Inkling, Historian, Soldier, and Brother: A Life of Warren Hamilton Lewis by Don W. King

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HERE IS AN IMPORTANT AND VALUABLE BOOK on an unexpectedly neglected figure in C.S. Lewis and Inklings studies. Unexpectedly, because Warnie Lewis (as he was known to those close to him and is called in this book) figures significantly in all biographies of his brother, Jack (as C.S. Lewis was known and is called in this book). But only for his place in Jack’s life and not on his own. King may be overselling Warnie’s value slightly by suggesting that his biography is a “necessary” study in the social history of modern Britain (xi); but it is an invaluable chance to get to know a man who, in addition to his companionship with his brother and his membership in the Inklings, was a Royal Army supply officer for nearly 20 years and, late in life, found a new career as a successful popular historian of 17th and 18th century France. Both these roles are off to the side of the usual discussion of Warnie, but both get a full consideration here. The result is a previously unavailable full rounded view of his life.

That life (1895–1973) is divisible into distinct sections, and King takes advantage of that in his seven chapters. The first covers Warnie’s childhood and schooling; the second, his service in World War I (he had just turned 19 and was in an accelerated class at Sandhurst when the war broke out); the third, his post-war military career in supplies. After he retired in 1932 and returned to live with his brother at the Kilns in Oxford, Warnie’s life stretched forward without clear-cut changes in his circumstances, but King usefully divides this period into four chapters, each covering roughly a decade. The first two of these consist of topical sections addressing different occupations of his life at the time, while the last two concentrate on the books he wrote and published during this later period, mostly French history but also his brother’s Letters.

King likes to assemble clear-cut itemized lists of subjective and abstract aspects of Warnie’s character and behavior, most clearly shown in the epilogue which consists of a simple numbered list of 23 things Warnie and Jack had in
common, followed by 47 ways in which their personalities contrasted and seven sets of parallel literary characters they resembled (194–97). Elsewhere, King cloaks this tendency towards itemization in narrative prose, but it does give a certain mechanical quality to the writing and argumentation in the book. But King mitigates this with an awareness of the broader conclusions which his lists lead to, and he dots the book with psychological analyses of Warnie’s character and overviews of the overall themes of his life which seem to me to be astute and not strained to fit a thesis.

The principal source materials for this book are Warnie’s diaries, which he began in 1918 (King says he kept a diary “with more or less regularity” for the rest of his life with “tenacious, dogged commitment” [60], but there are actually slack periods and large outright gaps), both the selections published by Clyde S. Kilby and Marjorie Lamp Mead as *Brothers and Friends* and the vast unpublished extent kept at the Marion E. Wade Center, much of which I have also read; and the *Lewis Papers*, an 11-volume typescript of personal and family papers up to 1930, embedded in commentary by Warnie, the preparation of which was a principal occupation of his in the early 1930s and is the topic of one of the sections in chapter 4 (89–95). This collection has been quoted from extensively in books about C.S. Lewis, but has never otherwise been published. King refers to it being printed and published (84, 89), but that apparently only means that it was typed and the title pages carry a fictitious imprint statement.

King emphasizes the importance of the *Lewis Papers* to previous biographical studies (92), but he neglects to mention that its unique indispensability arises from the fact that the original documents have largely vanished. According to Walter Hooper, C.S. Lewis’s literary executor, Warnie wrote him in 1967 that the originals had been burnt by Jack in 1936 (Hooper, Introduction to *Letters* 10), though that cannot have been all of them, as the material in the *Lewis Papers* includes Warnie’s diary that has survived, as did one volume of Jack’s 1922–27 diary (Hooper, Introduction to *All My Road* 10). King does not discuss any of this. He only briefly alludes to Warnie’s habit of editing the texts that he typed, both here (90) and in his brother’s *Letters* (183), the latter of which caused Walter Hooper much concern when he came to re-edit the *Letters* (Hooper, Introduction to *Letters* 11–12).

In the soldiering chapters, King offers a few extensive quotations from Warnie’s diary; later on, he discusses a previously undescribed document titled “Mens Humana” in great detail (see below). Otherwise, there is little quotation, but a fair amount of summation, much of it geared to demonstrating Warnie’s qualities as a writer, but some of a rote and dutiful nature. The breadth of Warnie’s interests is demonstrated by a few lists of topics discussed (e.g. 50). These are of a great variety. For a sampling of Warnie’s diary writing in the later period, the reader needs to turn to *Brothers and Friends*, though not all of the
topics mentioned here appear in that selection. The truly curious might have to visit the original diaries at the Wade Center, and, as I have found, it may be worth the trouble.

There is a danger in relying too heavily on the subject’s own words in a biographical work, a danger of passing on, unedited and unconsidered, the subject’s own potentially self-aggrandizing self-portrait. King does not directly address this problem, though he is aware of it and even contends that self-absorption is useful for revealing character (xiv), but he is conscientious about contrasting Warnie’s views with the recorded ones of other people, and he is fairly canny about finding unintentional gaps and inconsistencies in Warnie’s view of himself, particularly as regards his alcoholism.

This is a continuing theme throughout most of the book that occupies more space as it goes along. Here Warnie’s diary is itself the evidence against him. Though Warnie usually thinks he has his drinking under control, and brushes off his binges, his own descriptions give him away (e.g. 134). King says that Warnie first showed signs of excessive drinking during his wartime army service (51), and it only grew during his retirement. Although King writes that “Warnie was gripped by alcohol and ineffectual in managing his addiction” (140), taking the responsibility for the addiction off the victim and blaming him only for poor control of it, for the most part King presents the alcoholism as if it were Warnie’s moral failing rather than a disease. King does make clear, however, that the disabling binges were intermittent: Warnie could get “on the wagon,” the problem was that he could not stay there (140). But his sobriety was extensive enough that he was able to write all his history books without much difficulty from that quarter (171). This portrait differs from the impression given in some previous accounts that Warnie had become a helpless sot (Hooper, Introduction to Letters 13–14).

The question of how Warnie got his writing done while being such an alcoholic is one of several queries and mysteries about his life which King addresses in varying ways. Most significant of these is Warnie’s relationship with the person referred to in most books about C.S. Lewis as Mrs. Moore. King calls her just “Moore,” which sounds blunt and awkward in a context in which, for clarity, most other persons are being referred to by first names: Warnie, Jack, Albert, Maureen, and (later) Joy. In the memoir attached to his edition of the Letters of C.S. Lewis (42), and in his diaries, Warnie writes with strong criticism of the mental character of this housemate, the sometime companion and sometime “adopted mother” of his brother Jack. King depicts Warnie’s opinion of Mrs. Moore as strongly negative from the start, despite a few early diary entries suggesting that he is enjoying life at the Kilns. These have led other writers to presume that Warnie’s attitude did not begin as it was to go on; King disagrees.
Among Warnie’s gripes with Mrs. Moore was her tendency towards what King describes as “dogmatic, selfish, and condescending statements and dialogues” (124), so similar to those of Warnie’s father, Albert. Readers of C.S. Lewis biographies will be familiar with the contents of a notebook that Warnie and Jack compiled, titled “Pudaita Pie,” collecting their father’s “wheezes” and dicta. It emerges here that Warnie did the same thing for the residents of the Kilns, titling it “Mens Humana or Kilns Table Talk.” This document interests King so much that he abandons his usual summary overview treatment of Warnie’s writings to devote nearly five pages (124–29) to a detailed description. Nor are all the “wheezes” and ignorant statements Mrs. Moore’s. One is even from Jack: “Jack, upon hearing a discussion of Mozart’s clarinet quartet [sic, should be quintet], asked innocently but absurdly if it was a work for five clarinets” (125). Absurd it may be, though there are in fact works for clarinet ensemble, but as a professional classical music reviewer I can confirm that terminological misapprehensions of this kind are not unknown among readers who are unfamiliar with the repertoire.

The problem with Warnie’s descriptions of Mrs. Moore’s company as well-nigh intolerable is that other people did not find her so, beyond what differences in taste could explain. King quotes George Sayer and Owen Barfield testifying that they found her hospitable and friendly (132–33). (On the other hand, King is quite deft at finding references in Jack’s letters indicating that he also found Mrs. Moore difficult, e.g. 129–30). King offers a few suggestions to explain the differences: that Warnie lived in close proximity to her while Sayer and Barfield did not, and that he knew her mostly in her later years, after at-home visits by Jack’s friends had become rarer. King also finds running through Warnie’s reactions a jealousy of Mrs. Moore’s claims on Jack’s attention.

This matter leads to the question of Warnie’s depiction of his own personality. King steps back from the narrative occasionally to offer larger overviews of Warnie’s character. For instance, in the childhood chapter there’s emphasis on his physical adeptness and practicality (1–2)—a contrast with the clumsy Jack—though nothing is made of this in his subsequent life, which emphasizes his emotional immaturity (e.g. 68). One frequent observation is of Warnie’s grumpiness and retiring, anti-social personality, a feature which increased with age. I also have noticed this when reading the original diary: Warnie does not seem to like people very much, and with some exceptions prefers not to engage in group social activity.

The trouble here is reconciling this with others’ observations of Warnie, some of which King quotes. John Wain, who knew Warnie at Inklings meetings in the late 1940s, calls him “a man who stays in my memory as the most courteous I have ever met—not with mere politeness, but with genial, self-forgetful considerateness that was as instinctive to him as breathing” (qtd. at
Walter Hooper, who knew Warnie only in his last, difficult decade, nevertheless says that “he was at all times the most courteous man I have ever known” (qtd. at 186).

These tributes do not sound like Warnie was faking it, putting on a mask. I was forced to the conclusion that Warnie used his diary as a place to blow off steam, to lodge complaints that he could then put aside, that as a storehouse of grumbles it did not reflect his considered views. And indeed, in year-end surveys of his diary (not discussed by King), Warnie sometimes notes how unrepresentative the entries are of the year as he experienced it. Yet King implies, without outright arguing it, that the courteous Warnie was not the real man. And, in his canny way of providing these, King has hidden in a footnote a letter of Jack’s backing this view up: “There’s always the chance W. might resent your presence (if he did, you wd. never know. He is the politest of men)” (qtd. 244n39).

One other mystery relates to schooldays. Both Warnie and Jack were desperately unhappy at Wynyard School. But when they transferred to Malvern College, Warnie thrived and Jack did not. The reasons for this difference are not addressed by most biographies of Jack, where Warnie is only a secondary figure. Here King provides an answer in terms of profound personality differences, drawing on writings by both brothers (23–24). The reader familiar with Warnie’s role in studies of Jack’s life gets a regular dark pleasure from this book of seeing Jack treated as the secondary and peripheral character instead for a change.

King’s book is particularly valuable for discussing those portions and aspects of Warnie’s life which do not directly involve Jack, and which accordingly are outside the topics of Jack’s biographies. Warnie’s individual school experiences are one of these; so are his Army years, both in war and in peace. King covers Warnie’s postings, his duties, his gradually disillusioned attitude towards his work, his lack of concern about the imperialistic role of the army, how his time in France sparked his interest in French history, and what little can be deduced of his spiritual awakening—simultaneous with his brother’s—that occurred during his service. In both the school and war chapters, King backs up Warnie’s experiences by quoting relevant passages from other authors; for instance, a paragraph from a Hemingway war story (44–45). King is also illuminating on Warnie’s brief recall to service at the start of World War II. He notes that many writers read Warnie’s early release from service as being the result of his alcoholism. But he says, “Their judgments […] are possible. But they are not verifiable” (121). This caution is admirable, and would have been equally appropriate for discussion of the Inklings.

During the 1950s and early 1960s, the amount of material in Warnie’s diary drops off, as he pours most of his writing energy into his books of French history. King accordingly occupies this portion of his biography largely with...
these books, pushing the contemporary events of Warnie’s life slightly to the side. Little had previously been written on these books in Inklings studies beyond acknowledging that they existed, and nobody had previously attempted what King provides here, detailed description and evaluation of each volume: six of them altogether, plus an edition of the memoirs of the duc de Saint-Simon, to which may be added the *Letters of C.S. Lewis*. Besides summarizing the contents and giving hints as to Warnie’s literary approach, King has ferreted out reviews of the original publications—mostly quite favorable—and such few comments as Warnie has left in his diaries and letters as to what he and his intimates thought about his work. The reader of this book will have to go through all the descriptions to realize that, while the first and best-known book, *The Splendid Century*, is a collection of essays on the social history of the period, the other five are essentially biographies of major personalities. King astutely notes, however, that these biographies also function as social history (e.g. 158–59).

Warnie’s final years, after Jack’s death in 1963, are not here painted as the bleak emotional wasteland that Warnie had feared they would be if his brother should predecease him (138, 172). King again writes interestingly of a part of Warnie’s life necessarily outside the view of Jack’s biographies: the frustration of having his edition of Jack’s letters, written in the documents-embedded-in-commentary method of the *Lewis Papers*, taken apart and revamped at the publisher’s behest; his extensive reading, culminating in a trek through all of Shakespeare, whom he concluded was not an author for him (190); the complexities of his relationships with Walter Hooper and Jack’s stepsons the Gresham brothers; the pleasures of his friendships with the American scholar Clyde Kilby and (by post) the Australian missionary Blanche Biggs.

There are few typographical problems in this book. One such error has already been noted. A particularly glaring one occurs in the World War I chapter, where the name of British wartime leader David Lloyd George is inexplicably rendered as the garbled “Lord David George” (35). There are a few other odd usages and expressions, mostly in the early chapters, but nothing else this significant. A few loose ends in the story are left dangling, also, as for instance when and why Warnie sold his canal boat, an odd omission as it is addressed in the commentary to his published diaries (*Brothers* 197).

Minor errors of those kinds aside, I find the conclusions that King reaches from his study of the documents to be credible, especially considering my reading of the unpublished portions of Warnie’s diaries; and the factual statements are, to the best of my knowledge, accurate: with the exception of one area of research, the history of the Inklings. Here, as King himself says of other writers studying the role of Warnie’s alcoholism on his 1940 discharge from the
army, his statements may be possible, but they are not verifiable. More often
they are in all probability mistaken.

The problems are ones shared by many, even most, latter-day writers
on the Inklings: failures to recognize just how amorphous a group the Inklings
were, and how little we actually know about them. This is first illustrated by the
statement, “It is possible that the first Inklings meeting Warnie attended
occurred on March 26, 1934” (111). At least here King downgrades it to
“possible.” The chronology at the start of the book describes it flatly as, “First
documented meeting of the Inklings” (xxi). But was it an Inklings meeting at all,
or is that even a meaningful question? Warnie’s diary, the sole source, does not
use the word Inklings, though records of other meetings often do not either. The
Inklings were a casual group of friends, not a formal society. If the Inklings were,
as Warnie depicts them in his memoir of his brother (33–34), evening gatherings
whose individual invitees might or might not show, where attendees read aloud
manuscripts of their own work, then a meeting “by appointment” (Brothers 145),
starting in the afternoon, of merely three people to read a Wagner libretto would
seem not to qualify. But perhaps the nature of meetings changed, and Warnie’s
description is of later years. We do not know. Certainly the three people
present—Jack, Warnie, and J.R.R. Tolkien—were all active Inklings, but that
does not make their gathering an Inklings meeting, for, especially in the early
years, the Inklings “existed in a context of incessant social activity among these
young men” (Bratman 134). King writes, “We know [Warnie] was routinely
attending the meetings from 1934 through late August 1939” (141), but we know
no such thing. The diary which he kept up to February 1936 shows no explicit
trace of the Inklings, though it has numerous references to meeting Tolkien,
Hugo Dyson (often over from Reading), or Owen Barfield (who would
occasionally visit from London) dropping in at Jack’s rooms at Magdalen
College or otherwise socializing during the day. The closest thing to an Inklings
meeting in this part of Warnie’s diary, more so than the Wagner reading, is an
evening of talk he and Jack spent with Tolkien in Jack’s rooms on Jan. 25, 1933
(Brothers 96 and unpublished). Possibly these evenings were seeds of the
Inklings to be; so could have been the occasions Tolkien and Dyson invited the
brothers to dinner at the hosts’ alma mater, Exeter College (one of them
mentioned by King, 111); so could Tolkien’s Norse saga reading club, the
Coalbiters, of which Jack was a member; so could the Caves, dinners of English
dons who favored reform of the curriculum; so could Jack’s and Tolkien’s
“regular custom” of “drink[ing] a glass” together on Monday mornings (C.S.
Lewis, Collected Letters 16). There is no evidence to tell how these were related
to the Inklings, though scholars have often fastened on one or another as a
definitive point of origin. Quite possibly the Inklings just evolved, with no
specific point when meetings became the Inklings and ceased being something else. We cannot be sure of that either.

The pitfalls of Inklings research are shown by a footnote of King’s (228) summoning up a passel of scholars agreeing, with varying degrees of certainty, that the Inklings began in fall 1933. The implication is that, if they all agree, they must be right. This must be why King omits the January 1933 meeting. In fact, all these date references are based either on each other or on overinterpretation of a recollection of Tolkien’s. It takes several monumental leaps of faith to get the date “fall 1933” out of this letter in which Tolkien recalled that the name Inklings came from an undergraduate club, of which he and Jack were also members, which like most such clubs died off. “Its name was then transferred (by C.S.L.) to the undetermined and unelected circle of friends who gathered about C.S.L., and met in his rooms at Magdalen” (Tolkien 388). First one must assume that Tolkien’s vague recollections 34 years later are entirely and precisely accurate, an assumption unwarranted in many other cases; second, that the undergraduate club died at the time of its founder E. Tangye Lean’s graduation in spring 1933, and not earlier, or later (Tolkien does not say so, and indeed does not remember what year this happened); and third, that Jack promptly convened the Inklings at the beginning of the next academic term (Tolkien does not say that either, though he does say the group “would have come into being at that time” regardless, whatever “at that time” precisely means), and so one gets fall 1933. But that is unjustifiably precise. The Inklings certainly existed by early 1936, when Jack specifically invited Charles Williams to attend (Collected Letters 183), but, as Warnie’s three-man gatherings of 1933–34 are doubtful as Inklings meetings, more precisely than that we cannot and should not say.

Nor should King present as a fact, as he also does in his footnote, that Lean founded his club in 1929. That was the year that Lean matriculated, but Tolkien does not say that Lean founded his club immediately upon arrival in Oxford. Or that he didn’t. Unless King has otherwise unknown source material he does not cite, we just don’t know. But his leap-in-the-dark statements, here and elsewhere, will probably be cited by future scholars as definitive.

On page 142, King presents a chart of “Documented and possible meetings of the Inklings,” a monumental assemblage of assumptions and oversimplifications. The numbers here are derived from a chronology that King published in the Journal of Inklings Studies in 2020. The only value of the chart is that, as the possible meetings outnumber the documented ones by over 11 to 1, it shows how little we know of Inklings meetings. Much of the documentation comes from Warnie’s diaries, published or unpublished; most of the rest is from Jack’s letters to Warnie and Tolkien’s letters to his son Christopher when the recipients were away on military duty. When none of these were active, we have
gaps in the record, e.g. from mid-1940 to early 1944, filled only by brief comments in Williams’s letters to his wife, most of which are not in King’s chronology.

King’s “possible meetings” are pure hypotheses of regular meetings on Thursdays and Tuesdays, ignoring most possible weeks off and our knowledge that evening meetings were not always on Thursdays (e.g. “We meet on Friday evenings in my rooms,” C.S. Lewis, Collected Letters 501), and that there are no references to the Eagle and Child pub, the purported Tuesday venue, in Jack’s 1939–40 letters. In 1944–45 the Inklings could be searching for whichever pub was not out of beer, drinking at the White Horse or the King’s Arms as often as at the Eagle and Child (e.g. Tolkien 92). Assumptions that the Inklings met invariably on Tuesdays in the Eagle and Child and Thursdays in Jack’s rooms (e.g. 111, 141), based on recollections of Jack’s and Warnie’s (Preface viii–ix; “Memoir” 33–34), are therefore vastly oversimplified, and King’s number of possible meetings is probably an overestimate.

As for his 93 documented meetings, they are an undifferentiated mixture, only about half of which seem to be evening Inklings as usually described. Over a quarter are pub sessions, different enough that they should be classed separately and which, as they included people not even aware of the evening meetings, might not qualify as Inklings at all. There are also several postwar ham suppers and other dinners, and several daytime meetings, usually of Jack, Tolkien, and Williams, as described by Jack in his introductory note to Arthurian Torso (186). These are not usually considered Inklings meetings either, but they are important for context. Besides missing a few evening meetings, King omits numerous other contextualizing social occasions of various kinds, including other daytime visits that were not regular pub meetings, and occasions when Inklings would dine together without a meeting to follow. What he includes and excludes as Inklings meetings is necessarily sometimes arbitrary. Indeed, it is not always clear what was an Inklings meeting even in what may seem more obvious cases. E.R. Eddison’s first visit in 1943 was a dinner-party for five followed by an evening’s talk among the diners (C.S. Lewis, Collected Letters 553–54; Carpenter 190). It is often called an Inklings meeting, and is included by King, but was it open to the larger group?

King’s list of “the most frequent attendees” (142–43) is even more perilous, as even for the meetings we know about, the sources often list only some of the attendees. King criticizes Philip and Carol Zaleski for listing Nevill Coghill as a regular attendee, as he is not on any of the known attendance lists, but the Zaleskis are just following the account of regular attendees in Green and Hooper’s biography of Jack, and it is clear from the context of the Zaleskis’ statement that they are referring to the early years of the group, when Coghill was more likely to be present and for which data on individual meetings is
lacking (King 143; Zaleski 199; Green and Hooper 155–56). Jack calls Coghill a regular member in 1939, but notes in 1940 that he is attending more rarely (Collected Letters 288, 365), though he did attend pub meetings in later years (Green and Hooper 158).

The entire Inklings sections are full of assumptions and misapprehensions of this kind. King says “we know the Inklings were meeting regularly between 1933 and 1939” (112), but, again, we know no such thing. Records of meetings for this period are lacking, and when Jack invites Charles Williams to meetings at this time, they seem to be not regular weekly gatherings but special events planned long in advance (Collected Letters 187, 219). (King is wiser in his chart, where he says meetings from 1933 to 1938 were “irregular”; 142.) King repeats Robert Havard’s story of a canal trip in Warnie’s boat with Jack on August 26 to September 1, 1939 (112), without noticing that Havard must have the dates wrong, because Jack was lecturing in Stratford on August 31 (Collected Letters 259, 270–71). King states that “Diana Glyer argues that nineteen men comprised the group” (141), but Glyer posits no such argument. Instead, she calls this “the standard list” (Glyer 11), disclaiming it from having any authority from her. The source of that list is the biographical appendix to Humphrey Carpenter’s The Inklings (255–59). It consists of those whom Carpenter deduced are recorded in surviving evidence as having been present at evening meetings in a regular, not guest, capacity (Carpenter 255; Glyer 230). It is not a roster of members: there was no roster.

It is unfortunate that there should be so much unwarranted material in the Inklings sections, because overall this seems to me a good and desperately needed book by a conscientious and perceptive scholar.

—David Bratman


Reviews


Fr. Francis Morgan is an elusive figure in Tolkien studies. As the guardian of J.R.R. Tolkien and his brother Hilary after their mother’s death, he found lodgings for the boys, shepherded Tolkien’s (Ronald’s) education, and most famously forbade Tolkien’s courtship of Edith. Though there has been much speculation about his character and the impact on Tolkien of having been raised for many years by a Catholic priest, little of substance has been known about Fr. Francis—that he was Spanish, that he was a priest of the Birmingham Oratory. Humphrey Carpenter’s description, which calls into question both the intelligence and the prudent judgment of Tolkien’s guardian, is the most pervasive influence, even on other Tolkien biographers. Carpenter may or may not indicate his own feelings about Catholicism, and priests, or simply his own assumptions about the situation, when he states that Fr. Francis was not the most intelligent of men, and, with his spin on Tolkien’s reminiscences, cites almost as proof of this lack of intelligence the act of separating the lovers as a probable cause for the love affair’s endurance. Carpenter would later remark on Tolkien’s “very strange childhood,” being “brought up by a Roman Catholic priest—an unlikely parent-figure,” and consequent acquisition of “certain uptight Pauline moral values” (Carpenter 270).

It is this negative characterization that José Manuel Ferrández Bru seeks to correct in “Uncle Curro”: J.R.R. Tolkien’s Spanish Connection. Characterizing Fr. Francis Morgan as one of the “minor players” in Tolkien’s biography, Ferrández Bru identifies Morgan’s “firm stance against a young love with poor prospects” as the “the trigger for a covert and unjust animosity” on the part of biographers, leading to a distorted view of the man who was “one of the leading guides for Tolkien” (Ferrández Bru xii). Ferrández Bru posits that by