was 'ripped off', as he was again, even more so, when he bought the Norfolk farm with its water, outbuildings and cottages nine years later in 1937 at some £10 per acre. But H.W. loved his field, with, he said in *The Children of Shallowford* ch. 17. ' a view of thousands of square miles of fields and valleys and sea and moor and estuary.' There he built his writing-hut and wrote ... and wrote. There on that remote hill-top he lived out his old age, close to his beloved Nature, at peace at last.

A further benefit, and not the least by any means, which the Award brought to H.W. was the grudging admiration and acceptance of his fellow villagers, who were for the most part artisans, farm labourers and stone-masons. These simple country folk had little time for H.W. and his kind, and they had always regarded him, with some suspicion, as an outsider, as indeed he was. They were fearful, too, of 'being put in his books', and with some justification. Eight years, perhaps, was too short a time for H.W. to become a true villager. But the Hawthornden changed all that, for a time, at least, and H.W. was deeply gratified to find himself greeted in friendly fashion by his neighbours who had previously been inclined to scoff at the stranger in their midst but who now saw him as a celebrity who had put their little village on th map; visitors flocked to see him. Unfortunately, however, this happy state of affairs did not last, for the publication of *The Pathway* a few months later brought down upon his head the wrath of *The Church Times* and the displeasure of his former friend and close neighbour, the Rector. H.W. took his family to Shallowford in September 1929, he wrote somewhere, to 'shake off the dust of Rectorial criticism', among, of course, other more practical reasons.

Williamson, too, was able to view the winning of the Award and the resultant fame and publicity as a sort of academic achievement, some compensation, perhaps, for not having received the lasting benefit of the university education

which his two close friends Petre Mais and John Heygate had enjoyed, a privilege and experience he always missed. But he had won the Hawthornden Prize!

Lastly, winning the Prize gave Williamson the self-confidence, of which early in his career, at least, he had perhaps not too great a store, to continue in his chosen profession — he knew he was a writer now, and he knew he would succeed. The Hawthornden confirmed it. If he had lacked confidence, as Colin Wilson asserted in HW Society *Journal* No. 2, p. 9, then he certainly possessed the determination to overcome it. He persevered almost to the end of his days in the hope, maybe, that having won one major prize then others, and the success for which he craved, were not beyond his reach. Oswald Jones, in his article 'Ancient Sunlight' in *Henry Williamson, the Man, The Writings*, agreed with Daniel Farson who thought that it was only H.W.'s consistent support for Sir Oswald Mosley that lost him the honour of a knighthood or the Order of Merit that must otherwise have been his.

There are today (1991) many annual prizes for literature awarded in this country. They include four at £5,000 (The Historical Novel Prize, the McKitterick Prize, the John Llewellyn Rhys Prize and the Romantic Novelist Assoc. Prize), two at £7,500 (the Cholmondeley Awards and the Encore Award), one at £10,000 (The W.H. Smith Annual Literary Award), one at £15,000 (the Somerset Maugham Trust Fund Award), two at £20,000 (the Whitbread Book of The Year), one at £25,000 (the Betty Trask Prize), one at £40,000 (the Welsh Arts Council Award to Writers), and, of course, the incredible international award of up to £400,000 (the Nobel Prize for Literature). Although the amount of the Hawthornden Prize today is far greater (but not quite in real terms) than when first awarded I am told that the comparative insignificance of the Prize money in the late 1940s, still then £100, I think, led to no little difficulty, and the Prize was not in fact awarded at all for the thirteen years from 1945 to 1957. (Miss Warrender died in 1947.) It must have been somewhat embarrassing for the Committee to offer a writer, in those later days, an accolade which no longer meant much to the reading public or to the literary critics, to say nothing of a monetary prize which he or she might properly have regarded as being little more than derisory. According to the Group Economics Department of Barclays Bank, to whom I applied for information, to establish the equivalent today of the £100 award of 1928 one has to apply a factor of twenty-two, which means that to achieve the same 'spending power' of that £100 one would need £2,200 today, all other things being equal.

The value of the Hawthornden Prize is currently £2,000. A panel of five judges select books of their own choice from those published during the previous calendar year — their individual choices are then read by the other judges and a final choice from this short list is made at a meeting in May. The Prize winner is contacted by the chairman of the panel of judges and invited to accept the Prize at a small private dinner party at a date convenient to all concerned. In 1991 the presentation was made at the Garrick Club in London; the two previous years at the Saville Club, and before that at the Travellers Club, being places considered appropriate for the book and its author, e.g. the Travellers Club for Colin Thubron's book, The Saville Club for Alan Bennett's. Mrs Drue Heinz, the proprietor of Hawthornden Castle, now awards and presents the Prize.

The Hawthornden Prize was a major milestone in Williamson's long writing career and as such was of supreme importance in heralding his arrival as an author of distinction. There are more glittering prizes today, but in the 1920s it was the one (albeit the only one) which gave H.W. the greatest joy and satisfaction, and established him as a writer of class, acknowledged as such by the literary giants of his day.

Hawthornden Prize Winners to Date

(Dates given are dates of publication; the Prizes were usually awarded the following year.)

1919 Edward Shanks, *The Queen of China and Other Poems;*
1920 John Freeman, *Poems Old and New;*
1921 Romer Wilson, *The Death of Society;*
1922 Edmund Blunden, *The Shepherd;*
1923 David Garnett, *Lady into Fox;*
1924 R.H. Mottram (see Note 3) *The Spanish Farm;*
1925 Sean O'Casey, *Juno and The Paycock;*
1926 Victoria Sackville-West, (see Note 1), *The Land;*
1927 Henry Williamson, *Tarka the Otter;*
1928 Siegfried Sassoon (see Note 2), *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man;*
1929 Lord David Cecil, *The Stricken Deer*
1930 Geoffrey Dennis, *The End of The World;*
1931 Kate O'Brien, *Without My Cloak;*
1932 Charles Morgan, *The Fountain;*
1933 Victoria Sackville-West, *Collected Poems;*
1934 James Hilton, *Lost Horizon;*
1935 Robert Graves, *I Claudius;*
1936 Evelyn Waugh, *Edmund Campion;*
1937 Ruth Pitter, *A Trophy of Arms;*
1938 David Jones, *In Parenthesis;*
1939 Christopher Hassall, *Penthesperon;*
1940 James Pope-Hennessy, *London Fabric;*
1941 Graham Greene, *The Power and The Glory;*
1942 Sidney Keyes, *The Cruel Solstice and The Iron Laurel;*
1943 no award;
1944 Martin Skinner, *Letters to Malaya;*
1945–1957 no awards;
1958 Dom Moraes, *A Beginning;*
1959 no award;
1960 Alan Silitoe, *The Loneliness of The Long Distance Runner;*
1961 Ted Hughes, *Lupercal;*
1962 Robert Shaw, *The Sun Doctor;*
1963 Alistair Horne, *The Price of Glory;*
1964 V.S. Naipaul, *Mr Stone and The Knights Companion;*
1965 William Trevor, *The Old Boys;*
1966 no award;
1967 Michael Frayn, *The Russian Interpreter;*
1968 Michael Levey, *Early Renaissance;*
1969 Geoffrey Hill, *King Log;*
1970 P.P. Read, *Monk Dawson;*
1971–1973 no awards;
1974 Oliver Sacks, *Awakenings;*
1975 David Lodge, *Changing Places;*
1976 Robert Nye, *Falstaff;*
1977 Bruce Chatwin, *In Patagonia;*
1978 David Cook, *Walter;*
1979 P.S. Rushworth, *Kindergarten;*
1980 Christopher Reid, *Arcadia;*
1981 Douglas Dunn, *St Kilda's Parliament;*
1982 Timothy Mo, *Sour Sweet;*

1983 Jonathan Keates, *Allegro Postillion*;
1984–1987 no awards;
1988 Colin Thubron, *Behind The Wall*;
1989 Alan Bennett, *Talking Heads*;
1990 Kit Wright, *Short Afternoons*;
1991 Clair Tomalin, *The Invisible Woman*.

NOTES

1. The Hon Victoria, 1883–1971, was the daughter of the third Baron Sackville. Known as Vita because her mother was also a Victoria. Poet, novelist, biographer, traveller, gardener. Twice won the Hawthornden (the only one ever to do so). Her poem *The Garden* won the Heinemann Prize in 1947. Her childhood home was the Sackville's mansion Knole, in Kent, about which county she wrote her long poem *The Land*. Married diplomat and writer Sir Harold Nicolson. Very close friend of Violet Trefusis and of Virginia Woolf, whose play *Orlando* was an open love letter to her. The Sackville-Wests, incidentally, were related to the Dukes of Bedford — the 9th Duke, in 1844, married a Lady Elizabeth Sackville-West, who may have been his cousin.
2. Siegfried Sassoon, 1886–1967, was a poet and novelist. Best know for his semi-fictional autobiography *Complete Memoirs of George Sherston*. Commissioned in the Great War, won the M.C. Received C.B.E. in 1951. He had encouraged the War poet Wilfred Owen. His *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, which won the Hawthornden in 1929, also won the James Tait Black Memorial Prize.
3. R.H. Mottram, 1883–1971, was a novelist and lecturer. Encouraged by Galsworthy, Norfolk man, served in Great War. Onetime bank official. Received Honorary Degree from University of East Anglia in 1966 when aged 83. Lord Mayor of Norwich in 1953, Coronation Year.
4. The Aeolian Hall was situated at 135/137, New Bond Street, London W.1 Converted into a concert hall in 1904, it seated some 500 people (H.W. claimed 800). Every seat was occupied on June 12th, 1928. Taken over by the B.B.C. in 1941. The comic series The Goon Shows were at first recorded there in the early 1950s. Sir Harry Secombe, in a recent article, remembers the Hall as a rabbit warren of offices and corridors. It was closed in 1975.
5. John Galsworthy, O.M., 1867–1933, was a novelist and playwright. Trained as a lawyer and was called to the Bar. Family came from Devon. Best known for his *The Forsyte Saga*, novels of a socio-documentary nature, the first part of which was completed by 1922, and a second 'cycle' by 1928. Refused a knighthood in 1918 as being inappropriate for a writer at the end of a war. Received the Order of Merit in 1929 and the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1933, the year of his death; he donated the prize money, £9,000, to the P.E.N. Club.
6. Included in the cassette entitled 'I Remember', currently available at £7.50 from the H.W. Society's Publication Manager, John Gregory.
7. see H.W. Society Publication *A Breath of Country Air*, Part 2, p. 94.
8. In The Times of 13th June 1928, incidentally, was a full account of the unveiling in Cardiff by Edward, Prince of Wales, the previous day, of the magnificent Welsh National War Memorial which commemorated the 35,000 Welsh dead in the Great War. On the memorial are carved Sir Henry Newbolt's words 'Remember here in peace those who in tumult of War by sea, land, in air, for us and for our victory endureth unto death'. At the moment of dedication a lone swan flew overhead. If he read the account, the compassionate Henry, Old Soldier, would surely have been deeply moved.
9. Co-incidentally, when Conscription into the Armed Services was introduced in 1916, 41 was ordained as the maximum call-up age.
10. Richard Jefferies, 1848–1887. Naturalist, journalist, diarist, novelist. Son of a Wiltshire farmer. Reserved, lonely, mainly self-educated. I think it was Edward Garnett who said that Jefferies strove for the eloquent expression of the mere rapture of living, of the joy of existence in fresh air and clear light amid lovely landscape. Jefferies' *The Story of My Heart* 1883, idealised the feelings and yearnings of his youth — its important influence upon H.W., who came across it in 1919, although he was no stranger to Jefferies' work, is well

documented.

11. W.H. Hudson, 1841–1922. Naturalist, essayist, novelist. Today recognised as one of the major Nature writers of the 20th century. Although his parents were American, his father's family were from Devon. Hudson himself was born in Argentina, and first came to England in 1869 where he became an unsuccessful boarding-house keeper. Encouraged by Edward Garnett, and assisted by a Government grant, he wrote about birds and country life. Commenting on his own autobiographical work *Far Away and Long Ago*, 1918, he said 'its interest lay only in its feeling for nature and wild life which appeals to those who have it in them; in whom it is a passion and is more to them than interest in human character and affairs.' ('Sandy White' gave a copy of this book to 'Evelyn Fairfax' before committing suicide — see *The Dream of Fair Women*, ch. 39.).
12. It is most surprising that H.W. went to the presentation ceremony, where he must have known that at least one complimentary speech would be made, naively believing that he would not be called upon to say a few words in reply. He claimed lamely, afterwards, that there had been no rehearsal. Aged thirty-two, and never at a loss for words, he was no diffident schoolboy like his Willie Maddison in *Dandelion Days*, 1922, ch. 21, among whose first reactions upon hearing that he had won the Bullnote Memorial Prize for Divinity was the realisation that he would probably have to make a speech.
13. The Order of Merit was instituted by Edward VII in 1902, and is limited to twenty-four members at any one time. The Honour is extremely prestigious and is awarded to those who have particularly distinguished themselves in science, art or literature. Among the first people to be so recognised was Florence Nightingale. Present members of the Order include Sir Yehudi Menuhin, Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., Margaret Thatcher, and until his death in 1991, Graham Greene. Farson tells us (*Henry*, p. 58) that H.W. often claimed that Hardy (O.M. 1910), Galsworthy (died 1933) and John Masefield,Poet Laureate (O.M. 1935), had told him that he deserved the O.M. as much as they did. Galsworthy did not receive the O.M. until 1929, and Hardy, aged eighty-eight, died in January 1928, having been ill for some time (it is not certain that he had read the *Tarka* proofs as has been suggested, or describe the vellum copy H.W. had sent him as 'a remarkable book') but it seems that H.W. did receive some encouragement from them all.
14. I have it on good authority, from a gracious lady whose mother was a very close friend and neighbour of Miss Warrender for a great many years, that the Hawthornden Committee were not unanimous when choosing *Tarka*, and Miss Warrender, a keen animal lover, and of course the holder of the purse strings, had to make up their minds for them. They would no doubt, however, be gratified to know that their choice of *Tarka* has withstood the test of time — Anne Williamson told us in the H.W. Society *Journal* No. 16 that in 1984 18,000 copies were sold, and 11,000 the following year. *Tarka* is still in print, and in many different languages.
15. H.W. himself, in *Henry Williamson, The Man, The Writings*, pp. 146–147, tells us that this is exactly what happened in real life with *The Pathway*.
16. The first mention of Rookhurst, where the Maddisons settled in the 15th Century after emigrating from Scotland, is, I believe, in *The Beautiful Years*, published in 1921. Why H.W. should have chosen this (fictitious) Dorset village (where the locals spoke a rich Devon dialect!) as the home of the Maddisons, when there was, as far as I know, no Williamson connection, is a mystery, and Phillip's early farming life there, too, in the 1920s, has no apparent parallel with H.W.'s own farming venture in Norfolk a decade later, But, with interest, we recall that Miss Alice Warrender herself emigrated from Scotland to a remote village only some fifteen miles or so across the Salisbury Plain from Rookhurst!
17. Piers Tofield was modelled upon H.W.'s very good friend Sir John Heygate. Piers was a free-lance journalist and man-about-town, onetime employee of the B.B.C. at Savoy Hill (the headquarters of the B.B.C. until 1932). There seemed to be no reason by Piers and his friend Archie Plugge should live near Rookhurst except that it was convenient for H.W. for them to be Phillip Maddison's neighbours. Sir John Heygate, 1903–1976, an Ulsterman, had been educated at Eton and Oxford. Free-lance journalist and traveller. After his successful novel *Decent Fellows* (dedicated to Henry Williamson) he became by his own admission a 'retired writer'. He spent some years in Berlin in the 1930s working for a British film company at the U.F.A. studios. He took H.W. to the Nuremburg Rally of 1935

— see *Goodbye West Country* ch. IX. Three times married, his first wife had also been the first wife of Evelyn Waugh.

18. When Galsworthy came across H.W.'s work for the first time, in October 1925, he was very favourably impressed; characteristically he wrote to H.W. at once to say so, offering to be of help in any way he could. This was the beginning of a cordial friendship, and Galsworthy became godfather to the Williamsons' first child, William Hibbert ('Windles'), born February 1925, Galsworthy wrote to Garnett in November 1926 (the letter began 'My Dear Edward', and ended, as usual, 'Always yours affectionately') — part of the letter read as follows: 'Do you know the work of Henry Williamson? It's uneven but at its best extraordinarily good, I think. A strange and sensitive nature lover, and worshipper of Jeffries (sic) and Hudson. I wish you'd ask him to come and see you. I believe you'd like him. *The Old Stag* is his best book, but he's got one in the Press on the life of an otter that he thinks is better. He has a hard struggle to screw enough out of a 'nature-less' public to keep himself (wife and child) going. I told him to send you proofs of the new book. If you like it give him a word of encouragement. He can see and he can write.' (from H.V. Marrot's *Life and Letters of John Galsworthy*, 1935).
19. In real life Galsworthy was grateful for his old friend Garnett's advice and encouragement, and dedicated *The Man of Property*, 1906, the first of *The Forsyte Saga* novels, to him. In 1910 he told Garnett in a letter that he had always benefitted enormously by his kindness, friendship and criticism. Lois Lamplugh says in *A Shadowed Man*, 1989, that Henry is rather harsh in his treatment of Garnett and Galsworthy. They were in fact very helpful to him in real life, Garnett recommending *Tarka* to Arnold Bennet, for instance, and Galsworthy being very instrumental in 'introducing' *The Pathway* to American critics and publishers. But in Garnett's case, at least, when we read in ch. 13 of *The Power of The Dead* of Cornelian's strange trip to Devon to stay near Phillip to advise him about the completion of his new novel *The Phoenix* after he had, as Reader for Coats, advised that firm not to re-publish Phillip's previous books, then we find it easier to forgive H.W., if this is indeed what happened in real life.
20. Virginia Woolf, 1882–1941 (committed suicide). Novelist, critic, diarist, journalist, essayist. Exponent of 'Modernism' and 'Feminism'. Member of the Bloomsbury group. Her importance as a literary figure is now generally thought to have been vastly over-rated.
21. Col. Lord Satchville (cousin of the Duke of Gaultshire) was modelled upon Col. Lord Sackville (cousin of the Duke of Bedford) who was the fourth Baron Sackville, 1870–1962, full name Charles John Sackville-West. Lord Sackville was Lt Colonel of the Kings Royal Rifles in 1914, promoted Colonel in 1916, Major General in 1919. From 1925 to 1929 he was Lt Governor of Guernsey. He was the uncle of Vita Sackville-West.
22. Felicity first met Phillip at a London party just before he received the Grasmere Award. Eighteen years old, with fair hair and blue eyes, she seem to have set her cap at Phillip from the start. Inviting herself to Rookhurst, ostensibly to discuss his work for a newspaper article, she soon became his secretary and typist, welcomed and befriended by Lucy. She reminded Phillip (and me) of his first wife Barley. What a hypocrite he was, he though, when he pretended to Lucy that he thought of Felicity merely as an assistant. She offered to be his hand-maiden, and reaped the inevitable reward, bearing him a son — see *The Phoenix Generation* ch. 4. It is understood that in 1963 H.W. stated in a letter to a friend that Felicity was modelled upon a onetime member of the Williamson household while her character (personality) was that of his second wife Christine.
23. Collins published *The Beautiful Years, The Lone Swallows, Dandelion Days The Peregrine Saga* and *The Dream of Fair Women*. Putnams published *The Old Stag* in 1926 and *Tarka* in 1927. Jonathan Cape published *The Pathway* in 1928. Macdonald published all the Chronicle novels.
24. Arnold Bennett, 1867–1931. Journalist, critic, novelist, playwright. Highly respected reviewer. H.W. considered Bennett's kindly criticism of his work, in the Evening Standard, to be of particular importance. From 1908 to 1911 he contributed to the New Age, a brilliant weekly review, using the pseudonym 'Jacob Tonson'; Tonson was a noted 18th Century Publisher and critic. H.W. also used this pseudonym when writing for the Eastern Daily Press during 1943 — see Alan Dilnot's article in H.W. Society *Journal* No 10.