

Notes on the early life of Nathaniel Jones

042-2

GRACE JONES' ACCOUNT OF NATHANIEL JONES

Archdeacon Robinson once suggested my mother should write a life of my father. She started to do so but was not able to continue. I thought the account of his early life might be of interest.

M.J.

Canon Jones —Early life

Nathaniel Jones was the son of a farmer John Jones. He was born at Wootton in Shropshire near Oswestry. I don't know who gave him his Christian name but that name suited him exactly —for never was a man since the original Nathaniel more utterly without guile as the subject of this biography. He even carried this virtue beyond the bounds of conventional politeness at times. I remember a rather pedantic tho very kind parishioner offering us a goose for our Christmas dinner when some previous kind neighbours had already given us one. "Oh thank you" said Nathaniel "we have got one." "Oh" in surprise ?? she would be ?? closed the incident.

The children —two sons Nathaniel and John Earep_ and two daughters, Mary and Jane —were, I think, all educated at the Board school —or maybe church schools. At this time and earlier many of the farming classes and other ??? people neglected to send their children to school, and it was quite usual to meet adults who could neither read nor write.. So the government empowered shire and county councils to open schools in every district, compelling parents to have their children properly educated. These board schools had generally cut out religious education from their teaching —so that all shades of opinion could benefit. And so in many districts the Church of England opened schools where the children could be taught about God and the Bible read daily. Mr and Mrs John Jones, the parents of Nathaniel were church-going folk so it is most likely the children went to the school of the parish church.

They were also an intelligent and book loving family. Mr Jones Snr went on a trip round the world late in his life and wrote a book of his travels. They, like all Welsh and border folk were musical and the winter evenings were spent in the cosy kitchen at the farm of Bronygadfa round a big log fire in the old fashioned lounge singing [and] playing duets or acting a simple play —friends and neighbours having driven over to spend the evenings.

There were no picture shows in those far off days to entertain the young people from home so they found their amusement by the fire in this large and beautiful old kitchen. Not let me say ?? one as in the modern house —it had a ?? tiled floor ?? beamed ceiling, shining steel fittings in stove and fender. A lovely old press and dresser. On the latter was the blue willow pattern ?? set twinkling and shining in the fire glow. Brass and copper pots and pans shining on shelves and mantelpiece.

When Nathaniel was about 17 the family removed from Wootton to a farm called Braynymafusis (Ileave the leader to pronounce it).

I should say here that the above sketch of an evening at Braygallfa really belongs to a later date but as Bronygadfa is the home I knew best, I just put down what impressed me.

All the young people helped in the work of the farm and home. There was very little outside assistance. When Nathaniel was about 17 and the family were living at Brynygnafas the boy came under the **influence of Canon Cashel, a well-known protestant churchman.**

To quote Nathaniel's brother John, he says: "I think it was the Canon's influence that helped to make my brother the strong evangelical that he developed into.

I don't know when he was confirmed but I believe he was baptised as a child in the [CQG]rimper Congregational church. And that he was later baptised in the C of E later in his life.

I believe my brother always had a wish to be a clergyman but found it difficult to get his father's consent. About 1880 my father set him up with one of our sisters in a farm called Bronygadfa owned by our father but my brother who used to study **Latin whilst following the plough did not make a success of farming.** So in 1882 my father decided to send him to Oxford.

When living at Bronygadfa he formed [?] a troupe of minstrels and they would sing the old songs such as 'Black ?? ?? no mother' 'Keep to the middle of the road' etc. Nathaniel had a good tenor voice and could read at sight.

Bishop Walsham How was rector of Whillington but I think he had left before my brother went to the aprish. **So the young man went to Oxford and was non resended —he lived in lodgings so as to economise** and it is to be feared he stinted himself in like manner or food and comforts so as to pay his way thro."

He at once identified himself with the 'out and out set'. I am not sure when my husband's conversion took place but I believe he was much influenced by the **Open Brethren at Oswestry** —his home town. And found many friends at **St Aldate's where Canon Christopher was Vicar.** Among the church members were **Carey W Ward.** ?? Ward, Berlie Goldsmith, C. Sumner and others. The famous CMS breakfasts are connected with this time and Canon Christopher was deaf —was a striking figure with his long ear-trumpet moving about to catch any scraps of conversation. In this connection one is struck by the fact that there is little if any advance in either the treatment of this most distressing affliction (deafness) or in the instruments for assisting the deaf to hear (I speak feelingly, being a sufferer myself.) **Mr Chevasse** was also a great influence for straight-out Christianity at this time. he was afterwards **1st Bishop of Liverpool.** All these present ?youths attended **his Sunday Evening Greek class at Wycliffe Hall** (and they called these classes three C's: Corinthians, cakes and coffee.)

Mr Jones had apportioned to all his children their part of his estate, some in property or partnership. To Nathaniel he gave a sum of money (I forget just how much) for college expenses —so as the latter could afford "rooms" in a college he shared his inexpensive lodgings with one or two of his friends. Their landlady catering and cooking for them. One day an apple pudding made its appearance when only one of these of these generally hungry students was at home for lunch and he consumed it all with disastrous results to his inside!

These earnest young undergraduates would have great talks of their experience, hold prayer meetings and sing together seeking always to bring in others to the Saviour. "You get such a feeling" one would say —"ah but you lose that feeling" his more practical friend would correct —"It is faith not feelings". "Yes let's have a meeting and invite so and so. he prays like a brick". And this band of eager young soldiers of Christ were forward in every bit of work for the glory of God and the salvation of Oxford. Open air meetings, Sunday classes whilst working hard at their studies during their four year terms. Entering into all the interests of College life —debating societies, sport, A??, theatricals etc. It is ?likely he suffered many privations and may thus have undermined his health —never being very robust.

The day of the "lists" was great excitement of course and my husband said he was "staggered to see his name in the first class honour in Theology." But so it was and he had worked very hard under many difficulties.

He was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Ripon in September 1886 and went as curate to Dr Mitchell at New Werthy, Leeds, Lancashire. The Dr and his wife continued to be our lifelong friends —both now long gone. Dr M gave up medicine for theology. In this connection I was reminded of another medico who did the same saying he "found it easier to preach than to practice". I am afraid this is common experience with us all!

While in Leeds Mr Jones developed chest trouble culminating in pneumonia and was sent to Bournemouth, a mild south coast health resort to recuperate. Here his health slightly improved but the trouble still persisted. And after much anxious thought and prayer the Doctor advised him to take a sea voyage. In those days this seemed to be the only thing for all chest trouble: no injections or open air treatment. Most doctors seemed afraid of fresh air. True, a few had the window open but against this others would order curtains around the bed of a chest patient. I recall nursing a small boy with scarlet fever in a London suburb, the neighbour telling my patient's mother that "That nurse actually had the boy's window open." Well my patient made a good recovery, fresh air or no fresh air!

Well, vast preparations went forward in the beautiful old farm house a Bronygdafu for Nathaniel's projected voyage. Piles of heavy clothing —with the thickest of ?? undies instead of, as now, the very thinnest. Thick twill cotton nightgowns (which were soon converted to other uses in Australia) all packed into huge fine lined wooden boxes, along with books, papers and other odds. And at last the day of sailing: May 28 1887 came. The "Harbinger" a clipper sailing ship of the Green

Anderson and Green" Co lay trim and taut with the sailing flag gently waving in the soft breeze. She was some distance from the wharf. Passengers were going out to her by rowing boat. All was bustle and hurry. Farewells were said and at last we were aboard.

You now may be wondering why I include myself in this scene —well you see it happened that I had been advised to take a sea voyage a a possible relief for my nerve deafness.....I expected to be back in 6 months or so. It is forty years since that day. I am still in Australia though I have been "home" several times since.....we were 14 in the first class Mr Jones being the only parson on board naturally attracted some notice. More so as he looked very frail and delicate. However he appeared in fair general health. Nor do I remember him missing any meal. He interested himself in all the interests and daily doings and looking at him with a nurse's eye (I had to give up my loved work on account of deafness) I thought he looked very frail. I did not find the voyage tedious as I am fond of reading and besides much time was taken up with my trouble of deafness and continued noises in head and ears. And the terror of the thought of being deaf always was beyond telling. And sure enough like Job "that which I greatly feared came to pass." And though the grace of God is "sufficient" the dreadfulness of being deaf is still with me.

Captain Bolt, a sincere Christian, let me have his cabin for a Sunday school class for the children. Mr Jones took services on Sunday in the saloon alterantely with the ship's captain and doctor. There would be meeting for prayer on weekdays taken —one or other would give a helpful address.... "Father Jones" as he was affectionately dubbed by the Captain was popular throughout the ship as was also the Dr. And we all poved the Captain and his wife and daughter....

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my mother should write a life of my father.
She started to do so. but was not able to
continue. I thought the account of his
early life might be of interest
H. J.

Canon Jones - Early life 1

Nathaniel Jones - was the son of a farmer John Jones - he was born at Wootton in Shropshire near Akenhead ^{in 1849}. I don't know why gave him his Christian name - but that name suited him exactly - for never was a man since the original Nathaniel ^{more} utterly without such as the subject of this short biography - he never carried this virtue beyond the limits of conventional patterns. At times I remember a rather pedantic & very kind parishioner offering us a goose for our Christmas dinner when some previous kind neighbors had already given us one - "oh thank you said Nathaniel he have got one" "oh" in surprise - from the word he said "Close the incident" the children too sons Nathaniel & John & daughters Mary and Jane - were & Charles all educated at the Board School - or Wyeke Church

Canon Jones. Early life -

2

Schools, + ^{At this time for the} many of the farming classes
and other working people neglected
to send their children to school -
and it was quite usual to meet adults
who could neither read or write. So the
Government empowered School &
County Councils to open schools
in every district. Compelling parents
to have their children properly
educated. These Board Schools have
generally cut out religious instruction
from their teaching. So that all
shades of opinion might be
benefit. And so in many districts
the Church of England opened
schools where the Bible children
were taught about God and the
Bible read daily. Mr & Mrs John
Jones the parents of Fulham were
Church going folk. So it is most
likely the children went to the school
of the Parish Ch. They were also an
intelligent & book loving family

3

Cannon Jones. Early life
Mr Jones Senr. went for a trip round
the world late in life - and
wrote a book of his travels.

They like most Welsh & border
folk were all musical and
the winter evenings were spent
in the cosy kitchen at the
Farm of Bryn-golfa. I found
a big fire in the old fashioned
large dancing playing duets
or acting a simple play - friends
& neighbours having driven
over to spend the evening.

There were no picture shows in
those far off days & where the
young people from home - so
they found their amusements
by the fire in this large &
beautiful old kitchen. I
let me say such a one as
in the modern house - If had
a tiled floor oak beam
ceiling shining steel fittings
on stove & fender. A lovely old

Carrington Jones & Life

4.

press & dresser - on the latter
was the ^{blue} billon pattern denim
set-trunkling & Shemise in
the pure Glacé. Brass & Copper
pots & pans Shemise on
Shelver & ~~that~~ Mantel piece.
When Nathaniel was about 14
the family removed from
Wotton to a farm called
Braynynapasis - (I leave
the reader to pronounce it).

I should say here that the above
Sketch of a evening at Bray
Gallpa really belongs to a later
date but as Braynynapasis
is the home I knew best - I just
put down what impressed me
all the young people helped
in the work of the farm & home
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assistance. When Nathaniel
was about 14. And the family
were living at Braynynapasis
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Influence of Carron Cashel - a well known Protestant Chaplain. To quote Malhaule's brother John he says: "I think it was the Carron's Influence that helped to make my brother the strong Evangelical that he developed into." I don't know when he was confirmed, but I believe he was baptised as a child in the Grampian Congregational Church. And that he was again baptised in the C of E. later in life.

I believe my brother always had a wish to be a clergyman but found it difficult to get his father's consent.

About 1880. My father set him up with one of his ^{our} sisters in a farm at Callied Brown, Glasgow owned by our father. But my brother who used to study Latin whilst following the Plough - did not make a

Success of farming. So in 6
1882 my father decided to
send him to Oxford.

When living at Mony Sadfa
he joined a Troupe of Montrels⁺
And they would sing the old
Songs such as "Black bal Shals
no matter" "Keep to the Middle
of the Road" etc. Nathaniel
had a good tenor voice &
could read at sight.

Bishop Walsham How was
Rector of Whittington - but I
think he had left before
my father went to the Parish.
So the young man went to
Oxford and was now resented.
He lived in lodgings so as to
& economise. And it is to be feared
he slanted himself in the
matter of food & comforts so as
to pay his way thro.
~~At this time Oxford was closed~~
~~with a white hearted set of out~~
He at once identified himself

1. ed.

Whittington

with the "out & out, Sel-" I am
not sure when my husband's conversion
took place - but I believe he was
much influenced by the "Open
Brethren at Benestry - his home
town. And found many friends
at St. Aldates where Canon
Christopher was vicar. Amongst
the Ch Members here ~~was~~ were
Carey W Ward. Senouch Ward
Berlie Gouldsmith C Summer
& others the Jannus C M &
breakfasts are ~~connected~~ ^{connected} with
this time and Canon C who
was deaf - was a striking figure
with his long ear trumpet.
Moving about to catch every
scraps of the conversation.
In this connection one is struck by
the fact that there is little of any
advance in ~~the~~ either in the
treatment of this most distressing
affliction (deafness) or in the
instruments for assisting the
hearing - deaf to hear - I speak.

feelingly - being so a sufferer to
myself). Mr Chearze ~~to~~ has
a great influence for straight-
out Christianity at this time
(he was afterwards 1st Bishop
of Liverpool) All these perren-
t-
Gonatts attended his Sunday
Evening Greek Class - at Wycliffe
College ^{Hall} - (and they called these
Classes the three C. S. & R. "Corinthians
Cakes & Coffee")

Mr Jones Lerr had apportioned
to all his children their part of
his estate some in property
or partnership. To Nathaniel he
gave a sum of money - (I forget
just how much) for College
Expenses - so as the latter
could not afford "Proctor" in a
College he shared his ^{unexpensiv}
lodgings with one or two of
his friends. Their landlady
catering & cooking for them.
one day an Apple peedling
made its appearance when only

one of these generally hungry &
students was at home for lunch
and he consumed it all - with
disastrous results to his inside!
These earnest - young Undergrads
would have great talks of their
experience hold prayer meetings
& sing together - Seeking always
to bring in others to trust in
the Saviour. "You get such a
feeling" one would say - "Ah but
you lose that feeling" his more
practical friend would correct -
"It is faith not feelings"

"Yes let's have a meeting and
invite so & so he prays like a
brick" & so this band of eager
soldiers of Christ - were forward
in every bit of work for the glory
of God & the salvation of per-
ished. Open our meeting Sunday classes -
 whilst looking hard at their
studies during their four years
terms. Entering into all the
interests of college life - Debating

& Mr
Jones.

Societies Sport Accidents 10
Theatricals Etc. It is to be
suffered many privations he
may thus have undermined his
health - never being really very
robust. The day of the "dists"
was a great excitement of course
and my husband said he was
"staggered to see his name in
the first class Honor in Theology"
but so it was - And he had worked
very hard under many difficulties
he was ordained Deacon by
the Bishop of Ripon in Sept-
1886. And went as Curate to
Rev. Dr Mitchell at New Worthy
Leeds Lancashire. The Dr & his
wife continued to be our life
long friends both now gone.
Dr M gave up Medicine for Theology
in this connection I am reminded
of another Medico who died
the same - saying he found
it "easier to preach than to
Practice" I am afraid this

is Common Experience with 11
us all !)

Whilst in Leeds Mr Jones ~~seemed~~
to developed Chest trouble common
among in Pneumonia - & was
sent to Bournemouth a mild
South Coast health resort to
re-cupurate ^{here} his health slightly
improved but the trouble still
persisted. And after much
anxious thought. And prayer
the Drs decided advised him
to take a Sea voyage. In three
days this decided to be the
only thing for all Chest troubles
no injections or open air treat-
ment. Most Drs seemed afraid
of fresh air. True a few had
the window open. but Against
this others would order "Curtains
round the bed of a Chest-Patient
I recall when nursing a small
boy with Scarlet Fever - the
in a London suburb - the

A Neighbour telling my 12
patient's Mother that "That-
Nurse actually had the boys
window open" Well my patient
made a good recovery fresh air
or no fresh air!

Well last preparation went
forward in the beautiful old
farm house at Bromsgrove
Mr Malhams projected voyage.
Piles of heavy clothing - with
the thickest of Geiger underlies
instead of as now the very thinnest
thick twill cotton nightgowns -
(which were soon converted
to other uses in Australia)
all packed into huge fine
lined wooden boxes - along
with books papers & other
odds. And at last the day of
sailing May 28. 1887. Came
the "Harbinger" a Clipper sail-
ing ship of the Green
Anderson & Green Co lay at

Can collect
pages rewritten

trim & "trot" with the Sailing ¹³
flag gently waving in the soft breeze
she was some distance from the
wharf. Passengers were going out
to her by rowing boat. All was
bustle & hurry. Farewells were
said and at last we were about
now you may be wondering why
I include myself in this scene -
well you see it happened that
I too had been advised to take
a sea voyage as a possible
relief for my nerve deafness.
So that is how I come to be there.
Some day P.E. of any one cares
to read of I may tell my life story
when all the intending voyagers
were aboard the Harbinger has
towed nearer the wharf & we
could talk to our friends who
had come to see us "off". Saturday
May 2^d 1887 was a dull mild
day. There had been a drizzle
of rain all morning - just like
a May day in England. But as
I leaned over the rail talking

Combed
Pages Rewritten

to friends - A Glens of Palam 14.
Shone out & made a bright spot
on the Ship's Mast. I remember
calling out to my sister who stood
on the wharf that the Glean has
a "harbinger of good luck!"
so we sailed away from old
England - I expecting to be back
again in 6 months or so. It is
40 years since that day - & I am
still in Australia tho I have
been "Home" several times since
then. Well after traversing the
Coast line gave away - And giving
casual glances to our fellow voyagers
we made of us bent below - & looked
up our Cabin's staterooms they were
called I don't know what. I had a
beautiful little one all to myself.
with two berths a sofa - and a
small lavatory opening out of it.
When I think of the tiny "cupboards"
called "Cabin's" in some of the
Steamers I have travelled in. The
"Stateroom" was indeed luxurious
The Harbinger was a beautiful little
boat. "A Dry Ship" The Sailors, called

it that is it did not get much 15
water over the sides in rough weather.

All the "Salerooms" opened out of
the Saloon light-came from a
skylight which formed the roof
rising high off the deck. Our lights
at night was provided by oil
lanterns suspended from the
roof. I think the floor of the Saloon
was carpeted but there were no
chairs except those fixed by the
table. There was a very good Piano
which the passengers made much
use of. We were 14 in the first
class. I think about 30 in the
2nd & 3rd. All the passengers were
very nice & friendly. So were the
Stewards & Crew. The Capt. was a
fine old gentleman whom
every one loved & respected. He
was a most careful and skilful
navigator - his wife & daughter were
travelling with us. Very pleasant
& friendly. The hours for meals
here breakfast at 9. Lunch 12. After
tea about 2.30 Dinner at 4 &

Reminiscences

+ officers

Lupper bescent & Cocoa A.G. He
all the food was excellent & abundant.
The drinking & washing water has
condensed & of course had to be
used Economically. There were
live sheep and couples of hens &
ducks. Floned away some where
& it was accursing On a still warm
night when the moon was up - to sit on deck
& listen to the splash of the water accompanied
by the quack quack of the ducks. & the
bleat of the sheep poor thing. all the
ship was spatterly clean - ~~and the~~ decks gleamed
white & ~~brown~~ brasses glowed like gold.
I am afraid my shoe heels were a cause of trouble
to the Quarter Master as they
made marks on the gleaming deck.
One passenger soon made friends
with each other after the due &
usual queyging. Mr Jones. being
the only parson on board naturally
attracted some notice. More so as
he looked very fresh and delicate
however he appeared in fair general
health. Nor do I remember him
messing any meal. He interestd us
to all the interests & daily doings

white & I am afraid my short neck
to the Quarter Master as they
made marks on the gleaming deck.
The passengers soon made friends
with each other after the due &
usual greeting. Mr Jones, being
the only parson on board naturally
attracted some notice. More so as
he looked very frail and delicate
however he appeared in fair general
health. Nor do I remember him
missing any meal. He entered us
to all the interests & daily doings

and looking at him with a
nurses eye I had had to give up
my loved work on account of deafness
I thought he looked very frail -
I don't remember any serious ill-
ness or accident during the three
months of the voyage. We amused
ourselves with games - and for
those who liked it dancing etc
there was no organized scheme
of recreation as now on every
boat. I did not find the voyage
tiresome as I am fond of reading
and besides was much taken
up with my bundle of deafness
and numerous noises in head
& ears. and the terror of the
thought of being deaf all over
was beyond telling. And here
enough like Job "That which I
greatly feared" came to pass. and
tho the Grace of God is "Sufficient"
the dreadful news of being deaf
is still with me. Capt. Bolt - a
sincere Christian let me have
his cabin for a Sunday School

Class for the children. Mr Jones 10.
took service on Sunday in the ~~the~~
Saloon alternately with the Ship's
Or & Capt. There could be meeting
for prayer on week days when one
or other would give a helpful address. The
Dr too was a deeply taught. Saint
of God. From "At Home" with
Christ - "Father" Jones as he was
affectionately dubbed by Capt
was popular throughout the Ship
as was also the Dr. And he all
loved the Capt. & his wife & daughter
took ~~there~~ on board. We there
mostly young people and had
some merry times together. We
could take afternoon tea in each
others stateroom and there
was much beer and happy laughter
as we tried to keep the Caps &
Cakes from rolling all over the
floor when the Ship heaved
or ~~the~~ pitched and in spite
of his frail health Walhacief
entered into all this as I also
was injured it all. Potentially &
even permanent. dearer's ~~intention~~

Voluntarily

The health of the ship was ¹⁹
good all through the 3 months of
the voyage. The weather also was
not at all rough - one night there
was rather a bad sea - and the
kind old Capt. came down
to see that no one was overboard
& it was comforting to hear his
deep voice saying "Alls well
Dreuch's"

Some distance from the Wharf. 13
trim and "tall" with the sailing
flag gently waving in the breeze.
She was a "Dry dock" as the sailors
said that is she shipped very little
water over her sides. She was a
beautiful little vessel and I thought
was the last "sailer" to bring passengers
to Australia. This voyage was her
final one. She was afterwards
sold to Lord Brassey for a Jack-
son Alas she lies a hulk for coal.
Mr Henry Green of the Shipping
Co most generously gave me a first-
class passage in the Harbinger
as I too had been advised to take
a sea voyage as a possible cure
for horse deafness. I may add
that the deafness has never left me
but my gratitude to Mr & Mrs Green
& family (who were dear friends
of mine). As the Larvisers are

Well live always.

14

So I sailed away in the Harbinger
hoping to return to England in a
few months - but 40 years have
passed since that grey May ^{morning}
& I am still in Australia & still
burdened with griefs - withal
finding the "Grace of God" - at
Luffeyent -
all was bustle and hurry on
wharf passengers were being
taken out in ^{rowing} ~~rowing~~ boats -
sailors shouting screams & screaming
but at last we were "all aboard"
and we were rowed nearer the
wharf so as we could talk to our
friends who had come to see us
off - Saturday May 25. 1884. - was
a dull chilly day - a drizzle of
rain had fallen all morning
but as I leaned over the rail
& called out farewells - a
glint of pale sun made a

14
an. bright spot on the ship must
I remarked it was a "Harbinger"
for "good" but I much fear the
"pun" was lost to my audience.
2nd After last goodbyes - the moral
climax. Looking Ireland's Coast
line fade was Dad Lock - but soon
we were all "bury" below" tidying
up our cabins I had a most luxurious one
with two berths a sofa - and a private lavatory
These Cabins or "State rooms" as
they were called - were all opened out of the
Saloon - and when one compares them with
the tiny cupboard like cabins of some steamers
Extremely they seemed spacious & comfortable.

The lighting of the whole ship was
by means of lanterns hanging
from the top. Glasses & Crackers
were also kept in Seacruising brackets
Capt. officers Stewards & Crew were
all fine men very friendly & kind
Capt. Ball was a splendid old gentle
man of the street but sympathetic
types he had numerous interests
at heart. a member of the
"Brethren" and a fine Navigator
his wife & daughter were on board

The food was good and plentiful. The
Sheep & poultry were killed on board.
Drinking & washing water was con-
densed. We had to economize
in its use! Meal times were
breakfast & a dinner (at which there
always was that "inexorable" sheep
dish "Irish Stew") as well as other
good things. Lunch 12. After tea
about 2.30 - & dinner at 4. This last
was a treat in the tropics with a
blazing sun beating on the glass
top of the saloon. But there was
always Cocoa & biscuits at 9 - for
those who liked supper.
We were fourteen in first class
& I think about 30 second - & third.
All the passengers were very nice
& friendly. So much for the
environment! Then after the "necessary"
"quitting" of each other we fitted
into a sort of family party.
The Rev Nathaniel Jones - being
the only parson on board naturally
attracted some notice. I remember
the tall thin clerical looking cleric