

A PILGRIMAGE TO MOOR PARK

R. W. BABCOCK

IN the midst of all the bombing of England I hope there is one quiet spot left untouched, Moor Park, in Farnham, Surrey, where Jonathan Swift worked for Sir William Temple and wrote, incidentally, *A Tale of a Tub* and *The Battle of the Books*. I visited that spot sometime before the war, and I hate to think of what a well-placed bomb could do to that glorious old seventeenth-century home. In the course of my visit I took a few "select" pictures with a Kodak that had not seen any service for ten years (believe it or not, the Eastman Company would not give me another one when I told them how well this one had behaved). The following is a brief account of that visit.

I was staying at a London hotel (I wonder how much of it is left) when I got the idea of making this pilgrimage. (Later I was to pay heavily for that foolish hotel splurge, as Mr. Willard Connely of the American University Union put it, when they got me stuck in a British Nursing Home with a fever of 103°). Well, I scurried over to Waterloo Station, bought my microscopic ticket, and boarded a short, low-slung, yellow train, a *suburban* train, please note, with no corridor along the compartments. This was my first experience with such a train, and I noted with some surprise that no women took a chance on me in that little death-trap compartment (you just stuck there till you reached your destination, or else . . .). Finally a couple of men wandered in (later I discovered it was marked "Smoking"), and I reflected on the possibilities for murder in such a spot. (The train to the village in *Mrs. Miniver*, the movie, was just like this one, by the way.) In almost no time I slid out of the station, and was whisked along like the I.C. in Chicago.

In Farnham, some thirty-five miles southwest of London, I stumbled out (after one man had opened the confounded door for me) into a little station. Just as in *Mrs. Miniver*, my ticket was captured by the station guard (it's a wonder I hadn't thrown it away—one fool American girl did, on a trip from London to Scotland—and that train had a corridor in it, too). I volubly explained my problem to this poor, bedevilled guard, declaring that I wanted to see Moor Park, wherever it was. In one brief gesture he pointed to a street which looked like a road and

cheerily remarked that it was only a mile to Moor Park: "Follow that street and take the first lefthand turn—you can't miss it." (Or did he say "cawn't"?)

I crossed straight over from the station and took the indicated byway, which rapidly turned into a very narrow road leading out into the country. Some workmen were fussing with it two or three hundred yards out, and muttered something about "bloody-curious Americans" as I plodded up. But they were quite willing to give directions.

Finally I discovered that lefthand turn, at Compton Lane, after some further silly questioning, and now found myself walking on the typically narrow macadam English road winding along under magnificent huge trees—elms and pines—with exquisite little homes here and there on either side. (What a place for a bomb now!) It was a hilly little road, and the day was by no means cool. But this particular traveller was too much excited to notice such things.

At the bottom of a hill, under the trees, after a decidedly long trek (far more, I think, than that mile the station guard

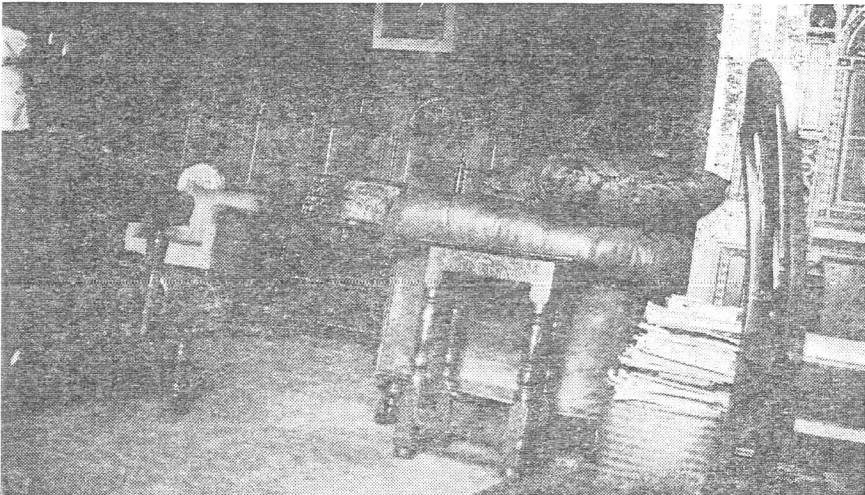


(A) The Road across the Flats leading to Moor Park

mentioned), I came to the sign, "Moor Park", and saw the road leading across the flats. At that moment, in spite of my age, I got a distinct thrill. Here was where Swift himself had been. So here I stopped abruptly and took the first picture (see Picture A). There was a small lodge at the right of this gate, and some workmen were loading stuff on a cart. They all stopped and gaped as one might at a hiker in the Strand. Again I was too excited to reflect on their blank, and somewhat disgusted, astonishment.

I hurried along the little road to the end and there, at a turn on the right, came face to face with Temple's home, *à la* Childe Roland in the poem. It was so impressive that I failed flatly to take a picture of it. But I'm glad now I didn't, for later I learned that one storey of the front of the house was new, having been added to give warmth, so that once inside one saw that the new portion formed a sort of portico in front of the old. At any rate the rest of the front of the house looked very like the picture noted below of the rear (Picture C), which was all just as it used to be in Swift's day. Incidentally there was a woody sidehill in front of it, up which Swift is supposed to have run for exercise.

The next problem was to get in. A very, very young maid came to the door and was completely speechless at the announcement that an American had come three thousand miles to see this house. She was also so "cute" that I was impressed, but



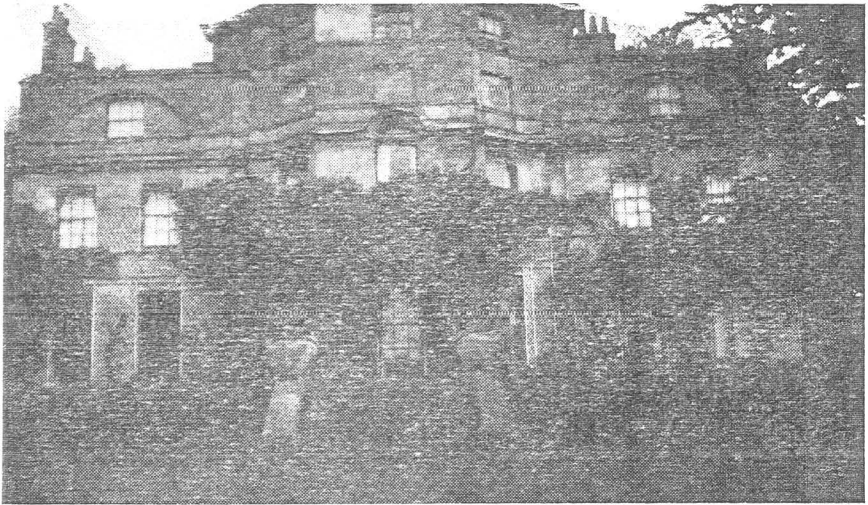
(B) Dean Swift's Office at Temple's.

she abruptly ran off to call the head-maid—or whatever she may be named—and this very gracious person, Miss Alexander, ushered me in and began showing off the interior of the house at once. She was, to be meticulous, a much older woman.

I should announce here that the present owner (I hope she still is), Mrs. Aldwynd Soames, was not at home, nor were any of the family. Doubtless that facilitated my brazen American approach, but I am deeply grateful to Miss Alexander for her kindness in taking a chance on me. (The nuns at Pope's old grotto nearly didn't, some time later.) I tried to give her an American tip at the end, but she indignantly refused it. So much for the avariciousness of English maids.

The first thing she displayed was the famous crinoline staircase, directly opposite the front door and leading up to the left. In the staircase the bulging iron railing permitted the sweep of the women's dresses up (or down) the stairs, and the walls were exquisitely white and ornate, with a very high, carved and domed ceiling.

Miss Alexander next showed me the drawing-room with its old fireplace, the dining-room, and finally the most famous spot, Dean Swift's office at Temple's (though of course he was not "Dean" then). With fluttering fingers I took two pictures of this room, and one accidentally came out (Picture B). The marvellous panelling follows around three sides, but the wall



(C) Moor Park from the rear, large Cedar at right.
Dean Swift's "Office" at lower left.

at the rear of the picture has been moved forward to provide space for a servants' corridor, so that actually the study was larger in Swift's time. Above the panelling the walls were covered with red cloth, very worn in spots. Behind the arm-chair at the left was a large fireplace. Swift's desk was presumably at the right of the picture, in front of the high-backed chair. At the rear appear some mounted medals—they were worn by Mrs. Soames's sons in the World War I. One recalls that Swift came to the house in 1689, directly after the Revolution of 1688. I stood there fibrillating (as the doctors would put it) with excitement. I had never seen a picture of this room, and I'm sure I shall never forget my emotional upset as I entered it for the first time. The English seem to take this Temple estate quite casually: to us Americans distance must lend enchantment, or else, of course, I personally am excessively romantic.

In the garden Miss Alexander pointed out the sundial, near which Temple's heart is supposed to be buried. Close by was a new wooden structure attached to the side of the old building and containing a porticoed sportsroom, with billiard and ping-pong tables, and magnificent stagheads covering the entire space of two walls. Obviously it is a bit of a contrast to the original structure, and was built for Mrs. Soames's modernistic children and grandchildren.

As we came across the garden, Miss Alexander called Mr. Thomas Bethell, the gardener, who took me in charge and displayed horticultural visions which would have pleased Sir William Temple himself to-day, to say nothing of Messrs. Evelyn and Cowley. He led me on to a spot directly opposite the sportsroom beyond a huge cedar, and there pointed out an island—artificially built—covered with countless flowers. He remarked casually then that an American girl named Clara had come to see the estate during a previous summer. I suggested Clara Marburg.

Mr. Bethell was now so astonished that explanations were in order. Clara Marburg and the present writer received degrees in the University of Chicago on the same day, and Miss Marburg (now Mrs. Rudolf Kirk) had written her thesis on Sir William Temple—the Yale press published it later. If any American girl ever would take the trouble to visit Temple's estate, it would be Clara Marburg. I am no Sherlock Holmes.

Unfortunately, Mr. Bethell remarked, he had not had the nerve to ask Mrs. Soames (who was having company) to let Miss Marburg see the inside of the house, but probably Mrs. Soames would have done so, for she has been very kind to all visitors to the estate. Perhaps Mrs. Kirk has been back there recently (that is, before the war).

At this point Miss Alexander called us back to the porch in front of the sports-room, and we had tea and "biscuits"—the maid, the gardener, and I. Who said the English weren't hospitable?

The time was getting short: I had to catch a train for Guildford, thence a bus for Dorking, for tea there with the Vicar, the Rev. Edward Newill, who had written me a year before that the man who was buried head down in Box Hill Cemetery at Dorking—Major Peter Labillière—had died June 7, 1800: hence too late to give Swift his idea of burying the Lilliputians head downward (see Chapter 6 of Part I of *Gulliver's Travels*). But this is another story, as Kipling would say.

Dorking is only about 18 miles due east of Moor Park, but English busses do not move rapidly. The writer had long ago vowed he would thank this vicar personally some day for his kindness—the engagement for tea had been made a few days before, and so I had to run for the station (no taxis in this quiet country). All this to show why Stella's cottage is not in this story—it was a mile down the road, under the pines. Some day I shall go back and complete this pilgrimage—if I live long enough and the Germans haven't destroyed it all.

Before leaving, I hurried around behind the house and took one last picture, which gives the best idea of the building as a whole just as it was in Swift's time (Picture C). Swift's study is marked in the lower left-hand corner.

Torn between duty to Mr. Newill and keen disappointment at missing Stella's cottage, I half ran back over that hilly road to the railroad station. And when I finally got to Dorking, one of Mr. Newill's first remarks was, "Oh, yes, Stella's cottage is very pretty." So some day I shall certainly have to go back. By the way, I might note here that Mr. Newill's wife was a New York woman (so he told me before we stepped into his parlor), but she got mad as the devil when I reminded her of it (I was from New York myself). So much for the anglicizing of Americans in England. (Mr. Newill enjoyed it all immensely.)

For anyone who wishes, there is a rough sketch of Stella's home in Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant's *Historical Characters of the*

Reign of Queen Anne (p. 96), a woodcut of the cottage in Ball's edition of Swift's *Correspondence* (I, 48), and a fairly recent photograph of it by Miss Irene K. Falkiner in Ball (I, 112). There are also pictures of the Moor Park estate in Oliphant (p. 88), taken somewhat from the right of my Picture C, and in Ball (I, 12). Meanwhile, these other pictures I have taken do not appear anywhere that I know of, and I hope they have registered something that is not entirely destroyed by German bombs—in this year 1945, the bicentennial of the death of Swift.

CANADA'S INDIAN PROBLEM

H. GLYNN-WARD

FOR the first time in the history of Canada; the question is being taken seriously, Should the Indians have a vote or not? Those who have asked this question may be in the minority, but their voice has been heard in all the provinces and on the floor of the House in Ottawa. Moreover, the voices that asked it have been both White and Indian.

Some of the Indians say: No, for if they gave us the same rights as white people, maybe we should lose our few remaining rights as Indians; what we need is a representative, someone not connected with the Indian Department, but a man who would stand up and fight for our interests, even against the treatment handed to us by the Department. For as things are, we have no say in whatever happens to us, we just have to take anything they hand out to us and like it.

Other Indians say: Yes, give us a vote in the running of the country, which was ours before it was yours. You insist that we fight for you; we are good enough for that, but you don't think we are good enough to have any say in the laws you make, even when those laws are against our well-being.

During the past year or so, more white people right across Canada have raised an outcry in protest at the obsolete and arbitrary methods of the Indian Department. Give the Indians a vote, these people say, for they won't get a square deal until they carry some weight in the world of politics. Why continue to treat them like unintelligent children? Give them at least as good an education as we give the young people of our own race. Give them responsibilities, and something to live for. Lose their rights, will they? What rights have they left?

The right to live in concentration camps which are called Reserves, and even those lands are taken away from them when the white man considers he needs them for his purposes!

The right to free hospital treatment? During the past session there was an illuminating debate on this subject. It appears that Indians who are financially able are expected to pay their own hospital bills. As for the others, the great majority, it came to light that the hospitals never receive the full amount of the bills they send in to the Indian Department.

In a letter sent to the hospital in the Nicola Valley in British Columbia, Mr. T. R. McInnis, Secretary of the Indian

Branch at Ottawa, writes (see *Hansard*, July 23rd., 1943):-

. . . If this branch is forced to pay these higher rates, it will certainly not result in increased revenue for the institution concerned, as we will have no alternative than to reduce the number of patients hospitalized. *It means having to make your patients fit our funds, and we will either keep them out or hurry them out . . .*

"*Keep them out or hurry them out!*" This is surely not just the sort of benevolent, paternal attitude towards its wards that one would expect from a country rich enough to spend \$25,000 a day upon a visit from Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt.

The general health of the Indians leaves much to be desired. T.B. is on the increase; venereal disease is rampant; and it is a cold fact that both of these evils were unknown before the white man came.

Malnutrition is usual, among old and young, and how can this be otherwise when one considers that the Indians are still in the process of trying to adapt themselves to white man's food, which no one has ever taught them how to cook? The rules and restrictions with regard to hunting and fishing are such that they have only a limited access to those articles of food that have been their natural diet for centuries. In British Columbia, the home of the "fish Indians", the clam beaches have been seriously depleted of recent years by white and Japanese fishermen who carted away clams by the truckload to feed the canneries, so that now it means long and patient toil to find a sackful. They are getting comparatively scarce, and as they can always be sold to a cannery, an Indian feels that he is eating much needed money if eats clams. Yet, so vital are they to the health of these "fish Indians" that one priest who was in charge of the Mission School on Kuper Island insisted that clams in some form should be served to the children every day, as it was their natural food that suited them best, and as a preventative of T.B. Along the east coast of Vancouver Island the tides are usually lowest at night, so it is frequently during the winter clam months that one sees the faint flares of lanterns or torches on the clam beaches as the Indians dig for them. A cold and arduous job, that keeps them hard at work until the tide comes up again.

A considerable sum of money is set aside each year for the Department of Indian Affairs to use in the development of Indian crafts and the protection of the same. Yet not a cent of this has ever found its way into British Columbia. On the

Pacific Coast the Indians are often dependent entirely on their knitted sweater industry, or their basketwork, or on making curios for the tourist trade. But they must peddle their own work around and sell it for whatever they can get, a price that is too often only a few cents more than the cost of the materials used. They have no protection at all, and they are at the mercy of any white storekeeper who is anxious to buy their goods and make his own profit thereby. Across the border the Indians are fully protected by their agent, who buys their wool for them and sells all their products for them at a reasonable profit.

The consequences of this eternal exploitation can easily be imagined. The Indians have lost hope; they have no interest in a future for which they can never prepare, as they can barely make enough to provide for their present needs. Small wonder, then, that they so easily fall a prey to the diseases of malnutrition. More money spent on a scheme for rehabilitation, that is on decent houses instead of the leaky hovels that may be seen in any Indian Reserve, with proper sanitation and an adequate water supply, would mean less money spent on medical care.

People say—The Indian Reserves are on good land. Why do they not till the land and grow their own vegetables.

In some cases they do. Many of the tribes of the interior have been able to adapt themselves to a certain extent to the ways of white men. But the fish Indians of the coast have not yet been able to do this. They are not agricultural people; for centuries they have lived on fish, and they have never found it necessary to till the soil. And how can they change their nature in one or two generations?

It is remarkable that the Indian Department has never thought it worth while to detail anybody to teach these Indians how to plough and how to garden, and they are not encouraged by their own pitiful attempts. In days gone by, the Indian Agent was wont to distribute vegetable seeds and seed potatoes, but of recent years even this practice has been discontinued.

The meagre and childish educational facilities provided by the Department cannot ensure the sufficient education of any Indian, and all of them would be in a parlous state were it not for the charitable institutions run by the various Churches. Yet it would seem even more important to educate the Indian than our own white children, for he must learn our language, unlearn his former mode of life, and painfully adapt himself to our customs, our trade, our food, and our means of livelihood, all

based on a system of finance that is completely strange to him.

However there is, breaking over the western world, a ray of light for the Indian.

It is the formation of *The League of Nations of North American Indians*. Already this organization is well established, with its different subsidiary councils, each with its own elected officers, all on a solid legal foundation and representing no fewer than twelve million Indians in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. The legal council of this League has taken three cases (connected with infringement of Indian Rights) before the Supreme Court of the U.S.A., and has won them all, for this Court staunchly upholds the original Indian Treaties.

The day is not far distant when the voice of this League will be heard in Canada, where the government has so far departed from the treaties made by its fore-runners with the Indians that we hear the present custodian of Indian Rights, the Hon. T. A. Crerar, declare openly in the House that he is "not familiar with the terms of the early treaties signed in the years past with the various bands of Indians"!