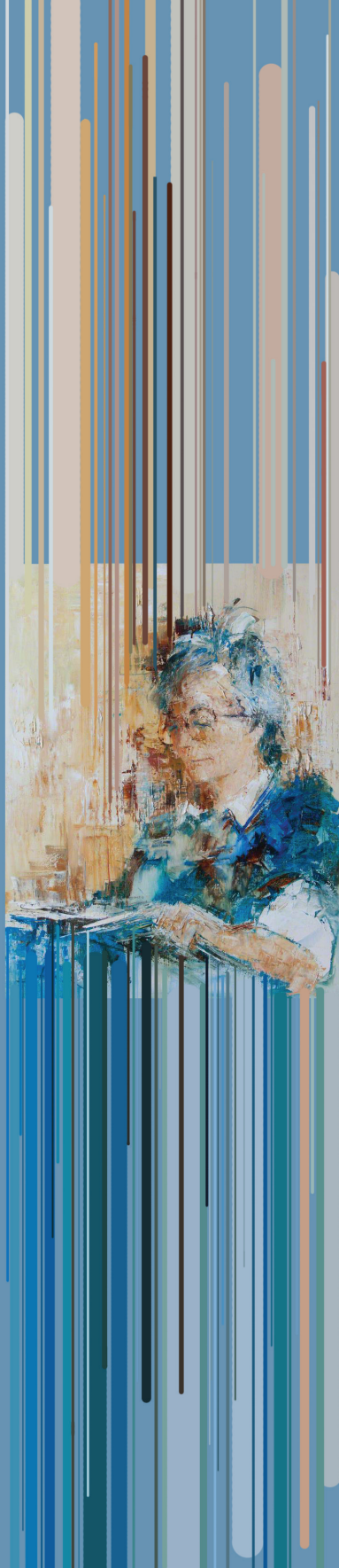


MARY WARNOCK

Ethics, Education
and Public Policy
in Post-War
Britain

PHILIP GRAHAM





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2. Blissful Beginnings

The poet Wordsworth, in lines loved and often quoted by Mary Warnock, wrote of his strong sense of identity with the child he once had been:

Unfading recollections! At this hour
The heart is almost mine with which I felt,
From some hill-top on sunny afternoons,
The paper-kite high among fleecy clouds
Pull at her rein like an impetuous courser...¹

In her later years, Mary recalled the sights and sounds of her own childhood. She lived in a large house on the outskirts of the cathedral city, Winchester. At the back of the house was a secondary school for boys and a railway line. The school had an active Corps band. All her childhood memories, she wrote, were against the background of the playing of bugles and the sound of shunting trains.² For Mary it was childhood when the imaginative possibilities of becoming whatever you chose seemed endless, while adulthood brought a narrowing of options with the responsibilities of work, of family and of day-to-day stresses which unavoidably moulded life into conventional conformity.

Mary was a diarist, making a single whole page entry in a diary every day of her life from her early teens until her early nineties.³ At that point, just three or four years before she died, she burnt all her diaries apart from those for the years 1941 to 1948 (from when she was seventeen to when she was twenty-four) on a bonfire in her back garden.⁴ After the author had once complained that he found it almost impossible to read the minuscule handwriting in the letters she wrote to him, she told him, and this was many years before he had any thought of writing her biography, she pitied anyone who was going to try to read her diaries. It is not clear why she destroyed them, perhaps out of compassion for a biographer or perhaps there were entries she would prefer others not

to read. She herself, when challenged, simply said that she had come to realise they were boring, full of banal records of daily domestic life interspersed with a fair amount of professional gossip and other such trivia.⁵

She herself did however write at some length about significant periods in her life. The introductory chapter of her *Memoir: People and Places*⁶ gives much relevant information about her childhood and she also left an unfinished autobiography with a fuller account. This consists of seven chapters covering her childhood and early adult life. She abandoned this project because she found it too difficult to select what she should include, and it was becoming inordinately lengthy.⁷ She left many other recollections. In *Nature and Mortality*,⁸ she wrote an account of the government committees she had chaired and for whose reports she had been responsible. In addition, she took part in a number of radio programmes with titles like 'Meeting Myself Coming Back' and 'The House I Grew Up In,' which provide further recollections.

In her mid-sixties, she wrote *Memory*, a philosophical account of the nature of memories and how important they are to our sense of personal identity, the sense of who we are.⁹ In this book she discusses the differences between biography and autobiography. She sees 'the gap between biography and autobiography, still more between autobiography and regular history' as 'immense.'¹⁰ This is because she sees autobiography as intensely 'personal and nothing but personal.'¹¹ Although she does not analyse the nature of biography, it can clearly not be personal to the writer in the specific and original sense that she explores. Mary mainly discusses autobiography in relation to childhood experience, placing emphasis on the importance of understanding the inevitable limitations of a child's perspective when interpreting what is going on around him. She quotes with approval Stephen Spender's view of autobiography: 'The autobiographer is really writing a story of two lives: his life as it appears to himself, from his own position, when he looks out at the world from behind his eye-sockets, and his life as it appears from outside, in the eyes of others...'¹² The difference, as Mary points out, is between an 'interiorised' and an 'externalised' account of a life.¹³ This book is, of course, an exteriorised account of Mary Warnock's life, but she herself provided plenty of interiorised material.

Mary's strong sense of identity, even as a child, was firmly grounded in the contrasting family backgrounds of her parents, Archibald (Archie) Edward Wilson and Ethel Mary Schuster. Both came from distinguished families. Both her grandfathers led successful lives in public service, for which they received significant public honours. Indeed, while Mary's own parents did not achieve high distinction, there were, on both sides of her family, a generation and further back numerous forebears who showed quite unusually high intelligence, ambition and considerable worldly success in a variety of different fields.

Archie's father, Sir Arthur Wilson, was born in Dublin in 1837 into a protestant Anglo-Irish family. He studied law at Trinity College, Dublin where he was Gold Medallist of his year, became a successful junior barrister and was appointed QC in 1862. In 1878 he was appointed Puisne Judge to the High Court of Calcutta. Like his granddaughter, he had a strong interest in education and served as Vice-Chancellor of the University of Calcutta. Eventually in 1892 he returned to Britain where he was appointed Legal Adviser and Solicitor to the India Office. In 1898 he was appointed a Knight Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire. He was made a Privy Councillor in 1902 and a month later was appointed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, at that time the highest court of the Empire.¹⁴ He died in 1915 nearly ten years before Mary was born.

Arthur's wife, Mary (née Bardgett), was born in Islington, London, in 1840. She could trace her ancestry back to Oliver Cromwell. Her mother was the elder daughter of Sir James Malcolm, one of four Scottish brothers who had been knighted for distinguished military service in the Napoleonic Wars and in the colonisation of India by the East India Company. Mary and Arthur had seven children most of whom did not fare well, with two dying in infancy. The eldest child, Malcolm was killed in the Ashanti rising in the Sudan in 1900 while another brother, George, was shipped off to Canada after being involved in a drunken brawl in Winchester, and then disappearing from view. The next brother, Robin or Robert, died of alcoholism in 1914. Archie, the youngest son and Mary's father, who died in his forties, was the longest surviving of their sons.¹⁵ They also had a daughter, Jean, who survived her father but was a chronic invalid throughout her life. Mary's paternal grandmother died in 1926, two years after her birth. According to Jean, Mary's sister,

this grandmother was very attached to her Scottish heritage and proud of her ancestors' achievements.¹⁶

Mary came from a very different lineage on her mother's side. Her mother's father, Sir Felix Otto Schuster, was born in 1854 in Frankfurt am Main, Germany.¹⁷ His father, a Jewish merchant banker whose family had initially traded as cloth merchants, converted to Christianity in 1849, apparently as a result of religious conviction rather, as was more frequent in the German Jewish population at that time, than for convenience. Felix was baptised in 1856. Following Frankfurt's annexation by Prussia in 1866, his father made 'financial arrangements' to ensure that Arthur and his brothers became Swiss citizens, thereby avoiding the threat of service in the Prussian army.¹⁸ In 1869, when Felix was fifteen, his father moved with his family to take up a position in the family textile business which had transferred to Manchester, then centre of the cotton trade, where some of the family had already settled. He and his siblings became British citizens in 1875. Felix was educated at Owens College, Manchester, from where he entered the family firm in London.¹⁹ In 1879, he married Meta, the daughter of a Rhineland physician, Hermann Weber, who himself, having immigrated to Britain, was knighted in 1899 for his work on tuberculosis. Meta's sister married Felix's brother, a successful lawyer who was the grandfather of the poet, Stephen Spender. There were other distinguished men in the family. Felix's older brother, Ethel's uncle, was Sir Arthur Schuster, a physicist knighted for his services to science. He was a pioneer in the fields of spectroscopy and meteorology. Greatly honoured by the Royal Society, Arthur Schuster received honorary degrees from the universities of both Oxford and Cambridge.²⁰ Felix and Meta had one son and four daughters, the eldest being Ethel, Mary's mother. Another daughter was married to Rayner Goddard, a lawyer who rose to become Lord Chief Justice.²¹

In 1888, the Schuster family firm was taken over by the Union Bank of London. Felix became first a director of this bank, then in 1893 a deputy governor and finally in 1895, governor. Felix's regime as Governor of the Union Bank was marked by micro-management; he personally monitored every account and minutely scrutinised the activities of every branch. But by the beginning of the new century, he was taking on wider responsibilities—he had become a financial adviser to the Treasury. Made a baronet in 1906, in the same year he was appointed finance

member of the Council of India. In 1918, the Union Bank, which had greatly expanded under his governorship, merged with the National Provincial and, although Schuster officially retired at this point, he attended his office daily. He remained a powerful influence not only on the bank's policy but on national financial affairs.²²

Mary described Felix as 'a figure straight from Osbert Lancaster; he could have been the model for Sir Ephraim Kirsch Bt. from Draynefleet, who wore hairy tweeds in the country and incongruously attended shooting parties [...] with his pale, sad face, black beard and hooded eyes, he often said he wished he had been a musician and indeed played the piano as if his heart would break.'²³ As a boy, he had studied with Ernest Pauer, a noted Austrian pianist, and he remained an accomplished pianist throughout his life. He became a Liveryman of the Musicians' Company and a friend and benefactor of a number of musicians. His other great passion was mountaineering. He was a prominent member and, for some years, Vice-President of the Alpine Club, 'visited the Alps regularly and took formidable mountain walks when he became too old to climb.'²⁴ In 1914 at the outbreak of war, it was his misfortune to be the target of much anti-German feeling.

His considerable wealth (he left over £600,000 at his death in 1936,²⁵ the equivalent of about £42 million at 2020 valuation) enabled him to buy a substantial property, Verdley Place, a large country house near Fernhurst in West Sussex, where Mary spent some holidays. From the recollections of a gardener, Arthur Hooper, who worked on the estate in the 1920s, he was mean to his staff. Later in life, Arthur reported that when his employer decided to have an economy drive, he 'cut wages, the coal allowance, restricted the vegetables they could have and free fruit was not allowed at all.'²⁶ His wealth, as we shall see, financed an affluent lifestyle for Mary and her family during her childhood and adolescence.

Information about Mary's father, Archie's early life is sketchy, but Jean, Mary's older sister, was fifteen when he died and she wrote her recollections of him.²⁷ An obituary in the Winchester College magazine, *The Wykehamist*, published very shortly after his death, also provides some information.²⁸ Born in 1875, at eighteen, Archie went up to Balliol in Oxford, graduating in 1898, but subsequently failed the entrance examination for the Civil Service. Following this disappointment, he decided to spend some time in Germany learning the language, and

it was during this period abroad that he first met his wife-to-be. Ethel Schuster was then nineteen and on a family holiday in the Swiss Alps. The young couple fell in love, but Ethel's parents would not allow her to marry until Archie was settled in satisfactory employment. He decided on a career in teaching and by autumn 1900 had found his first teaching job at Merchiston College in Edinburgh. Evidently this institution was insufficiently prestigious (or Archie's position within it too lowly) to meet Sir Felix Schuster's high expectations and Ethel returned to the family home in Sussex pining for Archie. So inconsolable was she that it was said her parents would lock her in her bedroom to prevent her from upsetting her brother and sisters by constant talk of her hopeless love. In 1906, perhaps as a result of his future father-in-law's influence, Archie was appointed to the staff of Winchester College. To be appointed a 'don' at Winchester was regarded, at least in the Schuster household, as almost the equivalent of a university post, so parental consent to Ethel's marriage was at last forthcoming, and the couple were married in style in London on 5 April 1906.²⁹ Archie largely taught in the Junior School to begin with but was also the Senior German Master.

Ten months after Archie and Ethel's grand marriage, their first son, Malcolm, was born. The family grew rapidly. Malcolm was followed two years later, by a daughter, Jean, then another son, Duncan, born in 1911. Next came Grizel in 1913 and Alexander (Sandie) in 1917, who only lived for four years, dying in 1921. Shortly after his death, a girl, Stephana, was born in 1921. Finally, on 14 April 1924, came Mary, the youngest therefore of seven children.³⁰ Tragically, Archie, her father, had died of diphtheria in a school epidemic on 14 September 1923, seven months before she was born.³¹

Malcolm, the oldest child, seems to have developed normally for about eighteen months, indeed was said to be very responsive to music, but then regressed, lost his skills and failed to progress. He had a specially trained governess while at home, but, at the age of nine he was placed in a special school and then in residential care. In the early 1960s he was diagnosed as autistic and transferred to a hospital. His mother visited him regularly until her death in 1953, after which he was visited monthly by his sister, Jean, who felt he was looked after well. In her own memoir, Jean records that Malcolm was 'taken for granted' while he was at home, but that his existence became an embarrassment (certainly not

talked about), after he was sent away. There is no suggestion that his existence was a secret within the family and Mary was certainly told about him at some point. He died at the age of sixty-two in 1969.³²

Mary's parents lived in a house bought by Ethel's wealthy father on the outskirts of St. Cross, on the edge of Winchester. To accommodate their growing family, in 1913 they moved to a larger house near the centre of the city in St. Thomas's Street. Then in 1915 Archie was appointed a Winchester College housemaster and took over Kingsgate House.³³ This involved a major change of lifestyle. A boarding house of this type was then run as a private business. The housemaster was given no extra salary for running the house. Fees were paid by the parents of the thirty-nine boarders. The school took a proportion of the income with the balance remaining with the housemaster to pay the expenses, including the wages of about ten domestic staff, and draw an additional salary. This meant the housemaster's wife had considerable responsibility for buying food, managing the staff and keeping the accounts.³⁴ Ethel's responsibilities for running the house came to an abrupt end when her husband died in 1923. Shortly before Mary was born the family had to leave Kingsgate House for a private dwelling.

From Archie Wilson's obituary one has the impression he was regarded as rather lazy and Mary confirmed this was indeed his reputation. She was told that he taught reclining on a chaise longue, smoking Turkish cigarettes. Jean, his oldest daughter who was fourteen when he died, described him as a 'reserved man by nature, he never allowed his feelings to show and made all too frequent use of the scathing remarks that are so humiliating to children.'³⁵ On the other hand, his colleagues seem to have found him more sympathetic: the same school obituarist describes him as a man 'easy of access and a delightful companion.'³⁶ This does not exonerate him of the charge of laziness but at least it suggests they liked him. A keen fisherman, he evidently had an intense love of Scotland, from where his mother's family came, an appreciation which Mary inherited. He and Ethel also appreciated stylish furniture, china, Chinese art (which was fashionable at the time) and oriental rugs.³⁷

After the death of his son-in-law, Sir Felix set his daughter and her family up in some style. They lived in St. Cross on the edge of Winchester in Kelso House, which Mary described as a large 'Edwardian house,

ugly from the outside but light and comfortable inside, with huge sash windows and great substantial doors. The drawing room, two rooms thrown into one, smelled delectably of wood fires in winter and flowers in summer. I quite consciously loved that room and indeed the whole house from the time I was conscious of anything.³⁸ The house had a substantial garden. The family was serviced by a cook, a chauffeur, a chamber maid, a parlour maid and, to look after the children, a nanny and an under-nurse.

Mary's early childhood years were spent in this almost exclusively female household. Her four older brothers and sisters were largely absent from home. Jean, Duncan and Grizel, fifteen, thirteen and eleven years older than Mary, were all at boarding school, so Mary and Stephana were, in effect, the only two children constantly in the house, with the key figures in their lives being their widowed mother and crucially, their nanny, Emily Coleman. Always known as Nan, she had been hired in 1908 and had thus been primarily responsible for the upbringing of all the Wilson children and so a thoroughly established fixture in the household by the time Mary was born in 1924. Nan was to remain attached to the family until her death, having looked after all of Ethel's children and then, many years later, taking a part in the early upbringing of the children of Grizel and Stephana and Mary's own children. She then lived first with Grizel in Hampstead and afterwards with Stephana at the Cathedral Choir School in Ripon.

The children's life at Kelso House centred around the nursery, and this was Nan's domain. In her memoir, Mary describes her in some detail, as a 'person of great energy and imagination.'³⁹ She herself came from a large family, her father having been the head gardener of a large estate. She had left school at fourteen to become a nursery maid successively to two other wealthy families before employment by Mary's mother. 'It was impossible to be bored in her company,'⁴⁰ Mary wrote, and her description of her makes it easy to understand why this was the case. She had a great repertoire of songs and if she heard a new song could immediately commit it to memory. Gilbert and Sullivan operas, performed every year by the Winchester Operatic Society, were a favourite source but Nan also remembered First World War and old music hall songs as well as hymns from her childhood.⁴¹

She had a large fund of quotations and sayings which she would bring out on appropriate occasions. If she had tasks to perform, she

would get up from her chair reluctantly and say 'Work, for the night is coming. When man works no more.' This was a saying Mary spoke to herself for the rest of her life when she had things to do. If someone expressed a view with which she disagreed, Nan would say 'Everyone to his liking, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow.' If she wanted to threaten punishment for wrongdoing, she might say 'If it wasn't for taking off my kid glove and exposing my lily-white hand to the air...' or 'I'll give you what Paddy gave the drum, two big thumps instead of one' (a saying which Mary learned many years later, came from an Army practice of giving a drum two loud beats to signal the beginning of a march). If someone seemed over-confident, Nan would say 'Nothing, they said, could be finer, but just as these words were spoken, the raft ran into a liner.'⁴²

Mary was taught by Nan to knit, to sew, to iron, to cook and to whistle. On the daily walks she and Stephana took with her from the nursery, Nan instilled in her a great love and knowledge of the natural world, while at the same time insisting that the girls recite their multiplication tables. At the time, Mary thought that Nan strongly preferred Stephana to her, but she regarded this as perfectly appropriate as she saw her sister as prettier and more gifted, especially musically, than she was. Nevertheless, she and her sister were very close friends who 'bonded together in the nursery, in opposition to all grown-ups, and especially to our older siblings.'⁴³ They made up elaborate stories and sang together, particularly the hymns they both loved. And Nan, whether or not she favoured Stephana, was a hugely stimulating adult, who clearly loved Mary, encouraged her imagination and provided a model of intense curiosity about the world around her.

Nan had strongly negative feelings about men. In contrast to the rest of the grown-ups in the family and indeed at that time to most of the rest of the adult world, she much preferred girls to boys. She used to say 'Poor things, men' and hold them in contempt.⁴⁴ Mary's mother, in contrast, told her when she was about three years old, how disappointed she had been that her two youngest children had both been girls when she had so much wished for another boy. Not surprisingly, when Mary had nightmares, they were not about anything dreadful happening to her mother but to Nan, whom she dreamed falling off a cliff.⁴⁵

Like other upper middle-class mothers, Ethel took only a limited part in the upbringing of her children.⁴⁶ Her own education had been typical for the daughters of rich men. She did not attend school but was tutored at home by a succession of French and German governesses. Mary described her mother as uneducated but cultured and their home was full of music and books. Mary wrote that she and Stephana saw their mother as 'a somewhat exotic figure connected with London, rich food, delicious smells. As time went on we grew to like her more and more, and find her more and more interesting, though we never ceased to be partly irritated by her.'⁴⁷ Imogen Wrong, Mary's closest friend in her mid- to late teens, described Mary's mother as making a striking entrance to Winchester Cathedral for the Sunday morning services—'a woman of tall, dignified deportment, dressed in rich-looking Edwardian clothes (this would have been in the 1930s) which flowed down almost to her large hand-made shoes.'⁴⁸ Mary admitted to being embarrassed by her mother's dated appearance until she was about fifteen years old, when she suddenly felt rather proud of her and said to herself, 'She's magnificent,' for being, so to speak, 'her own woman.'⁴⁹ Jean, the sister who was fifteen years older than Mary, clearly did not like her mother and wrote dismissively about her lack of self-confidence and the aura of helplessness she gave off. She had been the oldest of five children and the only one regarded as having no talent. Jean described her as 'floundering through the greater part of her life in a state of bewilderment mixed with self-pity.'⁵⁰ She was hopelessly impractical, sending back to the kitchen for help if presented with an unopened jar of marmalade.

Ethel would only occasionally drift into the nursery to see what her youngest children were up to. Sometimes Stephana and Mary would be allowed to go downstairs to the drawing room to have tea with her. They would descend in clean frocks and coral necklaces for about an hour, where they heard songs on the gramophone or played with mosaic bricks. They would be served bread and butter and delicious little triangular sugar cakes.⁵¹ Their regular meals were brought up to them in the nursery by a parlour maid. Remote she may have been, but it was her mother who taught her and Stephana to read. Mary remembered her mother teaching Stephana, while she, Mary, sat under the table, listening and apparently absorbing enough so that she herself learned how to read in this fashion.⁵²



Fig. 1 Stephana (left) and Mary (right) (c. 1927), provided by the Warnock family, CC BY-NC.

Of her other siblings, Duncan was by far the most important to Mary. He was (in the absence of her father and Malcolm) the only male figure in the family. As a scholar and Head Boy of Winchester College, then a scholar at Balliol College, he was a role model for Mary as her own academic ambitions began to develop. He was intensely musical, a lover of classical music and an accomplished pianist. During the holidays, he played the piano for hours on end. Some of Duncan's large collection of records of classical music became Mary's favourite pieces. She felt him to be 'the authority on music,' indeed the authority on virtually anything.⁵³ As we shall see in Chapter Ten, he played an important part in shaping Mary's musical taste. As one of the few boarders who lived in Winchester, he used to bring his friends home for Sunday lunch. Mary vividly describes these occasions which she clearly remembered

from when she was very young. The other boys 'discarded their gowns, long-sleeved waistcoats and top hats to play games with us, or show us conjuring tricks, or came into the Nursery to talk with Nanny.'⁵⁴ Duncan himself kept apart from such childish behaviour and Mary found him more difficult to talk to than his friends. He had what Mary saw as a typically Wykehamist (and not particularly attractive) trait of making fun of people who couldn't decide whether what he and others said was meant as a joke or not. Mary had a lifelong fear of ridicule on this account.⁵⁵

She had, of course, never known her father but she does not seem to have suffered from this loss. She describes how, as a young child, she knew that 'he was in heaven.' So, she writes, she did not think it in the least bit odd that in church everyone should address their prayers to him: 'Our Father, which art in heaven...'⁵⁶ Given the absence of a father, the presence of a remote mother for whom she was explicitly seen as the 'wrong' sex, and a sister who was preferred by her Nan, the person she most looked up to in the world, it might be thought that the stage would have been set for a life characterised by recurrent depressions. This did not happen. As we shall see, Mary went through most, if not all her life a cheerful optimist with a strong belief in her own self-worth. This might be regarded as a defence mechanism against low self-worth but there is not the slightest indication this was the case.⁵⁷ Looking back to the age of three years when her mother told her how disappointed she was that she was not a boy, she wrote 'I felt, if anything, a bit indignant that she should overlook the advantages of having me (ME) as a daughter.'⁵⁸ Mary goes on: 'I was, I think, a self-pleased child, perfectly content to be who I was, even if others wished me to be different, as they often did.' Much later Mary and Stephana confronted their mother over her rejection of them. Her diary entry for 12 December 1942, contains this account:

Steph and I got together and had an indignation meeting about Mither not wanting the children and Nanny. Mither herself came and must have listened outside for ages we had to put the whole thing before her—almost for the first time in the most emphatic general terms, about how awful it was and how shaming to have been under the thumb of these women. I think for the first time she realised what hell it was for us, too...

It seems clear from this diary entry that both Mary and her sister at least into their late adolescence felt humiliated by the way their mother had expressed her disappointment in their very existence.

The nine years before Mary went to school were important in establishing her self-confidence and her other personality traits. They also provided her with a strong educational grounding. As well as learning to read from her mother and a large number of practical skills by Nan, she had a governess, a Miss Falwasser, whose most remembered saying was 'I don't like rude little girls,' perhaps a commentary on Mary's lifelong outspokenness.⁵⁹ Miss Falwasser made her learn the collect, the catechism, the creed and numerous texts from the Bible. These remained part of Mary's stock of knowledge for the rest of her life. She also had drawing lessons from a Miss Corfe 'who was very old and with whom we drew plaster casts with shading to be done with soft pencils.' In addition, there were piano lessons with a Miss Lunn 'who was extremely jolly.'⁶⁰

At nine, in 1933, Mary started to attend St. Swithun's School in Winchester, first as a day girl and then, from about the age of thirteen, as a boarder. Mary's time as a day girl was unremarkable apart, as she put it in her unpublished autobiography, from when, at the age of eleven, she 'endured my first unrequited love-affair, a passion for the lead chorister at the Cathedral, whose name, I think was Stephen Morse.'⁶¹ She was invited to a Guy Fawkes party at the Pilgrim's School, the Winchester Cathedral Choir School and she wrote that, dancing around the huge bonfire, 'I found myself holding the hand of Stephen Morse. This represents for me the height of romantic excitement, unfulfilled and briefly perfect.'⁶² Thus, at about the age when both girls and boys first experience sexual attraction to someone of the same or opposite sex, Mary had her first heterosexual feelings; she was never to be ambivalent in this respect.

When she was twelve her mother decided that the following year she must go to boarding school, but not to Downe House, the boarding school which Stephana attended, because her mother had fallen out with the staff there. Mary was upset by this as she found Stephana's friends beautiful, funny and glamorous and the location of Downe House in the hills above Newbury delightful. She found the dress worn by the Downe House girls, 'uniform green djibbahs in the winter and

brilliant-coloured linen tunics in the summer, much preferable to the St. Swithun's drab brown and dirty flesh-coloured tunics.' But she was told she could not go there and chose instead to board at St. Swithun's.⁶³

As a boarder, she found herself drawn much more closely into an institution with a very clear ethos. The ideal St. Swithun's girl was modest, well-behaved, unassuming and certainly must not be too clever. The worst offences were questioning religious belief and breaking the school rules, in however minor a way. Mary's instinctive resistance to these academic strictures was shared by another girl, Imogen Wrong, (later Rose) with whom she formed a close friendship which was to endure throughout their lives. As Imogen's memoir *A Difficult Girl* puts it,⁶⁴ the housemistress, Miss Winckworth, early on remarked to Mary that she should have known that she and Imogen would 'unite and become a Noisy Pair: the two of us being so alike, being critical, energetic and talkative.'⁶⁵ Imogen describes how 'our excitability, our loud voices, our private vocabulary and jokes did not accord with the St. Swithun's ideal of order, calm, civility and graciousness.'⁶⁶ The school's motto was 'Caritas, Humilitas, Sinceritas.' As far as the first two of these were concerned, Mary's personality did not by any means fully accord. Lacking in Caritas, she and Imogen made merciless fun of other girls whom they took a dislike to and were uncharitable even to the teachers that they liked. One otherwise admirable member of staff they found ridiculous because she lived with her mother in Streatham, clearly a lower middle-class part of London. Neither was Humilitas one of Mary's strong points although there were to be several occasions when she contritely admitted she was more often given to self-doubt than perhaps she allowed herself to reveal in public. On the other hand, she certainly did not lack Sincerity, though her tendency to express openly her sincere thoughts about other girls and teachers meant that even this virtue had its dangers. Given the complete absence of opportunity to mix with the opposite sex, it is perhaps not surprising that the two girls seemed indifferent to any 'boys' issues. Revealingly, when Imogen recalls what she described at the time as 'lusts of the flesh,' they were 'oversleeping, overeating, dress, daintiness.'⁶⁷ Basically, St. Swithun's was aiming to turn out young women who would, after a spell perhaps working as secretaries, marry well and become dutiful wives and mothers. It did not cater for girls like Mary who in no way fitted its system. Fortunately,

the often cruel criticism she received from her teachers there did not dent her solid self-esteem to the slightest degree.

The school seems to have had high hopes of Mary, at least to start with. There were five boarding houses, each with about thirty girls.⁶⁸ Mary was in High House, which regarded itself as superior to the others. The housemistress, Miss Winckworth, known as Wincks, had a close friendship with the headmistress, a Miss Finlay, who placed the most promising girls in High House. Wincks was tall, had short frizzy hair and dressed in Macclesfield silk shirts, tweed skirts, expensive brogues and had an upper-class (and old-fashioned) way of pronouncing certain words such as *otel*, *yumour*, *larndry*.⁶⁹ She elicited trust and veneration rather than affection. She was deeply religious and there were House prayers every evening after supper. Later in life, Mary recalled jokingly, 'We were never off our knees.' On Sunday morning, there was hymn practice before the girls formed up in crocodile line to walk to church. Every alternate Sunday the girls went to Winchester Cathedral and on the Sundays in between to a local church, the choice of church determined by whether they came from 'High' or 'Low' Church families. St. Swithun's itself was very definitely a High Anglican school, so the smell of incense was a feature of its chapel. In addition, girls were expected to have two quiet times in their individual bedroom cubicles, one before breakfast and the other before Lights Out. There was a pervasive sense in the House that everyone must strive to be good in a specifically Christian way. All was conformity and discretion. Any shouting, banging, or self-dramatising was firmly curbed. The maintenance of a calm and agreeable demeanour was the essence of good manners. At mealtimes, there were seven girls round each table. Conversation had to be made but only within the strictest guidelines: no personal remarks were permitted, no comments about life at school, one's classes, one's work, other teachers, religious services, the food one was eating, no 'I love' or 'I hate,' nothing addressed to another girl. But also, no silence. It was a challenge to keep conversation flowing, indeed it is something of a miracle it ever began.⁷⁰

There was great emphasis on upholding the Honour of the House. This required every girl to demonstrate honesty, integrity, moral courage and, above all, trustworthiness. Girls were not only expected to tell the absolute truth, but to come forward to confess any wrongdoing.

Over the weekend, girls were not supposed to go to the cinema or the local skating rink. If they did, they were expected to confess to the headmistress on return to school. In fact, on Monday mornings, there was usually a queue of girls waiting to see her for this purpose. Any grave misdemeanour required an interview with Wincks at which she lectured the miscreant, who was then told to go away and reflect for a few days. After this period of reflection, the girl was expected to return to Wincks to apologise and receive a further lecture. The school hierarchy was strictly observed with staff at the top, then prefects, then working steadily down the ladder to the most recently arrived junior girl at the bottom. If someone of higher rank passed you in the corridor, you were expected to flatten yourself against the wall while they passed. Order in the hierarchy determined how vegetables were served at meals, where you were in the crocodile line to go to church, your choice of cubicle for the following term and where you sat at desks in the Common Room. The emphasis was not just on being good, but on being preternaturally good. Indeed, the House song went:

Present girls, old girls
Keep good as gold girls
That is the High House way.⁷¹

Mary described life as a boarder at the school as 'exceptionally dramatic [...] because of the intensity of our failed attempts to live up to the standards of good behaviour in thought, word and deed that were demanded. A burden of guilt hung over us. We knew that the purpose of the school was to make us good and holy, and some of us knew that we could not attain, worse, did not even want to attain, such ideals.'⁷² Surprisingly, Mary felt that she enjoyed herself at the school. This was the time when she began her diary, passionately recording the daily dramas and, despite all the rules, constraints and disapproval, she continued to feel 'extraordinarily free to be whatever I liked, to indulge in friendships, passions, secret metaphysical speculations that I would have been ashamed to indulge in at home...'⁷³ She was accused by her housemistress of being 'self-absorbed, never admitting I was in the wrong, always ready with excuses and both noisy and untidy.'⁷⁴ Later in life, she was often only too ready to admit she was in the wrong, though the untidiness persisted.

The only book permitted in her bedroom cubicle was the Bible but she succeeded in broadening her education considerably by smuggling in to read under her bedclothes an anthology of prose and poetry entitled *The Spirit of Man*, compiled by the poet Robert Bridges. She described this as the most educative book she ever possessed. From it, she read and learned Shakespeare's sonnets, poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins and extracts from, amongst others, Spinoza, Tolstoy and Plato. Later in life, she came to regard this type of solitary reading as the most valuable aspect of education.⁷⁵ She was also delighted to discover, after she married, that Geoffrey, her husband, had also treasured this anthology at school at Winchester. They might both have been under their respective sheets within a few miles of each other, reading the same verses.

Despite the non-academic ethos of St. Swithun's, Mary and Imogen Wrong had been studying Latin and Greek together since the age of twelve, but they had more in common than simply a boisterous temperament and an unusual mutual interest in classics. They had both been brought up in fatherless families, though Imogen's father had not died until she was four.⁷⁶ They made the most of this, mocking other girls who talked about their 'mummies and daddies.'⁷⁷ They were both ambitious to go to either Oxford or Cambridge as undergraduates. In personality they were similar too, both bright and with strong intellectual interests but also noisier and more extravert than most of the other girls. Nevertheless, there were important differences. Imogen's mother, a don herself, was from a distinguished line of Oxford academics, the Smiths. Her father had been a don at Magdalen and a Smith had been the Master of Balliol. But, in marked contrast to Mary's mother's, she was very stretched financially and had to live frugally. Further, though Mary's mother was supportive and affectionate to her daughter, Imogen's mother, much taken up with flirtations and affairs, found her children something of an irritation. When they came home from boarding school on holiday, she would ask how long it was before they were going back.⁷⁸

Mary and Imogen's high spirits and impulsiveness led them into frequent trouble with the St. Swithun's staff. Much to the staff's disapproval, they used to walk 'around the school shrieking with laughter each with piles of books with a large Liddell and Scott (a

Greek lexicon) at the bottom of the pile.⁷⁹ Mary's exuberance and lack of inhibition, two of her most outstanding characteristics, first became apparent at this time.

On one occasion, Imogen caught German measles and was confined to the school sanatorium. She was not supposed to send letters out of the sanatorium but, because she felt so deprived of contact with Mary, she smuggled letters out through a friend. Mary was hauled up before Wincks, who was furious with her. 'A friendship that does this sort of thing is rotten,' she was told. 'At the moment, I never want to see you again. Go now and God help us both.'⁸⁰ The next day, Miss Finlay, the headmistress told Mary she was 'thoroughly deceitful and a moral coward.' Wincks thought the 'whole house had been contaminated with dishonour.'⁸¹ Imogen was stripped of her prefectship and the whole affair dragged on for several days with much insistence on the writing of letters of abject apology. The senior staff's hostility to both the girls persisted right up to the time they left, Wincks responding to a farewell letter that Mary wrote when she left the school by saying 'The realisation of failure is the best and only way of learning lessons; the great thing now is not to be downcast but to put this bitter experience to good use.'⁸² It was not clear to either of the girls what this 'bitter experience' might be, but it was probably their friendship. Wincks' final letter to Imogen was no friendlier. It contained the sentence 'the real sadness of your days at St. Swithun's is not the trouble you may have caused me or any other member of the Staff, but the harm you have done to your friends.'⁸³

Mary was mortified by all this criticism, but she later wrote that

I somehow seemed to preserve my feeling that, deeply as it might be hidden, I was more musical, better read, more philosophical than the other girls. It was not an amiable characteristic, this inner self-assurance [...] but I think it sprang from my love of life at home, in Kelso House, and my feeling that everything truly worthwhile and exciting had its existence there.⁸⁴

As for Imogen, she had her own source of self-esteem. When she was asked by one of her daughters, forty years after meeting Mary, why their friendship had meant so much to her, she replied without thinking 'Because she was the first person in my life who saw anything worthwhile in me.'⁸⁵ Imogen was possibly the first but was certainly not the last person to credit Mary with having bestowed on her the gift of self-worth.

The outbreak of war in September 1939 did not immediately change the pattern of Mary's school and home life, but the situation became quite different a year later. Southampton was the target of heavy bombing during the last months of 1940,⁸⁶ and, only twelve miles away, Winchester was thought to be at risk. The girls were spending most nights sleeping in the school basement where the lacrosse boots and other equipment were kept and it seemed likely the school would have to close. In the end, it was decided to keep the school open, but by that time, Mary's mother had decided she wanted a change of school for her. On the advice of a friend, she chose Prior's Field School. No sooner had the choice been made, than St. Swithun's decided they loved Mary after all. The headmistress and her classics teacher wrote to Mary making her feel 'a moral coward, a rat,' for deserting the school in such difficult times.⁸⁷ But the decision had been made. So, with another St. Swithun's girl, Anne Wakefield, with whom she spent much time in the holidays, she began her new school in January 1941.⁸⁸

Prior's Field had been founded in 1902 by Julia Huxley who came from an intellectually distinguished family. She was the granddaughter of Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby School and her uncle was the poet, Matthew Arnold. She had married Leonard Huxley, whose father was Sir Thomas Huxley, biologist and leading defender of the theory of evolution. Julia and Leonard's five children included Julian Huxley, a scientist who became the first head of UNESCO and Aldous Huxley the novelist.⁸⁹ The headmistress at the time of Mary's attendance and since 1927 was Beatrice Burton-Brown, known to Mary and others by her nickname, Bice. She was the daughter of the previous head and had herself been a pupil at Prior's Field before going on to Newnham College, Cambridge, to read Classics. She had then attended the British School of Archaeology in Rome. Like many women of her generation, she had lost a fiancé killed in World War One and she had never married. She was widely regarded as kind and generous with a strong sense of humour. When her mother died and she succeeded her as the headmistress, she was said to have blossomed, bought a lot of very short dresses and a car and become a livelier personality. In her mid-forties when Mary first came to know her, she was highly respected in the school as wise and scholarly.⁹⁰

Mary's transfer to Prior's Field at the age of sixteen turned out to be an inspired choice. Here, her intellectual prowess was valued instead of

being seen as something of an embarrassment. Academic achievement was no longer seen as incompatible with a woman leading a full life; indeed there was an altogether different vision of being a woman. Her teachers were more emancipated and worldly than those at St. Swithun's⁹¹ and there were even some men amongst them, including a Mr. Tressler, recently retired from Charterhouse, who had the main responsibility for teaching her classics. The teaching staff had also been supplemented by a new classics teacher, Laura Le Maitre, who was appointed particularly to teach Greek, possibly specifically so that Mary could have tuition in this subject.⁹²

This was also the point at which she began to enjoy some physical activities, which might previously have been frowned upon. There was dancing in the Common Room, with other girls as partners. She played tennis and, by this time, had also become a competent golfer. Finally, the school extended her horizons to include some political thought. There were numerous discussions between girls and teaching staff about socialism, the reconstruction of society to reduce inequalities and the sort of world that might exist after the war was over. Mary also records in her diary 'a wonderful debate about Intellectual or Domestic Women.' She does not record how she voted at the end of the debate, but it is not difficult to guess.⁹³

Though Prior's Field was not regarded as in great danger from bombing, for a period the girls slept in their classrooms rather than in dormitories as it was felt safer. Sometimes, the summer skies were black with German bombers and, on one occasion, a German plane fired on a group of girls going to church on a Sunday morning.⁹⁴ Girls were taught first aid, how to deal with incendiary bombs, and how to communicate using Morse code and semaphore. Food was far from plentiful due to rationing, but there was plenty of fruit and vegetables from the garden. Clothes rationing meant there was a great deal of darning of socks and stockings, as well as running repairs to other clothes.⁹⁵

After initial homesickness and some self-questioning about how she could have allowed herself to leave St. Swithun's, Mary settled down happily. She made many new friends while continuing her friendship with Anne Wakefield, with whom she had transferred. Her diary entries give some idea of how she spent her days. Included below are one from each of the three terms she attended Prior's Field. These entries provide

a reasonably representative account of the way she spent her time. They do not include mention of tennis, nor her regular Sunday church attendance. She always commented on the quality of the sermons, often describing them with one of her favourite adjectives at that time and indeed subsequently—‘ghastly.’ It will be noted how each entry contains at least one harsh criticism of herself, reflecting a tendency that was to remain with her throughout her life.

Wednesday 26 March 1941

Woke up for some reason singing ‘Sheep May Safely Graze’ and went on singing in my bath to my own pleasure. Did Euripides and Virgil most of the morning and started some awful notes on Addison’s prose style. It was a foul rainy day. After rest in which we had some quartet practice, had half an hour’s lovely French conversation in which we talked about *L’Art Pure* [sic]. Talked to Anne who wanted me to play flute for her, so I did and played quite well for me. But she wouldn’t leave and I wanted to practice viola so I did and no doubt drove her out. But it was good to practice again and I have truly mastered the third position though my vibrato is awful [...] How does anyone play the beastly instrument? Worked quite hard at Plato in the evening and practised again. After supper, Anne and I sat in the Library. No one else there except Joan Gidney who started to talk and was very nice and we read each other modern poetry. Great fun.

Wednesday 16 July 1941

Did Greek unseen before my lesson with Mr. Tressler. This was even worse than I had feared. The Greek prose I got back wasn’t bad but the rest was too awful. Pliny was appalling and he enraged me by altering every translation I gave just a very little and then asking if I understood. This went on and on. But the Cicero was worse because in fact I’d prepared it badly but was ready to argue and argue and appear pig obstinate which of course infuriated him. When he’d gone at last turned to Thucydides with relief. [...] worked again at Cicero’s letters. How ghastly to get such letters. It rained. Fooled around about doing a bit of gardening and about two words of Aristotle.

Saturday 18 October 1941

Bice’s [her headmistress] unseen before breakfast. Then Mr. Tressler simply grim. He droned on and on and I felt sicker and sicker with hunger and boredom. He gave me an AB for Greek prose but then ruined that by saying it was only to encourage me. But at least it had no howlers. We finished *Antigone* and I managed to skate over all the bits I didn’t know with a merry laugh and the same with Demosthenes. Letter from

Duncan [her brother]. Then did fair copy of prose. After lunch changed in a rush and met Mrs. Western and we went to Guildford. Moiseiwitsch marvellous. By far the best pianist I've ever heard. Tremendous energy and passion. [...] Back at school did two unseens appallingly. Dreadful supper then sat and wrote essay feverishly. Wrote nonsense quoting from JW Turner's book on Beethoven and art, forgetting I was writing for Bice and not just for myself. Came to dancing and had a nice dance with dear Nell and terrifying one with Bice who asked me about the concert...

In late November and early December, Mary took the entrance examination for Lady Margaret Hall College (LMH) in Oxford. After the written papers she was called for an interview and recorded the experience in her entry for 10 December. The examiners told her she had done well in the written papers and made her aware that they knew she was the sister both of Stephana (who was already at LMH) and of Duncan, whom one of the dons had tutored at Balliol some years earlier. On 16 December, she received a telegram informing her she had won the top scholarship to the college. She found the news difficult to believe. Later that morning she had her 'end of term' talk with the headmistress who 'said a lot of stuff I liked to hear about humility and gentleness and strength of character (ME?) and responsibility.' So her major academic achievement was followed by a flattering appraisal of her moral character.

Mary's Prior's Field experience was important for her in a number of ways. For the first time, she had proper lessons in flute and piano. Her musical skills and talent for musical appreciation grew greatly.⁹⁶ She was expected to take in interest in current affairs and the need for the abandonment of the existing social order. Her diary, she reports, was 'full of socialism.'⁹⁷ The school's motto was 'We live by admiration, hope and love.'⁹⁸ Mary felt that, in contrast to St. Swithun's, the teachers really did admire her, had high hopes of her and, in a sense, did indeed love her. The importance of encouragement from teachers as a powerful motivator was a lesson never forgotten. Attitudes to religion provided another stark contrast—at St. Swithun's the overwhelming emphasis had been on sins and the need for repentance. In contrast, Mary recorded a Divinity lesson with Bice in which she experienced enjoyment at 'seeing a new and saner version of proper Christianity. Much more like the Cathedral at home and I have developed an enormous interest in St. John's Gospel.' Later she recorded reading a section of G. K. Chesterton,

the Anglo-Catholic writer about whom she wrote 'How wonderful to find all you want to say so brilliantly expressed.'⁹⁹ Almost until the time she left Prior's Field she continued to have conversations about religion with Bice. For example, on 9 December 1941, she recorded that 'I turned the conversation to Meredith and then to religion. I asked whether she believed what I do about the relation of Mind/Body/Soul and she agreed emphatically. Our conversation wandered between Browning and the resurrection. She disappointed me by saying "the resurrection means the survival of personality". But I don't know what that means, and I suspect she doesn't either. But she agreed that much of what we believe is wishful thinking. It was wonderful to talk like this anyway.' These reflections on religion first experienced at Prior's Field, foreshadow Mary's later religious beliefs.

Prior's Field was also the first time Mary was extended academically. Her diary entries make it clear that her teachers were difficult to satisfy and although this meant she was often in despair, in the event her grasp of a wide range of classical authors was impressive. At St. Swithun's her academic achievements had been satisfactory but in no way outstanding. In her School Certificate examination, taken in 1938, she achieved six credits, but no distinctions in the subjects she took. It is clear she cannot have been stretched there.

Mary resisted a temptation to stay on at Prior's Field for another couple of terms before going up to Oxford the following October. She could have concentrated on her music there, but instead decided to take a job in an evacuated preparatory school called Rosehill.¹⁰⁰ This was situated in a village in a beautiful area in rural Gloucestershire near Wootton-under-Edge. Her duties ranged from looking after nursery-aged schoolchildren, giving the smaller boys in the prep school their baths and teaching Latin to the headmaster's youngest son, preparing him for entry to Rugby School. She was given a room in the Old Rectory in the village. This had no electricity and she had to read by candlelight. Her first term, from the beginning of 1942 to Easter, was in many ways miserable as she suffered from painful chilblains on her hands and feet. Chilblains, which result from exposure to cold, are soothed by warm water, but Mary was only allowed hot water twice a week for a bath. She was sometimes reduced to tears by not being able to get warm when she went to bed.¹⁰¹

Despite the physical discomfort, Mary did a vast amount of reading in theology, history—including much of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776–89), as well as twentieth-century poetry.¹⁰² Although the headmaster was a remote figure, the rest of the teaching staff, most of whom were retired teachers brought back to work because of the war, were kind to her. It was the first time she was in the company of adults doing a job like them. In fact, she lived partly in the world of teachers and partly 'downstairs' with the cooks and felt she got on equally well in both spheres of the institution.¹⁰³

Her main new experience was a friendship with Tim, a boy her own age. He was the headmaster's oldest son, who had also won a scholarship to Oxford. Their friendship was complicated by the fact that a woman friend of the headmaster's family had marked Tim out as a future spouse for one of her own daughters.¹⁰⁴ This meant that Mary took care, as she wrote later, not to fall in love with him. Despite her 'hands off' message to Mary, this woman was friendly to her and indeed introduced her for the first time to alcohol. Mary instantly took to gin and lime, the fashionable tippie of the time, because of the releasing effect it had on her tongue.¹⁰⁵ In Mary's words: 'Tim and I taught each other a lot and he was the first contemporary male I had ever talked to at length or seriously, so conversation with him had, for me, an intrinsic excitement.'¹⁰⁶ They spent a great deal of time together, talking about books, reading poetry to each other and going for long rambles in the surrounding countryside, she on a lazy horse called Ruffy and he riding alongside on a bicycle.¹⁰⁷ Tim introduced her to Racine and a number of other French authors. They each planned to write an anthology and discussed with each other what to include that would fit their respective themes. Mary's anthology was called 'Unfulfilment' and was intensely romantic in content. Although her relationship with Tim was not, on Mary's account, a romantic one, she never forgot it. Indeed, in a diary entry dated 11 April 1943, a year after she had left Rosehill, Mary remembered the summer she had spent with Tim with great warmth and pleasure and wondered if indeed she had not been in love with him. If she had ever felt awkward talking to young men, this relationship must have helped her to see that men could be good friends as well as potential romantic partners, an experience denied to many of her female contemporaries who attended single-sex schools. After she left

the school, Tim joined the Army and was tragically killed in action only a year later.¹⁰⁸

Mary had also been much taken with Tim's mother, the head's wife, a clever, outspoken woman with corn-coloured hair. She loved being close to her and was amazed when, on departure, she gave Mary a kiss on the forehead. As she travelled home, in an early demonstration of her capacity to relate her life experiences to her reading, she repeated to herself a line that Tim had taught her from a mid-nineteenth-century poem by Gérard de Nerval 'Ma front est rouge encore, Du baiser de la reine.'¹⁰⁹ Mary heard that soon after she left the school, this woman ran off with one of the younger masters.

Mary left Rosehill at the end of July 1942 and spent the summer holidays before she went up to Oxford at home in Winchester. She had a most enjoyable couple of months and the adjectives 'heavenly' and 'blissful' figure frequently in her diary entries. The weather was largely good. She went out on rides into the surrounding countryside on her horse, Dan, visited her older sister, Grizel, who by now had a baby, played music with Stephana and listened to a great deal of classical music with her sister and mother. Occasionally, she would go on a trip for three or four days to a friend's house and once, when the term had started there, she went back to Prior's Field for more talks with Bice. She travelled up to London alone and felt a sense of adventure even though she was doing little more than window-shopping in New Bond Street. She continued to read a great deal, including Virgil, Lucretius and Herodotus and attended the local church or cathedral regularly. She spent some time preparing the anthology of favourite poems and prose passages she had discussed with Tim. As for the war, then at a low point in the fortunes of the Allied Forces, it hardly features in her diary entries, but once she reports with sadness the death of the brother of one of her friends. Mostly her mood was buoyant and cheerful, but very occasionally, as happened throughout her life, she descended into depths of self-loathing, mainly as a result of guilt about the way she had treated one of her best friends.

On Friday 9 October 1942, with her friend, Jean Stanier, who had already spent a year at Somerville College, she took the train to Oxford and established herself in her room at Lady Margaret Hall.¹¹⁰ The transition to Oxford seems to have been completely painless, unsurprising in view

of the fact that she already had many friends there, her sister was in the same college and her status as the senior scholar immediately put her in a position of social advantage. She records in her diary that, on her very first evening, clearly already marked as an outstanding undergraduate, she was invited to sit at High Table between two of the college fellows.

Notes

- 1 William Wordsworth, *Collected Poems*, p. 759.
- 2 Unpublished autobiography (UA) 1, p. 1.
- 3 UA 2, p. 2.
- 4 Felix Warnock, personal communication.
- 5 Kitty Warnock, personal communication.
- 6 Mary Warnock, 2000.
- 7 Kitty Warnock, personal communication.
- 8 Mary Warnock, 2003.
- 9 Mary Warnock, 1987.
- 10 *Ibid.*, p. 118.
- 11 *Ibid.*
- 12 *Ibid.*, p. 121.
- 13 *Ibid.*
- 14 Jean Crossley, pp. 13–16.
- 15 *Ibid.*, pp. 15–16.
- 16 Crossley, 2006, p. 15.
- 17 Richard Davenport-Hines, 2004.
- 18 Richard Howarth, 2004.
- 19 Richard Davenport-Hines, 2004.
- 20 Richard Howarth, 2004.
- 21 Crossley, 2006, pp. 18–20.
- 22 Richard Davenport-Hines, 2004.
- 23 Warnock, 2000, p. 2.

- 24 Richard Davenport-Hines, 2004.
- 25 Ibid.
- 26 Arthur Hooper, undated.
- 27 Crossley, 2006, p. 17.
- 28 Crossley, 1993, pp. 93–94.
- 29 Ibid.
- 30 Crossley, 2006, p. 26.
- 31 Ibid.
- 32 Crossley, 2006, pp. 33–34.
- 33 Ibid., p. 7.
- 34 Crossley, 2006, pp. 91–92.
- 35 Ibid, p. 17.
- 36 Crossley, 1993, pp. 91–92.
- 37 Crossley, 2006, p. 137.
- 38 UA 1, p. 1.
- 39 Warnock, 2000, p. 4.
- 40 Ibid.
- 41 Ibid.
- 42 Ibid., pp. 4–5.
- 43 Ibid., p. 6.
- 44 Ibid.
- 45 Ibid., p. 6.
- 46 Warnock, 2000, p. 3.
- 47 Warnock, 2000, p. 6.
- 48 Imogen Rose, p. 313.
- 49 UA, 2, p. 12.
- 50 Crossley, 2006, p. 22.
- 51 Warnock, 2000, p. 3.
- 52 UA, 1, p. 13.
- 53 Warnock, 2000, p. 200.

- 54 Ibid., p. 199.
- 55 Ibid., p. 201.
- 56 Ibid., p. 3.
- 57 UA, 2, p. 24.
- 58 Warnock, 2000, p. 3.
- 59 UA, 1, pp. 13–14.
- 60 Ibid., pp. 14–15.
- 61 UA, 1, p. 18.
- 62 Ibid.
- 63 Warnock, 2000, pp. 7–8.
- 64 Imogen Rose, 2002.
- 65 Ibid., p. 284.
- 66 Ibid., p. 285.
- 67 Ibid., p. 297.
- 68 Ibid., p. 169.
- 69 Ibid., p. 171.
- 70 Ibid., p. 173.
- 71 Ibid., p. 176.
- 72 Warnock, 2000, p. 8.
- 73 Ibid.
- 74 Ibid.
- 75 Warnock, 2000, p. 9.
- 76 Ibid., pp. 9–10.
- 77 UA, 2, p. 13.
- 78 Rose, p. 186.
- 79 Ibid., p. 285.
- 80 Ibid., p. 328.
- 81 Ibid., p. 329.
- 82 Ibid., p. 422.
- 83 Ibid., p. 423.

- 84 Warnock, 2000, pp. 10–11.
- 85 Rose, p. 284.
- 86 Ibid., p. 11.
- 87 UA, 2, p. 21.
- 88 Warnock, 2000, p. 12.
- 89 Margaret Elliott, 2002, pp. 9–20.
- 90 Ibid., pp. 36–37.
- 91 UA, 2, p. 23.
- 92 Ibid., p. 55.
- 93 UA, 2, p. 23.
- 94 Elliott, p. 56.
- 95 Ibid, pp. 56–57.
- 96 UA, 2, p. 23.
- 97 Ibid.
- 98 Ibid., p. 25.
- 99 Ibid., p. 24.
- 100 Ibid., 3, p. 1.
- 101 Ibid.
- 102 Ibid., p. 4.
- 103 Ibid., p. 2.
- 104 Ibid., pp. 2–3.
- 105 Ibid., p. 5.
- 106 Ibid., pp. 3–4.
- 107 Ibid., p. 4.
- 108 Warnock, 2000, p. 13.
- 109 UA, 3, p. 5.
- 110 Ibid.

