

## WG and John Rowland

John Herbert Shelley Rowland (1907-1984) was a journalist, author and Unitarian minister who corresponded with WG from 1946 to 1948.



John Rowland circa 1945

Rowland, an only child, was born in Bodmin, Cornwall in December 1907.<sup>1</sup> His father Herbert was a grocer; Shelley was his mother's maiden name. Such was the young man's proficiency at English that, shortly before he was due to leave Bodmin Grammar, the editor of the *Cornish Guardian* offered him a job – but Rowland's first love was science, for which he "discovered (he) had a real talent", and after a spell at Plymouth College, where he secured a Cornwall County Scholarship, he enrolled on a B.Sc. course at the University of Bristol. He graduated in 1929 with a second-class Chemistry degree but, after failing in those parlous economic times to find the kind of job in the chemical industry he wanted, studied for a further year for a Diploma in Education and then, after applying for more than fifty positions, finally landed a post teaching science and maths at a Protestant grammar school in Lifford, County Donegal.

Though his parents were Methodists, young Rowland was a sceptic from his earliest days. Towards the end of his school career, he "graduated from (his father's) radical Liberalism ... to something a little more definitely 'left-

wing' ... though never Communism of the orthodox brand"; throughout his formative years, he successfully avoided the "trap of Marxism". In his first year at Bristol, the "irreligious" young man joined the Rationalist Press Association (RPA), whose mix of "science, literature and ... left-wing politics ... at that time formed (his) basic philosophy". He read Freud, Huxley and, most avidly, Wells, who, believed Rowland, were it not for his preachiness, "might have been one of the greatest novelists of all the ages". Rowland dismissed religion as "useless superstition": later he would come to regard Rationalism in the same light – as a religion whose "Bible is the work of Darwin" – but for the next twenty years it was to be his philosophical haven.

Rowland "disliked teaching, right from the start." Furthermore, he was struck whilst in Ireland by the lack of any desire, much less attempt, to reconcile the sectarian differences which tainted community life there with an all-pervading air of suspicion, recrimination and bitterness. Scientists in disagreement could argue their corner calmly and amicably, but these Christians, it seemed, could not. Moved by these frustrations to write about his feelings, he "began to contribute to *The Freethinker* and other organs of Agnostic and Rationalist opinion." This led in due course to a job offer from C. A. Watts, then RPA vice-chairman, and in August 1935 Rowland was delighted to have the chance to start afresh in London, tasked with proof-reading, reviewing and other editorial duties on the staff of publisher Watts & Co. and the Rationalist Press.

Among journalists and writers, just off Fleet Street, at last he was in his milieu. To bring in some extra cash, and also because he "liked the idea" – though he never considered himself a "novelist" – he began in what spare time he had to write thrillers. Between 1935 and 1950, Herbert Jenkins published seventeen detective novels by Rowland all featuring Inspector Henry Shelley of Scotland Yard, plus four true-crime titles, including *The Death of Nevill Norway* (1942) which relates the story of the 1840 murder in Bodmin of the novelist Nevil Shute's<sup>2</sup> great-grandfather. Rowland socialised in literary circles, with author friends including L. A. G. Strong, M. P. Shiel and even Dylan Thomas, none of whom were primarily associated with detective fiction, though Strong and Shiel dabbled in the genre and Thomas spoofed it.<sup>3</sup> Rowland also became a close friend of the poet John Gawsworth (a pseudonym of Terence Ian Fytton Armstrong).

In April 1937 Rowland married Gertrude Adams, a nurse from Yorkshire. When WWII started, thanks to his degree in Chemistry, he was conscripted onto the Ministry of Labour's register of technicians and sent to work for the Ministry of Supply, where he was involved in armaments production at Woolwich Arsenal and elsewhere. In 1944, the couple's only child, Fytton, was born.

When the war ended, Rowland resumed work with Watts & Co. (now in the charge of C. A.'s son Fred) and was appointed associate editor of new RPA weekly *The Thinker's Digest*, even though his Rationalist beliefs were by now failing to sustain him. Looking back in 1951, Rowland regarded his war years as a "period of wandering in a kind of mental wilderness"; a period that "brought pain and disillusionment", because it now seemed "possible (to put it at its lowest)" that the century's decrease in religious belief and increase of man's inhumanity to man might be cause and effect. The discovery of the atom bomb horrified him; he considered its use "the worst crime that any so-called civilized country had ever committed". He was also influenced during this period by the writing of Orwell ("*Animal Farm* – surely one of the most brilliant satires since Swift"), Arthur Koestler, Herbert Read and others.

Rowland held his associate editor's post until the autumn of 1947 when Watts, having noted his employee's increasingly patent lack of sympathy with Rationalist doctrine, which Rowland now saw as "purely destructive", gave him three months notice. Rowland, who had not stopped writing on his own behalf, considered going wholly freelance but eventually opted instead for a part-freelance, part-Amalgamated Press-editor compromise. He continued to contribute to *The Freethinker* and like titles and continued, too, to develop his philosophical views, moving ever closer to religious acceptance: this was "a time of great excitement" in which he "no longer felt cut off from the mental and spiritual heritage of the ages". Early in 1949, to the shock of some colleagues, he resigned his part-time job at AP to fly completely solo.

In September 1950 the Rowlands moved from Radlett, Hertfordshire to Leeds where, in the following two years Rowland finally and formally renounced Rationalism to become, under the guidance of a minister called Reginald Wilde, a Unitarian:

*I began to wonder why it was that I had always been so blind. I realized that there had been many times in the past when I had been on the verge of coming to an appreciation of the immaterial realities underlying the merely material universe. And yet I had never quite got there before.*

He began teaching in Sunday School – the first teaching he had done for almost two decades. He felt he had "come to harbour" – but there to rest? No, driven, rather, by that characteristic urge to do more that seems to have typified his life, he resolved to become a Unitarian minister himself and in 1952 was appointed lay pastor in charge of the Unitarian church in Brighton. For three years he trained for the ministry at Manchester College, Oxford whilst commuting from the south coast. He wrote little during this period, though, following his ordination in 1955, took up his pen once again.

Reading tastes had changed, however, and Rowland was unable to find a market for detective stories of the kind he preferred, so he concentrated instead on non-fiction, turning out biographies of scientists, inventors and engineers (Rutherford, Fleming, Salk, Pasteur, Marie Curie, Stephenson, Whittle, Ford, Rolls and Royce, Logie Baird and more) and popular science texts (*The Astonishing Atom, Mysteries of Science, This Age of Science* etc). He remained active in journalism, writing for *The Unitarian* magazine which, for the last nine years of his life he edited. From 1966 to 1977 he was also Publications Officer for the Unitarians' Lindsey Press.

After thirteen years in Brighton, in 1965 the Rowlands relocated to Tenterden, Kent, where John became minister of Tenterden and Northiam (East Sussex)<sup>4</sup> parishes. In 1967, two years after the loss of his wife Gertrude, Rowland married Marguerite Millen, a widowed member of his Tenterden congregation.<sup>5</sup> His last ministry, in Trowbridge, Wiltshire, ran from 1973 to 1976, after which he retired with Marguerite to Somerset. He died at the age of seventy-six in October 1984.

The Papers of John Rowland (1907-1984) are held by the University of Texas at Austin's Harry Ransom Center.

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Rowland first wrote to WG early in 1946. Though five letters from Graham to Rowland survive, none of Rowland's to his fellow author appear to have done so, although some of their content can be surmised. Given Rowland's work, is it very likely that a review copy of *Ross Poldark* crossed his desk on or very soon after the book's publication in December 1945 – in any event, having read and enjoyed it, Rowland wrote to WG to introduce himself, to congratulate him on his work, and to ask whether he was Cornish. On 1 February, WG replied, first noting that the praise of another author was particularly pleasing

*because although I think authors on the whole are sympathetic towards the difficulties of their brother writers – they've faced these themselves – they are in the nature of things fastidious and hard to please. They can't help but be.*

He concedes that while not being Cornish made the writing of a book like *Ross* more difficult, it also allowed him more detachment to see things which a native might take for granted. He goes on:

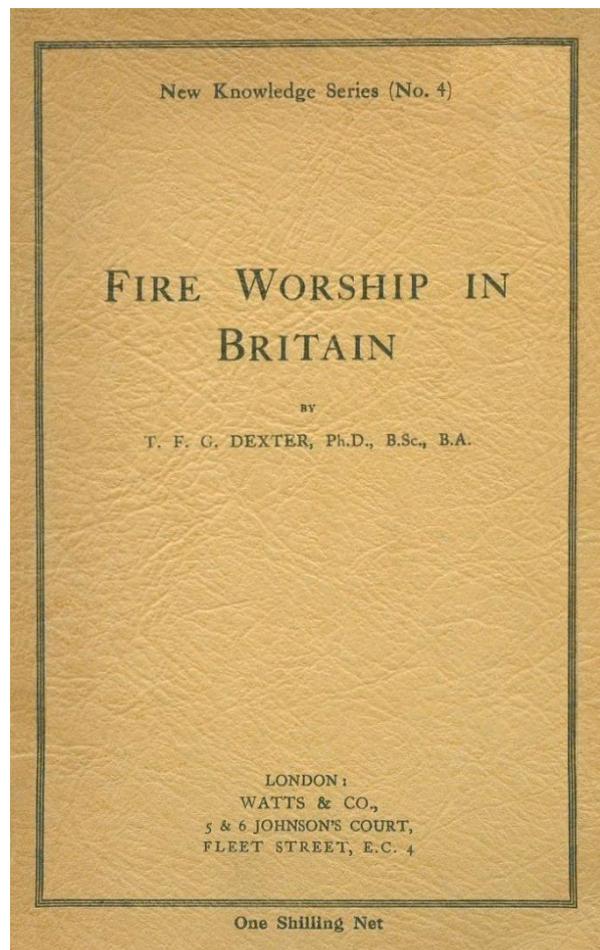
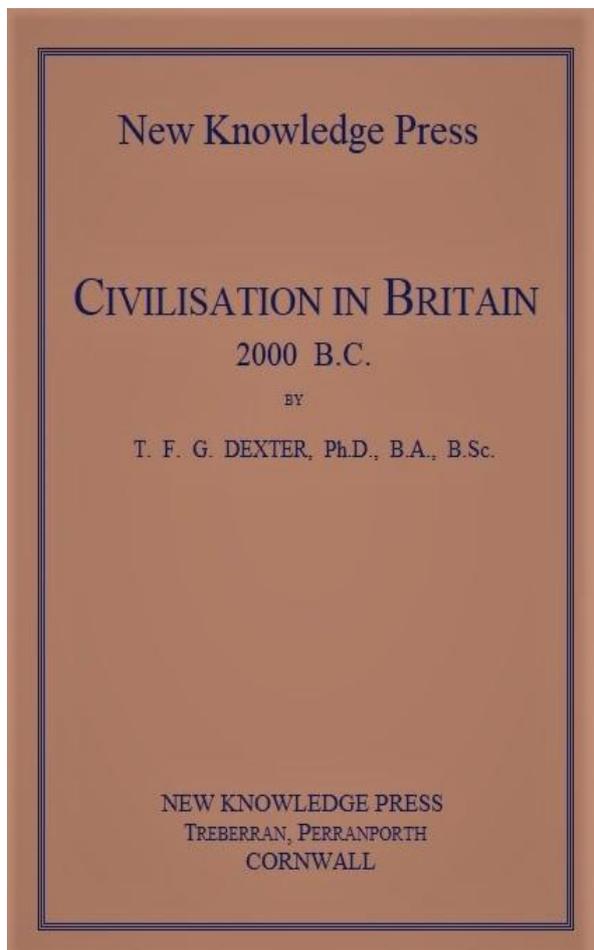
*Since the publication of 'Ross Poldark' the Cornish seem finally to have 'adopted' me, and I am very pleased about this, as I have always liked and admired them.*

When Rowland writes for a second time on 27 March, it is to inform WG that a forthcoming issue of newly-launched RPA title *Thinker's Weekly* (it would prove to be Vol. 1, No. 3, cover date 5 April 1946) would include a Rowland-penned appraisal of *Ross Poldark*.

Quickly, on 31 March, WG responds:

*It is very kind of you to recommend my book in your paper, and I much appreciate it ... I am not sure, from a personal standpoint, that I can go the whole way with the rationalists, though I am always interested in their point of view. As a novelist, I try not to have opinions, only characters (though that's really only an evasion); but as you say the main thing is that such a review helps to introduce the novel to a further set of readers.*

WG expresses surprise that Rowland is familiar with Treberran, WG's home, due to its association with Dr. T. F. G. Dexter (1860-1933), who lived there from 1926, when it was built, until his death. Dexter, described in *Memoirs* as "a well-known philologist whose family had made money out of soap",<sup>6</sup> wrote books on educational psychology then, after his retirement, published several booklets through "New Knowledge Press, Treberran, Perranporth"<sup>7</sup> (meaning that he must have self-published) but *with some titles also published by Rowland's employer, Watts & Co.* Thus all copies of *The Sacred Stone* (a discussion of sacred stones with special reference to Cornwall, 39 pages, 1929) and *The Pagan Origin of Fairs* (44 pages, undated) come from New Knowledge Press, Treberran, Perranporth and editions of *Civilisation in Britain 2000 B.C.* (39 pages, 1931) can be found from both that imprint and Watts & Co., whereas *Fire Worship in Britain* (47 pages, 1931) appears to have been published by Watts & Co. only. As WG drolly remarks: "it's a small world ... I only knew Dr Dexter slightly but know some of his books and still occasionally get applications addressed here for his 'Sacred Stone' and other books."



*Thinker's Weekly*, a modest pamphlet initially comprising four A5 sides per issue (though this later became two, with publication lapsing from weekly to monthly), did not carry reviews of popular fiction – but Rowland was canny enough to work in references to books he admired by choosing suitable topics on which to expound, such as, in this instance, "Historical Fiction To-day":

IN these days the basic ideas of Rationalism have penetrated into most fields of literature. There is one type of book, however, which for the most part Rationalists seem strangely to have neglected. There have been many writers of historical fiction with Rationalist sympathies, but they appear to have ventured to show the historical aspects of their philosophy only on rare occasions. Some novels by Miss Marjorie Bowen and Mr. Jack Lindsay have contained passages of the purest Rationalism, and there was one solitary excursion into fiction by Mr. Joseph McCabe (*The Pope's Favourite*; 1917) which would even now bear reprinting. Those, however, seem to be the only historical novels of comparatively recent years which have a definitely Rationalist moral, and it is somewhat surprising that more volumes of this type have not been produced.

A recent historical work, excellent of its kind, shows what might be done. Mr. Winston Graham has written a number of novels, but it would seem that *Ross Poldark* (Ward Lock; 8s. 6d.) is the first to achieve a really striking success with the critics and the public alike. It is a tale of Cornwall in the years 1783 to 1787, and it has all the colour and charm of a period picture. Also (and this is what is of special interest to Rationalists) it contains interesting character-studies of people of varying theological views, describing their reactions to the issues of the French Revolution and to the problems of life and death which every human being has to face. To take an example, Joshua Poldark is the father of the hero, and at the beginning of the book he is dying. When his brother inquires if he would like to see the priest he says: "Even if there was something in it with all their pomp and praying, should I ask 'em in at this hour? I've lived my life, and by God I've enjoyed it! There's no merit to go snivelling now. I'm not sorry for myself, and I don't want anyone else to be. What's

coming I'll take. That's all." As a picture of a Rationalist face to face with death that seems to be as near perfect as it well could be—even though our philosophy in its more formal sense did not exist at the time about which Mr. Graham is writing. This, at any rate, is the sort of thing that is all too rare in the historical fiction of our time. There have been men in all ages who foresaw the decline and fall of religion, and if our historical novelists would give that complete picture of life in a bygone epoch at which they all aim, they should devote the requisite space to a portrayal of the heretics as well as the conformists of the periods of which they write. It is not always easy for a novelist to maintain an adequate balance between conflicting points of view, but it should not be beyond the wit of an imaginative artist so to devise a picture of life in, say, Cromwellian or Georgian days that the influence of heterodox thinkers is given adequate weight.

Most readers of fiction will, of course, be familiar with the historical romances of Miss Marjorie Bowen, since it is in her pages that we meet the nearest approach to what has here been suggested; but even in her case it seems that such biographies as *Wrestling Jacob*, her fine life of John Wesley, present the Rationalist side of her philosophy of life more fully than her novels, which probably have a wider circulation than non-fictional works. In any case there are many people at present producing historical fiction, and it would be well if they would devote some of their time to giving us books with a good foundation on the rock of right reason.

In the light of recent political and economic research our view of many historical periods is changing. Just as the work of Darwin and Freud is reflected in a different emphasis in the novel of contemporary life, so may the work of such economists as Godwin, Marx, and Engels be reflected in a changing attitude to history. Sooner or later our historical fiction, too long the victim of the "sword and cloak" school of history, will have to come into line with modern ideas. The majority of readers of many over-romanticized novels of the past will feel that it is a change which cannot come too soon.

JOHN ROWLAND.

WG's third letter to Rowland, dated 23 February 1947, is a belated answer to another from his correspondent in which Rowland may have prompted WG to make sure Ward, Lock supplied him with a review copy of *Demelza*. WG confirms that he did remember to do this. He explains his reason for being behindhand with his correspondence: this was because

*in April of last year I was unexpectedly seized upon by the film companies, who suddenly decided to film three of my novels and had me up in Town for about four months on various eccentric projects; the result was that correspondence and ordinary novel writing rather went by the board; since then I have been trying to make up time – not always successfully.*

As he had with Ross, Rowland worked his consideration of *Demelza* into a suitably accommodating broad theme, this time "Contrasts in Fiction", which appeared in *Thinker's Weekly* Volume 1, Issue 41, cover date 10 January 1947:

*Readers of novels are often inclined to restrict their reading to one particular kind of book. Most of us can number among our circle of acquaintances people who never look at any books but detective stories or historical fiction; and similarly restricted tastes are often to be seen in other directions. Consequently many readers find themselves unacquainted with whole classes of literature which are important and interesting for all who wish to study developments.*

*It so happens that I have just read in quick succession two novels which show a curious contrast, and I think there is a moral to be drawn from this. The two books in question are Mr. Winston Graham's *Demelza* and Mr. Reginald Moore's *The Listening World*. Some months ago I had the opportunity of calling attention to an outstanding novel, Ross Poldark, which was at that time the most recent production of Mr. Graham's pen; and most of my readers will also be acquainted with Mr. Moore as an anthologist, if not as a creative writer.*

*What, the reader may ask, is especially striking about these two books? What is there which is common to Demelza and The Listening World? And if there is nothing which is common to them, what is the most striking difference between the two novels?*

*These are questions which it is not at all easy to answer. First of all, it is quite clear that every novelist must work out his own line of thought. He may tell a tale which is in some way reflective of the life of his own or some other period. But whatever he does is inevitably derived from his own personality and sense of character.*

*Mr. Graham's new novel is, like its predecessor, placed in the past. It is a picture of Cornwall in the eighteenth century, and the background is sketched in with a skilful hand. Mr. Graham is no writer of "sword and cloak" melodrama; he tells a story which is realistic and at the same time exciting. His characters, whether of the rank of squire and parson, or whether of what were then somewhat superciliously called "the lower classes," have been observed with the eye of a true novelist, and they come to life with surprising effectiveness.*

*There are, of course, many readers of the present time who have a marked prejudice against historical novels, possibly owing to the fact that so many of the leading practitioners of this type of novel in the past depended upon what was essentially a fake "old English" style, especially in their handling of dialogue. Mr. Graham never falls into this trap. His characters speak clearly, and the tin-miners and farm-workers who make up the principal part of his tale use a dialect which is recognizably Cornish.*

*Mr. Moore, on the other hand, is very definitely portraying the world of to-day – or yesterday. He places his characters in the Britain of 1941-2, and shows the way in which the threat of air-attack was reflected upon people of widely differing ideas. His central figure is an idealist, a man who speaks in Hyde Park [but whose] facility in handling words [perversely hinders] him from making his message impressive.*

*The contrast between the two books is so striking as to be almost ludicrous. Both of them are thoroughly good works of craftsmanship. Each holds the reader from first page to last. And yet the difference between them is far more than that which can be understood as a result of the difference of their setting and of their approach to the manifold problems of life.*

*Students of the development of the English novel in the course of the past twenty or thirty years will be aware of widely diverging points of view. D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, Aldous Huxley – they are all recognizably "modern," perhaps because they all have extremely striking attitudes to life. And even the more traditional types of writers – Mr. T. F. Powys, Mr. L. A. G. Strong, Mr. H. E. Bates, Mr. Forrest Reid, and Mr. Michael Harrison – for the most part present the readers with studies of the world which would have been totally impossible in an earlier period of history. Similarly the historical novelists, such as Mr. Philip Lindsay, Miss Marjorie Bowen, and Mr. Winston Graham, show us a picture of a previous period which is alert in a new way to the problems of their chosen century.*

*It is therefore clear, merely from a reading of the two novels with which I have here been concerned, that the world is changing. The changes are reflected in the fictional products as much as in the science of the era in which we live. No one who appreciates the age of atomic bombs and military conscription can ever quite get back to the period of the Boer War and triumphant imperialism.*

*The novel is an art form which will in the years ahead develop in many ways. That is something about which there can be no argument at all. And such novels as the two which have been discussed in this article are clear examples of the new attitude towards world affairs. Much of what has here been said is probably the embodiment of a critical attitude which would surprise both Mr. Reginald Moore and Mr. Winston Graham. Yet it cannot be disputed for a moment that these two writers (neither at the moment appreciated at his true worth) exemplify a new method of writing novels*

*– a method which will quite possibly within the next fifty years show us a wonderful and surprising new flowering in English fiction.*

*John Rowland*

On 19 January 1948 WG writes a fourth return letter offering thanks for "details of the notice my friend reported" [it is not clear whether WG refers here to the year-old text above, but certainly no third Graham novel is mentioned within the pages of *Thinker's Weekly*] and expressing his pleasure at Rowland's new semi-freelance status. He also thanks Rowland for his invitation, presumably to meet when WG is next in London, which he thinks will be "about April". Rowland must have asked whether WG knows another West Country man of letters and Plymouth College friend of Rowland's, J. C. Trewin; WG knows him by name [and in future years will come to know him in person], but is ashamed to say he hardly ever sees his magazine, which is, he concedes, his loss.

WG's last short letter, dated 20 December 1948, reads:

*Dear Mr Rowland*

*A friend of mine writes from abroad to say that in a book he has just read – a miscellany of English writing, I believe – an article by you on Quiller-Couch<sup>8</sup> contains some reference to me. As I haven't heard from you in some time, I thought I'd drop a line to thank you for 'those few kind words' whatever they may be, and to wish you well this Christmas.*

Did the two men meet? Since both became members of the Crime Writers' Association, it is possible – but who knows?

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Next page: *Thinker's Weekly* masthead (this from the issue appraising *Ross Poldark*). 76 numbers were published in all, the first on 22 March 1946 and the last on 25 November 1949

# Thinker's Weekly



Vol. 1. No. 3

APRIL 5, 1946

Price 3d.

## NOTES BY THE WAY

WE wrote last week of the deliberate way in which many of the publicists of the Roman Catholic Church have been working to increase the tension between Soviet Russia and the Western democracies. There has just appeared a booklet which is an excellent example of contrary tendencies, and it deserves a wide public among peace-loving people in this country. Mr. J. B. Priestley recently spent some time in Russia, and in *Russian Journey*, which is published at a shilling by the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R., he gives a graphic account of what he saw in that vast country. His conclusion is that the Russian people are longing for friendship with Britain, and that one of the greatest difficulties in the way is the shortage of English books in the Soviet Union. One should be in parenthesis, that there is also a shortage of Russian books in England! But we can do much work as the case, in the

for dealing with the matter here. A Miss May Quinn, a New York teacher, has been accused of pro-Fascist and anti-negro propaganda in her classes. She had—according to the prosecution—taught her pupils to dislike Jews, Italians, and negroes, and had done much to make the children under her charge into little race-bigots. The defence was apparently a complete denial. But the lady happened to be a Roman Catholic, and so we see, side by side, an article concerning the case from *The Tablet*, the New York Catholic journal, and another from *The Daily Worker*, the American Communist daily which had much to do with the case being brought before the School Board. *The Tablet* headline is: "Miss Quinn Case Ended as Board Exonerates Her"; *The Daily Worker* headline is: "Anger Mounts on Case Whitewash; School Board for Democratic School Board".

Below, some of the numerous publications in disparate genres by the prolific though little-known John Rowland:

Page 14: "Inspector Shelley" series detective fiction, all from Herbert Jenkins: (i) 1936 (ii) 1939 (iii) 1947 (iv) 1949

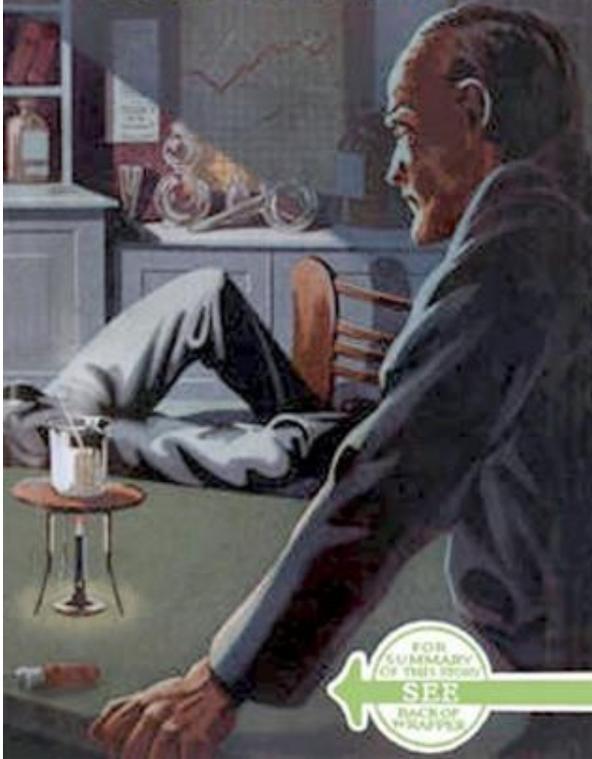
Page 15: True crime / criminology: (i) Herbert Jenkins, 1942 (ii) Edgar Wallace Magazines, Ltd, London, 1965 (iii) John Long, 1961 (iv) Home and Van Thal, 1950

Page 16: Science / biography: (i) The Bodley Head, 1958, (ii)-(iv) all Lutterworth Press, 1960; 1969; 1966

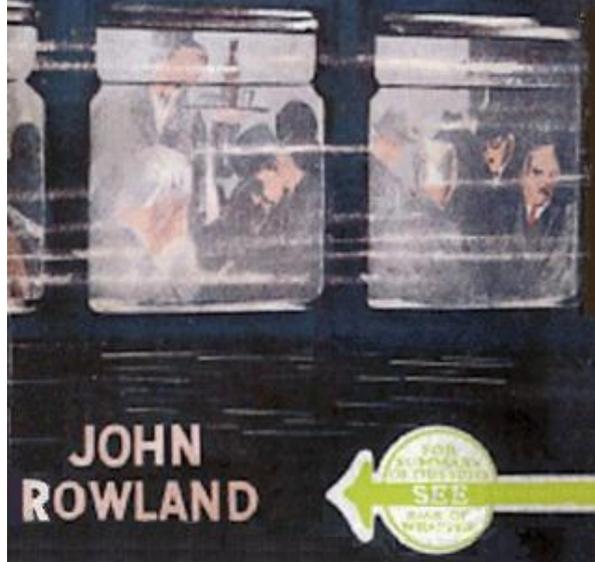
Page 17: (i) two reprints from Poisoned Pen Press in association with the British Library, 2016, first published by Herbert Jenkins in 1938 and 1950 respectively, helping to keep John Rowland's name alive; (ii) autobiography: SCM, 1952

Rowland also wrote on matters of doctrine (*A Rational Faith*, year not stated; *Point of Belief*, editor and contributor, 1968; *Unitarianism: Some Questions Answered*, 1972 etc, all from Lindsey Press)

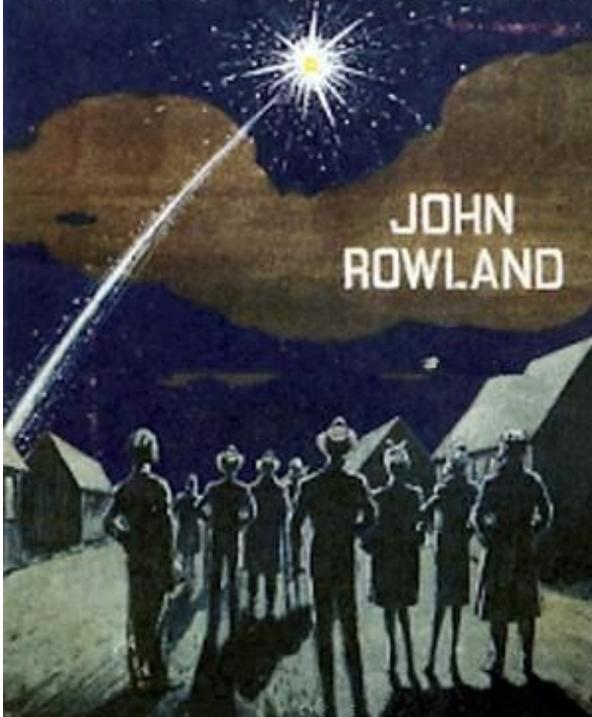
**THE PROFESSOR DIES**  
JOHN ROWLAND



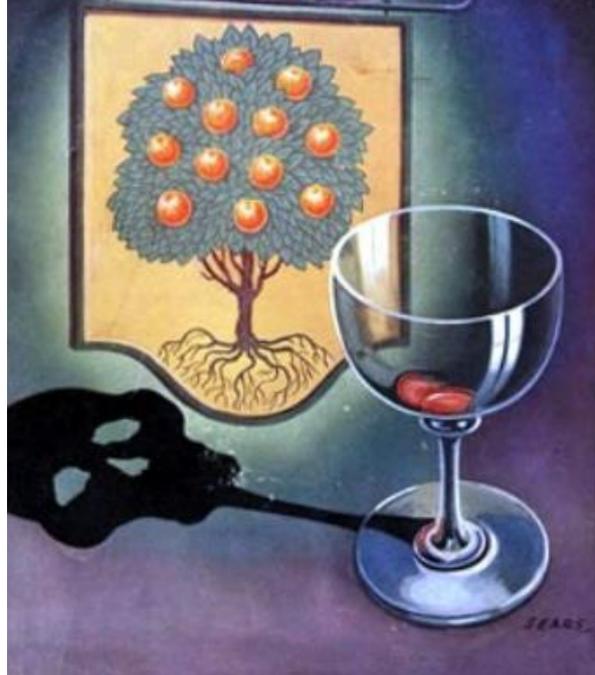
**THE CORNISH RIVIERA MYSTERY**

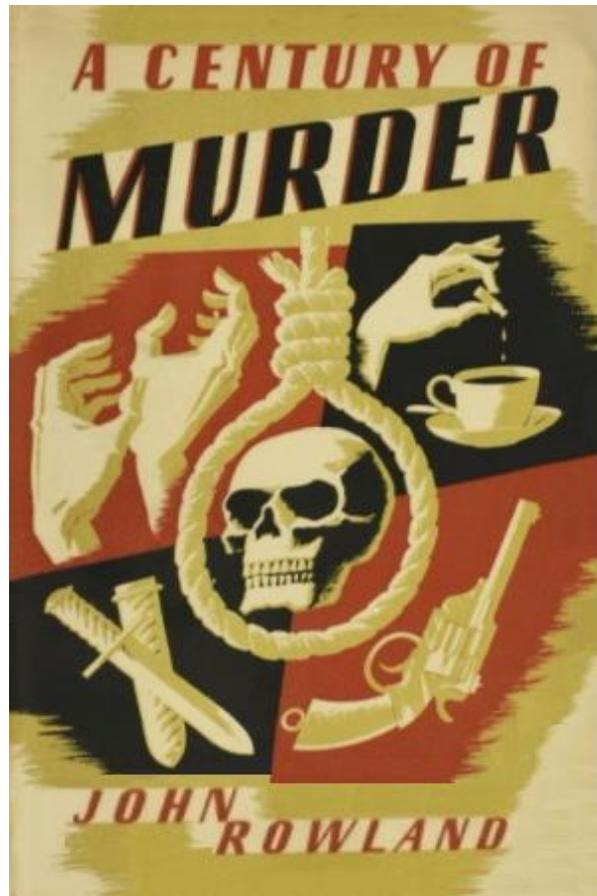
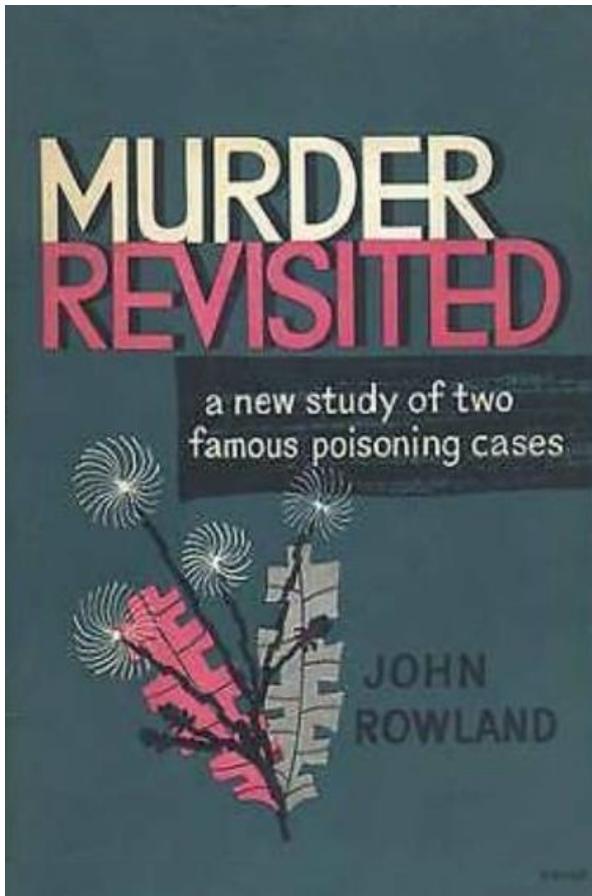
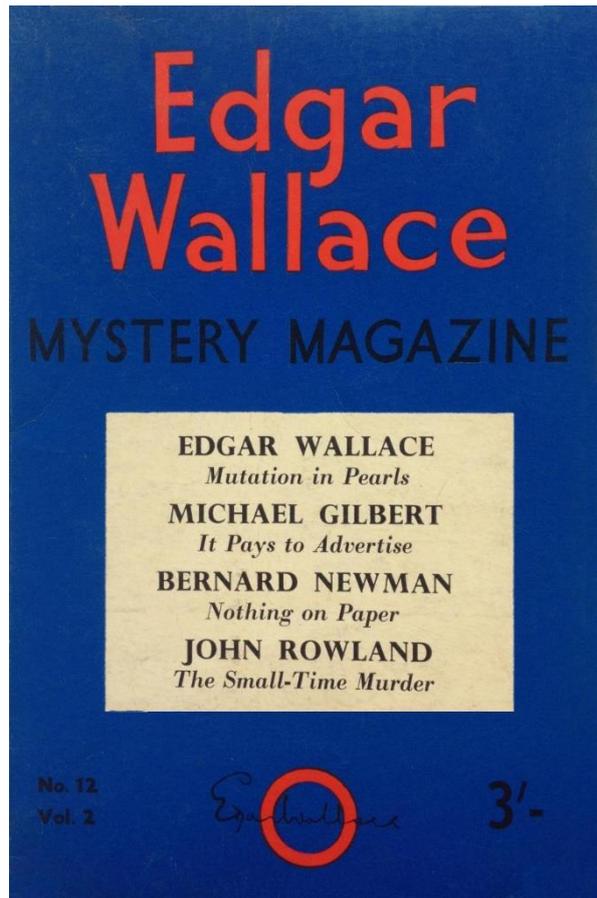
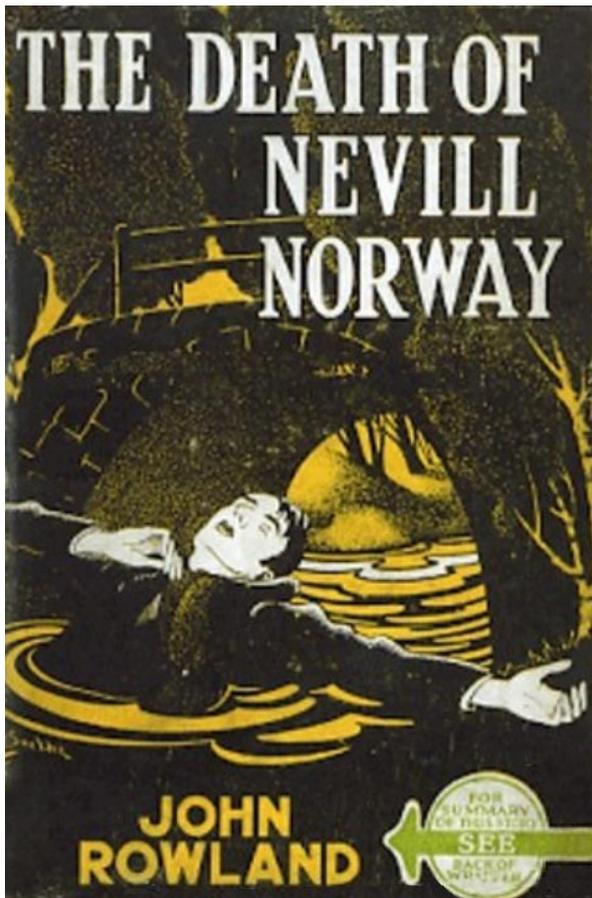


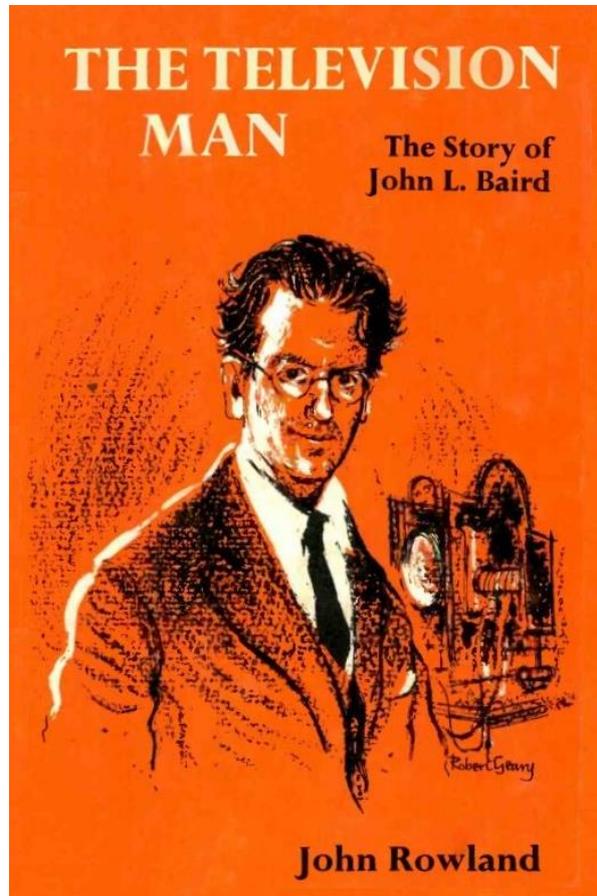
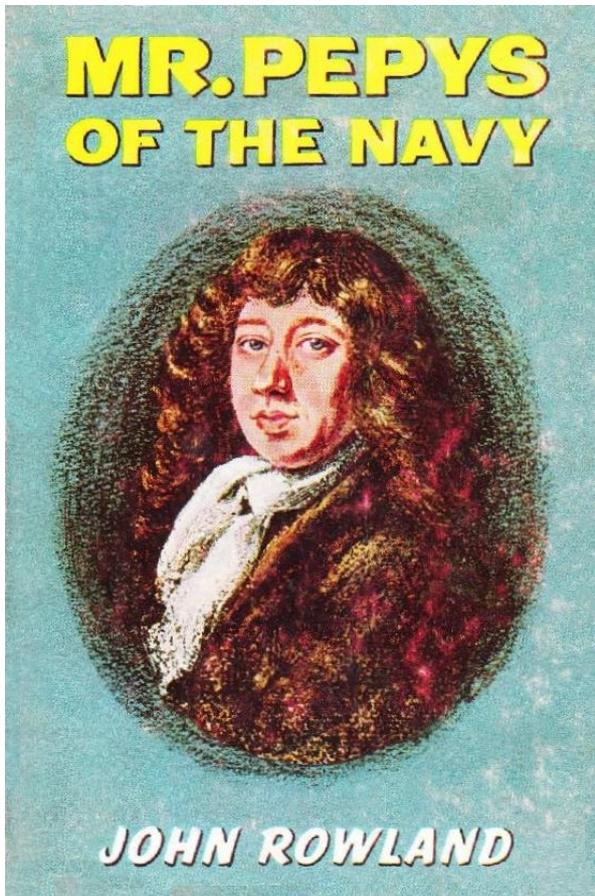
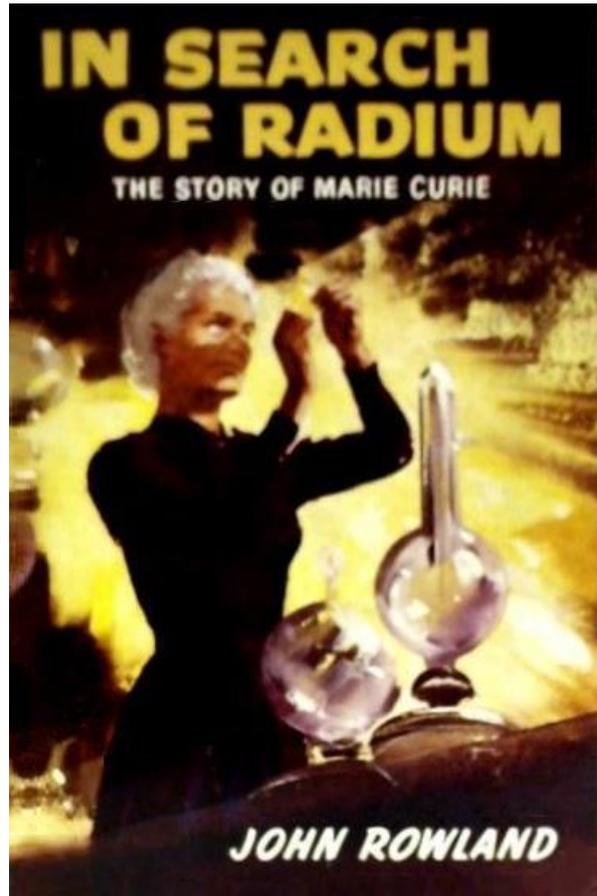
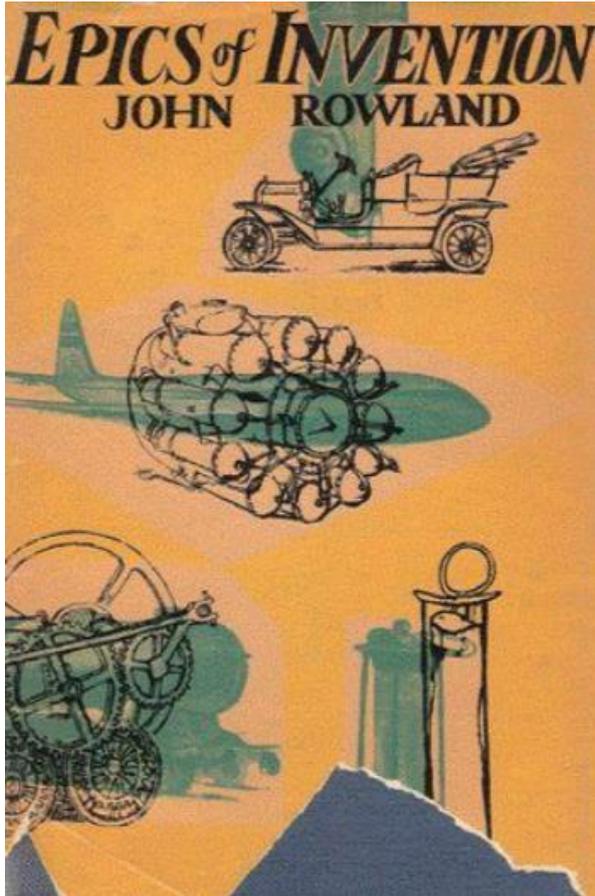
**PUZZLE IN PYROTECHNICS**

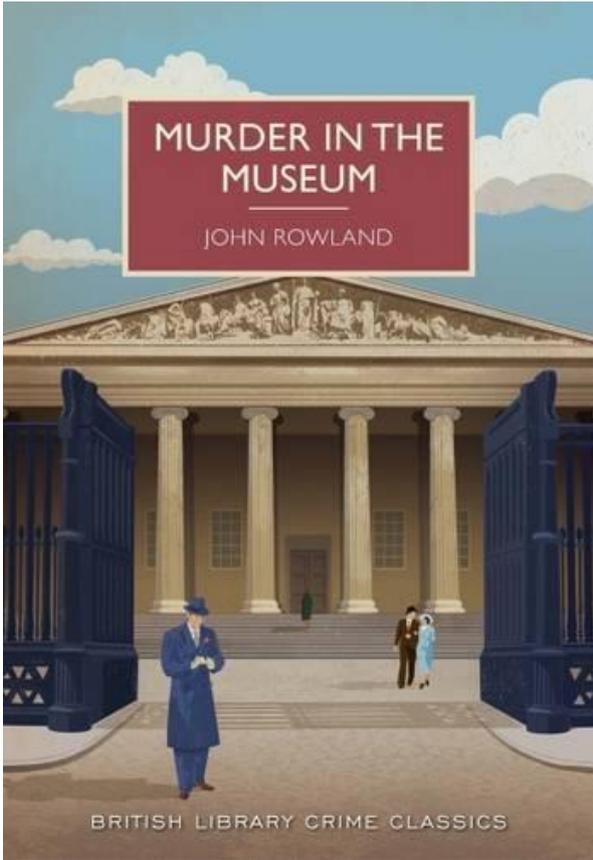


**THE ORANGE-TREE MYSTERY** JOHN ROWLAND









When Professor Julius Arnell breathes his last in the hushed atmosphere of the British Museum Reading Room, it looks like death from natural causes. Who, after all, would have cause to murder a retired academic whose life was devoted to Elizabethan literature? Inspector Shelley's suspicions are aroused when he finds a packet of poisoned sugared almonds in the dead man's pocket; and a motive becomes clearer when he discovers Arnell's connection to a Texan oil millionaire.

Soon another man plunges hundreds of feet into a reservoir on a Yorkshire moor. What can be the connection between two deaths so different, and so widely separated? The mild-mannered museum visitor Henry Fairhurst adds his detective talents to Inspector Shelley's own, and together they set about solving one of the most baffling cases Shelley has ever encountered.

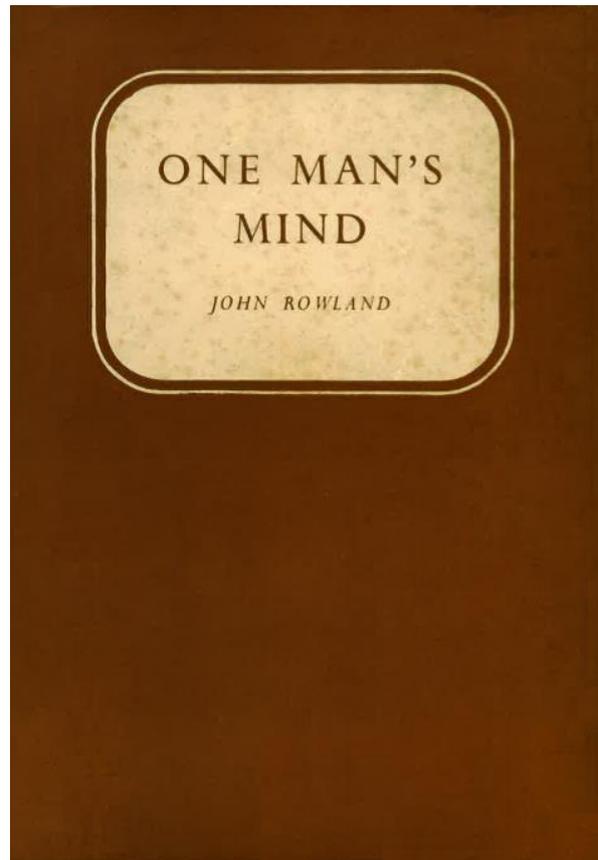
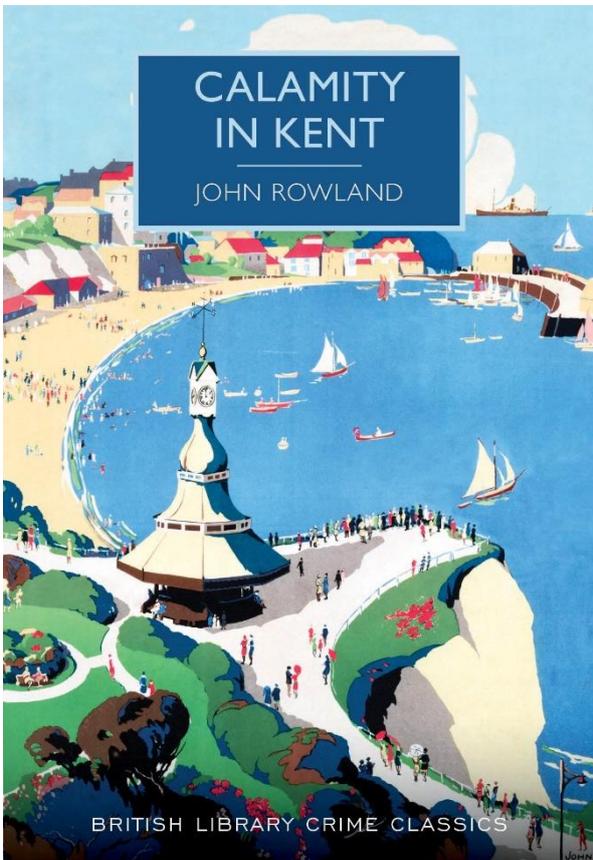
JOHN ROWLAND (1907–1984) was a publisher, journalist, civil servant, and Unitarian minister whose detective novels have long been neglected. This is the first republication of *Murder in the Museum* since its original appearance in 1938.

Front cover illustration © Chris Andrews (chrisandrews.co.uk)

\$12.95



*Poisoned  
Pen  
Press*  
Discover Mystery™



\* \* \* \* \*

## NOTES AND SOURCES

<sup>1</sup> Biographical information (on which different sources do not always agree) from: (i) *One Man's Mind* by John Rowland, SCM, 1952 (ii) the Introductions by Martin Edwards (with help from Fytton Rowland) of the two British Library Crime Classics editions shown on the previous page (iii) [fantasticfiction.com](http://fantasticfiction.com) (iv) *The Unitarian's* web page.

<sup>2</sup> "Nevil Shute" was the pseudonym of Nevil Shute Norway (1899-1960)

<sup>3</sup> See *The Death of the King's Canary*, Hutchinson, 1976, co-written by Thomas and John Davenport

<sup>4</sup> Did Rowland know he was living for eight years (1965-73) within twenty-five miles of WG?

<sup>5</sup> Though herself Church of England, Mrs Millen attended Tenterden's Unitarian church in the company of relatives who were prominent members.

<sup>6</sup> In Book One, Chapter Four of Winston Graham's *Memoirs of a Private Man*, Macmillan, 2003

<sup>7</sup> [cantab.net](http://cantab.net)

<sup>8</sup> Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (1863-1944), a prolific novelist, poet, critic and anthologist who wrote under the pseudonym "Q", is perhaps best remembered now for his literary criticism and monumental *Oxford Book of English Verse, 1250-1900*. Like Rowland himself, Quiller-Couch was born in Bodmin.

John Rowland's son Fytton kindly supplied the page one photo of his father and also proof-read the text. His help is much appreciated.

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