

THE LIFE OF
D. MARTYN LLOYD-JONES
1899–1981



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Iain H. Murray



THE BANNER OF TRUTH TRUST

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‘Fellowship with God is the only worthwhile thing in life and it makes us new.’

‘I gave up nothing; I received everything, I count it the highest honour that God can confer on any man, to call him to be a herald of the Gospel.’ [Spoken after he had been commended for ‘the sacrifice’ of leaving medicine for the work of the ministry.]

‘The two greatest meetings in my life were both prayer meetings.’

‘My whole life experiences are proof of the sovereignty of God and his direct interference in the lives of men. I cannot help believing what I believe. I would be a madman to believe anything else — the guiding hand of God! It is an astonishment to me.’

‘Do not waste too much of your time in worrying about the future of the Christian church.’

‘We are sinners saved by grace. We are debtors to mercy alone.’

‘Love is the greatest thing in religion, and if that is forgotten nothing can take its place.’

D. MARTYN LLOYD-JONES

By the same author:

D. Martyn Lloyd-Jones: The First Forty Years 1899–1939

D. Martyn Lloyd-Jones: The Fight of Faith 1939–1981

Lloyd-Jones: Messenger of Grace

Evangelicalism Divided

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Preface

This book is a re-cast, condensed and, in parts, re-written version of my two volumes *D. Martyn Lloyd Jones: The First Forty Years* (1982) and *The Fight of Faith* (1990). Since those dates, the life of Dr Lloyd-Jones has been the subject of comment and assessment in many publications and I have taken that into account. The main purpose of a further biography, however, is to put Dr Lloyd-Jones' life before another generation in a more accessible form. The two original volumes remain in print, and they preserve fuller documentation, but the big story is here for those hindered by the prospect of 1,200 pages. The omissions have to do chiefly with his overseas visits, and with a shortening of quotations. While almost a lifetime has passed since I first began to love and benefit from Martyn Lloyd-Jones, my appreciation of the ministry God gave him has only deepened with the years.

Today it is immensely encouraging that so many who never knew him personally now share in the benefits of his ministry. This has been possible because the greater part of what he preached is currently read across the world. The publication figures of his books run into millions. One of those titles alone, *Preaching and Preachers*, went through fourteen printings in twenty years, and last year went out in a new edition. Given the number of his books now available, a word of advice may help some who are about to read him for the first time. Go for the hard backs which he chose first for publishing! At their head is, *Studies on the Sermon on the Mount* (IVP). A number of his most influential addresses were published individually in his lifetime; they are brought together in, *Knowing the Times* (Banner of Truth) and give the best introduction to his thinking. For his expositions in series, start with his *Ephesians*.

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Sixteen hundred of his sermons are now available for free downloading at www.mljtrust.org. These are being heard by far larger numbers than those who heard him in his lifetime, and they constitute a great resource. But it would be wise, in ML-J's own opinion, not to put recordings before books. A listing of his sermons may be found in my title, *Lloyd-Jones: Messenger of Grace* (2008), which is not a biography but a fuller account of his thinking on such subjects as 'Preaching and the Holy Spirit'.

Sometimes too much comment is given to Martyn Lloyd-Jones as a Welshman and not enough to the tradition of Welsh Calvinistic Methodism from which he came. What was said of William Williams, one of the leaders in that tradition, can be said of ML-J: 'These four things were marked in him: viz. the strength and abundance of his natural gifts; his great diligence in the use of them, night and day; the very great extent to which he enjoyed the influence and power of the Holy Spirit in his own work; and the immense blessing which the people received through him.'¹ Happily what can take us to the heart of that heritage is to be found in the current titles, *Thomas Charles' Spiritual Counsels*, *John Elias, Life and Letters*, and *The Calvinist Methodist Fathers of Wales* (all Banner of Truth Trust).

These pages could not have been written without the help of the late Mrs Bethan Lloyd-Jones and her daughters, Lady Catherwood and Mrs Ann Beatt. To them I am also indebted for most of the photographs used. The Rev. Graham Harrison, and my wife, have given much valued assistance with the final proofs, and, as ever, the input and care of the publishers have been indispensable.

Preparing a book of this kind has been a forceful reminder to the author of the brevity of life. Few who figure in these pages still belong to the present scene. The once great congregation of Westminster Chapel, which I still see in my mind's eye, is now for the most part re-assembled in a better world. For every one of us 'the time is short', and the call is to live for the Lord Jesus Christ. May the testimony of these pages serve to that end!

IAIN H. MURRAY
Edinburgh,
November 24, 2012

¹ D. E. Jenkins, *The Life of Thomas Charles of Bala* (Denbigh: Jenkins, 1910), vol. 2, p. 57.

ONE

'A Welshman Now!'

In the spring of the year 1906 a pony and trap brought a family to their new home in the village of Llangeitho, Cardiganshire. They were Henry Lloyd-Jones, then in his early forties; his wife, Magdalene; and their three boys, Harold, Martyn, and Vincent. Martyn, separated by some two years in each case from his older and younger brothers, was aged five years and three months. He was to remember little of the life they had left behind in Donald Street, Cardiff, where he had been born on December 20, 1899. A flag hung from one of their windows to celebrate some victory in the Second Boer War, a fall downstairs from top to bottom, and a dancing lesson which he suffered at a small private school in Connaught Road — these things were almost all that he was to recall in later life from the days before he reached Llangeitho.

The Lloyd-Joneses felt no grief in exchanging Wales's largest city and port for the sixty or so houses which made up this village in the upper valley of the Aeron. Both parents were native to Cardiganshire. After only indifferent success with his Cardiff grocery shop, and a growing impression that town life did not suit his health, Henry had determined to move back to the country. When, therefore, a favourable opportunity arose, he sold his business, together with the home that went with it, and removed his family to a nearby boarding house until the general store at Llangeitho came on the market. His offer for the store was accepted and a new chapter in their lives began.

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By temperament Henry Lloyd-Jones was an optimist and the soul of honour and uprightness. He was once called ‘a proper Mr Micawber’, ever waiting for something advantageous to turn up, and undoubtedly he felt that there were reasons for hopefulness in the spring of 1906. Wales herself, it seemed to him and to many others, was awakening after a long winter. Certainly times had changed since the days of his own childhood, spent at Cefn-Ceirw, his parents’ farm in the Rhydlewys district of Cardiganshire, where Elizabeth, his strong-minded mother, better known as Betty-Cefn, had been famous for her participation in the ‘tithe-wars’. Now, as the landslide victory for the Liberals in the General Election of that same year 1906 demonstrated, the Established Church and the landowners could no longer quieten the people with admonitions to ‘know their betters’. New political thinking was stirring, the days of privilege were over and reforms certain. With brilliant eloquence, David Lloyd George, Liberal MP for Caernarvon Boroughs, chastised the forces of tradition which had long ruled Wales on behalf of England, and shortly, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was even to turn 11 Downing Street into a kind of Welsh embassy.

No doubt comparatively little of the change was being registered in Llangeitho in 1906. As a local centre of the Welsh-speaking farming community, it had long stood aloof from much that was going on elsewhere. Its very name was a reminder of how tradition lingered in inland Cardiganshire for, in truth, it ought not to have been called Llangeitho at all, but Capel Gwynfil. Llangeitho parish actually lay on the other side of the river Aeron. The explanation of the anomaly lay in an occurrence two centuries back. Llangeitho (‘church of Ceitho’) had no fame in the annals of Welsh history until a certain Daniel Rowland became curate there in the 1730s. Thereafter it was to become the centre of a series of evangelical revivals which transformed large areas of the Principality and brought Calvinistic Methodism to birth. At an open-air communion service in Rowland’s remote parish in 1742, George Whitefield believed that he saw ‘perhaps ten thousand from different parts’. When the authorities of the Church of England, in an attempt to suppress Calvinistic Methodism, ejected Rowland from the parish church in 1763 a ‘new church’ (*Yr Eglwys Newydd*) was built for him in Capel Gwynfil and the village, considering itself honoured by such

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a change, was equally pleased to adopt the name of the old parish itself!

For the most part, by 1906, religion existed in Llangeitho in tradition only, and though the population continued to clean the road in front of their homes and to scrub the front-door step every Saturday night in preparation for Sunday, when all went to the chapel, it was hard indeed to imagine how Calvinistic Methodism had ever given such alarm to the bishops. In some parts of Wales the denomination had been touched afresh by a breath of true revival as recently as 1904-05, but in Llangeitho chapel all was as motionless as the statue of Daniel Rowland which the Lloyd-Jones boys passed each morning on their way to school. Martyn's memories of that state of lifelessness were to remain vivid in later years:

Our minister was a moral, legalistic man — an old schoolmaster. I do not remember that he ever preached the gospel, and none of us had any idea of the gospel. He and the head deacon, John Rowlands, looked upon themselves as scholars. Neither had any sympathy for the Revival of 1904-05, and both of them were not only opposed to any spiritual stress or emphasis, but were equally opposed to every popular innovation. Those who came home for their holidays from Glamorganshire, who spoke of their having been 'saved', were regarded as hot-heads and madmen from the South. We did not have annual preaching meetings in our chapel, and the eminent preachers of the day were never invited. We would not have heard Dr John Williams and T. C. Williams of Menai Bridge [two leading Calvinistic Methodists of the time] if it were not for the Association Meeting which was held at Llangeitho in June 1913. The only reason for its coming was that the Association itself had asked to come to Llangeitho to celebrate the bicentenary of the birth of Daniel Rowland. Although there is a statue of Daniel Rowland in the village, his influence had long since disappeared from the place, and 'Ichabod' had been written across everything. While large congregations still met to worship on Sundays, morning and evening, it was the strong sense of tradition which accounted for it. Llangeitho had lost the fire and the rejoicing of the Methodist Revival to the same extent as Westminster Abbey had lost the life and vitality of the Early Church — 'The glory had departed from Israel'.

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It was certainly not the Calvinistic Methodist chapel which drew Henry Lloyd-Jones to Llangeitho. Hitherto his attachment had been with the Congregationalists: he now joined the Calvinistic Methodists because there was no real alternative and it was to suffer rather than to sympathise with what Rowland's old congregation had become. Among the Congregationalists in Rhyd Lewis he had learned to think that such dullness arose from the dead hand of outworn creeds, and he was a warm advocate of the so-called 'New Theology' of R. J. Campbell (Congregational minister of the City Temple in London) which raised a storm among the orthodox in Wales in 1907. Henry Lloyd-Jones had encountered nothing which led him to question whether the 'new' was better than the old. Rather, like so many others, he had been misled into identifying the lifeless traditionalism of Calvinistic Methodism with the real Christianity which it had once represented, and in his reaction to that kind of formal religion he had come to imagine that Christianity's best work lay in achieving social change through education and political action. He was as committed as was his favourite religious weekly, the *Christian Commonwealth*, to an alliance between Liberal politics and religious Nonconformity. At Westminster, Lloyd George gloried in the claim that one had to go back to Cromwell's day to find a Parliament composed of so many Nonconformists. But Lloyd George knew no more than did Henry Lloyd-Jones about what Nonconformity had once been.

At this point 'Maggie' Lloyd-Jones — as everyone called Henry's wife — was in no position to help her husband. Her step-mother had given her an attachment to the Church of England, but there had been little religion of any kind in her parents' home. In fact, David Evans, Martyn's maternal grandfather, was a thorough pagan who made no secret of his indifference to both church and chapel. In many respects David Evans was a remarkable man, not least in his powers of memory: in any market-day debate among his fellow farmers none was his equal in recalling with effortless accuracy the details of sales of cattle and horses which others had long since forgotten. With rising prosperity, he had moved from his farm near Aberystwyth to a rather grander establishment, Llwyncadfor, near the border of south Cardiganshire. In his grandson's first memories of the place, Llwyncadfor, with its big house standing at the junction of three roads, and called after the name of an ancient Welsh

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prince (*Cadifor*), was virtually a village: four uncles helped to direct the many grooms and farm-hands, while the house itself bustled with aunts, servants and maids.

But to return to Llangeitho, an initial problem for the Lloyd-Jones boys on their arrival was the language. Although their parents spoke nothing but Welsh to each other, they had used English only in bringing up the children. The explanation for this lay in their mother's own experience. Magdalene was still a child when her mother died and fourteen when her father, David Evans, married again. His second wife was English and so, thereafter, English was the language which the children of the home always heard from their step-mother. When Maggie later had her own children she simply carried on what she had known at Llwyn cadfor. Martyn felt his lack of Welsh keenly and determined to remedy it:

I well remember, about a year after we moved to Llangeitho, as I was playing with a number of children outside the school, that I begged them not to speak English to me any more, 'Speak Welsh to me — I'm a Welshman now!'

Some two years later the point was well proved when Martyn spoke for the first time in public. One of the old Calvinistic Methodist practices which survived in Llangeitho down to the time of the First World War, was the exercise of catechising on the Sunday School lesson in the chapel. At one such catechising in 1909, the minister, with reference to the resurrection of Lazarus, asked, 'Why did Jesus say, "*Lazarus*, come forth"?' Silence followed until there burst out a reply in Welsh from the second Lloyd-Jones boy which was to be repeated around Cardiganshire. 'In case', Martyn declared, 'they all came forth!'

Under Henry Lloyd-Jones, the General Store at Llangeitho soon developed a retail business with surrounding farms and there was nothing which Martyn enjoyed more in his childhood than to accompany his father on such journeys in the trap, pulled by one of the two horses which they owned. Henry Lloyd-Jones was a cheerful man. As a youth he had competed for the bass solo prize at singing festivals and singing was still one of his favourite recreations. His neighbours knew him as a busy, inventive and honest figure. Many years later Martyn was to speak of his father as 'the best natural man I've ever

known and the kindest character I've ever met'. His first memories of his mother were of her charm, her activity and her friendliness. In character she was 'very impulsive, generous, and open-hearted'. She delighted in entertaining visitors, whether invited or uninvited. On some points her judgment was fixed; she remained a churchwoman and a Tory; on others she relied on her not inconsiderable intuition. 'I would say that my mother was highly intelligent but not intellectual, she did not read; she was a very quick thinker and could take up a point at once. She was more intelligent than my father.'

Henry Lloyd-Jones showed great wisdom in bringing up the boys. Martyn's greatest desire in life was to be a man, to be grown-up, and, as one sign of manhood was to smoke, he longed for the day when he could join the older lads in this so manly custom.

One day, his father and mother were to be away for the day, and to Martyn's pride and great delight his father entrusted him with all the keys of the house and business — after all he was the practical one, Harold was always reading, and Vincent was too young. So the honour fell to him and the keys were safe in his pocket. But this temporary freedom from the presence of authority gave him an idea. He would buy a packet of cigarettes! Away he went to the appropriate shop and bought a packet of Woodbines. They were not his first smoke but they were the first packet he ever had of his own and he was full of pride and joy. With the responsibility of the keys and the packet of cigarettes, he had arrived!

The boys were asleep when their parents returned, but their father needed the keys and went to get them from Martyn's pocket where he found the packet of cigarettes with them! Whatever else Martyn might forget, he would never forget his father's arrival in his bedroom the next morning. It was the weight of his words rather than his hand which hurt him. He had, his father said, felt he could trust him. He had thought that he was old enough to take responsibility, that he could be relied upon, and he went on to speak of his own deep hurt and disappointment in such a manner that Martyn could bear no more and wept. 'Now get up and get dressed,' said his father. 'We are going down to the shop.' Down to the cigarette shop they went, where Henry Lloyd-Jones announced his displeasure that the shop-keeper had sold the cigarettes to a young boy, and Martyn handed the packet back!



1. Martyn as an infant.

2. Martyn, aged six, on a pony.



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There was another indelible memory of those early days in Llangeitho. Christmas was coming with all its delights and surprises. The carol-singers were out every night, but the Lloyd-Jones boys were not encouraged in that money-raising activity. One night, however, Martyn could resist the temptation no longer and he attached himself to a group of children on their rounds — singing at one door after the other and collecting and sharing the odd pennies which they received right through the village. He never forgot — not to old age — his feelings, when at the end of the round, he learnt that these poor children were collecting money for their mother's funeral. The wound to his conscience was deep and lasting and meant many sleepless hours until the shock faded somewhat, though never the memory.

Here, in his own words, are more of Martyn's own memories of his Llangeitho childhood:¹

Our family life was extremely happy. The clearest recollection I have is that of always having a houseful of people. The main reason for this — apart from the fact that my father and mother were very pleased to welcome friends and others to the house for a meal and a chat — was that our house was also a business establishment. Like other shops in the country areas we used to sell all sorts of goods and my father was also a pioneer in selling machines such as ploughs, separators, haymaking machines and binders for the hay. And quite soon he also began a sort of creamery — a dairy. We had two manservants who toured the surrounding countryside to collect unsalted butter. Then it was all mixed together, salt was added, and finally the butter was placed in boxes and sent to various shops and co-operatives in Glamorganshire. The butter was sold as 'Vale of Aeron Blend'.

I say this to explain why there were always so many people in our house. We dealt not only with the farmers of the Llangeitho district but also with those of Tregaron, Llanddewi Brefi, Penuwch, Bwlchyllan, Abermeurig, Llwynygroes, and even further. Travelers selling various goods would also call regularly and everyone who came had to have tea or supper. There is no need to say that

¹ From the 'Reminiscences of his early life', given on Radio 4 (Wales) April 21, 1971, and published in Welsh in *Y Llwybrau Gynt*, ed. Alun Oldfield-Davies, vol. 2, Llandysul, 1972. To the same source belong other quotations in this chapter.

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such a life was exceptionally interesting for children. We took great interest in the different characters and their peculiarities. I remember how we looked forward to some of them coming because of their remarkable sayings. For example, whatever was said, one of these characters would always reply, *'Be chi'n siarad'* ('You don't say'). Another one, *'Cerwch ona'* ('Get away with you'). And yet another, *'Fo'lon marw nawr'* ('I'm willing to die now') as a protestation of the truth of what he was saying.

A subject which was often discussed at home was 'politics'. My father was a staunch Liberal and in those days he was an avid admirer of Lloyd George, although he turned against him from 1915 onwards. It wasn't often that a Tory would call in, but my mother supported that dogma. When she had some measure of support from a visitor there would be a heated argument. Today it is difficult to realise the faith that our fathers had in politicians. I remember one afternoon immediately after the 1909 Budget when I was in the trap with my father and one of our neighbours. This man had been brought up in central Cardiganshire and was therefore a Unitarian. I still remember the shock that I had when I heard him tell my father that he was certain that Lloyd George would do more good than Jesus Christ, because he had a better chance. I pity them! I have a vivid memory of the two elections in 1910. In one of them — if not both — the man who later became Sir George Fossett Roberts stood for election for the Tories against Mr Vaughan Davies [Lord Ystwyth], our MP. Mr Roberts was a brewer from Aberystwyth. I remember nothing of the speeches but I remember well that Mr Fossett Roberts was not allowed to speak at all when he came to address the meeting held one evening in the day school. The moment he opened his lips some of the Liberal boys started to sing — and many joined in with them.

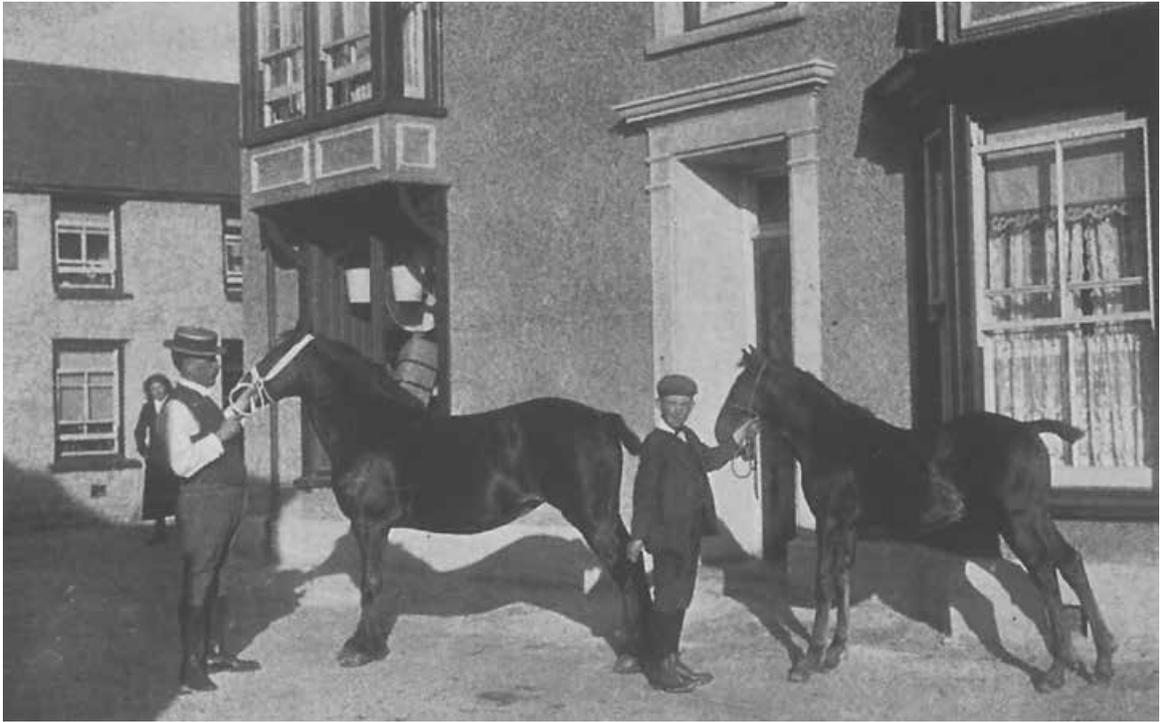
Vaughan Davies is the man,
Vaughan Davies is the man,
Farewell to the man of the barrel,
Vaughan Davies is the man.

Mr Roberts persevered in his attempt to speak for some twenty minutes and then gave up. I am afraid that I was one of those that followed him, still singing the rhyme until he left the village in his car.

Llangeitho, like many other villages, was rich in characters. Time will only allow me to mention three of them. One of the most original was a shoemaker — or Ianto Crydd ('the boot') as he was known by some. His workshop was always full and that was for several reasons. One reason was that he talked so much that he tended to neglect his work, and the only way to make sure of retrieving one's shoes was to stay in the workshop until he finished the work!

He was a kind creature and dear to many. Here is one sample of his ability. One day a farmer went to the shoemaker in great distress. His eldest daughter had failed an examination at the Tregaron Intermediate School and the poor girl was nearly heart-broken. This wasn't the first time for her to fail, and every time she failed in the same subject, namely, algebra. He, the father, did not understand, and he came to the shoemaker and asked, 'What is this algebra that this lass always fails in? What is it?' Immediately the shoemaker began to explain and said, 'Oh! algebra! Think now of a train leaving Aberystwyth with thirty passengers on it. It comes to Llanrhystyd Road and two get out and one steps in. On arriving at Llanilar, three get out and no one enters. Tregaron, five get off and six enter. Then from station to station until they arrive at Bronwydd Arms where twelve enter. At last the train reaches Carmarthen. Now this is the problem, this is the question — What was the guard's name?' 'Dear me,' said the farmer, 'no wonder the poor lass fails.' And he went home to sympathise with his daughter. The shoemaker was very discerning and he knew his customers inside out.

I must speak of another place which plays a big part in my childhood memories, until I reached my thirteenth birthday — and that is Llwyncadfor. This was the name of my grandfather's home on my mother's side. That is where I would spend all my holidays apart from Christmas time, and nothing gave me greater pleasure than this. Llwyncadfor is a fairly large farm not far from Newcastle Emlyn, but in those days it was not only a farm; Llwyncadfor was a stud farm, i.e. a farm for breeding horses. My grandfather was an expert in this matter, and after starting with the Welsh cob, he began to keep both heavy, or shire, horses and the light, or hackney, horses. It was he who was responsible for bringing these two latter breeds into Cardiganshire. There were a number of horses of different breeds at Llwyncadfor, and individual stables called boxes



3. *Henry Lloyd-Jones with Martyn outside the shop at Langeitho.*

4. *Llwyn cadfor.*



had been built for them here and there along the farmyard and also in the fields near the house. He had bred many horses which were shown in the different shows, some in harness and others under saddle or in hand. By my time there were three or four uncles and four or five aunts too, as well as five or six grooms to care for the horses, not to mention the farm hands who worked on the land. Llwyncadfor indeed looked more like a small village than a farm. I can see the servants sitting round the table in the living room — a whole tableful of them, with the family eating in another dining room and my grandfather eating by himself in the best living room. My inclination and ambition in those days was to become a groom and I spent my time carrying buckets of water and horsemeal. Sometimes I would have the extraordinary pleasure of sitting in the four-wheeler with my uncle Tom as he was training one of the best horses for the big show — the Welsh National or the United Counties in Carmarthen, or the Bath and West of England. I remember often leading some of the quietest horses to Henllan station and putting them in a horsebox to go by rail to one of the larger shows. Llwyncadfor farm staff would hire a train for themselves — because they had so many horses in the competition. And almost without exception they would take the chief prizes in all classes and many other prizes as well.

At night after supper most of the Llwyncadfor family used to sit in the living room around the open-hearth fire, with the chimney open to the sky. This is when they would tell stories and recount happenings, and often they would sing and entertain themselves in various ways. Then, again, there would always be a number of strangers in the company, because the stallions would travel each year throughout the counties of South Wales, apart from Brecknock and Radnor. The place would be ablaze with interest and to be part of it all was a great experience for a little boy. I remember my breast swelling with pride in shows, say at Aberystwyth or Carmarthen or Newcastle Emlyn, when I saw Llwyncadfor horses win cups and medals, and rosettes being placed on their necks.

Martyn's childhood in Llangeitho was comparatively uneventful until a night in January 1910 which was to influence the life of the whole family. Early in that month Henry Lloyd-Jones had sent out bills to a number of farmers who came to pay them — in old sovereigns and half-sovereigns — on the evening of Wednesday, January

'A Welshman Now!'

19. The business was done in the clothing section of the shop where the men stood, talking and smoking. Mrs Lloyd-Jones and the eldest boy, Harold, happened to be away from home. About 1 A.M., the next morning, long after everyone had retired for the night, Martyn and Vincent, who shared a room, were half-aroused from their sleep by the smell of fumes, but sensing no danger they merely pulled the blankets higher over their heads. It seems that tobacco ash which had fallen to the floor of the store below, amidst millinery goods, had smouldered and then ignited. Once the building itself caught alight, the wind blowing that winter's night fanned the fire almost immediately into a terrific blaze. Just in time, the cries of the family's maid and the milliner, and their banging fists, awakened the father — a heavy sleeper — who was able to reach the boys' bedroom. 'I was thrown', recalled Martyn, 'by my father from one of the upstairs windows into the arms of three men who were standing in their nightshirts in the road. Then they got hold of a ladder so that my father and brother could climb down.' They were scarcely out when the floor collapsed behind them and everything went up in flames.

Speaking of that early morning of January 20, 1910, ML-J was later to comment in the memories which he gave on radio:

Somehow things at Llangeitho were never the same after the fire. Although we built a new home and started living in it within the year [1910] things were different. Certainly as a building the new house was a great improvement on our former home, but there was something missing, and more than anything the feeling of home was lacking. I felt as if I were in a strange house and that living there was a temporary matter. I always prefer old houses, although I appreciate many of the modern amenities.

In fact the effects of the fire went deeper than those few remarks reveal. For one thing, on the material level it brought his father into great difficulties. When they had gone through the ruin the next morning, Martyn had discovered a cracked and discoloured mug (which in later years stood on the mantelpiece of his study), and his father the sovereigns — melted into a solid mass of gold — but otherwise the loss was virtually complete. Thereafter Henry Lloyd-Jones was rarely free of financial problems. These were carefully hidden from the boys until David Evans of Llwyn cadfor broke the

secret to Martyn in 1911. Well able to rule a farm, under the influence of drink the old man could not always rule himself and there were times when as he drove his gig back to Llwyn cadfor, after a convivial meeting, at the end of a market day perhaps, the safest thing to do was to hand the reins over to Martyn. On one such occasion David Evans told his grandson of his father's financial distress and though, when sober the next morning, he sought to whittle down what he had said, the damage was done in the boy's mind: 'It left a deep impression upon me. Before then I used to buy a pennyworth of sweets every week, now I reduced it to a half-penny. It was my contribution to the family problem.' For the next three years Martyn was not to share with anyone the burden which this news had laid upon him.

It may well have been the case that the fire of January 1910, and its consequences, also influenced Martyn's attitude to school. Probably Llangeitho school was typical of many a Welsh village school in days before rural depopulation emptied many parts of the countryside. With a headmaster and three lady teachers, education was carried up to grade six. For many it would be all the education they were likely to have and for a while it seemed possible that Martyn would fall into that group. Harold was quiet and studious, but Martyn seemed of a more practical and businesslike bent. Until the age of eleven he had no interest in books. Football and other pursuits possessed far more attraction.

About the year 1910 one of the lady teachers at Llangeitho retired, and her place was taken by a man, and it was this assistant schoolmaster who one day interrupted a game of football in the village square to express his serious concern at Martyn's inattention to his work. Unless he settled down, the teacher warned him, he would never get a scholarship to the County Intermediate School at Tregaron. Knowing his father's financial position, Martyn did not need telling that, if he failed to get a scholarship place in 1911, it might well mean an end to his further education. The warning was heeded and in the scholarship examination of 1911 Martyn Lloyd-Jones took second place, close behind the boy who stood first. This convinced him, for the first time, that he could do something with his mind and securing a place at Tregaron County School also opened the way to a new chapter in his life.