I start Work and make Friends.

When the decision was made that I should live with my Mother and Helen in Harston I confess that I felt frightened about my future. I should be cut off from the full artistic life that had made me so happy in London and Paris. It was true Graham would spend his week ends with us which would be a small link with my beloved London.

My student friends were genuinely sympathetic with me over my fate. They said that from an artistic point of view, "Cambridge was a benighted town" - " a regular hole of a place" - and surrounded by "impossible country". I should have been still more depressed by my fears and their pity if I had not comforted myself by knowing I had a few friends in Cambridge and that Harston was not too far away frm Grantchester.

Helen and I were certainly not happy for a time. We had just had an exciting and busy life in Paris. We had seen new things there, learnt new things and had got to know people of another nation. The only friends we made at first in Harston were the vicar and his wife. I felt that I must learn to paint rural scenes so I wandered over the countryside looking for subjects to paint and found none that I cared for. In spite of its Mill, its willow bordered river and its low hills no subject in Harston seemed to "go". Helen comforted herself

at first by having lessons in carpentry and by keeping poultry and these did not fill her mind at all. We were really both at a standstill.

Although for a time we were lonely and dull yet we were let down gently by expeditions abroad. I did not have Helen's company for long however for she soon left me. She went for a time to South Africa and after that to College at Dartford. So I and my mother were alone but we were great friends and as she soon became interested in the village I became interested in it too and grew happier, even before I had begun to live again by starting work in Cambridge. I did not dream then of teaching painting and if I had thought of it I should have put away the idea for there was no one in Harston who would dream of being taught. The daughters of the largest farmer were at a boarding school. I knew they were being taught drawing for their mother told me with pride that they were doing well. "They had got up to copying lakes and mountains".

Our old friend , Dr. Lumby of Grantchester , had married again and had a large young family. I soon heard from him that he wanted four of the children to have lessons in drawing and he asked me if I would consent to teach them. It was a new idea to me but I did not wish to refuse him so I agreed to go over and give these children lessons once a week. I was attracted to the plan because I should be able to see something, - sometimes, - of my friends at the Old Vicarage.

From Harston to Grantchester is xx a walk of four and

a half miles and it was a very lonely one then. Such a thing as a bus was not thought of in the country and there was next to no traffic along the roads. Between Harston and Trumpington runs a bare and treeless road. There are no hills on either side to break the wind that sweeps across the gap between the foothill of the Chiltrensm where Harston Lies, and the Gogmagogs which are two lonely little hills. There is no rise higher than the Gogmagogs eastward until the Ural Mountains break the great Russian plain. The East wind is strong along that road. When I was midway on it I could see a mile off if any one would meet me or follow me and few indeed did either. Now motors go along it every minute for it is one of the two main roads from Cambridge to London.

One day I saw that I was going to meet a tramp. Tramps were the most likely people for me to meet and I always dreaded doing it. As he came nearer I, for some reason , felt sure that he intended to speak to me and he did speak. He said :- "I've got summat in my pocket lidy, that you might like. Will you give me sixpence for it?" "Show it to me", iI said. I felt very sad. I was averse to losing sixpence and I knew that I was bound to lose it no matter what it was he might offer me. His grubby hand dived into a grubby pocket and he brought out a tiny ~~figure~~ bronze figure about two inches and a half high. It was coated with dirt. Less from fear of him than from a sudden love of what he held I gave him sixpence gladly. We parted friends. I cleansed my little treasure on the wayside

grass. It represnted a lady, seated, with a falcon on her shoulder. She wore a dress with a tight bodice and a very ample skirt and she held a fan in her hand. I have always felt that this was was the best sixpenny-worth that I ever purchased. I regarded my treasure as a sort of mascot - though "mascot" was a word as yet unknown to me.

I reached Trumpington and turned into the pretty shaded road to Grantchester. Mr. Widnall was at his gate. While I was speaking to him a lady passed. I did not see her face as I had not noticed her coming. She was wearing a long black silk cloak and a wide brimmed hat. Mr. Widnall had taken off his hat to her so I asked him the name of the elderly lady. He told me that she was not elderly but young. She seemed to like to wear those kind of clothes he said. She and her mother had been staying in the village while the house they had taken in Grantchester Meadows was being got ready for them. They were living in it now.

After my class of the Lumby children was over Mrs. Lumby asked me if I would care to have another pupil. A lady who had taken a house in Grantchester Meadows wished to have lessons, - her name was Mrs. Stewart. She had been a great knitter and had worked so hard at it that she now had knitter's neuritis. As a girl she had been fond of drawing and she would like to take it up again as a relief from the monotony of a life without knitting. Mrs. Lumby pointed out that her house would be

a half way resting place between Grantchester and Cambridge station. I always went home by catching the late afternoon train from there to Harston. She had promised that I should call that very afternoon and give my answer.

I called, intending to say yes and I did say yes for I was charmed with Mrs. Stewart. I had hoped to see her daughter of the large cloak and wide brimmed hat but she was not at the interview. I passed her however as I was leaving the house. She had delicately cut feautures, not too small. I could see that her eyes were large and blue but at present they were swollen with crying. We did not speak to one another. As I went back in the train I polished my lucky little bronze figure and as I polished it I wondered if I should ever know what was the matter with Margaret Stewart.

Next week I gave my first lesson to Mrs. Stewart. At the end we had tea and Margaret came in. I found that she was always called Daisy. Daisy seemed to me such a cheerful name that I felt it was sad indeed to see her eyes still swollen with tears and to find that she did not say a word. She drank one cup of tea and went out. I felt quite upset but her mother seemed unperturbed and did not explain.

The next time I went Daisy's eyes were no longer swollen but she still looked very woeful. She said a few words and when she looked at me there was a sort of appeal in her eyes which frightened, yet interested me. The following week she talked.

Near Mrs. Stewart's house was a lane bordered by poplar trees. I was a subject-starved artist and when I saw the poplar avenue i longed to paint it - and to paint it large. I asked Mrs. Stewart if I might keep a large canvas in one of her sheds with my paints and brushes and come on an extra day doing nothing but paint. This roused Daisy. She had never seen a picture painted. Both she and her mother welcomed the idea. I had hardly begun to study the lane before I heard that a lady at Newnham wanted to be taught and her lessons would just fit in with the extra day. I went to the Meadows now twice a week.

September came. The town was empty of Undergraduates. Mrs. Stewart's house looked on the meadow where the river was screened from view by the high wooden walls of the University bathing sheds. These were now deserted and distant shouts and splashings were heard no more. Mrs. Stewart still wanted lessons and I had not quite finished my picture. Daisy generally sat near me, when I worked at it. I am glad to think that that picture is safely housed in a gallery at St. Johnville, New york. If I could see it again I should hear in my memory as I looked at it Daisy's clear, pathetic voice telling me all sorts of things about the people of Cambridge. In spite of her present misery she evidently had a keen sense of the ridiculous and some funny stories seemed to be made funnier by the pathos in her voice.

One day she said to me :- "The man who is cleaning the

men's bathing sheds asked me if I would like to look at them this afternoon. I dont want to go alone. Will you come with me?" When the light for my picture had changed I put it in its shed and went with her. We looked round, and, encouraged by the old caretaker, we climbed up to the highest platform of the diving erection and sat down on it with our feet dangling in space over the water and our scarves fluttering in the wind.

The river sparkled below us. Away up the stream we could see Grantchester Church tower veiled in willows and elms and down the river we could just descry the pinnacles of Cambridge beyond the ragged, leaning trees of Paradise. Quite suddenly Daisy began to tell me her trouble. It was a wonderful and exciting love story with a sad ending, told by someone with a strong dramatic instinct. There was emotion, adventure, grimness and a portrayal of a strange character in the man who might be called the hero of it. It was a relief to me to feel that fate had been very kind to Daisy in separating her from him. I knew, in spite of the thrill of the story that her heart was not really deeply touched. She wept at her woes with the pleasurable weeping that I sometimes indulged in at a sad scene in the theatre.

Surely never was a love story told by one young woman to another in an odder place. The excitement of the tale made us forget that our feet were hanging from a diving board. We paid no attention to the boatloads of townfolk who passed beneath us and who looked at us in undisguised astonishment. The

old man below went on with his cleaning and he was our protector. When he stood under the ladder and called us we came down. "Ye've seen the finest view in Cambridge," he said, "it's oftentimes I go up there jist to have a look at it". We had not consciously drunk in the scene but the picture of it will always remain in my mind.

I soon had such a round of pupils that I began to overwalk myself so I took a queer little room at the end of a garden behind some lawyers offices in the heart of Cambridge. The offices were once the rooms of a school and the master, wishing for an extra class room, had built one in the garden. It was picturesque and had a good light but it had no damp course. Its walls reeked with water and often after rain there was a pool on the floor from the little skylight. My pupils and sitters avoided the pool as best they could. No one seemed to think much of those things in those days.

Daisy came to me there to have her portrait taken. I did not succeed well. The mixture of strength and intelligence in her face combined with its look of fragility and helplessness would have been enough to baffle a genius. It was not long before a crowd of friends gathered round us as I worked at it.

Daisy had wished to be an actress but had not been allowed to train for the stage. She did what she could however to defeat her fate. She knew most of the words of Shakespeare's heroines by heart with their scenes, whether the hero-

ines were those of Tragedy or Comedy.After sitting she would often act these scenes before us and would delight me by throwing new light on the characters. She was also an excellent mimic. She knew the University people fairly well and, no matter how important were the dons and their wives, yet, through her, they were made to walk into the Studio. One day she mimicked herself to our great amusement.

Daisy never changed her style of dress which was entirely her own and had nothing at all to do with fashion. She had a great feeling for the beauty of material as material. The fullness and flow of a wide skirt and the soft veiling of delicate gauze and lace that goes well with fullness gave her opportunities to show off to the best advantage the material she chose. A picture style in hat, cloak and dress suited her well and helped to give her a feminine and appealing charm.

Daisy married Mr. Jenkinson, the University Librarian. It was a very happy marriage. I did not see quite so much of her after that but we met when we could.

When war broke out in August 1914 she became very nervous, not from any personal fear - for at that time Mars was looked on as a courteous god but with fear for Cambridge and its library. Many thought that the Germans would land on the East Coast and march to London through Cambridge and many felt sure that the Kaiser would be with his troops. I stayed in

Cambridge with Daisy that August for a day or so while her husband was away. After a morning's painting I walked to her house for lunch. I found that she had just come in tired from from shopping and she sat down very quickly to the table. At the end of lunch a continuous rolling sound was heard. Sometimes it was like the grinding of waggon wheels, sometimes like distant drumming, sometimes like the heavy marching of men. Daisy started up in horror after listening to it. "They have come !" she exclaimed. "The Kaiser well be with them ! My husband won't be at the Library ! I shall be wanted ! I must change my dress at once !" She was off before I could stop her.

She appeared after a short time looking like a tragedy queen. The gown that she had donned was certainly very beautiful - quite worthy of the occasion. "Now I am ready to meet the Kaiser," she said. I had just begun to tell her that the strange rumbling noises were from an approaching storm, not from approaching troops, when a sharp flash of lightning made my words unnecessary. She shrank for a moment for she did not like storms, then she drew herself up proudly. "The Kaiser may still come and I am ready for him". I never knew how much humour there was under the, apparently, deadly seriousness of many of her remarks and doings.

My classes increased in size and I also taught little groups of pupils away from the Studio. One day I had a letter from Lady (Horace) Darwin asking me to call on her at her house

- The Orchard. I went. Lady Darwin gave me tea and told me that she hoped that I would consent to teach her children and nephews and nieces. I said that I would and she summoned them from the garden. In her drawing room was an exceedingly wide rather low rounded window. For some reason the children decided to range themselves in front of it in a long line as if for military inspection. I was introduced to each one beginning at one end and proceeding to the other. The children of the three families were mixed up together. There were two daughters and one son of Sir Horace, two daughters and two sons of Sir George and one daughter of Sir Francis. I was relieved that the latter was a dark little girl with brown eyes, the rest were all fair. I wondered how soon I should be able to disentangle them.

I was, later, introduced to Mrs. Darwin, the widow of the great Charles. Mrs. Darwin had built two houses in her large orchard garden that bordered Huntingdon Road. One for her son Francis, and one for her son Horace. For her son George she had bought The Grange, an old house by the river. I was taken through the garden of the Orchard to Mrs. Darwin's house and in her drawing room I found myself facing an old lady sitting in a big armchair. She was in black and still wore her white widow's cap. She seemed to me the incarnation of womanly, sedate strength, a strength that would rarely take strong action butwould be nevertheless a prop for the good and a deterrent for the bad. The interview was short but I

prize my memory of it.

The young Darwins with their friends, Ermingarde and Fredegonde Maitland soon joined the classes at the Studio. Ermingarde and Fredegonde were the daughters of Professor Maitland, the historian. Silvia Myers, the daughter of Frederic Myers, joined them and Margaret Keynes, the sister of Maynard came too. My pupils at that time were the most talented thay i ever had. Even if they showed no special talent for drowing they were all intelligent and original. In the casr of one of them - Fredegonde - I did not succeed in developing in her a sense of artistic proportion because it hardly existed in her. She might draw a lawn daisy as big as a chrysanthemum and see a sunflower like a dadelion. Yet she brought me compositions which I remember still. Gwen Darwin (Mrs. Raverat) is now a well known illustrator. Frances - as Frances Cornford - has published poems. Amongst them the verses - "Why do you walk in the fields in gloves ?" and "The Child Stealer". Fredegonde (Mrs. Shove) has also published poems. They sometimes brought their early efforts in poetry to the Studio. I wonder if I helped to develop their poetry as well as their drawings ! We invented along ourselves weird games and even dared to explore together strange and sometimes forbidden places. For the good of one's soul it is quite necessary in a University town to venture occasionally to do something that is rash or even forbidden. Little Frances and I together were leaders, followed

by others of the Darwins, in exploring the vast and complicated cellars of the Cast Museum - by the light of matches ! How could we have done it ! Of course such an adventure was afterwards made impossible. The Authorities rebuked us and kept the door henceforth locked.

My little painting room became damper and damper. I suffered from it in colds and at last caught a severe chill. In any case the room had now become too small. My landlord gave me leave to put up a corrugated iron Studio in the centre of his garden. It was the usual sized town garden surrounded by exceptionally high walls. I erected my Studio about two months before the Town Council passed a bye-law that no temporary structure should be put up unless it had fifteen feet of clear space all round it. Mine nearly filled up the garden. It was large and suited me well. It stands now in our yard at Harston House and suits the village well. With a porch made of carved wooden shutters from Norway and with roses climbing over it it is not the eyesore that most iron buildings are.

My classes were held in the Studio in winter. In the spring we were in churches and buildings stydying architecture. In the summer we were out of doors on the Fen or drawing the old yards of Cambridge. In the autumn the afternoon classes for children were always in the Cast Museum. It might be thought that it would be beyond them to draw there but to judge from results and the interest taken it was not so. A

little boy of seven years old, the son of Dr. Thomson, the Master of Trinity, soon after he had joined the class, came to me and said - "Oh Miss Greene, do let me draw Minerva ! I have wanted to draw Minerva for <u>years</u> and <u>years</u> !"

I usually drew and painted while I was teaching. I drew the old galleried Falcon Yard just before it was pulled down and the Bell Yard before it was burned down. I showed these drawings and others of yards and courts to my brother Edward when he was back from Brazil. He said -:"Go on. Make a collection of the yards for me." The yards of the Inns were then almost in the same state as in the old days when undergraduates rode or drove into Cambridge. I painted a few more than forty of them. One by one they were done and one by one the yards disappeared. They were turned into garages or built over. Edward wished that this collection of drawings should be offered to the town. When he died, my sister in law did so. They were accepted and they hang round the Reading Room at the Guildhall. Only one yard of one Inn still remains standing as it was when I drew it.

I had a friend in an old clergyman. He saw me making some of these studies and offered me a fee of half a crown if I would be his guide through the Inn Yards of Cambridge. He said he dare'nt do it without a chaperone. I, being a kind of teetotaler and yet having made frinds with landlords of public houses and stablemen and suchlike, could take on the job with

impunity.

I usually had my lunch at the Albany cafe, a little cafe with an atmosphere of its own. It had for some reason become the lunch place of many well known Cambridge men. Whenever I sold a picture I ordered Sardines on Toast and Apricots and Cream - dishes not "filling enough at the price" for ordinary occasions.The meaning of the way I was regaling myself became knownand I had congratulations from the habitues when they saw what was on my plate. The Albany Cafe has gone. The learned in Science, Literature and Arts no longer have such a place as that to gather in. I painted a picture of it. It is not well done but the likenesses of the people I put in are good. I chose from among the learned who came to the Albany the most learned and did them bit by bit from memory. Sir William Ridgeway, Mr. (afterwards Sir)- Albert Seward, Professor Hughes, (the publisher) mr Bowed with John Foster and Mr. Cowper Reed. I painted them talking together, discussing some scientific treasure that Professor Hughes had brought out of his pocket. I painted myself in the background. The picture hangs not in the Folk Museum near Castle Hill.

Before the Albany had departed a new phase of work withdrew me from it. The garden in which my Studio was built was wanted for the enlargement of Emmanuel College. I and my iron Studio must go elsewhere. All the same, although now it meant something of a walk, while the Albany lasted, I made my way

to it on those blissful occasions when I might order Sardines on Toast and Apricots and Cream.