W.W. Jones by Ruth Wynn Jones and others

Wynn Jones, Ruth

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MUM'S NOTES

One of Bill's axioms was "We must have joy in the valleys if we would know the full joy of the mountain tops."

"The Lord is at hand" meant, for him "always near, always by me."

"Present your bodies, a living sacrifice. He was very fond of this -- daily giving for service, etc.

Loving deeds.

I remember night after night at one time I would see him get food or soup and take it to a sick man in a hut not far from our home. He never failed.

He used to take his clothes and hide them in his study -- and give them to the poor and needy.

Another man was sick in Arusha Hospital -- and every afternoon Bill took him soda water -- all he wanted. It was this man who left his house for the original "chama" in Arusha, when he passed on.

Then there was the old man at Ngare Nairobi who was ill in a tiny, cheerless house. When he went to hospital Bill took the senior school boys and they renovated the little home and left it stocked with groceries.

A widow had started to build a house -- and could not continue. Bill drew new plans, went almost daily to see the work was being done properly and honestly, and saw the home completed for this English lady and her children. Later when she went to England -- he wrote and saw the boys got jobs etc. I heard from her after he passed on and she said "All that we had that was necessary and worth while we owe to him".

Another widow asked him to be guardian to her son till he was 25 years old. He battled with lawyers for her, sold property for her, and managed her affairs till all was settled correctly and in her favour. After her death he carried on and guarded the boy's interests.

The items I could not find from our house were numerous -- blankets, medicines, household 'crock's, tools etc!! -- all given away, or taken to his beloved "Chama"!!

One day there was to be a very big baptism service at Mvumi -- and people were coming from Dodoma, so I prepared the lunch before the service. My father had given me some lovely silver entree dishes -- and I thought I'd put the salad in them. But they were nowhere to be seen.

Off I went to Church -- and there, on four African stools -- ready for four clergy to use as "fonts" -- were the entree dishes --! and woolly heads were soon baptised with water from them!
On "Speech Days" he removed practically our entire sitting room -- carpet, piano, and everything he could lay his hands on.

Any day he might arrive with a dozen soldiers for a meal (during the war) or the entire Dutch community -- usually after the bell had gone -- in our flat. In fact when I arrived home with my first baby, from hospital - - after 10 days peace --- there were eight people in residence!! We had already moved twice during the previous six weeks!!

Such was his idea of hospitality . I could write lots more on this subject!!

Last week a friend of Naomi asked another friend what Naomi's Father did and this girl said "He was a Bishop". Therewith the enquirer said

"Was he unfrocked"!!
1. Macimo our houseboi "Some have taught us, some have helped us, but in him we saw Jesus".

2. A Pastor "He had rich and poor, educated and uneducated, dirty and clean in his home and on his chairs".

3. An Indian at Julwe "I knew he was a great one as soon as I knew him. There were no big ones and little ones with him" (How true!) (Narelle Bullard)

4. Rhemtulla's son. When Bill was so very ill -- just before he flew from home to D.E.S. he heard that. Rhemtulla's son was outside. He asked that he be brought to his bedroom -- and there he pleaded with him to give up drink. A few days later the family sent word to say a son had died from drink -- and asked for flowers from our garden.

5. Hilda Stovold told me of an African boy with whom she had a farewell lunch. He was off to England to study. They found they both knew Bill -- and the boy told her that one night in Nairobi Bill came to his house (or room) -- and finally turned the key in the door and said he would not leave till the boy knew Christ! The boy was now going for training -- as a Christian -- to England. I was told this after Bill's passing.

6. A German women wrote "I loved him for what he let the Lord make of him".

7. The Kongwa Students named him 'Witiani' (blacksmith) because he was "hammering men into shape".

8. On arriving home v. late on train to Dodoma, Bill told me there was a poor maniac on the train manacled, and on the floor. Others were rather mocking him. (Of course Bill always managed to get into a 3rd class carriage!!) Some tried to talk to him, and Bill tried -- and the man babbled and raved on. Then Bill remembered his little wooden cross -- and he held it before the poor man. Immediately the man was quiet and said "That I can understand."

When they arrived at Dodoma a variety of Departments argued as to whose 'pigeon' the sufferer was -- and nobody would take him. Finally Bill gathered him up and took him to the hospital himself, (and, I think, told the departmental gents what he thought of them, of their red tape and lack of Christian charity!!).

9. At Kongwa -- when beer brewing was a menace, and Bill in his visiting would find pots hidden in corn baskets and so on, and drunkenness was rife -- he decided on a course of action. He preached on Sunday in the pulpit on the subject -- the sin that was eating into the life of the Church -- and suddenly stooped down, picked up a pot of beer he had previously hidden -- and dropped it -- bang -- onto the floor!! Then he told everyone to leave -- and locked the Church.

10. At Mvumi -- when there was an increase of immorality among young men and girls, he preached on the sin of the whole church -- our fault -- nobody cared -- a slack, low ebb of life which was everybody's sin -- and again he ended the service, carried out the vessels and Bible -- and locked the door -- till repentance would lead people back. "A day of death" said the old ones. Six weeks it lasted.
11. Recently I met a woman from Tiranna, near Goulburn. She said Bill was there (1946-49) on Church deputation. It was a small little Church, and few had gathered. It was a glorious day -- and quite simply Bill had suggested they should hold their worship in the sunshine!. They were very touched at the sort of Galilean informality and simplicity.

12. Bill once wanted a portable typewriter and advertised. An African replied saying he would like to apply for the position -- as "travelling secretary"!! Anyone so ingenious appealed to Bill who wrote -- but gov. had signed him on.

13. An African Doctor once travelled on the same train as Bill. This doctor was refused entry to the dining car -- in charge of a manager. Bill asked this man if he was a Christian! -- and then asked if he would like him to report his behaviour to his Bishop -- adding that Dr. X had far more education and brains than both of them! In very little time a most luscious meal was served in the Doctor's compartment -- brought by the Manager himself.

14. A young African cripple boy -- always came to our home -- and after Bill had passed on -- he would come weeping -- and saying "I loved him, because he loved me and knew me".

15. I met a woman at Koala Park a few years ago, and when she heard my name she told me that when she was travelling by plane to and from Singapore a few years before, someone took her under his wing, and helped her on and off, and so on. She was terribly crippled with arthritis. The someone was no other than Bill.

16. Crossing the Serengiti Plain we met an African in a S.D.A. area, who was a "CMS." man -- and who had never been baptised because he could not accept the S.D.A. teaching. He had moved from Nairobi some years before. Bill enquired about his life from those round about and they said he was a true Christian by faith and witness. So (like Phillip and the eunuch) water was brought, and there was a little baptism service -- prayer -- and we had to go on.
1. There was the night in Mwanza when Bill was invited by a harlot for the night!! Little did she dream the khaki shorts and shirt covered an Episcopal body!!---and we may suppose she had a good dose of the Gospel ,,but added "You'd be surprised how many for. officials oblige"

2. Or the night when Bill travelled from Edinburgh to London -- and the only chance of a sleep was to be on the floor in the corridor of the train!! My brother always roars with laughter at this and adds "What English Prelate would do that".

3. And arriving at Portsmouth where a front room had been booked for him at a Hotel - - he was promptly put in a back one (I expect he arrived with dishevelled hair!!) When Aileen Wyllie (I think) arrived next day and remonstrated with the receptionist, the latter replied "That room has been reserved for a Bishop!!

4. One day Bill was invited to attend a meeting comprised only of Africans, which was a great honour. During some discussion the Chairman turned to Bill and said "We would like to hear what our coloured brother has to say on the topic".

5. Bill received endless letters and telegrams from African friends. Some he kept. One such was a greeting wire on our wedding day --"Salaams to self and widow"

Another from a clerk who had been granted short leave to be with his wife for the birth of his heir. "Daughter born -- please send return fare".

One letter said "Dear Bwana. that I have not written to you before is indeed a hard nut for me to crack"!

Another "Dear Bwana, Your illustrious face is ever before me" and ended with "love to wife and kiddies".

A third opened with -- not Dear Father (YMCA.) but "Dear Dad"!! (CMS.??)

6. " White Washing " the Arusha School once! An army of blanket draped Wameru -- each with his container of white wash! -- handle on them!! What were they? (This is just for you Ted --! Bill was always original and never at a loss!! There were dozens of these in the School Store).

7. When Bill was squeezing in new staff, and inventing quarters! He made a bathroom for Dick Feureheerd out of an unused "pull and let - go - cho"!! He removed the "pan" - modelled a bath - the "boi" then brought a debe of hot water -- and Dick pulled the chain for the cold water!!!

(For you)
Dear Mr. Arblaster,

In the Diocesan Newsletter of Central Tanganyika of Oct., I note that you are now working in Nairobi, and have asked for any anecdotes, reminiscences etc., connected with Bishop Wynn Jones. This I will try to do as I lived and worked at Arusha Sch. with Mr. W. Jones for 9 years after which he was consecrated Bishop -- at least Assistant Bishop of Central Tanganyika.

Then later when I retired with my Mother from Arusha the Bishop asked us to come to Dodoma -- 'Kikuyu' to live, and where we were neighbours until his last safari to Dar and then his Heavenly abode.

I am so glad you have started on a "memoir" of dear Bishop Wynn Jones. I wish you every good wish and blessing in the gathering together of the material required.

I hope you may find the enclose of some help.

My very best of good wishes to you, your wife and family, for Christmas and the New Year, and God Bless You abundantly in all you do for Him.

Yours v. sincerely

Lorna Reid
BISHOP WYNN JONES

He was the friend of all with whom he came in contact, whatever their colour, creed, or nationality. He never refused help to anyone by night or day, and the calls upon him were numerous indeed. He was selfless loving and kind, reflecting the light, power and love of Christ in all he did.

On the day I arrived to take up my duties at Arusha Sch., the HM greeted me dressed as a sea pirate, with skull and crossbones complete! The pupils were having a fancy dress party.

I worked with Mr. WWJ. for 9 joyful years. I say with as one never felt under him.

The children called him their 'Sch. Father' or 'Big Sir' and said that when he prayed God always came down to him.

After lunch each day the staff met in the little School Chapel for quiet time, each of us taking it in turns to read and pray on different days.

Never shall I forget the Christlike way he took HC. with Mrs. Phelps, over 80 yrs, rather deaf and failing eyesight. He knelt by her side pointed out the part he was reading and spoke into her ear so that she could hear and follow the service with joy.

Another time it was a service for the Dutch folk, so simple and beautiful that all could follow.

Bishop W. Jones was a friend of the Bishop of Kilimanjaro RC, and of the Clergy of the Greek Orthodox Church and other denominations who came his way, and especially the Salvation Army. Brigadier Dare of the SA used to teach us some of his choruses which we all enjoyed, and also he played his accordion for us.

I remember at the beginning of one week helping Big Sir perform the normal duties of the undertaker, and at the end of the week helping to decorate a wedding cake for one of the staff.

Our school consisted generally of about 12 or more nationalities and yet we all worked together as one truly great family. When it was too wet for the pupils to go to Church on a Sunday evening, 'Big Sir' would call his scouts to help him make a big fire in the Assembly hall (cum dining room). Then we would all gather round in a big semi circle, with the two youngest pupils on Big Sir's knees, and as many as possible would gather at his feet, all ready to hear the wonderful stories he could tell.

I never heard our School Father say one unkind word. There was always the ready outstretched hand to help, and the listening ear to hear the call for aid, and an eye to see just what was required to be done.

Once when returning to Arusha, Mr. WWJ. heard calls for help on the 'Pinah Hts.' and stopped to investigate. It was a car accident, full of natives, which had charged down a precipitous slope. He managed to get all into his car -- the wounded he took to hospital, and one woman suffering from shock etc. he brought to the School. and
delivered over to me. These were the Good Samaritan deeds he was constantly doing.

He frequently visited the prisons and always did his best for the prisoners when they were released, and generally to his own expense!

I remember Big Sir asking me what my salary was (for filling in a form he had received) and I could not tell him! It just went direct to the bank. He replied he also did not know, until he made inquiries!

One day when preparing for a Scout rally, he could not find his shorts, and Mrs. WWJ. reminded him he had given them to someone in need. Nevertheless he went to a tailor’s who made a pair in about an hour.

Any time that could be spared from school and other activities Mr. WWJ. spent helping his African friends. He formed a ‘Chama Cha Wageni’ with a house left him by one of his African Christians.

Big Sir’s Birthday Party was a very great day at Arusha Sch. and the highlight of the day was when the cake (made and iced by Mrs. WWJ. and Big Sir) was wheeled in on a trolley with all the candles lit, and the excitement of trying to count the candles! Also there was some original device in the decorating of the cake -- once it represented the new swimming pool, and another time the School badge.

April 1st was another exciting day. At morning assembly numerous parcels were displayed addressed to ‘Big Sir’. He first gave out the number of a hymn, which nobody could find, then the correct one, but the piano would not produce a sound, until the offending object within the instrument was removed, and hymn and prayers followed to the greatest excitement, of opening all the parcels.

If, as a staff we wanted our HM to come to us (perhaps some time in the evening if he were in) we just got together and played and sang "Jesu Lover of My Soul" (Aberystwyth) and it would not be long before he was with us singing lustily in his fine Welsh voice.

‘Big Sir’ had such faith in his staff that we just prayed that we would never let him down, and whatever he asked us to do, with God’s help, we endeavoured to do it. As well as working hard together, we also had the greatest fun together.

On one school holiday during term time, ‘Big Sir’ suggested that we played at dispatches. I went off with the first half of the party, but just before starting 'Big Sir' hoisted a bicycle onto the lorry, and asked me to hide it in the hedge, in a certain place on our arrival. We then started off with our dispatches which the second half on foot had to find and take from us and vice versa on our return. During our walk back, a native in a ‘Fez’, smoking a cigarette and riding a bicycle accosted me (Jambo Mama?) and so on to all the Europeans he met as he rode through the town, and KAR. by the school and so arrived at his destination safely with his dispatch! It was Mr. WWJ.

Another day during a fancy dress party a new houseboy arrived doing all a good houseboy shouldn’t -- taking away plates before we had finished, and while not
looking, and popping the food into his mouth or pocket! It was quite a long time before we realised who he was.

On several occasions I went with ‘Big Sir’ to take services on Sunday afternoons in very isolated places, sometimes HC. or Christening services. When I retired the Bishop invited me to come with Mother to an unoccupied mission house at ‘Kikuyu’ Dodoma, where we lived happily until 1962.

The Bishop’s last walk with the help of Mrs. W. Jones, was to see us when at Kikuyu after his disastrous accident, and shortly before he was flown to Dar-es-Salaam Hospital.
My first meeting with Bishop Wynn Jones was when I came to be interviewed as a possible Matron for the new Girls’ building. Though holidays it was a time of extreme business for him. Apart from the Headmaster’s overloaded end of term desk, there was the tail of a ‘flu’ epidemic during which one of our Finnish twins had died. A searing grief. A building to house 100 girls was nearing completion in the grounds and war having started the water tank had not arrived nor had he permission from Government to engage the extra house staff to start the next term.

Added to these the Government had interned the German Lutheran missionaries from round about the Kilimanjaro area and found that Nazi indoctrination had been inculcated among the African staff. They asked the Rev. Wynn Jones to help as he had been on friendly terms with his fellow missionaries. His common sense, leadership and fluent Swahili made him the right person to go as diplomat to these bereft missions and keep them steady until American Lutheran leadership could arrive.

The car taking the other twin the 270 miles home had brought me but the trouble was time to talk. In the evening Mr. Wynn Jones found me and said "I've got to fetch the family from a holiday at Oldoniano Sambo. Get in the car and we will talk as we go". So the interview took place while loading camping gear.

Big Sir as the children called him, a literal translation of Bwana Nkubwa, was faced with an intensely difficult assignment when he was seconded to start the Arusha School. All manner of white children English, German, Dutch, Scandinavian, French, Greek, American, Australian and Italian children that had run wild on large shambas or the gold mines. He solved it by running his school as a family. He was spare Father to the children and his staff were treated as brothers and sisters.

The war put a point to this. My first job was to take some of the German children to say goodbye to their fathers who were being shipped to S. Africa as prisoners. The families were interned at Oldiani. If the children were already at Arusha school, the Headmaster was allowed to fetch them at the beginning of term and keep them in his custody until he returned them at break-up time.

I remember the day Italy came into the war. We had Count Davico’s small son. At morning prayers ‘Big Sir’ announced "Has anyone seen my hat (a large battered Terai (?)). I was down at the caves you were digging in the river bank yesterday Carlo. Will you go and look for it”. As soon as the door was shut he told us gravely that Italy was at war with us -- that Carlo belonged to our family and that no word of war baiting was to be said in our home and he was obeyed.

To add to his many jobs he was Chaplain to the transit camp on his doorstep. There was a ceaseless (________) of troops going to the war up north. Sunday night staff supper was open to visitors and the troops so loved to see white children again. Many a night he spent at the camp seeing that African troops got their rations fairly and the Officers were made at home.

He was above all things a pastor. His crook was not for ornament. He felt deeply for the care and well being of all those who came within his orbit. I remember one night the head was missing and I heard by chance after, that a runaway government couple had returned in his car safe and sound and in a much better frame of mind.
Please only put this bit in with Ruth’s permission.

He sent me once to fetch a screw driver from an open tool chest in his ( ) In the lid was a label "From a beloved to a beloved". That to me was the joy of working at Arusha. There was the same single hearted love between Ruth and he that I was used to in my own home, a climate of fidelity, infinitely comforting to those nearby. He made his whole impact as the family man and his family was as wide as his acquaintance ship of any race and colour.

When he came over to Kongwa one time, he asked if he could put a camp bed up in my spare room so that he could spend the night with a young African chief who was going a bit off the lines. This was typical of his way of working -- going where people were and sharing in their living. You were not carpeted -- you were shared ideas with during a journey to a job. Something of Emmaus here. He joined them and talked with them on the way.

Any journey with Bill was liable to start 30 miles in the wrong direction, to visit a friend in gaol or a leper or a widow. This does not mean that he was not a disciplinarian. He could deliver a competent switch for young insubordination or a sharp rap over the knuckles using staff.

One April Fools day was a delight. At prayers the very small boys had piled his table with presents, which he seriously opened with comment. At the end saying "Ah well, I've got till twelve". He then announced a hymn not in the book and on finding a real one the piano gave out a most peculiar sound until the dish cloth was removed from behind the hammers. We then sat down to a quite straightforward assembly, all honours being equal.

There was also the fancy dress party when I was suddenly conscious of a strong smell of boot polish as the soup was handed to me. The house boy seemed larger than usual and more undisciplined but the fun didn't stop there. He went into the serving hatch and showed an uncanny knowledge of where they hid the food for future removing. First there was amazement then a roar of joy as he was recognised.

He had the Welshman's love of singing and if you wanted the HM it was much quicker to slip into the central dining hall and play Aberystwyth than to search for him. The bass always came in. His scouting was very much part of him and with the help of the local doctor his boys were proficient in First Aid. He himself was called in any emergency as a matter of course. One of the staff, an old French lady was taken very ill. It was decided to nurse her in the little school hospital as the Government hospital was very shorthanded. Those last few weeks of her life were a very wonderful time. Her courage in great pain, a tap on the window any time of day or night would draw Big Sir and one of his masters to help to lift or share the vigil. Bill was reminded of his Mother and Madame felt she had indeed a son to stand beside her.

The weight of Bishop in a land of Africa is indeed heavy. The sheer amount of rough travelling is killing.
We were at Kongwa waiting for the consecration of the little church the ground nut folk had built. News came that the Bishop had been brought into hospital with a broken arm. He was jacking his big car up at the flooded Chinyasungwe when the jack slipped crushing him.

Bishop Stephen Neil was expected as the Archbishop of Canterbury's deputy for discussion about the diocese. As we congregated on the hill next day, an ambulance drew up and from it came a strangely widened Bishop encased in plaster and a small nurse with a glass of Salvolatile. He took a most unruffled service and no one knew that the service paper he held was useless to him as his glasses were in bits and the dedication came straight from his heart. Two days later he had discharged himself from hospital and jumped a lift the fifty miles back to Dodoma. Little did we realise that that was the last we should see of him. The exposure had taken its toll.

Great, great grief filled our hearts, we were stunned, but not left without hope. He had gone so gladly to his Maker as we learnt, singing his way to the end.

P.S. When I was still new and shy I had a date with the HM in the girls' building to talk about furniture. I found him in the top verandah, a very tired man, fast asleep on a pile of mattresses.

Oh! and they put in the wrong showers, the angle soured the seats of those washing at the hand basins but failed to bathe the bodies in the cubicles. Bill was showing the Governor round and said tentatively I don't think this angle is quite right Sir do you, keeping well out of range himself. I think that was the time that Naomi, a toddler, presented the Governor with her best possession, an empty toilet roll.
From
The Bishop of Central Tanganyika

My Dear Ted

Thank you so much for your letter and remembrance. It meant much. I am sorry about the reaction to our good intentions but we have weathered greater storms!

I met Mrs Dodds here this weekend with her sister (?) Mrs. Oldham.

I hope all goes well. I will not write more now as life is full.

God be with you in it all.

Ever yours

(signed) William
Bp. in C.T.

(The reference to exploring was in the sense that even at this stage after former explorings we couldn't do more than experiment - though the experimentations will develop into permanency.)
My dear Ted,

It seems strange that today I have read in the Tanganyika news letter that you are to write a memoir of Bishop Wynn Jones. Strange because it is his birthday Nov.10th, a fact written in my 'Daily Lights'.

When he came out to Tanganyika he came to us at Kongwa and lived with us for the first six months. My husband, Ralph, was in charge of the Training College and "Bill" was to take over as soon as he had got a grip of the language. That didn't take him long, in fact he had some lessons in Swahili before leaving England.

During the Easter vacation we had a few weeks up at Kiboriani. Bill used to come up at the weekends. The first time he took the wrong path and lost his way. Travellers were few and far between in those early days (1928) but presently he met a man probably a Mugogo. He could only remember one word "Kiongozi" which the man understood and so was able to guide him back on the right way!

Right from the beginning his gaiety and love of life made a wonderful impact on the lives of those men who were later to become our first pastors. Every day he drilled the men on a field beyond the cemetery. I remember this because at 4 o'clock each afternoon Arthur, my son, then six years old, used to muster up all the boys (sons of the students) and they would march around "just like Uncle Bill".

It didn't matter what happened and lots did in those days, his favourite comment was "It's a poor heart that never rejoices" even when he must have had a fall from a motor-cycle! It was like him never to say anything about it until I noticed the burns on his leg from the red-hot cylinder.

All through the years he was our dear loving friend and later our Bishop. How I wish Ralph was here to tell you of their many adventures together on safaris.

We have a lovely film of one of their last safaris together in the West. It is typical of him that one of the first scenes was of him with some prisoners on the road outside Kigoma.

I remember on one occasion he was bringing a distinguished visitor, Miss Baring-Gould from Mombasa to Arusha and Dodoma. We were on holiday at Moshi and they should have been with us for lunch. As is well known the Bishop was often late! He had been held up in Mombasa with car trouble. They arrived just before sunset but decided to go on to the Two Bridges Hotel for the night and get the car fixed up next day. As they were going down one of the steep descents to the river suddenly the wheel came off. Fortunately nobody was hurt.
Another time when David Kidner was tragically drowned in the pool of the Hotel at Marangu, Bill came rushing up from Moshi to take the Service. He had some trouble with the car and when our boy took off the tyres, he found a tyre lever inside!

Wherever he travelled he never passed an African on the road without offering him a lift.

It was, of course, trouble with his car that led to his final illness. Others will tell you of how even though with his broken arm, he insisted on taking the Service with Bishop Stephen Neill at Kongwa.

My last glimpse of him was on the Saturday before I left for Dar-es-Salaam and England. He was sitting up in bed, his arm in a sling, with Ruth and the children and of course, Ralph. Before we left he said we must say a prayer. The last sentence was a broken "and Lord Jesus be with us all" for we were all in tears.

In Ralph's letters after I sailed he told me of that brave spirit in hospital during those last weeks when we thought God was going to spare him in answer to hundreds of prayers all over the world. How on one Sunday morning he could say "This is the Lord's Day let us be glad and rejoice in it".

"Always rejoicing in the Lord" is the best epitaph that could be said of Bishop Wynn Jones. His photograph has stood on my husband's desk until I moved here a few weeks ago.

May God give you His Holy Spirit that the words you write may lead many to follow this faithful soldier and servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

With greetings to you and yours

Yours sincerely
(signed) Dora W. Banks.
My dear Ted

It was nice to get your letter of Dec. 17 which reached here in good time to bring your Christmas wishes. I hope you had a joyful day yourselves, and that 1964 will be a year of great opportunities. Thank you for passing on the news via Bush Telegraph about your prospective movements. I am so very glad about this development. It is so obviously right and will be of enormous value for the Province.

Now for your query about an appreciation of Bill Wynn Jones.

I would hope that something along the lines you suggest might be written. Bill was a most remarkable person. I think 30,000 words is about right. (?) would be the person to write it. For you have the feel of Tanganyika and also of Australia. And that is the important link up which needs to be kept clear, I would have to agree.

There is a nice, though not very clear photograph of him with William Temple after his consecration. Ruth is sure to have a copy and probably a better one than I have. This would be ideal as a frontispiece or somewhere in the book.

At the time of his death I wrote a brief appreciation -- about 200 words -- for the TIMES and I could let you have this and if you thought it of any value you could use it. I could also get copied extracts of my diary for 1949 when I travelled about Tanganyika with Bill -- material which will at least give a little of the flavour of the man as he appeared to this wanderer. I shall never forget the fortnight I spent in his company. Let me know if this sort of thing would be any use to you.

I do hope you'll this BUT nothing as long as 30,000 words could be published in England for 4/6. Books of that length are now 12/6 at a minimum and some are more unless they are paperbacks and almost certain ‘best sellers’.

I would, myself, have thought Australia was the place for publication. In he was well known there. Very few folk would know of him here. I do certainly doubt if the Highway Press would feel able to accept it, largely because it has no reasons, its publishing being necessarily ad hoc. ----------------- (?)But it is just possible Hodder & Staughton would ------------(?) Once the MS was available I’d gladly commend it to H. & S. ----------(?) I think Australia is the best idea.

Yours
(signed) Max

The above an Air Letter from Max Warren, 3 Little Cloister, Westminster, London S.W.1 to The Venerable E. Arblaster, P.O. Box 263, Arusha, Tanganyika. (Unfortunately rather difficult to decipher in parts.)
Dear Canon Arblaster,

I have received the Dios. of C. Tanganyika’s Oct. Newsletter in which is mentioned that you are collecting material for a memoir of Bp. Wynn Jones. I am delighted to hear it!

When WWJ was in England I was Organising Sec. for the Central Tanganyika Diocesan Association and so dealt with his itineraries for speaking, etc. Naturally I also had correspondence. I am uncertain if I can help in any way but a few incidents are strong in my mind.

Having previously worked with Mr. Chambers and Bp. Chambers and later for Bp. Stanway, I always regarded WWJ as “The Bridge” or “The Link”. He made a wonderful "middle" between two utterly different styles and I personally feel he must have helped the subsequent changes to work smoothly.

One or two points.

1) One hectically busy Sat. am. -- a positive race against the clock and then "Someone who must see him. (No appointment -- but a spiritual need). He saw the person and spent nearly an hour with them. How we got things cleaned up before he left I can hardly realise even now -- but it was typical that any need always found him more than willing to meet it.

2) Coming in late one morning because "I saw an African and spoke to him in Swahili - found he was rather lonely and so delighted to hear Sw. again. So we went and had a chat."


   a) The remarkable effect of singing the same hymn in various languages at the same time. He obtained the hymn book -- so did I.

   b) He attended the H. Communion of mixed denominations. He spoke to the Archbishop of Canterbury before going to it and was very glad to go.

   I am not too sure if this should be 'known' or not but I leave it to your discretion.

4) A tremendous capacity for friendship and a never-ending willingness to write the letter, see the person, visit the Church, etc. with no consideration for his own personal convenience.

5) Before returning to Africa for the last time I made an appointment for him. No one was to know -- and they never did until he died. He knew he was ill.
This may be useless - but I felt I ought to send.

Yrs. sincerely
(signed) M. Dennant

A postscript on the side of the letter reads - "If I can help ------please let me know."

The above an Air Letter from Miss M. Dennant, 2 Campden Hill Sq. London W.8 addressed to The Rev. Canon T. Arblaster, Box 502 Nairobi, Kenya, E. Africa.