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A COLLEGE MAN IN KHAKI







WAINWRIGHT MERRILL



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# A COLLEGE MAN IN KHAKI

*LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN IN THE BRITISH ARTILLERY*

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BY  
WAINWRIGHT MERRILL

DARTMOUTH, EX-'19; HARVARD, '19

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
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REGENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, 1905-10  
INSTRUCTOR AT DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, 1914-18

ILLUSTRATED



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FRATER, AVE ATQUE VALE



## PREFATORY NOTE

These letters tell their own story.

Wainwright Merrill was one of those young enthusiasts for the cause of the Allies who felt, long before the United States took her place in the War, that he at least must do his full share. In the spring of 1916 as a freshman at Dartmouth, his father's college, he was an active member of the volunteer training battalion; in the summer of 1916 he was at Plattsburg for two camps; in the autumn, having transferred to Harvard to enter the sophomore class, he was a member of the H.O.T.C. Then in November, when only eighteen, he left his home in Cambridge to volunteer, under the name of Arthur A. Stanley, as a gunner in the Canadian Field Artillery. He took this step because he was a minor, and knew he could not well get his father's consent. These letters give an account of his experiences while he was in training in England, and while he was actually at the front in Flanders.

His letters to me from May, 1917, until his death at Ypres form a series complete in themselves. I have added others to his father, his brother, and his friends, that show still further his engaging personality, his loyalty to

the cause he had made his, his intense love of England and all things English, and his interest in the details of his life of training and—later—of actual warfare.

He was the son of Samuel Merrill of Cambridge, Massachusetts. His mother died when Wainwright was ten years old. He was born May 26, 1898; he was killed, while at the front, on November 6, 1917.

C. M. S.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*August 26, 1918*

NOTE.—The text of the letters has been left virtually as it came from his pen or pencil.

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## ABBREVIATIONS

A.S.C.	Army Service Corps.
B.E.F.	British Expeditionary Force.
C.B.	Confined to Barracks.
C. of E.	Church of England.
C.F.A.	Canadian Field Artillery.
C.G.A.	Canadian Garrison Artillery.
D.C.M.'d	District Court Martialled.
D.S.O.	Distinguished Service Order.
F.A.	Field Artillery.
F.P. No. 2	Field Punishment No. 2.
Gnr.	Gunner.
G.O.C.	General Officer Commanding.
H.E.	High Explosive.
H.M.	His Majesty.
H.O.T.C.	Harvard Officers' Training Corps.
L.D.	Light Duty.
M.O.	Medical Officer.
M.P.	Member of Parliament.
N.C.O.	Non-Commissioned Officer.
O.C.	Officer Commanding.
O.T.C.	Officers' Training Corps.
P.H.	Protective Helmet
P.T.	Physical Training; "Physical Tor- ture."
R.A.	Royal Artillery.
R.A.M.C.	Royal Army Medical Corps.

R.E.	Royal Engineers.
R.F.A.	Royal Field Artillery.
R.F.C.	Royal Flying Corps.
R.G.A.	Royal Garrison Artillery.
R.H.A.	Royal Heavy Artillery.
R.K.	Rudyard Kipling.
R.N.	Royal Navy.
R.O.T.C.	Reserve Officers' Training Corps.
R.S.A.	Royal Siege Artillery.
S.M.	Sergeant-Major.
T.M.B.	Trench Mortar Battery.
U.S.R.	United States Reserve.
V.A.D.	Voluntary Aid Detachment.
V.C.	Victoria Cross.

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# A COLLEGE MAN IN KHAKI

## CHAPTER I

### THE CALL TO ARMS

Wainwright Merrill Becomes "Arthur A. Stanley"—In the England He Has Dreamed Of—Stone-Street—American Troops on British Soil—Kipling's "A Diversity of Creatures"—Folkestone—The Huns in the Air—"The Pater Has Approved"—The British Regiments—Watling-Street and the Pilgrims' Way—America Will Carry On

*2d Reserve Battery, C.F.A.  
Risboro Barracks  
Shorncliffe Camp, Kent  
May 20, 1917*

DEAR MR. STEARNS:

It is a sometime acquaintance and, in some measure, student of yours, that is writing to you now, my dear sir, though you may well have forgotten him. The mere matter of a name matters little—I have a poor memory for names, but a good one for faces—and this one may appear strange to you. *Mutati tempora, mutata nomina!*

Do you remember a rather long, thin youth, who attended Dartmouth in 1915-16 as a pea-green Freshman; who meditated the muse under your friend Mr. Rudd in that marvel of the pedagogical art, English I and II (was it not? for I almost wrote English "A," thinking of Johnny H!); who could see practically nothing else in the late Victorian Age but the one and only Rudyard; who inhabited No. 3 South Mass.; had an impediment in his speech; and left Hanover for a different school called Harvard? You may remember this person now. His name is Arthur A. Stanley, No. 343939, Canadian Field Artillery, on active service. For reasons it is perhaps not worth while to enter upon, he left Cambridge and took His Majesty's Service as a Gunner, which corresponds, in the corps whose motto is *Ubique*, to "Thomas Atkins, Private of the Line." And, in passing, there is nothing too good for the Line—hats off to them.

For these reasons that are not easy to write I find myself in this Garden of Kent—in the springtime, *grace à Dieu*. It is a great thing for the Native-Born to see the Homeland so, this England that he has always read of, dreamed of, and desired for his own. That desire is bred in one as part of his make-up—



stronger than friends or blood-tie, stronger than the man himself—or the boy—*c'est tout égal*. You know these lines—

“We read of the English skylark  
And spring in the English lanes”—

“They change their skies above them  
But not their hearts that roam;  
And we learned from our wistful mothers  
To call old England—Home.”—

But what is the use of trying to express it; you know it better than I can write.\* The giddy words are not pat—so, *cui bono*?

I have seen a Roman castra of Augustus' day, with a Norman church and Henry IV castle above it, at the edge of the South Down here near Hythe (which is called “The Cliff” to this day, showing that once Romney Marsh was not, and the sea came in to the run of the Downs). The camp is the Portus Lemanis of Roman times, and is on the site of a Cinque Port of the Middle Ages—all of which has passed on. Beyond the castle stretches the green, hedged level of Romney Marsh, with

\* Wainwright's fondness for England may perhaps be accounted for, in a measure, by the fact that his father's mother was born in England and brought up there. She died, however, before Wainwright's birth.

its crazily winding roads, scattered old stone houses and straight ditches, out to the seawall and Dymchurch and Romney, to Dungeness, Brenzett, and Rye—as I have seen it in the red of the dusk, with the hazy Channel beyond, and the busy mine-trawlers.

From the Castle runs a straight ancient highway, straight over the eastern Weald and the chalk hills to Canterbury and Thomas Becket — Stone-Street, Via Strata, “The Street”—a flinty white road, dotted here and there with old farms and inns (the “George” at Elmsted has had a line of publicans—jovial hosts to judge by the present example—since “sweet Jack’s” and Harry’s time); and I have pilgrimaged on this old road—in khaki instead of bronze hoop-harness or doublet or linked chain, to be sure—in April even as:

“Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote  
The droghte of Marche hath perced to  
the roote . . .”

as scrivener Dan wrote, to joy of all mankind. And I have walked out over the green Marsh to “Dymchurch-under-the-Wall,” stopping for ginger wine and a pint or two at the “Botolph’s Bridge” and the “Shepherd and Crook” in Barmarsh, and stood on the sloping beach

where the Widow Whitgift's two sons embarked the Pharisees out of Old England—the one son blind and the other dumb,—as we are told in "Puck." And so on. And, to alter the old saw slightly, "*veni, vidi, victus sum!*" Which is but natural, I think.

America has entered, and been gladly received here. The first troops to land on British soil were a Harvard medical unit, and others will follow on. Certain friends of mine will come with them, I hope. It is well.

Kipling has written and published a new book a few weeks ago: "A Diversity of Creatures." They are reprints from various magazines, along with new matter and new poems (fine ones), making a volume of short stories with the old touch all there. There are two more excellent *Stalky* stories, one of the days at Westward Ho! and the other presenting Lt.-Col. "Stalky" Cockran, Indian Artillery, carrying on under the old principles—a sort of prelude to the present War. All the others are in it: Beetle, McTurk, etc. It resembles "Slaves of the Lamp: Part II," the final story of "Stalky & Co." There is a real war poem after it. Old Hobden is again touched on, to his benefit, in a story, ending in a capital long poem, on the line of Hobdens, from Diocletian

on. I would like to talk over the book with you—there is too much in it to mention.

Dartmouth Commencement will be close, probably, when you get this (*if you do*). I can see the elms about the campus, and the red of the new buildings, and the pines by the Tower—the Vermont Hills—Main Street—*tout ça*: and I would like to be there, for a season, again. These things may not be, however. I would give much to stand by University or Sever and look over at Holworthy, Hollis, and the square clock tower of “Mem” over the way—but again, I cannot. I have my path to run elsewhere just now; but, an I may, I shall see this dear land again, and, sometime, return.

My best wishes and regards to Mr. Rudd (and tell him I always remember his “Tuesday afternoons”), and those who knew me in Hanover, and much thanks to yourself—for showing me many things in literature that I did not know, and my debt to you as regards Kipling, which is indeed great. I think you know, too, how

“England hath taken me.”

I would be very glad to hear from you, and the address below will always find me, whether here or “out West” in the “Right of the Line,”

that the Royal Artillery is holding. It's a good Service.

You will forgive the faults in this letter—take instead the spirit, which I hope is good. And believe me, ever your friend,

ARTHUR A. STANLEY, GNR. NO. 343939,

2d Reserve Battery, C.F.A.,

Risboro Barracks, Shorncliffe, Kent.

c/o Army P.O., London.

P. S.:—To add to it all, I expect my leave soon—and then for Blighty, which is London,—and a certain part of Sussex. And if it should be finis in a few months—I shall have seen—England.

A. A. S.

For Wainwright the greatest factor at this period shines out in his sentence, "The Pater—has approved." More than once in letters to two college chums he lamented the fact that he had to keep up his incognito. After the United States entered the war, he felt the time had come to let all his friends know where he was. Because of the seriousness of the step he had taken and the inevitable loneliness that step involved, he doubly appreciated every sign of approval and affection.

Early in December he had written from Kingston, Ontario: "I took the oath the 18th

[November, 1916]. . . . I claim to the 'Old Country' myself, as you know—Hampstead, London, N. My age is 21. The name, and so forth, was necessary."

Further on he wrote, "It is too bad that my friends cannot hear anything of it, but it is better so, in any case. I should not wish any but the few closest to know about it. Some might misunderstand my reasons—and all that. In some things one has got to go almost alone.

"It surely hurt, coming away from where you are—but I don't think of the hurts in it, for there are comforts, too, and it does no good to brood over it. It's done, and I believe it is right."

From what he wrote a month later to the same friend, Edward Hubbard, we again get far beneath the surface: "Write when you can, Ed; I need cheering-up, sometimes, very much. 'Jordan is a hard road,' and this is surely a hard road, too. But *toujours gai!*"

*Churchyard, SS. Mary and Eanswythe*

*Folkestone, Kent*

*July 1, 1917*

DEAR MR. STEARNS:

I was so gratified to see the postmark "Hanover," and then to find that you were so kind,

out of your busy seasons, to reply on the very day of receiving my letter, that I can do no better than do likewise—which I assuredly would have done anyway, if it were humanly possible. (Please forgive at the start these blottings-out, and especially this terrible paper. I can only say what the tradesman does when he sells you *avant-guerre* ninepenny mutton for one and eleven: "It's the war!" Prices, indeed, are "bloody orful," as you hear it in the East; but we have hopes of Lord Rhondda, the new Food Controller.)

This is a very beautiful old church, with a pleasant God's-acre surrounding it, the grey and ancient stones being interspersed and lined with geraniums, bluebells, and garden-flowers. The edifice and its green setting you encounter suddenly as you walk up the hill-slope, and feel the Channel wind at the street-corners. About fifty yards back of this spot the cliff promenade winds round the Parade, at the easterly end of Folkestone Leas, with its towering blocks of hotels and boarding establishments. But you see little else than khaki, in the male line, on the promenade now—and many of the women, of whom there seems no end, are in V. A. D. brown and nursing blue. Below is the Undercliff, and you look off eastward over

the Pier and shipping quarter quite to Cap Gris-Nez and Boulogne to-day, as it's fine weather, and there is little Channel mist.

Folkestone, with the white cliffs and green upland at the north, is a pretty town. Off here, in '78, I think, the *Preussen* rammed the *Grosser Kurfürst* in a German naval review. A little over a month ago—but you haven't heard it all yet. The Prussian government sent special thanks to the fishing people and citizens of Folkestone who aided the survivors to safety. The German sailors were as well treated by the citizens as their own brothers would have been. At the end of last April, at the orders of *Der Allerhöchster*, the Huns came—in the air—twenty of them, and left ruin and death. I saw things that night that it is not good for any man to see—torn women with child, and mangled children crying, crying—and I drilled the next day beside a chap whose tunic and breeches were all bedrabbled and stiff from their blood. He had been helping in the wreckage. And British men—some of them—still talk of an early peace, and decry reprisals. God, in view of the beastliness of savages! There were no military objectives in Folkestone. I rather hope the censor passes this.



Great news has come over from "your United States" for me in the past week. I have heard—*grace à Dieu*—from you, from two college chaps *de mes amis* at Cambridge, word of my brother, and from—the Pater. My Harvard chums inform me that they are in the Naval Reserve and Hospital Naval something-or-other, that a third is in the Harvard O.T.C., that nearly all my acquaintances and friends there have joined. My brother, I learn, is cadetting at Plattsburg—Cavalry, I fancy, for he was in the Massachusetts Militia. Another, from Dartmouth—P. L. Gould, '17, of South Mass. (transferred from a Maine college)—writes from Plattsburg also, where he is foot-slogging, and he was able to tell me much of the individual men at Hanover, and what they were, and were not, doing. He gets his degree.

The Pater—has approved. For various reasons I am very, very glad: because, when I entered this thing, I took counsel with, and shook hands with, but one at leaving—the H.O.T.C. chap. Now I find that I have many other good friends, more than I ever thought. And—I'm glad indeed. For our friends are the best and only worth-while thing in this

giddy old show called Life—are they not, my friend?

Dartmouth is certainly doing her bit, and it is a real bit, beyond doubt. Are the present volunteers merely training for proceeding overseas as a unit, or is the plan one for teaching them the subalterns' side of it, for gazing to later Regular regiments? "Regiment" is hard to say now, for the regiment is being lost sight of in the British Army—the whole thing is the battalion. Present Imperial (the word used for the Regular Army here) regiments on peace basis have two battalions each, formed from the old Line regiments, the 1st to 110th Foot. The Regiment is named by some shire appellation, and the two old battalions have become the same in tradition—though they may have had entirely different records: thus the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders are the old 91st and 93d Foot—but since the war the reserve battalions of militia have gone in under the old name, and ten or so "Service" battalions of Kitchener's Army formed. That is the present cadre-system in the British forces. The battalion numbers about 1100 men, I believe, in companies of approximately 200 each—four platoons of 50 each, led by four one-star "subs." The Cana-

dian Infantry, I believe, under Currie's lead (the new army corps commander in France), have developed especially the platoon as a self-contained and self-sufficient unit for the trenches.

But what am I writing this for, when it is quite out of my line, and when you have had Captain Keene to elucidate to you? The British "Infantry" is doing wonderful work in this business, and you Yankees (?) will have to learn from it, I am convinced. They are doing the job, and doing it well. Every one in the Army, from the Brigadier G.O.C. to the gunner of the "Ubique" corps, takes off his hat to the Infantry—"Thomas Atkins, Private of the Line," to whom R. K., in his wisdom, dedicated his soldier-poems.

The Army shares your captain's ideas on the A.S.C.—"Safety First," and "Ally Sloper's Cavalry," they are called; and to top it off, their blessed swank exceeds that of the Bombardier of R.F.A., which is "going some!" For the R.F.C. (Royal Flying Corps), in spite of what you may hear, does not swank more than the R.F.A. (By the way, I thought of transfer, and a one-star affair, in the R.F.C., but on later thoughts my nerves were called in doubt.) But, you see, the Royal Artillery is

the "Right of the Line," and they have a bit of a record. *We* are not Imperial, but our record is goodish in Flanders, and we wear the R.A. crest, the proudest crest in the British Army, barring, perhaps, only the Coldstreams' and Grenadiers'. You may remember "Ubique" in R. K.'s South African songs? Well—really, it's pretty nearly true!

I shall never forget your readings, nor do I think will most of the rest who have heard you: for having once heard, they would be guilty of the grossest neglect of opportunity well possible, if they came not again and again, *ad infinitum*. If you have the chance, at Cambridge this summer, I'd like ever-so-much for you to look up Sydney C. Stanley of the H.O.T.C., if you can find him. I have spoken of him before. He visited Hanover once when I was there, and liked it greatly, but he is for H., beyond recall. Either choice would be "top hole," as our deah little flappers (bless their little hearts!) express it. For, though I have taken H. as my alma mater, I still remember very warmly the year when I was in Hanover, and always will. "There we met with famous men"—and, of course, we did also in Cambridge. Delightful old Barrett Wendell has gone, which is a tremendous pity. But

Dean Briggs stays, and gruff old Kittredge—a master, that—the ironical butt of the playful undergrad!—I can see his fierce grey beard and grey eye, and the green bag, and the cane tapping the platform: all that for a scant two months I knew, but that is stamped indelibly in me. God grant that I see it again some day—“*après la guerre finie!*” Greet all of Cambridge for me. You know the Botanical Gardens, and the hill with the trees, north of Linnæan Street? That is my home.

I always liked a horse. I rode for four months in Canada, and delighted therein. But now our battery of Reserve Artillery here has been made Siege Guns: 4.5's and 60-pounders—“Heavies” only, 6-inch, 8-inch and 9.2's. I am on the 8-inch: 6th Siege Battery, C.G.A. So, since we are drawn by tractors, we do not ride; and *j'ai me mis les éperons*. If I stayed in the C.F.A. it would be a bit of a disgrace to remove my spurs; for the Field Artilleryman is only obliged to remove them when, a prisoner, he is “up for Office” before the O.C. We shall probably move to Horsham, north Sussex, for training: Ave! the Sussex Weald—only twenty miles to Brightling (Pook's Hill!) and Burwash of R. K.; over the hill

Battle, Hastings, and Pevensey. Nothing more need be said, I think.

I walked, one day, up the cliffs at Cæsar's Camp (do you remember "*aquillam inferimus hostibus*"—the centurion landing, the camp made—from Book IV, I think, of "*De Bello Gallico?*" it was here—this the camp), and "swinging" to the north on Swingfield Minnis, (*minnis*, Kentish, "moor road," I think), through Hawkinge ("The White Hart" had excellent ginger wine) and Denton. Here I had a lift in an R.A.M.C. 'bus for four miles—"Chequers" Inn—to Broame Park, Earl K. of K.'s estate, and—Watling-Street! There it lay, broad and straight, green-hedged and windy, north and south along Barham Downs.

Well, north it was for me (Roman *tumuli* here) on the King's Highway to Bridge Village. Here I stopped at the "Red Fox" for a bite—and excellent Kentish ale, though Government control has done its best to "teetotalise" it—and so into Canterbury at six of the evening, by the Ridigate, where met Stone-Street from Lympne, Watling-Street from Portus Dubris (Dover), and the Pilgrims' Road to Rutubiæ (Sandwich). Then right turn along the Cattle Market (David remarked how Betsey Trotwood on market day

wound in and out among the vehicles so well) into High Street. North again, past the newer shops and inns to St. Margaret Street, Mercery Lane (the "Chequers" Inn, of Chaucer) with the view of Christ-Church Gate and the Cathedral towers, grey and massive, above it, with the rooks wheeling in the yellow sunlight. But I had other ends, and carried on. There were the Crutched Friars, the Benedictine Hostel, Guildhall, the Stour, and the weavers' houses; the Church of the Holy Cross and Westgate towers square in the road; under the arch and past the "Falstaff" Inn, to the left turning the London Road.

I was a bit tired now, but ahead was the thing I sought. To the left there turns off a lane, going straight west, while Watling-Street bends north. A half-mile down this lane it narrows to a six-foot track, for the sides are grass-grown and the hedges encroach on the right-of-way: this is the Pilgrims' Way, that runs along the Downs by Guildford and Reigate to Winchester; thence it ran on over Salisbury Plain to St. Michael's Mount, Penzance.

This old road always fascinated me, somehow. Books and books have been written of it—and I actually trod it myself, which I never

had thought to do. There was a fine evening view into the Stour Valley. Back I came through Westgate, even as Dan Scrivener's Pilgrims of the better days, and King Henry walking barefoot to Becket's shrine.

Another time I bicycled west through Hythe, and out on to Romney Marsh, through Dymchurch, New Romney, and Old Romney, by the Channel road under the sea-wall. The sleepy old Marsh was never more beautiful. You go to Brenzett from Old Romney:

"Oh Romney level and Brenzett reeds,  
I reckon you know what my mind needs!"

Farmers pass you on the road—a fine macadam road it is—and you meet them in the pubs. They picture Hobden and his ilk for you. And the ale is nectar to a dusty throat. Thence I carried on westerly through Brooklands hamlet, with the old church tower, black with age, standing beside the Norman and Early English church. When marriages and inhabitants were once become rare in the Marsh, it is said to have jumped down in surprise at the coming of a man and a maid (a "Whitgift woman?") to be wed. And so on, through the fields and sheep pasture, over the dikes and sluices to Kent Ditch, and Sussex.



Into Rother Levels I rode, with "the gates of Rye" full in sight.

"See you the windy levels spread  
About the gates of Rye?  
O that was where the Northmen fled  
When Alfred's ships came by."

I may not have it just aright. I entered by the north side, under the Landgate, and went up to High Street, to the right along it ('Flushing" Inn), and to St. Mary's, Rye Church, a beautiful grey pile, of nearly every style of architecture, its crowning beauty the bell tower and gilded cherubs that point the time. Around it to the left leads you to Ypres Tower and the Gungarden of Queen Bess. The view from there is superb: Folkestone, Dover, Hythe, and the Marsh to the left; Rother Levels, the Strand, Rye Harbour below; the squat firm guardian castle across the Marsh, and the Channel beyond; while at the right you see Winchelsea and down the eastern part of the bare South Downs. Sussex!

"In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the Sea!"

Cheero! Forgive the hopeless jumble of this letter, and let me hear of your Cambridge stay,

your plans, and yourself! If you will be so kind!

Yours, as ever,  
ARTHUR A. STANLEY.

The stiff formality of the following letter should be noted. In all his correspondence with his father Wainwright evidently considered whether or not one of his own officers was to see what he wrote. With them he was, of course, "A. A. Stanley," and he consistently played his part. Once in, he thought it prudent to preserve his secret scrupulously.

*C. of E. Soldiers' Club  
Folkestone, Kent  
June 29, 1917*

DEAR SIR:

I was very glad to hear from you, for your letter arrived this morning, in a transit of eighteen days, which is very good time, at present conditions. I am glad that you heard from me, for with the submarine sinkings *de ce temps* the whole business is quite uncertain.

I hardly know where to begin, really. I knew that Gyles would be in something by this time, and it is fine that he has the chance for a commission. He must be going through much the same routine that I experienced at Platts-

burg. I surely hope that he will gain his stars (as I say involuntarily, for the British subaltern wears first one star, and on promotion to full Lieutenant two—but in the States' army one white bar is worn on the shoulder). The star is like this [sketch], in gilt metal. It reads, "*Tria Juncta In Uno*," with three miniature crowns in the centre. Is he out for any particular branch—Cavalry, Artillery, or the plain reliable Infantry? I am writing to him, and please remember me to him. . . .

America has come into it strongly enough, it appears from this side the water, even if she did start rather late. I have heard of a number of my friends among the fellows—college chaps at Hanover and Harvard—and they have gone in almost to a man. Indeed, every one that I knew at all well has joined. Edward Hubbard is in the Hospital Naval Reserve, Sydney Stanley a cadet at the Harvard O.T.C., which I attended last fall on the original basis; Francis Foxcroft is in the Naval Reserve, a "jackie"; Lauriat Lane and his room-mate are driving ambulances in France, I have heard. Thirty or forty Dartmouth undergraduates are at Plattsburg, Gould writes me ('17, A.B.—he was planning a journalistic beginning).

America has begun well, and will carry on in the same way, I think. I wish for certain reasons that I had known that she would finally take the side she has. It could have changed matters much. But I could not know it, and I believe you understand how I felt—that I could not, in honour, stay out if America should take no action. It would have been a fine thing if I could have stayed and gone now with the rest, and Gyles—but there is little use speaking of it now. I wish only that I may carry on to take a man's part in this thing. *Il n'y a pas rien de plus à dire.*

This Kent is a wonderful part of this wonderful little island, and well it is called the "Garden of England."

There was a wonderful spring this year. Fair warm weather came about the first of May—late, it is true—but there has been not the slightest break up to a few showers this week. I have journeyed about quite a little. I saw much of the hill and marsh country while at Otterpool Camp. . . .

I like England very, very much. I could easily love it as a home, and it is surely greatly worth fighting for.

I have transferred to the Siege Artillery, 8-inch howitzers, and we expect to leave Shorn-

cliffe for another training base—likely Horsham, in northern Sussex. . . . We shall be two months more in England to train, at least. . . . I am well and healthy, and drawing about 150 pounds about now. I've gained quite a bit.

Yours sincerely,  
ARTHUR A. STANLEY.

## CHAPTER II

### FROM KENTISH TRAINING CAMPS

Otterpool—The Roman Roads—An Old Schoolhouse Transformed — Lympe Castle — Shorncliffe— Transferred to the Heavy Artillery—“Gossip of Mayfair and the Strand”—Hythe—England After Three Years of War

From here on the letters are arranged in chronological order. A glance at his itinerary as sent by Wainwright in a letter written later to a friend may be of assistance:

*7 April:* Docking at Liverpool—journey by night to Otterpool Camp, Lympe, near Hythe, Kent.

*7 Apr.—12 May:* Five weary weeks of confinement at Otterpool—foot drill, physical training *et al.* Various forbidden sallies into Kent at night and afternoons.

*12 May:* March to Risboro Barracks, Shorncliffe.

*12 May—14 July:* Drill at Shorncliffe—foot drill, physical, route marches; course in

musketry, gas, and 60-pounder gunnery; journeys to Dover (almost), Hythe, Romney, Rye, Ashford, Watling-Street, and Canterbury. Transfer from Field Artillery to Siege Artillery.

Of the small photograph of himself in uniform Wainwright wrote on January 21 to Edward Hubbard: "The cap in the photo is the active service trench-cap now worn by all the British forces in France, and looks exactly as it does in the picture. The picture *surtout* is fair, I think, but no more. The shoulder-belt is a bandolier, and I am carrying the dress-whip which every artilleryman must wear out of barracks."

[*Otterpool Camp, near Hythe*]  
*April 16, 1917*

DEAR ED:

. . . We arrived in Liverpool April 7, all well and happy. . . . The trip from Halifax was rough, rather, and the quarters none too salubrious; quite the other way, in fact, but one cannot be particular on a trooper. I was assigned to help in the Sergeants' Mess, and thereby lived high in the gustatory line for more than half the trip. After we landed at the pier opposite Birkenhead Beach we went

on board a train of third-class carriages, seven to a compartment, which was not at all bad. . . .

The camp is for quarantine of uncertain duration—perhaps only till the 20th, perhaps three weeks more. There are measles and mumps about. We are kept (supposedly) in close bounds of our five-acre field, but frequent eruptions are made, and excellent times spent in various places. Kent is a wonderfully beautiful country, and is as pleasant a place in every way as any spot on this little globe. It is called the “Garden of England,” and must certainly be that. Everywhere you find the old brick and stone houses and long hedges. One has to see it to know it. Parts of Massachusetts—Ipswich, Amesbury, Newburyport—resemble Kent quite strongly. . . .

We shall move on to Shorncliffe, near Folkestone—the artillery camp—within a week or two, probably, to train for the real thing. . . .

Yours, as ever,

ART.





WAINWRIGHT MERRILL  
In Uniform of Canadian Field Artillery



*3d Reserve Battery, C.F.A.  
Otterpool Camp, Area No. 3  
Lympne, near Hythe, Kent  
April 20, 1917*

DEAR SYD:

We have had a couple of days of fine weather. (Just ducked my head as an R.F.C. plane skimmed about ten yards over the tent. We're getting used to them now. Yesterday one, in alighting, missed me by about twenty feet.) No one ever saw a spring like this—not in thirty years. The *Mail* is full of it every morning: sad wails for *le vieux temps*. They blame the firing in France, the supposed change of course of the Gulf Stream, which aforetime flowed round this little island—and everything else is blamed.

Here in the Old Land, when anything doesn't suit anybody, he writes to the papers about it. The *Daily Mail* is one of the best penny papers, and on the editorial page, and facing it, are found daily columns of complaints about various matters, from Eggs to Elephants, including Bread Waste, Potatoes, Weather, Returned Soldiers' Special Park Benches, the Latest German Atrocity, War Loan, Lax Conscription Tribunals, *et al.* It is a harmless diversion, in the main, and eases the mind. The *Herald* (Boston) has evidences

of a like nature, but less degree. . . . Here they often do real good. The press has much more influence here, and when an M.P., for example, is criticised in the *Mail* or the *Times* or the *Express*, he feels bound to answer it by a return letter. One thrust provokes another, and so on *ad infinitum*. . . .

Our food continues good in quality, but deplorably meagre in quantity. One slice of bread with margarine, one small potato, two spoonfuls of meat stew, and half a cup of tea constitute a meal. But this is only temporary—while we are under training here at “Mud” pool. At Shorncliffe we shall dine as do the Imperials—a pint of excellent tea, a quarter of a loaf of bread, abundant jam, margarine, etc. But in the food line comes woe. You know me as something of a—er—food-consumer. . . . The joy of every Briton, his afternoon tea, is to be curtailed! Forbidden are all tea cakes, muffins, crumpets, fancy cakes, *et al.*

I have held for several days a beauteous job. It is, namely, that of camp paper-picker, on the Sanitary Fatigue. I go on no more vulgar parades. At nine I amble around for perhaps an hour, securing pieces of paper. I then retire to my book, my pen, or my journal. At

two in the afternoon I perform likewise—for half-an-hour. Then, at about three o'clock, I retire for the day—to follow the aforementioned pursuits, or to seek some lordly adventure on the Kentish highway—the “Broad Highway” indeed. The identical “Broad Highway” of Farnol runs past the foot of our lane. It is the London Road to the left, and the Folkestone and Dover Road to the right.

We believe we shall not be here long. But all such things are verily in the hands of the Powers that Be. Let it rest with them. I am content to remain here in Arcady-with-some-Restrictions. It's wonderful, that's all. And a day like this makes you really feel Brown-ing's—

“Oh, to be in England  
Now that April's there!”

This afternoon, if all goes well, for the Canterbury Road. It leads straight over the hills, and ever on, with old inns and houses by the way, that one time cheered the pilgrim to Thomas, saintly Thomas, in Christ-Church by the North Gate, for whom Dan, “the little scrivener,” held forth:

Whan that Aprille with his schoures sootë  
 The drought of March hath percèd to the rootë  
 And Zephirus eek, with his sweetë breathe  
 Inspired hath in every holte and heethe  
 The tendre croppes, and the yongë sonnë  
 Hath in the Ram his halfé cours y-ronnë;  
 Than priketh hem Nature in hir coragës  
 Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimagës  
 And palmeres for to seken straungë strondës,  
 And specially from every shires endë  
 Of Engeland to Caunterbury they wendë  
 The holy blisful martir for to sekë  
 That hem hath holpen when that they were seekë.

Wonderful lines, too, youthling. Chaucer  
 knew it and felt it. God, but it's a thing be-  
 yond price—"Spring in the Kentish lanes!"  
 Until later.

As ever,

ART, No. 343939.

*73d Battery Draft, C.F.A.  
 Otterpool Camp, Lympne, near  
 Hythe, Kent  
 April 21, 1917*

DEAR ED:

This is Saturday, and here we have a half-  
 holiday, as usual. The past few days have  
 been quite warm, and joy pervades in conse-  
 quence. I intend walking out this afternoon.

The birds are carolling away as they only do in Kent, I think. And I am for a walk.

Later. A walk it was. Out from camp here on the South Downs, down into Sellindge, with its Richard II church, and to the shop for tea and sweets. Then on by the London Road (Sixty-two miles to London Town!) and turning right and north, past the "Swan" inn and the Forge, down Swan Lane a couple of miles to the high row of hills opposite. Up the side, past the chalk pits and Sellindge manor-house, you turn into Stone-Street. Straight it runs, dipping over the hills of the wooded Weald of Kent, curving slightly here and there, but always returning to the course.

I walked this mile or two with a native Kentishman, and we talked of the weather, the war, and the old Street. He turned eventually into his cottage, and I carried on.

On either side of the road lie ridges, hedged over, and beyond them other level spaces that are now grass-grown, but show that the road was broader once. A flint road it is, curving slightly on the top, hard and ringing to the feet, and showing no sign of mud after rain. Hedges and stiles line it continuously; a ruined house here and there; the remains, perhaps, of a *castra*—they are all over England.

I reached the hamlet of Elmsted, seven miles from the London Road, about a quarter before six, and stopped at the "George," an ancient stone hostelry with a shining tap-room and polished inn-parlour. I had supper up, and was glad enough to eat it in the stone-flagged inn kitchen with the publican, a beefy-faced old codger in green velveteens, and his wife. Eggs and bread-and-butter and tea, with jam and cake, was the fare, since mine host would have no meat in till the next day (war-time!), and finishing off with half-a-pint of their excellent ale I paid my score—two shillings—and turned south on to the highway again. I was in camp by eight-thirty.

There is a fascination about a Roman road that is lacking in other roads: it runs straight and undeviatingly over the hills, on and on till its goal is reached. There are many of them in England. Cæsar, I suppose, began it, and when Britannia became a province they were an imperative need. Watling-Street, running from Dover through Canterbury and London northwest to the west coast by Shropshire, is perhaps the best known. From London to Canterbury it is immortalised as the route of Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims. It is the "Dover Road" of "Two Cities," all the Vic-



torian novelists, and of twentieth-century actuality too, for the modern Dover highway follows Watling-Street for nearly the entire distance.

The "Great North Road" runs from London into York, and beyond to Hadrian's Wall and Scotland. It was up this that Turpin rode two hundred miles in ten hours, after a robbery in Kent, thereby proving an "alibi" to the court, who believed the feat impossible, when Turpin was found in York on the afternoon of the day of the affair.

There are many other roads, including the "Pilgrims' Way," from St. Michael's Mount, the old Phœnician quay at Penzance in Cornwall, running along the south edge of the Downs, past Salisbury, Guildford, Reigate, and Sevenoaks in Kent, to the North Gate and Christ-Church, Canterbury—with Thomas à Becket's shrine. . . .

Sunday last a young urchin from Bethnal-Green, E., and I walked down to Hythe, consumed tea and buns, and went on in the 'bus to Sandgate. Here we got off and climbed the cliff to the "Leas," Folkestone's famous watering-place. We walked along it toward Folkestone, past the huge hotels—Metropole, Cecil, etc.—into Folkestone. All manner of

men, and women, were on that promenade: returned Imperials and Canadians; new Canadians; blue-overalled convalescents; one-starred Imperial subalterns; R.F.C. boy Flight-Lieutenants—the best in the Kingdom—nineteen years old, with little waxed moustaches; ferociously hirsute old Colonels; R. N. Middies and Captains; French Captains; Belgian officers; N.C.O.'s and refugees; *beaucoup de femmes*; and a few exempted men. . . .

Till the next.

As ever,

ART.

*Lympne Castle, Lympne  
near Hythe, Kent  
May 5, 1917*

DEAR SYD AND ED:

My giddy pen came very near lying just above, when I wrote "April." On April 5 we had just sighted Cape Clear, and the weather was not as now.

No matter how hard I might try, I could not give you the true spirit of Kent, and I would sorely like to do so, for I feel it deeply, and indeed any one would, at this time of the year. I am writing in an ancient gabled two-story house, of plaster and stone, with thatched roof, that was the village school in the sev-

enties. The windows are set with small leaded panes, with wrought-iron fastenings and rods. The floor is of brick flagging, worn in certain paths by the tread of feet. In the corner of the room a hole furnishes a place for a ladder to the loft above, which is hung with herbs. I fancy there are staircases elsewhere in the old cottage, but they are not in evidence. It is now used as a Church soldiers' reading-room and tea canteen, and, I am sorry to say, will soon close, owing to the starting of a Y.M.C.A. hut near by.

In front of the house, beyond the crocuses and primroses in the garden, is the High-Street, for even this little hamlet has that distinction. There are three old farm-houses in a row, a block of old stone cottages, the village store and post-office, then a right-angle in the High-Street, and another row of the same white houses, and the servants' hall and mews of the "great house," Lympne Castle, the parish manor.

The castle lies just beyond, on the side of the stone roadway, with two towers and battlements toward the south. Beyond is St. Stephen's, Lympne church. Where the High-Street bends at the store is a paved lane, leading sharply down to the gardeners' lodge, at

the cliff edge. Below this, 150 feet or so, is the *Castra Lemanis*, the square walls of the Roman camp still standing, intact in many places, these 1900 years. I have a stone from the wall; round and well-set in the lime it was. One can conjecture at ease over the old ruin. Did the legionary in bronze hoop-armour, who laid the stone in place, relate some anecdote to his fellow of Nero's wild court? or mayhap—"I hear that Pilatus at Hierosolyma has had a great to-do with the Jews over some fanatic or other—a certain Cri—Cristus, I think, whom he sent to the cross—bah! what rabble! Come, Aulus, a bit more of the mortar!" Oh, well—fancies! And yet, *quien sabe?*

Kipling has written a new book. Noyes, Wells, and Conrad are silent just now. Wells is still pursuing the British monarchy, however, in the papers. It is rather a pity that he is too old to join up. Hewlett wrote an excellent skit for the *Mirror* the other day, on what the late-middle-aged author can do for the country these days. Amusing, rather.

The hope is rather widely expressed that the War will end by the fall. If the right terms can be had, let's hope for it. But—fifty-nine British merchantmen were bagged last week, fifty-five the week before, and only twenty-

eight two weeks ago. The Admiralty is jolly well catching it from the ha'penny sheets, and the *Mail*, with *John Bull* of course, has been quite nasty. . . .

Yours,

ART.

*2d Reserve Battery, C.F.A.  
Risboro Barracks, Shorncliffe Camp  
near Folkestone, Kent  
May 13, 1917*

DEAR ED:

Your obedient servant landed here yesterday noon from Otterpool, with all of our artillery draft there encamped—1500-odd men and officers. We marched. Joy was abroad, for Otterpool the cursèd was left behind. I slept all the afternoon, and went up to Folkestone in the evening.

Shorncliffe is a permanent artillery camp, founded a hundred years ago, nearly, for the mobilisation and home-training of the Home Forces—the R.F.A., R.H.A., and R.G.A. There are long lines of brick barracks and hutments, with fine sand parade grounds. Ross Barracks are the quarters for the drivers, and Risboro for the gunners and signallers, now that Shorncliffe has become, since the War, the chief Canadian artillery depot.

I am assigned as a gunner to the heavy guns, 60-pounders, I think, for training here. We may be put on the 18-pounders, but it does not look so. At all events, I am apparently a gunner, my height and weight being in the way of my going as a driver. Of course, things have not really begun yet, and there may be changes. I am in a tent just now, but tomorrow we go into huts, and fine huts they are—bunks (springs!), shelves, stoves, lavatory, *et cetera*.

Shorncliffe is between Cheriton and Sandgate, about two miles from Folkestone, on the plateau below the chalk-cliffs. . . . The chalk-cliffs show up plainly behind, and suggest numerous associations: "Copperfield," and Mr. Dick's kite on Shakespeare's Cliff, west of Dover, and Shakespeare's Cliff itself, with Lear's ravings. Cæsar's first sight of Britain was these cliffs. Directly opposite them, from the Leas at Folkestone, you can plainly see Cap Gris-Nez, and the coast from Calais to Boulogne. You go into Folkestone *à pied*, or by the 'bus from Cheriton—tuppence ha'penny tariff. There is a cinema in Cheriton, half-a-dozen, with a legit. theatre, in Folkestone, so one does not lack for amuse-

ment. American films are the rule. Chaplin is still the thing. . . .

And now for the gossip of Mayfair and the Strand—which is *tout le monde* to England. Bread is being reduced by voluntary rationing to four pounds a person a week; potatoes are nearly unobtainable, sugar very scarce; tobacco has risen a penny and tuppence on the five-pence packet, and is scarce in many places; butter is two shillings and margarine becoming scarce, even more so than butter; meat is more plentiful, and the “meatless day” order is abolished (which decreed one day without meat every week—Wednesday in London, Thursday elsewhere); horse racing is banned by the Government (“public opinion and the scarcity of corn”); Newmarket deserted; the Derby and the Oaks will probably not be run—but opinion is going the other way, against the Government; the House is in secret session daily, Bonar-Law presiding in the Premier’s absence; the Admiralty is widely criticised for the damage done by the U-boats; the Prince is going to take an English bride, and hence one not of the Royalty; he is strongly urged to drop his motto, “*Ich Dien*,” for patriotic reasons; volunteers are called for for the Army, up to fifty years; compulsion may

extend to that age; starch is banned, and abolition of stiff collars and shirts is near; soft stocks and complete change of men's clothes is advocated—knee-breeches and stockings again; girls' conduct in public is criticised, and they are said to be losing their "manners"—(too open and free going-about with soldiers—shocking!); Captain Ball, D.S.O., V.C., who downed fifty Boche aircraft, is missing; if Lens Cathedral is attacked by the Huns, our reprisal will be Cologne Cathedral; etc. . . .

We may be here for a month, or two or more—it's uncertain. Cheerio!

As ever, yours,

ART.

It is interesting to follow from the start Wainwright's delight at the new cry of "Cheero." To one who had long held as his watchword "*toujours gai*," "Cheero" and "Cheerio" made an instant appeal. He could use the phrase lightly, when waving to a passing stranger; and yet, like Donald Hankey's "Philosopher," he could make it a text for some of the deepest lessons the war had to teach.



*Shorncliffe, Kent**June 3, 1917*

DEAR SYD:

. . . Three days ago I visited Hythe with one Balkwill of the Battery, once of Toronto U., and something of a kindred spirit. We went up the bluff back of the town, with its narrow stone houses and connecting passages, that, in the palmy days of "The Gentlemen" in Kent and Sussex, gave convenient access from one house to another, from street to street, sheltering temporarily Lyons silk, Rouen scarfs, Bordeaux wines, Valenciennes lace, and fine satin out of Normandie and Bretagne, Poitou and Gascogne—to the confusion of irate officers of the King's Customs. The houses and cottages of this part of the town are practically intact, and, with the fine High-Street, with its old inns and shops, scarcely twenty feet broad, winding under the hillside, are a fine reminder of *le vieux temps*.

There is a stone set in the wall of the "Golden Lion" in High-Street that reads, in XVIII century letters, "To London Bridge, 71 miles: to Ashford 14." This is the London Road of those days: London, Borough, Pembury, Sevenoaks, Tonbridge, Tenterden, Ashford, Hythe, Folkestone, and Dover Pier.

The church, above the town, has a crypt with a great number of skulls and bones showing, the remains of an ancient battle between the Saxons and the Britons near Sandgate, south of Shorncliffe. It is a Norman affair. . . . Two miles north of Hythe is Saltwood Castle, in the village of that name, where, on a December night of 1170 A.D. the four Norman knights held council on the dark deed that should follow. The next morning they rode north along Stone-Street, and in at the Riding-gate to Christ-Church gate, for the murder of Becket. And likewise, but with very different purpose, the world has done ever since. . . .

Yours, with luck!

ART.

*6th Siege Section  
Shorncliffe, Kent  
July 6, 1917*

DEAR FRANCIS:

Ed told me about you, and I was very pleased, believe me, to learn that you were in it even before *la guerre déclarée*—but was it much of a wrench, leaving H. and the Yard, and all that? God knows it was for me. I felt completely lost—it being, as you see, the first time since I was four years old that I had my days to myself at that time of year.

But only for a week was it so. Then came the musical Sergeant's voice to break the monotony—and indeed the same has broken it very effectively ever since.

*Mon Dieu*, but I am overjoyed to see all that America is beginning in this thing: it is great, and none appreciate it better than the British people. The Glorious Fourth went off finely in London. So carry on, *mon ami*, carry on! . . .

A Dartmouth friend of mine writes me recently from there, with much good news of what Hanover has sent forth into the War. At his writing (and that of an English instructor of mine) there were only four hundred left that had not gone in. That is well indeed. . . . You may remember that I first wore a uniform there. There were a scant two hundred of us—jeered and hooted at, and occasionally praised a bit. Well, *ça est temps perdu* and gone. But I look back on Dartmouth with much more pleasantness than I once did. . . .

Yours, as ever,

ARTHUR.

*Risboro Barracks, Shorncliffe, Kent*  
*July 10, 1917*

DEAR MR. LANE:

. . . I never hope to find better spirit than is manifested everywhere *in omnibus ordinibus* here in the Old Country, in this third year of war shortly closing. The men, all the fit, are at the War itself, except the "C.O.'s" (not "commanding officers" but "conscientious objectors"), of which a few remain. The women work at munitions, clerking, V.A.D., Women's Auxiliary, office jobs at the Front, cooks in the camps—with no shame offered by the soldiers. The old men tend allotments and gloat over the size and quality of the potato crop. The boys run 'buses, clerk in shops, and all that sort of thing. The flappers are perhaps at once the least and most patriotic of all. They do no work to speak of, but greatly cheer the Subs (Second Lieutenants) and others on that tour in Elysium known as Seven Days' Leave—back to Blighty! And "Cheero!" is the call everywhere in this dark time, the irrepressible optimism of the British, who dearly love to grouse (= Yankee "kick") but turn it all into a joke at the finish, which is the main thing. All luck to the British—and in their falling may the earth lie lightly on them. . . .

Great news has reached me of the doings in America this summer—and, so far as I have heard, of my friends *nullus abest*, which is good indeed. You probably know more of it than I, but some things you may not have heard. My brother Gyles is hunting a commission at Plattsburg. A good friend of mine at Dartmouth, P. L. Gould, '17, is there also, and with him many others. Edward, Sydney, Foxcroft, and your son are carrying on in the Day's Work, each in his own way.

I would be very glad if I could be among them now—that all might do it together; but it was not so written, and my way lay differently. As to this matter I cannot say much, except that for me it was the only course. I left no word of my action because those who would understand it might be few. I well knew who they were, and had no wish to condone or explain to those who would blame me. I had chosen my way, and it must at best be a lonely one. I thank God that my father is glad of what I have done. . . .

I should be happy to hear from you with your American news at any time, and I hope to hear it soon! My best wishes to yourself, and Frederick, and the Scouts, and my friends. Tell the Scouts that, now that America is in

this thing, they must carry on with it till the Huns are licked to a standstill, for nothing else will do!

Sincerely your friend, and sometime Scout,

ARTHUR A. STANLEY.

No. 343939, C.G.A.

## CHAPTER III

### AT HORSHAM SIEGE SCHOOL

From Shorncliffe to Roffey Camp in Sussex—Horsham Routine—A Walk to Broadbridge—To Cuckfield by Bicycle—"Deah Old Blighty"

Wainwright's résumé, already referred to, shows well what he remembered best:

*14 July:* Train to Horsham, N.-W. Sussex; Siege School there at Roffey Camp.

*14 July—24 August:* Horsham Siege School—gun drill, foot drill, howitzer drill, ropes and tackle, knots, hoists, route marches, *et cetera*.

*24 August:* Train to Bexhill, Sussex (near Hastings): waiting camp before Lydd training. Journeys over Pevensey Levels, to Brightling and Battle.

*28 August (?):* Train to Lydd. Firing Camp. Firing to follow.

*3d Class Carriage No. —  
S.E. & C. Ry., en route to  
Dorking, Surrey  
July 14, 1917*

DEAR MR. STEARNS:

We have left Tonbridge Town, and are blaring away for Redhill, Reigate, and Dorking, having just left Penshurst now. Our ultimate destination is Horsham, Sussex, but one has to change at Dorking for the Brighton & South Coast line. We might have gone by The Wells, East Grimsted, and Crawley, through north Sussex, but the S. E. & C. people apparently wanted to keep us on their line longer. Damn the iron horse, anyway: I have no use for it, like Tony Weller. It has commercialised and narrowed Old England. Charing Cross—rattle, toot, plunk-a-plunk—ninety minutes, and you are in Dover. Hey for the more spacious days, a mail-coach and four! ere ever this steam leviathan entered this sunny green land; hey for the fanfare of the guard's horn, rather than the brazen siren's shriek! Well, I can write no more at *this* rate of legibility. We are coming into Redhill.

*Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex*

We have come. We dropped into Sussex by Horley instead of Reigate, and are now




ensconced very comfortably about a mile and a half north of the town. But enough—H.M. the Censor doesn't like particulars of the troops. We are here for two months, however, with the R.G.A. and other Imperial units. There are some Portuguese officers here learning their gun-drill. They wear a grey-blue and square-topped cap, much like the Huns, for whom they were mistaken at times, when they first appeared at the Front, to their great discomfort.

It was a fine trip hitherward. You leave Headcorn in the heart of the Weald, and carry on directly westward. The green trees and vast houses and orchards—with the dull hazy look of everything—gives the feeling to one that it has been so in the past, is now, and will continue. It is so peaceful—this calm old Kentish upland, with the dipping hills and white roads winding through the fields and hedgerows:

“Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim  
Blue goodness of the Weald.”

At Tonbridge the London Road cuts through it. In a low valley it lies. To the north the highway leads up to the hilly region

of Sevenoaks, over River Hill and Pembury. You have read Farnol's jolly novels, "The Amateur Gentleman" and "The Broad Highway"? This is their scene, and this old road the "Broad Highway." The London Road—all roads lead to London—and to Rome! In front of the Camp entrance is a finger-post, and a milestone near by:

  
 To London  
 35 miles

The road runs into the Brighton Road, and on through Reigate—the Brighton Road of the Regent's palmier days. It is probably rather easy to see—*que j'aime le vieux temps*.

18 July

We, or rather I, have marked time for these few days—the entire camp being C. B.'d for something that unfortunately came to pass. But now, this evening, we are free.

Our routine may interest you. Contrary to Shorncliffe practice, this camp is run upon Imperial lines. "Imperial," in the British forces, means Regular Home Army, and the

Service (war) units thereof: all other troops are Colonials, or Territorials, or Volunteers, *et cetera*—and there is a world of difference between the first and the latter! We hear “Revelly” at 5:45, instead of 5; at 6:45 we turn out for Reveille Parade—one hour foot-drill, signalling, or P.T. (“Physical Jerks” or “Physical Torture”). Then comes breakfast and clean-up.

Morning Parade goes at 9, ends at 12:30, followed by dinner; at 2, Afternoon Parade, ending at 4:30, followed by tea; at 5:15 Lecture, ending at 6:15. Then we are on our own till 10; late passes till 12, occasionally: those alone could be had easier at Shorncliffe. The Morning and Afternoon Parades are split into hour, three-quarter hour, or two-hour sessions—at 6-inch gun-drill, 8-inch, 5-inch, 60-pounders, signalling, foot-drill, route marching (beloved by all), digging D.D.’s (double-deck gun-platforms), ramming, gun leverage, knots and lashings, lectures on gun-drill, laying, tactics (very little of this—the work is practical to extreme). Altogether interesting days enough, and not bad hours at all.

This afternoon there is a Bath Parade in addition. Everything in the Army is done by parades. You parade for drill, lectures, pay,

marching, passes, bath, interview with an officer, and more. (Near by there is an effusive Londoner from Poplar, whose language is highly seasoned with "Gawdblincy," and the picturesque and distinctive adjective of those-born-in-sound-of-Bow-Bells— "——," *c'est assez!*)

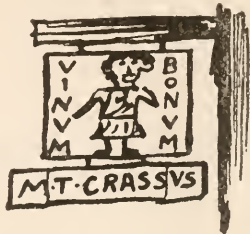
20 July

Delays again! But it is always the way. This morning, after a bit of a nasty fall yesterday whilst galloping about in P.T., I went on Sick Parade to secure that boon of the soldier, "L.D."—Light Duty. There is another, rarer still—Excused Duty. But this last is rarely dispensed to mortals by the gods that hold high heaven. My particular Deus-Arbitrator to-day was the Imperial Camp M.O. (Medical Officer)—a bit of a waxy old chap who in the *avant-guerre* probably earned a respectable surgeon's competence in a nice red villa in Kensington, or Putney way. He manipulated my right arm, and hemmed and heyed over it, finally refusing the suppliant (Your Humble Obdt.) the wished-for boon (of a pleasant day's rest). Anyway, it gives one the morning free, so I'll abide the dispensation, will-he nill-he, of course. The dear old thing must have thought I was swanking it,

or swinging the lead, for he said to a later boil case that he gladly gave L.D. to a "real instance of incapacitation." Oh, well, *c'est égal*. (Later memo.—I *did* get L.D., after all. Joy!)

Last Sunday I went a great walk out of Horsham, to Broadbridge, a be-villa'ed hamlet that has claim to notice in Field Place, with its grey stone and stucco among the elms—the birthplace of Shelley. Stroodpark, beyond, westward, is a pleasant country house—the Manor of Slinfold, I think. But a mile or so further you come out of a wooded patch into the green fallow fields and swamp thickets about the Arun (river), and straight to the south runs Stane-Street, the Roman way from Regnum to Londinium (" 'Regnum's Chichester,' said Puck"). The fine shingle and flint bed is still intact in many places—that the legions brought in long basket-lines, from the coast beaches. Across the Street, by the south side of the stream, is Dedisham, the Manor House of this parish ("Jook o' Nawfolk's property," a tenant told me). As you come to the big farm houses, let out to several holders, you cross a moat that is still filled with Arun water, and the parados within suddenly shuts off the view of the buildings for a time.

This was Mediabunum, the *taberna vini boni* of Latin times, and the half-way garrison on the Stane-Street. This was the halt at the end of the second march, for rest and long skins of British ale and mead. Perhaps the



wet canteen of those times bore some such device as this. I picked up flints and Roman brick and tile, that are ploughed up constantly in the fields. The nearest point on Stane-Street, where the road disappears into a track over the hillside, with "Roman Woods" flanking it to the west, is still called "Roman-Gate," likely being the site of the decuman that opened into Mediabunum. At the top you may see how I came. [Sketch.] There were two of us—Balkwill of Toronto U., the other a returned chap who got his gold stripe last winter in the T.M.B.'s at Vimy, a school teacher in Ontario.

St. Leonard's Forest extends east from here: now, of course, it is pretty well broken up by

meadow. It extends across the Brighton Road to Tilgate Forest and Worth Forest. Ash-down Forest and the continuation of the North Downs bring you to Rotherfield and Burwash. You leave Horsham eastwards—as I rode yesterday on a second-hand cycle I just bought for three quid—by Doomsday Green and Birchenbridge House, quite a sizeable estate, Manning's Heath, Lower Beeding, and Plummer's Plain House. You turn here for Cuckfield.

A mile or so out of Horsham I met with a youngish chap who borrowed my pump, and we carried on together. He wore tweed cycling things. My word, but I envied him! for he was one of that rare species of the genus *Homo*—"Civilis." His heart and wind were not of the best, and one could easily see by the hard breathing at the hills that he should be exempt. It was jolly rum to see him sticking it—we dismounted only once.

Well—to get on. He was an educated, literary sort of fellow, and wrote a bit, short stories, he said; *Fortnightly*, once or twice; now reviewed books for the London Films, the chief cinema people in the British Isles. ("How doth the busy little film employ each idle bard!"—Lady Montagu, Wells, Shaw, Ben-

nett, all have written for the cinema; and d'you know, even I, *moi qui vous écrive*, have thoughts of joining the blessed show, and writing a giddy scenario!) He talked, *sur la route*, of the War, inevitably; of what certain writers wrote on it; of the heroics attributed to parents who lose their sons, which he didn't at all believe in. He and I hoped that the thing soon would end—but, God knows, what's the use of hoping?

He told me of a William Caine who writes capitally humorous sketches of present-day British life—"not, not *Hall* Caine, that, that abhorred person!" so he evidently didn't like "The Christian," and the rest of his. H. Caine is prophesying about the war, as many others do with (often) little success: Bennett, Noyes, Conan Doyle, Belloc (one of the more successful), Wells, and so on. It was a treat to hear his accentuation and stressings—quite the Harrow and Holywell air, though whether he was Cantab. or Oxon. or what, I do not know.

We rode into Cuckfield about four, and stopped for tea at the "Rose and Crown." The service and fare were excellent. My acquaintance, whose name I forget, had to carry on to Hayward's Heath and Lewes for the night. As for me, I had my bike seen to at a shop,



and visited the Church, St. Mary's, Early Norman, with Norman-English nave and altar. In it there is a wooden tablet ornamented with the names of all the vicars and priests from 1230, when they began to be supplied by the Lewes College of Priors. The church was founded by William de —, Earl of Kent, in 1080.

There is a fine view from the churchyard west to Hayward's Heath and the Ouse Valley, and south over the dim green lowlands to Hurstpierpoint, Lewes, and the South Downs, where, as it was a misty day, one had to fancy the locations of Ditchling, Devil's Dyke, and Chanctonbury Ring. Well, some day, if so the Three Sisters permit, I shall go thither. I learned from my fellow wayfarer that Lieutenant John Kipling, son of Rudyard Kipling, was killed last year on the Western Front. I had not known that. The son cannot have been more than eighteen or so. And you remember the poem in "A Diversity of Creatures": "But who shall return us the children?"

I think it is high time that you received these rambling notes, so this page shall be the last. There has been a fair this week in Horsham—an English country fair, of the sort that travel

ceaselessly up and down in the warm weather, from Edinboro Town to Colney Hatch, from Fishguard to Grimsby and Lowestoft, from Land's End to John o' Groat's: the beloved flying-horses of "Jackanapes" in Mrs. Ewing's story, amusement swings, ring games, Smallest-Couple-in-the-World, sweets stands, refreshment bars—but, alack! no waxworks, pantomime, or pea-and-thimble game! There is a reason, though, of course: "It's the War!" But there was abundance of confetti for the Tommies to throw at laughing Sussex lasses.

Every one in England this Spring has been singing this noble ditty, so I send it to you. It's a bit direct from 1917 England, and London-in-the-East:

*"Tyke me back to deah old Bligh-ty,  
Put me on the tryne for Lunnon Tahn;  
Tyke me over theah, drop me anyw'ere,  
Brummagem, Leeds or Manchester, oh, I  
DON'T CARE.*

*I should like to see my best gell;  
Cuddlin' up again soon she'll be—Whoa!  
Ighty, Iddley, Ighty, 'urry me back to  
Blighty,  
Blighty is the plice for me!"*

Blighty, as you probably know, = *bi-larwaiti*, Urdu for "the home district." I think I'm right.

I hope you get this in due season, and that your stay in Cambridge was fruitful and pleasant. Write me of it, will you? Forgive the pen, please, for its faults. My address is . . . . ., 343939, 6th Siege Section, 10th Can. Siege Battery, C.G.A., Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex. c/o Army P.O., London.

Yours,

ART. A. STANLEY.

*Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex  
July 15*

DEAR SYD:

. . . We got well settled in camp yesterday afternoon—at Roffey, a hamlet a mile and a half north of Horsham. We are in wooden huts, with hot and cold water, baths, electricity, and all that sort of thing. It really is a jolly place. Sussex is more congenial and friendly than Kent even, and every one wishes you well—*les filles, les dames, les hommes, les enfants, les chiens, les animaux*. . . .

As ever—how goes it all?

ART.

*6th Siege Section, 10th Can. Siege  
Battery, C.G.A.  
Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex  
July 24, 1917*

DEAR MR. MERRILL:

I've written twice since I received your letter, about July 1. We have but recently moved here, and I've had very little time to write. Yours of June 24 reached me here to-day, having been forwarded from Shorncliffe.

We left Shorncliffe July 14, proceeding by train from Cheriton Station through Ashford and Headcorn. Do you remember the *debâcle* in "The Amateur Gentleman," where Barnabas rode from London, on a stormy night, to Chichester's place at Headcorn, forestalled Cleone, got himself shot by Chichester, and witnessed Barrymaine and Chichester's double duel? That was here, and you could see the little village street and the London Road. . . .

Horsham is a pretty town, rather modernly be-villa'ed in places, and newer in appearance than many towns. It is in the northwestern part of the Sussex Weald, the old Andredeswold of the Venerable Bede, a blue, generally misty wooded upland region that extends north to the North Downs (Dorking, Guildford, Reigate) and east to Maidstone and Ashford in Kent; south it curves nearly to the South

Downs, and east through Cuckfield, Ashdown Forest, to Battle and Appledore in Kent. It is the finest part of Sussex by the Sea. White roads, hamlets, and a number of streams split up the great green landscape. If possible it is more beautiful than Kent.

We are encamped with Imperial (i.e., Regular Army) units here, in a well-run little camp, that it would not be well to speak too much of. Fritz and his Fokkers, Albatrossen, and Gothas like to pry into new places for their overhead raids. But don't worry on this score. His purposes in air-raids are not the losses in buildings and material, principally, for the victims are generally women, children, and the infirm. They aim at keeping our battleplanes here at home, for our harassing and securing of information at the Front by them have not been relished on his side at all. I do not know how much has been passed through to the States about the raids. The first Folkestone affair, in which I had a fairly lively part, was known all over Canada. But enough: *Fritz Flieger* is essentially a coward. He flies, when possible, three miles high, losing good aim while he gains in his own safety.

I haven't had my week's leave yet, but this

(the King's Leave) can't be taken from me, and I'll get it after our training here is done. I contemplate visiting Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, the Thames Valley, and London, with a trip into Cornwall and Devon if I can do it. You can probably suggest to me things I should not miss seeing. I'd be much obliged if you would. At the present rate of the mails I would receive your answer in time, I think. We are here for six weeks yet.

Your letters, and others I receive, take from three weeks to a month to reach me. Registered mail takes a month. . . . Your letters are opened by the censor, but untouched so far. How about mine?

There are some Portuguese officers here, in pale blue denim, learning the gunners' artillery drill, even as we. They talk a voluble and gusty stream, but many know French, though few any English to speak of. We have to salute them. They return it thus:



We salute, as you may know, with palm to the front, elbow nearly in line with shoulder, forefinger above eye. . . .

One may secure a week-end pass of thirty-six hours once a month or less, and I hope to get to Hastings, Battle, and Kipling's village, Burwash; and through Surrey on the other one I hope for.

I'm glad Gyles has gone into the Artillery. Tell him the heavier the gun the better. I transferred, with most of the 2d Battery, C.F. A., to the Siege Artillery (Canadian Garrison Artillery), and hence came to Horsham to train. I am in a draft to the 6th Battery, C.G.A., now at [about six words erased by the censor]—unless we are shifted to something else. It is an 8-inch howitzer battery—the new British gun, that was first used in this war. It's a bit big, you know, so we are from two to five miles back of the very Front. We're not hit by Fritz nearly so often as the lighter pieces that are up close. But it's mighty hard work, and not at all a cushy job. (*Cushy* means "soft," "easy," in American English.) . . .

We have the British uniform and kit in most things, and in the British Army, of which we

shall be a part when we go over, a private's time is spent in his spare periods, at morning, noon, and eve, in shining his brass buttons, cap-badge, boots, bandolier, bandolier-brass, and cap-strap. The U. S. uniform doesn't have these shine-accoutrements. . . .

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR A. STANLEY.



CHAPTER IV  
IN KIPLING'S COUNTRY

Christ's Hospital—The Head—A Deputy-Grecian—  
The "Rose and Crown" at Burwash—Bateman's—  
In S. Hemsley's Tap-room—An Innkeeper's Rem-  
iniscences of the Kiplings—On Pook's Hill—"Oak  
and Ash and Thorn"—To Battle and Hastings

*6th Siege Section  
10th Can. Siege Bty., C.G.A.  
Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex  
July 27, 1917*

DEAR C. EMMA ESSES:

In case you know not what the above means, you should know that in the British Army, for sake of avoiding confusion, certain letters are changed, to wit: A becomes Ack; B, Beer; D, Don; M, Emma; P, Pip; S, Esses; T, Talk; V, Vick. Consequently, when one knows a thing thoroughly, the common expression is that he knows it from "Ack to Zed." But the upshot of it all is that my form of salutation denotes "C. M. S."

You have heard of Charles Lamb and S. T. Coleridge, mayhap, what time you pursued the

Anglic muse? Well, yesterday I saw them, in effigy; saw their quaint cloaks, stocks, and shoes, but on bright young British commoners whom the Army has not greatly bothered yet; and in a pleasant green estate the Bluecoat boys of to-day are learning—

“Truth, and God’s own common-sense,  
Which is more than knowledge!”

I remember Lamb’s essay on Christ’s Hospital in the chronicles of the gentle Elia: I often pictured to myself what life must have been like in the dirty dear old City, hard by Newgate and that ancient monolith, now so changed, the Old Bailey. What was *urbs* is now *rus* and *rusticus*, and two miles south of Horsham Town I went last night to see this wonderful old school. Visitors may enter and visit the buildings on an easily-secured permit. I was biking it, and up the asphalt drive past the end of the Houses, and along the whole line, that begin with Maine and end with Barnes—named after famous Old Blues. The lads were running about on the lawns, and solemnly walking up and down the paths. The gate to the school proper was right ahead, with the motto of the institution, “Fear God; honour



THE QUADRANGLE, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, HORSHAM



the King,"—but for some unaccountable reason it was spelt "honor." The Quad within is a handsome place, even with the new red brick. I carried on, out the west gate, where begin more Houses and Masters' dwellings.

Coming back from the tour, I spied a kirtled maid on the grass and approached, saying, "What ho!" or words to that effect. She said that she thought I *could* go through the school, and disappeared within, emerging shortly to summon me inside to wait. She said "The Doctor" would come, but I suddenly realised, when the inner door opened, that the kindly-looking oldish man, stocky, grey-bearded, and of medium height, was the Head. We spoke, and he offered to show me about himself for a bit, then to find me a guide. A fine old man he seemed to me—simple, direct, questioning as to my school and university. He knew Harvard quite well. His time was short, and he said something of interest about Christ's at every word as we crossed the Quad to the Dining Hall. Eight hundred Blues, the full school, eat there, in a handsome oak room about the size of Memorial commons—or less, rather. Verrio's picture of the granting of the charter to Christ's dominates the opposite wall—the

longest oil in the world, said the Head. The boys ate in perfect order, and there was no babel of noise, subsiding into a murmur at his entrance. A "mon." sits at the head of each table. The lads wait on themselves, while the masters, presided over by the Head, are at a transverse table at one end.

We went out and visited the Chapel (Christ's Church). They have a wonderful organ, said to have cost £2000. The walls are being done with a row of strikingly-coloured murals by the decorator of the Panama exposition. As yet unfinished, they show twelve stages in Christ's life. Next we went to the Big School—a long hall, seats covering the floor, with gilt inscriptions from well-known Old Blues' works (Lamb, Coleridge, Pepys [?], *et cetera*), and some Latin, with a band of names and years of noted Blues below. Coleridge's line was, "He prayeth best who loveth . . .;" another, "HOS ET DVBITAMVS ENTENDERE FACTIS?" Among the names was Ezekiel Cheever, 1631-33, who taught Latin in America, at Boston Grammar School. With Eliot he did the Bible into the Mohican dialect. The line above is from him, I think. Could you find out if he taught at Harvard? The

Head asked me to write him if I could learn anything more of him.\*

A little later he had to go, and I was turned over to a bright-looking lad "not yet gone seventeen." We wandered all about, looking at the buildings, the "Rugger" greens, the First-Five pitch, the House pitches (cricket, you know), the Fives courts, the Masters' tennis grounds, and so forth. He was a deputy-Grecian, my guide, who had a fine manner of speech: the School was "topping"; and did he like it?—"Rather!" "It's a gorgeous old show!" He also knew and liked Stalkey & Co. "*Gorgeous*, isn't it?" "Gorgeous," "rather," "*et cetera*," "topping," and the like flavoured it well in traditional style. He confided that he hoped to make Grecian this term, and stay on till it was time to "go up," meaning the university. The Head was a "well-meaning old blighter," he said: Upcourt, B.A., M.A., D.D., a Cambridge man, of Oscar Wilde's college, whatever that was. We ended with a look into his House, "Coleridge," where the boys were working at arithmetic—small lads of ten and twelve, with a "mon." at the end of the

\* Although Ezekiel Cheever was for seventy years a prominent teacher in New England, there is no evidence that he ever taught at Harvard, nor that he co-operated with Eliot on the translation of the Bible.

tables. They obeyed him when he reproved any dallying—"you jolly well keep your men at it," said my guide. Lamb was a deputy-G. only, and did not go to the university. More luck to my young friend! His choice was Pembroke, Cambridge.

*"Rose and Crown"*  
*Burwash Village, Sussex*  
*29 July, 1917*

I am writing this in the chimney-settle of a nine-feet-broad brick chimney. The chimney has a tall crane that cooked my dinner, mine host's good Sussex beef-pudding, and a fire screen of Burwash-forged iron, with a date 1761. In the next room there is one with this coat on it:



I have been a wonderful pilgrimage, which I will write further on shortly. (One can hear the "Boom-bitty, boom-bitty!" of "Hal o' the



Draft" on the inch-iron plate.\* At Glazier's Forge it was made, perhaps—the forge now kept by Hobden in the life, one of the numerous family about here.)

The "Rose and Crown" is an old coaching inn. Over the bar hangs a short brass "blunderbush" with the word LONDON stamped on the barrel. (The publican relates that once a Gipsy came in, paid, and, *en buvant*, spied the round mouth, and after a long puzzle said: "I have seen plenty queer things, but I'm blowed if ever I saw a gramophone like this 'un.") The rooms are low, timbered, in heavy plaster, with massive door-jambs, and stairs out o' line, bricked uneven floors, brass warming-pans galore; and in the back parlour I spied the host's gun, a 16-bore, and shells, so occasionally he "looks along a barrel."

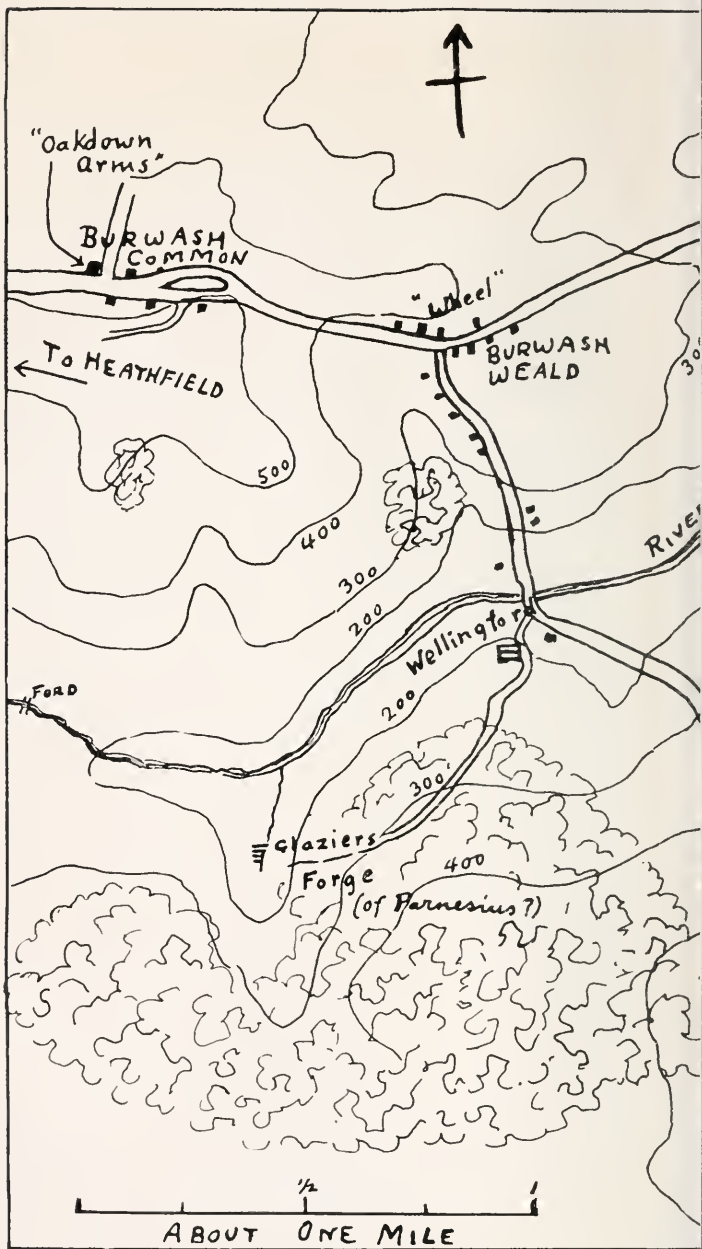
My bedroom (it had a big square rosewood four-poster, and a mattress—after barrack paillasses!) and most of the other rooms were so low that I had to stoop slightly—true Sus-

\* There are several references in the letters that show Wainwright's wide reading in Kipling's works. "Hal o' the Draft," "Weland's Sword" (page 97), "Old Men at Pevensy" (page 135), and "A Centurion of the Thirtieth" (page 133), are stories in "Puck of Pook's Hill." "A Priest in Spite of Himself," referred to on page 96, comes in "Rewards and Fairies," the second volume of "Puck" stories. "Lalun" (page 230), is a character in the Indian tale, "On the City Wall." "The Story of Ung" (page 233) is a poem written in 1894.

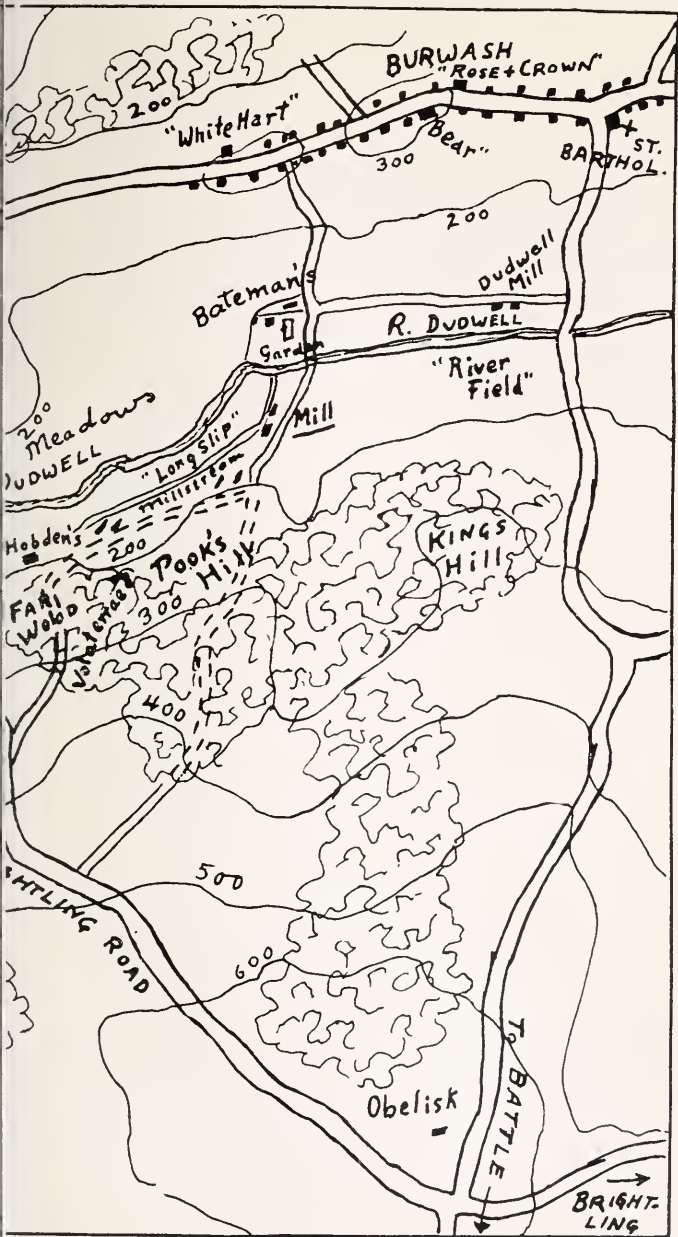
sex style. With farmers like John Ridd of Oare, they built the rooms in their own way—as I shall have occasion often to point out—“seely Sussex, for everlastin’.” I could talk on endlessly of this model tavern, but I have other things to speak of. Yet—the publican had one leg and a wooden pin, on which he was very spry. To complete the story he should have lost it at Sevastopol, or Tel-el-Kebir, or Northwest Frontier '83—but it was an ordinary accident.

I entered Burwash from Heathfield, where I landed from the evening train to The Wells. You leave Burwash Common at the “Oak-down Arms,” and make a winding descent into Burwash Weald. That was the first view of *the* valley, green and sleepy-looking in the setting sun. On my right the woods rose up to the bare summit of Brightling, and the obelisk standing out against the skyline: past the “Wheel” inn and up a rise, down again and up a long hill into Burwash village. There is a winding plaster and brick street, the “Bear” on the right, a row of shops, the butcher’s, draper’s, carrier’s, baker’s, grocer’s, and post-office. Elms line the road on either side. The “Rose and Crown, S. Hemsley” stands on its pole, the inn being back from the road in a lit-





BURWASH AND VICINITY





tle lane. Beyond, on the right, is the square painted granite Congregational Chapel, "1857," and two substantial newish brick houses, one occupied by a retired Colonel Fielding, a great friend of R. K.'s. The hill-top drops to the left, the houses continuing, and Brightling Road turns down into the valley on the right, with St. Bartholomew's above the finger-post. This is a square hewn-stone little building, with a fine and beautiful tower and chime of bells, in Perpendicular and Late Norman style. The God's-acre surrounds it, with grey old stones in the green, cut by sloping gravel paths. Burwash ends a little beyond, with a new inn, the "Admiral Vernon," on the left, and the Rectory on the right.

I turned into the "Rose and Crown," and a mellow Sussex pint was welcome indeed. I was shown my room, and then went out. The sun had set, and it was darkening over the valley and the faintly-lit top of Brightling. Nearly every one in Sussex greets you on the street, and I soon found the turning, half a mile back on my road, to Bateman's. It winds down the hillside, with green hedges at the sides, till you see a large grey house with many chimneys at the foot. There is a high yew hedge around it, a rough garden wall, outbuildings, and flow-

ers in long plots, between which the path leads to the main entrance. Above there is a long window with leaded panes that looks out on the river meadows and widening valley eastward. Smaller windows extend to the right on all three stories, and a jutting wing stands at the right of the central part. The same is duplicated on the left, with a splendid broad study window. His own study is not here, however. Six chimney-pots, tall brick, top the huge central stone chimney. The roof is well pitched, of slate.

It was nearly dark when I reached Bateman's, and the big lower window was brightly lighted, and uncurtained. At the risk of rudeness I stopped and looked in. The room was lit by electrics in the ceiling. A high dark wainscoting, with buff plaster above, ran around the room; a broad fireplace was let into the left-hand wall, and small pictures stood on the chimney-piece, and hung irregularly on the walls. A big table was in the middle, at which a middle-aged woman sat, sewing or reading, her back to me. Presently a man in evening clothes came into the light, rather short in stature, his large dark head bald on the top. He was speaking. He turned, showing heavy eyebrows, a prominent nose, with



heavy glasses at his eyes, and a thick brown moustache. He came toward the window, and then went out of view to the right. I went on shortly after. The man and woman were Mr. and Mrs. Kipling.

Back in the tap-room at the "Rose and Crown" (I went by the lower road, and up past the Church), the innkeeper and I sat down to two pewter tankards and a talk. He was Sussex born and bred, but with an Essex mother: his father in the "public" line, Lewes way. He came to his inn in the same year that the Kiplings came from Rotheringdean, whence they were driven by the Brighton promenade trotters to Burne-Jones's villa there. He was glad to tell me about R. K. and the family.

"Many's the time that Mas' Kipling *ad-* dressed the Conservative meetin' for Burrish up in the Big Room. I was mostly here in the bar, but I mind 'im well. He'd seem to outdo himself to be pleasant, an' 'twan't five minutes when he'd have 'em all laughin'. I mind he said once: 'I don't want to go to Hell next week, nor yet to the Devil the week after that.' [? — I'd like to have heard it! A.A.S.] He could hold 'em easy enough, once he got talkin', and give you 'Good mornin'' on the street as pleasant as you please. And Jack was a fine

straight lad. He and Elsie used to go up to the village, and to the shops, the two always together, and courteous little gentlefolk they were; an' Elsie's grown to be a fine homely English girl, scarce turned nineteen, I think, taking after her father; but her nose is her mother's. All we Burrishers like her, trapesin' about in her little motor, and Jack on his motor-bike; like to break his neck, he was, an' always going it an' fearless. . . .

"Burrish always had the name o' bein' the roughest town in Sussex. Forty year gone they'd crack your head in a week hereabouts, if you were a stranger and they had suspicions. But Sussex folk have Sussex ways, and if they know you they like you, and every one has open house to every one else."

He talked of the Hobdens.

"I've seen the four brothers, big strappin' men they are, sit there on the settle by you an' tellin' stories. David was the old 'un, that lives at Glazier's Forge by Willingford.

"The old folk be precious queer people—like old Jim ——. He's eighty now, an' time o' Heffle Fair, 'Cuckoo Fair,' we call it hereabouts, he always used to come by on the road, walkin' the seven mile over to Heffle. He always walked, till two year ago he says to me,

'Ems'ey, I've walked to Heffle Cuckoo Fair for sixty-two year runnin', but now age she must stop it—can I ride in the cart wi' you? When fair was over, April 13 it is, he says, 'I'll be comin' nex' year along wi' you, 'Ems'ey.' 'Right,' I said, but come next year I was waitin' with the cart an' the brown cob pony half an hour; an' I saw old Jim hobblin' down the road. 'Ems'ey,' he says, 'I've walked to Cuckoo Fair three an' sixty year, an'—an' I've come to think only trampers and good-for-nowts go to fairs, so I'll stop at home,' an' stop he did!"

And so we talked till after midnight: how young Lord Dacre "fetched up at Tyburn" for taking Lord Pelham's deer on Brightling yonder; how Pelham gave the chime to St. Bartholomew's; how the farmers got poor, and well-to-do families became farm-hands and basket-makers, through the custom of dividing the little property equally, among the several sons, thus impoverishing all—no Second Son pittance is found here. He had read the Barrack Room Ballads, and appreciated them—the songs of the public house, which he knew for true things. Kipling's fanciful books were regarded as "no-sense stuff" in the neighbourhood—but he wanted to see Mas' Hobden,

whom he recognised for old David! David did not work for Mr. Kipling, though. It was another, or else a different man under that name. I saw the Hobdens and Cruttendens and Follens in the bar that evening—for all the world like the pictures in "Puck." "Saxon and Norman and Dane are they." He spoke of tracing the Norman blood, as he could by the nose and broad face and eyes, among the country folk. I could see it too. These generations intermarried, and, in the more remote parts, have kept distinct indications of the older days. I retired to my four-poster at one.

The next morning I ate my host's ham and eggs with them in their dining room. Then to St. Bartholomew's, with the tower and corner which I associate now with a certain evening, nearly two years ago, when, at Professor Zug's, you read "A Priest in Spite of Himself." I've always remembered it, my friend—"Yess, Yess!"—and the song of Eddi at the end. St. Wilfrid came to St. Stephen's, Lympne, by Portus Lemanis, too—where also I have been.

It was overcast, and raining quite hard, as I biked, under a light overcoat, to Burwash Weald. Down into the valley the road winds again, and a young thunder shower was in action as I reached the foot at Willingford

Bridge, a little stone structure among the meadow alders. On the other side are two farms. Weland forged the Sword here, and here Puck helped him. A trout jumped in the pool below, where Hugh hunted them before Hastings. Up the hill, with Bog Wood and Pook's Hill (as it is called) on the left. "A shocking bad road it was," but it's rather better now, as I walked my wheel up. The people in the farmhouse gave me a glass of milk, and would take nothing for it, quite in the old Old Country style. Halfway up you have a fine view over the meadows and alders, with Hobden's Forge of the book half the distance to Bateman's. The River Dudwell is the brook of the tales, and in these meadows Dan and Una acted "Midsummer Night's Dream," and met Puck, Sir Richard, and others.

I footed it up to Brightling obelisk. It had cleared, but it was still misty—and some Imperials were making observations. You could see to Battle, Dallington, and the near side of the levels by "'Urstmonsoo," as my publican called it. Beyond the obelisk is Brightling village and church, Lord Pelham's demesne, and the site of the monastery. I walked back to my bicycle, and off into Far Wood for Bateman's. There was a track that

forked and wound along, and soon I was in the wonderfully beautiful wood on Pook's Hill. I took the wrong turn twice, and finally got on the downhill path. From here was "where they hauled the keels." Volaterræ is the edge of the woods near this point. So out of the dear ferny oak wood I went, down the bare hillside of Pook's Hill to the meadow road by the brook. There is a farm, and beyond it—

“. . . . our little mill that clacks  
So busy by the brook,"

where the children met Hal o' the Draft. The road (now) runs to the lower gate by the bridge. Immediately at the left the children's garden begins. On past the house I went, and up the hill to the village again.

I had a delightful time everywhere: it all so came up to expectations. A place where two children of this English race, with such father, who could write and tell these stories for them, might well be in their own Arcady. But they grew up, and another order of things came to their England: and Dan and Una, almost man and woman now, answered. So John ("Jack," as the villagers always called him) and Elsie met it well, and stood for their country, as their father had told only too well.

“Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee  
Our love and toil in the years to be:

. . .

That we may bring, if need arise,  
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.”

And Dan—Second-Lieutenant John Kipling—is “missing” since Loos.

I am sending in this letter what I hope you will keep steadfastly, not for the sake of him who sends them, but in some tribute to this boy and girl, their beautiful childhood, and the sacrifice of one of them: an oak, an ash, and a thorn leaf, which I gathered on Pook's Hill, here in this England. And may they magic you, my friend, into never forgetting Dan, whom we both in a measure loved, who has now gone on. Ah, God, the pity of it—his father and mother and sister here—and he is not. And yet will Flanders earth lie lightly on him, for in his case it was so true that *dulce et decorum est, pro Patria mori!*

I returned to Hastings by way of Etchingham, Robertsbridge, John's Cross, Battle, and Hollington. I went into Battle Abbey (it was raining quite hard from Mountfield and Battle Wood Hill), across the green in front of the Library, to the stone wall that overlooks

the narrow oak-wooded valley and brook. This was the Saxon line—the Duke was over yonder, charging down on the British bowmen. It was very still and quiet in the falling rain.

“See you our stilly woods of oak,  
And the dread ditch beside?  
O that was where the Saxons broke  
On the day that Harold died!”

I reached Hastings at 5:30, missed my train, and returned to Horsham this morning—happier by far, yet sadder indeed. Write on!

Yours,

ARTHUR A. STANLEY.

“Ack Ack Esses, 343939.”



## CHAPTER V

### WORKING WITH THE BIG GUNS

Life at Roffey Camp—Bairnsfather's Cartoons—On Fatigues—Democracy as a Theory—The British Artillery—The Cavalry—The Infantry—Gun Drill and Routine—"Cheero!"—The "Y"

*6th Siege Section  
10th Can. Siege Bty.  
Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex  
31 July, 1917*

DEAR ED:

. . . We have every Saturday from 12 to 10 p.m., and Sunday the same. We can move around anywhere, with some faint caution in big towns, on foot or bicycle. One may go certain distances by train. For twenty-mile journeys or more, one must have a pass, unless one leaves from and alights at small stations, where there are no M.P.'s (Military Police). If one is careful he may go practically anywhere that his purse will take him. London is rather risky, though. On week-end passes

(Saturday noon to Monday reveille) one may get a railway soldier's warrant, securing a ticket to any place at less than half-fare, third-class, of course. On your week's leave, which every soldier receives before going to France, you may go anywhere in the British Isles, free of charge.

Of course we are free every evening from 6:15 to 10, and one can cycle quite a distance in that time. I have been around Kent and a good bit of Sussex on bikes. I've bought one *depuis une semaine* for £3. I can sell it back at no great loss, and also rent it out for two shillings a day. . . .

We came here July 14. Since then we have been well occupied at learning the how and wherefore of siege gunnery in the British Army. Our gun is the 8-inch howitzer, Mark VI, which was originated in this war for the purpose of resisting Fritz. It is a big gun, and rather hard work, but of course we fire more seldom than the smaller fry. We shall be here about four weeks more, then proceed to Lydd, Romney Marsh, Kent, for firing practice. We shall be there from two to six weeks, depending on our ability, for we must accomplish fourteen "shoots" with a certain degree of success. A "shoot" is what you

might imagine, a spell of firing varying from one hundred to two hundred rounds under varying conditions—some short range, some long range, some bombardment, some barrage work, some aeroplane work, where we receive orders from a battleplane. After Lydd we go to Bristol, probably, for our guns, and embark from a Channel port thereafter—when, it is uncertain. We do not expect to get over till November, which means a rainy Picardy winter, but a radiant northern spring! . . .

Yours,

ART.

*6th Siege Section  
10th Can. Siege Bty., C.G.A.  
Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex  
4 August, 1917*

DEAR MR. MERRILL:

Yours dated July 17 came in to-day—rather a quick trip, only eighteen days.

I'm glad Gyles could get down to see you all—but of course they would allow leave when the term of instruction is so long. Does he like it? I hope their food is a bit more varied than when I was there. Our food here is really of better variety and quality than that which we had at Plattsburg. The *quantity* here occasionally might be bettered, but it is very good

on the whole, and excellent considering the difficulties here in war-time. This is the anniversary of the day of Britain's entering—three years ago. And Germany is not beaten yet. But the third anniversary of *der Tag* comes with a much dimmer outlook for the Boche, thank God.

Gyles had better join the siege guns, unless he wants to stick with the horses. It's vastly better in the Siege, and you do more good, I think, though it's harder work, manually. . . .

My bicycle is a good earner, and has netted me seven shillings the past week, on the days I did not need it. It was a topping investment, you know, for it offers such ease in getting about, and if you want to go anywhere, on a bit of a trip, it saves fares, and often you cannot get a railway pass, so it is doubly useful.

Did I tell you about my trip to Rye? I got some souvenirs of Canterbury in my three trips, and a small white stone cross on a pedestal, made from Cathedral material, at the curio shop within the Precincts. Unfortunately the pedestal broke off in my bag. I am sending some cards I have picked up. I sent a mounted miniature of the painting of Chaucer's Pilgrims. I hope it came safely.

A week ago I secured a week-end pass, and took train for Hastings at soldier's-warrant rate, 4s. 3d. for the return ticket, third class. You know fares in England are up 50%, and in certain cases higher, since the war. I took my cycle along in the guard's van. . . .

I'd like very much to have you read "Puck of Pook's Hill," or "Rewards and Fairies," or both, by Mr. Kipling. They are fine short stories, with incidental poems, of his Sussex, that he loves so well, put in the form of tales told two children, Dan and Una, living in Sussex, who, ciceroned by Puck, *alias* Robin Goodfellow, meet various people who in the past have lived their lives, and dealt with the problems of their day, in Sussex here, or elsewhere in England—all making toward a better knowledge and higher ideal for the children in their life for England. They are fascinating things. One narrator is a Knight of the Conquest; another a Roman Centurion; a third a prehistoric Jutish god, turned man; a fourth Queen Bess; a fifth an early priest, St. Wilfrid; and so on.

The children have a poem—

"Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee  
Our love and toil in the years to be."

Una is Elsie Kipling, Dan is Second-Lieutenant John Kipling, missing since Loos, 1916. I think you would like them.

“Trackway and Camp and City lost,  
Salt Marsh where now is corn;  
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,  
And so was England born!”

I'm well, and all is O.K. Best wishes to everyone. I'll write again soon.

Yours,

A. A. S.

Wainwright keenly appreciated Bairnsfather's cartoons, known as the *Bystander's* "Fragments from France." The first one he sent, on the sixteenth of July, was "The Tactless Teuton: a member of the Gravediggers' Corps joking with a private in the Orphans' Battalion, prior to a frontal attack." On August 8 he sent his father "The Better 'Ole," with a postscript, "Is the rifle (short Lee-Enfield) like the one you speak of? We use the same rifle." The same day he sent his brother "There goes our blinkin' parapet again." On this card he had written, "Learn and be wise!"



A BAIRNSFATHER POST CARD—"Keeping His Hand In"  
Private Smith, the company bomber, formerly "Shino," the popular juggler, frequently causes considerable anxiety to his platoon.

*(With the permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons)*





## [Postcard to C. M. S.]

*Roffey, Horsham*  
*8 Aug., 1917*

The spirit here is like that of the famous trench ditty:

“The bells o’ ’Ell go ting-a-ling-a-ling  
 For you but not for me:  
 For me the angels sing-a-ling-a-ling,  
 And I their glory see.  
 O Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,  
 O Grave, thy victoree?  
 The bells o’ ’Ell go ting-a-ling-a-ling  
 For you but not for me!”

Yours,

A. A. S.

*Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex*  
*August 12, 1917*

DEAR LOUISE:

. . . It's fine about Wilder. I suppose if I were on your side the pond now I would be in the R.O.T.C. with Syd and your brother and the rest—or perhaps 'twould be a spell at Plattsburg again! Syd writes me a lot of the R.O.T.C., and it sounds great. All my friends are in something or other. I hope they will all go for the essentials, and not funk out in some “Third Auxiliary Substitute Reserve”

unit. Speed and real service are the factors now sought for from America; and when you see England and France and what they have done, you have to realise that America's help will count immensely, and that she cannot do too much. So that is why the Regular Army, the New Army, and the first-line Navy are what your recruits are most needed for. The Hun is pretty strong yet—only a fool could doubt that. . . .

As ever,

Yours,

A. A. STANLEY.

*6th Siege Section*

*10th Can. Siege Bty., C.G.A.*

*Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex*

*14 August, 1917*

DEAR SYD:

To-day have I travailed long at menial labour—very sad, not? “Gunnery Mess” includes many woes. Among them are—ciling stoves, sweeping floors, washing floors, washing tables, washing dishes, washing pans, firing stoves, drawing fires, peeling potatoes, cleaning stoves, filling boilers, washing windows, *etceterarum*. But enough. This sad fatigue comes but rarely. With luck I shall not have it again here.

But a word on fatigues. We have many—Main Guard, Inlying Picquet, Town Picquet, Fire Picquet, Gunners' Mess, Sergeants' Mess, Officers' Mess, Hut Orderlies, Quartermaster's Squad, *et al.* They have varied duties and devoirs. They are mostly unpleasant, of course. A soldier will do with fair grace anything that comes on "parade"—that is regarded as part of his work; but extras, women's jobs and that sort of thing are received with defiant hostility. There is nothing like fatigues for giving you the "man's point of view." The tales of woe, adventures, complaints, grouching, schemes, religion, politics, and so on that are disbursed mutually on Main Guard, mess fatigues and the rest are amusing, sickening, depressing, disillusioning (if man still holds illusions about mankind) in the *n*th degree. It is very true indeed that one half the world does not know how the other half lives.

Plattsburg, when I thought I was learning a bit of life, was a kindergarten course only. I did not realise fully enough that the chaps there were largely of my own class. In the Canadian Forces, for example, unless you make up your mind to mix (which means going their ways and living their life only too

much), you are obliged to keep pretty well to yourself and certain few who drift toward you, and you toward them, by force of like aims and ideals. "Democracy" as a theory is all very well, but until we reach a Utopia of educated, sober-lived lower classes I cannot (for one) believe in it *in entirety*, or even in a large measure. Not yet. I hold to a class system of *ability* and ideals. If a man of low origin shows sterling qualities, well and good; but if he is rotten and narrow-visioned and prejudiced toward the great things of life, I cannot meet him as equal and brother. Perhaps (and very likely) he wouldn't care to meet me, or to have me condescend to him. Well, I'll ring off. Education, though, is the possible salvation for democracy. People in power are recognising this more and more here in England, where war-democracy is gaining, and a more wide democracy for peace days is possible. *Free* education to the age of eighteen is coming. It seems peculiar that it wasn't here before, as it was in the States, but such is the case. Rudyard Kipling had only a public-school education (United Services College—"Westward Ho!")

But enough: is this Armageddon bringing you to a "democratic" viewpoint?—for I do

not think any of us—Ed, Lorry, Foxie—had it before. Have you read “The Three Things” of Mary Shipman Andrews? It is a war short story, a fine thing, by the way, wherein a young “patrician” comes to democracy, class fraternisation and faith in the Deity—in Flanders. Perhaps it will come to me there. *Eh bien, c’est assez!*

For the best view of the War let me recommend to you, above all, *Punch*. It is great: I read it every day, nearly. The *Sphere*, *Illustrated News*, *Graphic*, and *Tatler* are also good; *aussi* the *Sketch*. But *Punch* gets to the heart of things superbly. The entire staff of it should receive D.S.O.’s, or at least the Order of the British Empire, which Mr. Kipling is slated for very soon, he having refused an old one for many years, and the O.B.E. (I think ’tis written) was established only two months ago. . . .

Best wishes to your people and everyone.

Yours,

ART.

*6th Siege Section.  
10th Can. Siege Bty., C.G.A.  
Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex  
15 August, 1917*

DEAR GYLES:

. . . I am working for the big guns—8-inch howitzers, you know, which I suppose you haven't yet in the U. S. It's husky business, rather,—but it is the branch of the Service that does the essentials out West. You will do well to get into it. How goes your end of things?

Sussex and all England are great, my son. You probably did not see enough of it when you were here to appreciate it. I'm having a great time also—none better.

We move from here next month, and probably go overseas about November. But any letter to me here will follow on. . . .

Yours as ever,  
343939 STANLEY, GUNNER, A. A.

*6th Siege Section  
10th Can. Siege Bty., C.G.A.  
Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex  
17 August, 1917*

DEAR GYLES:

I have written you not long since, but to-day your letter of 22 July arrived—most interest-

ing, too. There is much to speak of regarding it.

The big guns, to begin with, are the *only* thing, you know. They do the work. The 3-inch you speak of would equal approximately the British 12-pounder, I suppose, which is no longer used at the Front. You will have to progress a bit, young man. We work on 6-inch, 30 hundredweight, now. We shall go over as 8-inch or 9.2's probably.

In the Artillery of the British service there are three grades—Field, Heavy, and Garrison, or Siege. The Field uses 12-pounders (obsolete), 15-pounders, and 18-pounders. The latter is a wonderful gun, used everywhere along the line, about equal to the famous French "75." The 15-pounder is obsolescent. The Heavies (fine guns, you know,) are the 60-pounders (5-inch bore, huge shell and cartridge) mostly, and the 4.5 howitzers. The 5-inch low-power howitzer of Boer days has gone. The Siege comprise 6-inch and 8-inch howitzers, 9.2 *gun*, 10-inch, 12-inch, 15-inch, 18-inch. These last are massive naval guns that the Army does nothing with. The 6-inch howitzer has a 100-pound shell.

Our siege batteries are divided into six subsections, one gun to each sub., "A" to "F."

The old batteries had four guns and four subs. The field guns are in four and six-gun batteries also, very few four-gun units being left. The Field (know that I know whereof I speak, having served nearly eight months in it) has a battery of 136 men and six officers (a four-gun battery), comprising major, captain, and four subalterns. The Siege is the same. The Field is horsed with three teams to a vehicle—the gun and limber, first-line wagon, second-line wagon. The Field gets its ammunition from the D.A.C. (divisional ammunition column). The Heavies are drawn by motor lorries—you call them “trucks” in the United States—in which the men ride. The Siege is drawn by “caterpillars,” tractors built on the “tank” principle. We ride on the guns and caterpillars.

You did well to join the Field though. It seems very queer to write merely “F.A.” It should be “U.S.F.A.,” like the British style, “R.F.A., C.F.A., A.F.A., I.F.A., N.Z.F.A.,” standing for Royal, Canadian, Australian, Indian, and New Zealand—Anzac. The cream of it is the R.F.A., of course—the “Right of the British Line,” the best army corps under heaven, barring the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards.



The cavalry is coming in occasionally in Flanders, you know, in the new open fighting. Generally it waits in reserve, or acts on necessity as infantry, but in the early war they fought—the 6th Lancers at Messines, and all that. In the British Army they are called, you know, Lancers, Hussars, Dragoons, and Horse. So the 9th Lancers are the “Death or Glory Boys,” having for a crest [sketch]. They’ve earned it, too. The pick of the cavalry are the Household Brigade, of the King’s bodyguard originally, the King’s Life Guards, 1st to 4th.

The pick of the Infantry are the Foot Guards—Coldstream, Grenadier, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh (1915). The Coldstream dates from 1620 as a regular organisation; the Grenadiers from about 1700, but they were called “Gentlemen of the King’s Foot Guards” till 1815, when, at Waterloo, they vanquished Napoleon’s Imperial Old Guard, and earned the title of “Grenadiers.” The Prussian Guards, the best German troops, date from Bony’s time also, but they’ve been sadly knocked about in this thing. The Coldstream Guards, alone almost, held the First Ypres battle, and were nearly decimated in doing it. The rest of “British Infantee” is

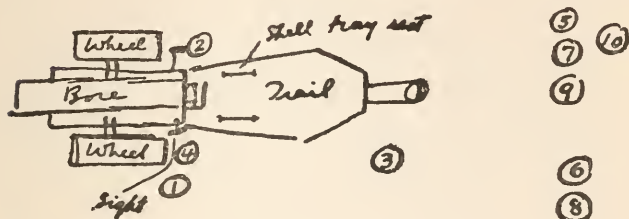
composed of the Line regiments—"the Thin Red Line of heroes" at Waterloo—the 1st to the 109th Foot, beginning with the senior British corps, the Royal Scots, 1600, and ending with the Leinster Fusileers, or the Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment, raised from the Canadian veterans of the Boer war, 1900, I think.

Here you have quite a bit about the British Army, but there is a lot more. It's a very old organisation, and a fine one. You may see that the States have a lot to learn in warfare when they come over. My father and an old Dartmouth instructor write me that a returned Canadian captain is drilling the Dartmouth Battalion. The Harvard O.T.C., where I have several friends, is under wounded French officers. You need first-hand information in this business.

When I was in Canada, at Kingston, I drove mostly, wheel driver. Do you wear a leg-iron, for protection, on your off-foot? The Field wears spurs *always*, in camp, on guard, mounted,—gunners too,—and when walking out. I have five pairs of spurs in my kit-bag—issue variety, nickel dress-spurs, officer's nickel dress, your nickel-plate ones that I took

to Plattsburg (remember?), and Mexican "dress." Would you like any? Do you wear spurs much, as officer, which I hope you are now? Does a private wear them? I used to eat, drink, sleep, ride, and walk in them, and it was queer changing over. No spurs are worn in the Siege. . . .

Our gun drill goes like this:



You have here a gun or howitzer. For six and eight-inch drill you have ten men.

No. 1 is a sergeant, and supervises, checking the orders and sights.

2 fires the gun by pulling lanyard.

3 rams the shell, inserts cartridge, uncapping fuse first.

4 sights the gun (the T-shaped thing on the left of breech).

5 and 7 bring up the shell on a tray; 5 rams with 3.

6 brings up the cartridge, received from 8.

9 substitutes with 5 on shell-tray.

10 substitutes for No. 1 in case of casualty, and issues fuses and shells to 5 and 7.

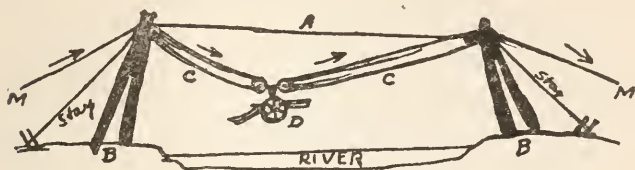
The gun crew of nine men and one N.C.O. forms up. (No. 10 is an N.C.O., also, in France.) On command, "*For Gun Drill, tell off!*" they "'shun" and number. Then comes, "*Prepare for Action!*" they double out and secure their tools, called "stores." A report of these is made, when they are correctly placed. Then they form up again. On command, "*Action!*" from the officer they double to their places. (In reality Nos. 5 to 10 are much further back—about fifteen yards in rear of gun.)

Officer gives the nature of shell out: "*Ammitol, fuse 106, lyddite, charge 3!*" for example, meaning that shell explosive is ammitol, fuse is No. 106, cartridge powder is lyddite, and cartridge charge 3. No. 1 repeats order to 5, 7, and 10, and salutes. . . .

No. 1 gives "*Load!*" to 5, 7, and 10. They bring up shell, it is rammed home by 3 and 5, and shell-tray returned. No. 6 brings up car-

tridge, shows it to 1, gives it to 3, who inserts it; 2 closes breech. . . .

I hope you've been able to get a bit of an idea about our work. It's hard at times. Besides gun-drill, we dig gun-pits; gun-platforms; erect *gyns* (transportable derricks, man-power); and build shears to transport guns over unbridgeable rivers. Men swim across with ropes and poles, erect two braces



(B) with connecting cable (A), sling tackle and blocks (C,C), attach gun at D, and by the men on ropes (M,M) gradually slackening on one side and drawing in on other, the gun is hitched across. We tie all manner of knots and lashings; erect framework for camouflage, the concealing dirt-coloured matting strung over guns in exposed places; do semaphore signalling (I'm quite an expert); foot-drill; physical "jerks" ("P.T.") every morning; shell-ramming in dummy guns; do bath parades, pay parades (rarely), and ordinary pa-

rades (any set and appointed drill or exercise is called a "parade")—and so on.

You haven't heard half our woes. Our routine follows:

5:45—Reveille. (No one hears it or gets up.)

6:45—P.T. Parade (demmit!) till 7:30.

7:30—Breakfast. Clean up.

8:45-12:30—Morning Parade, with a break-off of fifteen minutes at 11.

12:30—Dinner.

1:45-4:30—Afternoon Parade.

4:30—Tea—our third and last meal.

5:15-6:15—Foot-drill, lecture, or route-march.

6:15-10—Free to go out, if not on fatigue or C.B.

There you have it. The various drills come in hour or hour-and-a-half periods during morning and afternoon parade. Pay parade came a week ago. *Voilà!* I drew £2, to my joy. Yesterday, to my grief, I lost purse and all. But I've other funds. . . .

We are in huts here—electric lights, spring cots with straw mattresses, etc.; food at tables in the huts. The food is quite fair, but at a meal now and then rather *scarce*.



RAMMING HOME A SHELL—Canadian Heavy Artillery





All British forces wear puttees—not Fox, but issue. I had a pair of Fox's in Canada, but traded them well. "Monarchs" I like better: you can get them all over Canada. The issue puttees are worn on parades, but we have dress ones to walk out. Fox's, and other makes, of course, all originated with the British. The issue are cheaper cloth. The Infantry, Flying Corps, and non-mounted corps wear them rolled *up*; the mounted men roll *down*, secured at the ankle. You should wear them that way—you *must*. To wear them rolled up in a mounted corps is a gross mistake. You see, we wear them all the time, and if you are mounted and roll them up, they will quickly undo, so they're rolled down. We wear ours *up*, of course.

We wear a leather bandolier for walking out, but the Siege should have waist leather belts, like infantry; also British "slacks," or khaki trousers, folded tight from the knee down, and "putteed," with the knee part turned down over the top of the puttee. But we still have our C.F.A. riding breeches, fine Bedford cord, reinforced with leather at knees for dress, and duck fatigue and drill pants. The Infantry (British) wear trousers. Only mounted troops wear tight breeches. . . .

Do you wear sticks? A decent army should. Infantry wear swagger canes, or full-length canes; Siege, full canes; mounted corps, whips. You should carry a whip, but you can't get the right sort—and I forget, an officer should carry a cane in all services, except in the trenches, where you have a short trench stick, like a crop. I remember last year I and some other wise ones wore sticks, but most did not. It's part of the uniform, though, so do it. You can't find a better model than the British style *for style*.

Then our salute. Volumes may be written on the subject. I'll describe it later. Also later: how I martinetted the Major, genuflexioned the General, and sillified the subaltern, or lopped the Lieutenant—shall follow in an early issue. 'Twas a wonderful night! . . .

Yours, as ever,

“THE KID.”

P.S. Nineteen now, you know!

*Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex*  
18 August, 1917

DEAR MRS. CLARK:

. . . *Cheero!* This is the best panacea for gloom and blues that can be found: a British war-slang creation, it is on the lips of every

one in this fair country, that is far harder tried than, probably, America ever could be called on to be. Let it be the motto of you dear people also, for I can see it, in fancy, form and spring gaily from your lips, in the worst circumstances, as I've seen it here in England from Earl's Son and Clerk's Son ("Clark's" Son—tell Wilder of that!), from fine straight British lad and pure erect English girl, and their fathers and mothers following suit. In chorus, now—"CHEERO!"

Awfully good news comes to me from everybody. Gyles sends from Plattsburg his plans and hopes of a Regular Army commission, or a Reserve one at second best; Sydney Stanley (my namesake) has finished his O.T.C. at the old College by now, Wilder too; Ed, from next door to you, has done his apprenticeship at Navy Reserve and Base Hospital, coming to the conclusion that he doesn't want to doctor, after all, but instead to enter the Harvard O.T.C., or something else, this fall; Foxie (Foxcroft) is in the Naval Reserve—why the Navy should attract so *I* don't see; Lauriat Lane is driving an American Ambulance in the Verdun sector; my Dartmouth friends are in the O.T.C. there, at Plattsburg, in the Regulars, in the Navy; a good friend of mine, Mr.

Stearns of the Dartmouth English Department, is O.C. of a company there. . . .

You are absolutely right on the Y. M. C. A., or "Y," as we call them. Every camp in England and France has a Y in it—dispensing amusement, lectures, a wise leaven of religion which the men like, furnishing writing materials free, refreshments at cheapest cost, and good books to read. You will do well in America to follow the British lead in this. You know the Y originated in England. Every Y is under a Y. M. C. A. officer, volunteer civilian helpers, and the camp *Padre*, non-sectarian. The Padre is the military chaplain, a captain or major usually. Hours are set for opening and closing; free concerts and theatrical parties secured, and everything done to help the men that well can be. Ours here has a good gramophone with some fine records. . . .

Shelley's birthplace is two miles west of here. I went there last week. This is the region which inspired his best poems of nature. I've heard what may be the descendants of the very skylark which he apostrophised so sublimely. One can well appreciate his love of the wild things, the blue fleecy-clouded heavens, the May wind in the trees, and this fair

green wood and hill and meadow-land that is England. Some earthly things have a bit of the immortal in them, have they not? This beautiful English countryside has pulsed with the best aspirations of countless men down the years. It is indeed a wonderful thing to know and feel. No one realises better than I the splendid chance I am having to be here in my youth, which does not return to one.

I cannot thank you enough for the cheer you have given me, so I won't try, but you know it, still. Give my best wishes to all, Louise and Wilder and Mr. Clark and Miss Crawford, your very sunny sister! . . .

Luck to every one! and, till the next,

Yours, as ever,

"A."

## CHAPTER VI

### AT "TIN TOWN," LYDD

Doing Sentry Go—Camp Ditties—Cooden Camp—  
Pevensey—Application for a Commission—The Y.  
M. C. A.—Pay—Flag Worship—At the Target  
Range—Camp Fare—An Air Raid on Dover

*Cooden Camp, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex*  
*26 August, 1917*

DEAR GYLES:

We arrived here two days ago from Horsham, and move on to Lydd the day after tomorrow. . . .

But as to how I martineted the Major, and so on. I was doing sentry go: it was ten o'clock and after. I had been challenging the privates who were entering, when suddenly there appeared, approaching me from within camp, a figure in a British warm. He was short and fat, and walked slowly.

"'Alt! 'Oo goes there?"

(Croak, pianissimo): "Friend!"

"Advance, friend, an'-be-recognised!"

He advanced and stood glaring at me from the corner of his eye. I looked him all over, finally at the crown on his shoulder: often had he talked with me on sick parade when I wanted a day's holiday. So, after some more deliberation, I thought he could go through:

"Pass, friend, all's well."

"Ahem, very good; good night, sentry," said the old boy, and waddled on. One scalp to my credit.

Shortly after, two figures approached the gate for leaving the camp. Far in the distance I halted them.

".....! .....?"

(Calm low voice): "Friend!"

(Harsh roar): "General officer!"

"Advance, *One*, an'-be-recognised!"

The fuming adjutant, who wished to leave at once, came up, and swore audibly. Smiling sweetly, I said:

"Pass, friend. Advance, *Two!*"

Up he came. Ye gods, it was the General! If he were displeased I might be clinked, court-martialled, D.C.M.'d, well-nigh shot. But never did a Stanley falter.

"Show your rank, sir!"

Obligingly did the much-moustached old boy extend a sleeve from his burberry (British

trench raincoat). Critically did I examine the Crossed Baton and Sword, the Crown, and the resplendent Star. Then:

“Very good, sir. Pass, friend; all’s well!”

The dear old thing saluted, and passed on. I breathed well again.

Much later, nearly midnight, when all ranks are supposed to be in bed, there came one from without—without bandolier, cap, or puttees. Very irregular: hence I am stern.

“’Alt!”

“.....”

“Advance .....

He comes up and stands humbly before me. Ha-hum! The guard room for you to report. But a sergeant need not report. Is he a sergeant, though—shall I save him the bother? I feel for his stripes for identification. On his arm I grope and find none, high or low. Being about to say “Report to the Guard Room!” a mild voice assures me, “Feel up here.” Wonderingly, with an awful feeling dawning on me, I run up his arm to his shoulder-strap. As an electric wire I feel—what? a Star! *Sacr-ré tonnerre*, a Second-Lieutenant in His Majesty’s Royal Artillery! Visions of crime and sentence come to me—*lèse majesté*—pawing over an Imperial Officer! But I am re-



solved to carry it off with *é-clatt*. I smartly spring to attention, while he chuckles.

"Very good, sir! Pass, friend; all's well!"

He obligingly says, "Good night, sentry," and leaves me to a cold sweat and awful mirth!

The night's work was done.

Last week, having spoken in justification of an accusation of faulty drill from "Sergeant Deah," I go to the clink. Next day I receive seven days C.B., from the Major. But I appeal to the Colonel. It goes through, and, though I got no remission of sentence, I have the satisfaction of seeing myself righted—of seeing the officer (our Lieutenant, Mr. Perry) receive an admonishment from Major and Colonel for his over-hasty action. Hence all is well, and I am appeased. Such is the Army.

You ask what we sing. Various ditties. But not much of fevered patriotic stuff. That's *passé* in England now. There's a bit too much of the real thing over here, to counterfeit it in song. But all this Spring the catch has been "Take me back to dear old Blighty."

"Jack Dunn, son of a gun, over in France to-day  
Keeps fit, doing his bit, up to his eyes in clay.  
Each night, after a fight, to pass the time along,  
He's got a little gramophone that plays this song:

*Chorus*

*Tike* me back to *deah* old *Blight-y*,  
*Put* me on the *trine* for Lunnon *Tahn*," etc.

Cockney talk, you know. And:

"Taffy's got his Jennie in Glamorgan,  
 Sandy's got his Maggie in Dundee,  
 While Michael O'Leary  
 Thinks of his dearie  
 Far across the Irish Sea;  
 Billy's got his Lily up in Lunnon,—  
 So the boys march on with smiles,  
 For ev'ry Tommy's got a girl somewhere  
 In the dear old British Isles!"

But the old standby is this:

"Private Perks is a funny little codger,  
 With a smile, a funny smile.  
 Five-foot none, he's an artful little dodger,  
 With a smile—a sunny smile.  
 Flush or broke, he'll have his little joke,  
 He can't be suppressed.  
 All the other fellows have to grin  
 When he gets this off his chest—Hi!

*Chorus*

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag  
 And smile, smile, smile!  
 While you've a lucifer to light your fag  
 Smile, boys, that's the style!

What's the use of worrying?

It never was worth while—So!

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag

And smile, smile, smile!"

Yours,

No. 343939 ARTHUR A. STANLEY,

10th Can. Siege Bty., C.G.A.

*Cooden Camp, Bexhill, Sussex*

*26 August, 1917*

DEAR MR. STEARNS:

You shall hear of our coming hither, or rather of what has transpired since. We are at this camp for only three days more, whence we go to Lydd.

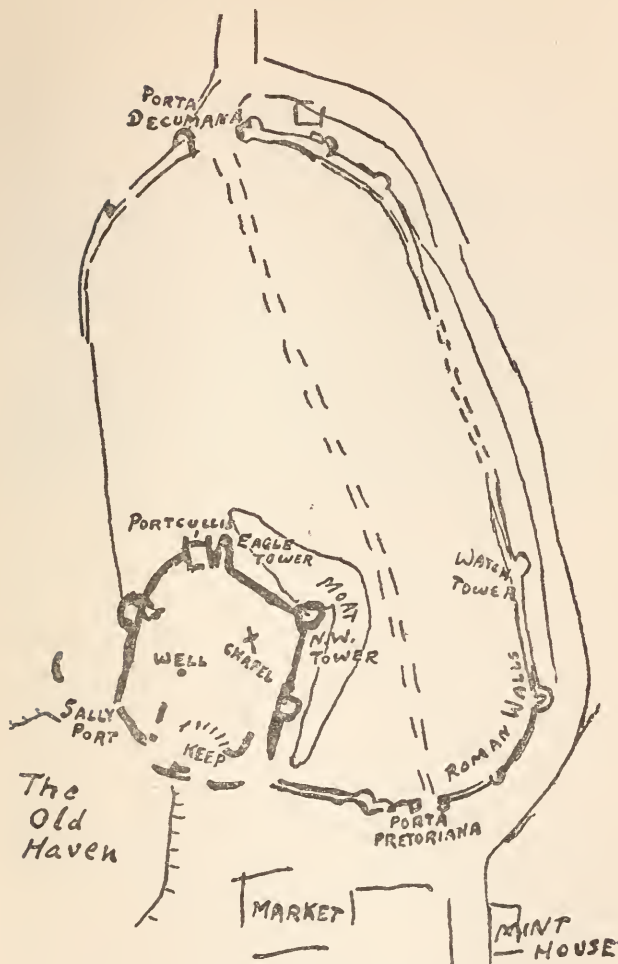
A strong wind was blowing as our train came down from Lewes, through Polegate, and out over the Levels to Bexhill. We marched (I cycled) west then, for two miles straight back, as we had come to the end of the tram-line, then turned north up a hill to the camp on top. Imperials and Canadian Garrison Artillery are camped here.

You go over the hill to the western side, and look out over the fair green Levels (as I did this morning) dotted with sheep and haystacks, winding "diks" between, with tree and hedge waving in the wind. Several miles out

are the houses and grey castle of Pevensey. The Bay village lies at the left, by the white-capped Channel; and, closing the view, eternal old Beachy Head, with the light and Coast-guard station, making a little hump at the end, above the white chalk sea-cliff—and Bullock Down, Willingdon, Combe, the Long Man, and Windover Hill stretching back to the Levels side. The cloud shadows raced over the sunny green of it all, back inland to wooded Wealden uplands at Herstmonceux, Hailsham, and Horse-Bridge.

We bath-paraded to the beach yesterday morning, and had the opportunity of swimming in the foam-lashed Channel. I did not, feeling chilly, but went back to the railway line and watched the shepherds tending the flocks, and convalescent soldiers piling up big hay-waggons of good marsh grass.

Yesterday afternoon I took bicycle back to Little Common hamlet, and straight west against the wind to the Level edge, where I turned for Pevensey. The wind came tearing in, making it a hard job, and the four miles took nearly half an hour. Pevensey came ever nearer, however, and at last I crossed Pevensey Haven, now so narrowed, into the High Street. It is a pretty little place, lined with



PLAN OF PEVENSEY CASTLE

old stone and cement houses, and trees, a mile and a half from the Bay.

At the end of the street, on the left, stands the solid Roman wall, *factum A.D. 300*, with the Porta Pretoriana squarely fronting the road, which turns to the left and circles the wall at the right. The Mint House, residence of Andrew Borde, the Court Physician to Henry VIII, is on the right opposite. It is much be-signed and be-labelled, to excess indeed. The fee is sixpence. Coinage is supposed to have been minted here in the Conqueror's time.

I entered the Porta Pretoriana. The ground within is higher, grass-grown, with grazing cattle. At the left the Castle stands, ivy-grown and very beautiful over the Moat. The Roman walls are twelve feet thick, I should say, and thirty high. They were higher, but the land has risen. I walked around them, and climbed the Norman Watch Tower. A wonderful view is had over the Levels to Herstmonceux, Heathfield, Horse-Bridge, and Brightling, and Battle in the low hills at the right—which Puck and Sir Richard and de Aquila saw! At the west stands the huge Porta Decumana, into which Parnesius came, to Anderida as "Centurion of the XXX." So



PEVENSEY CASTLE





around to the Castle again, with the massive ivy-grown portcullis and Eagle Tower—*Turris de Aquila*—named from Gilbert and his sons. In the Northwest Tower were imprisoned Edward, Duke of York, Prince James (James I of Scotland), and Queen Joan of Navarre.

Within the Castle proper—the Norman work—you see the ruined keep, dungeons in the Northwest Tower, West Tower, sallyport, and the well, into which—

“The Gold I gather

Like a shining Fish;  
Then it descends  
Into deep water,”

perhaps? Where Fulke hung in the tide-wash?

Up on the West Tower you command the Levels over the walls, Pevensey Haven (now dried up), Pevensey Bay, and the Channel. From this the “Old Men” at Pevensey watched against Robert of Normandy. Here you see the stony beach of Pevensey Bay, and the mist-hung Channel, stretching over to Normandy—whence came the legions to build Anderida, Weland and his image, and, 28 September,

1066,—as on the Bayeux tapestry recorded—  
 HIC: WILLELM: DVX IN MAGNO:  
 NAVIGIO: MARE: TRANSIVIT ET  
 VENIT AD PEVENESÆ. It was a great  
 thing to see all this. I would like to tell you  
 much more, but it will not shape well into  
 words, and what boots it, when you're not  
 here to see it for yourself—which is the main  
 thing? I'm better and happier for having seen  
 all that yesterday, though.

Returning to camp I rode, with the wind,  
 north to Herstmonceux, and saw the old brick  
 castle. Nothing like Pevensey, though. We  
 leave here Tuesday for Lydd, whence I will  
 write you more, with my new address—don't  
 use this one.

Yours,

ART. A. STANLEY,  
 No. 343939.

*10th Canadian Siege Battery, C.G.A.  
 "Tin Town," Lydd, Romney Marsh, Kent  
 28 August, 1917*

DEAR FATHER:

It has been beastly weather for the past  
 three days, raining great guns and blowing up  
 a gale out of Brittany and Bay o' Biscay O!  
 that has knocked down trees, apples, crops,  
*inter alia*. But to-night it has cleared a bit.

and as I walked back from Lydd village the moon was shining brightly, about half-full, and the light fleece nimbus harriers were racing up off the Channel and running shadows across the blowing, waving marsh grass into Kent. The sand blew up in gusts now and then, and Dungeness Light, at the end of the low point that juts into the choppy Channel, was dark and black in the moon.

We left Horsham Friday last (the 24th), having finished our term of gun-drill and preliminary work. We weren't sorry to go, for a change was welcome enough after the rather arduous routine, and every week completed is a week nearer France.

We went by train (my bicycle in the goods van) south to Lewes and east to Polegate, over Pevensey Levels to Bexhill, five miles west of Hastings. We stayed there till this morning, with windy weather all through, and rain from Sunday afternoon on. We were in fair quarters, at Cooden Camp, nearly two miles west of the town, with other Imperial batteries waiting for a turn of shooting at Lydd, which is quite taxed at present to find room for the shoots of all the siege batteries of the British forces which come here if they drill in England, sooner or later, generally just before

proceeding overseas. "Lyddite" was originated in this camp. . . .

I have sent to Mr. Lane in this mail an application for my commission as an Imperial officer, in the Royal Garrison Artillery, probably. The paper has two certificates, of good moral character for four years past, and of entrance-to-college education, which a responsible person and teacher must sign. The college head is not required, and Mr. Lane is a professor at Tufts. You couldn't sign for me, for obvious reasons, and as being an "interested person." It is only a matter of form, and the Army does not care a hang as long as it has the blanks filled, and never asks questions about it. I've seen lots of cases where incogs. are never disturbed in the Army: 'tis a most apathetic organisation. I cannot get the appointment till I am in France, when I shall apply for recommendation by my O.C., and then be posted to an O.T.C.—Officers' Training Corps. I am asking him to return it as soon as possible, as I need it as soon as may be.

If I can be recommended, I shall surely be in luck. I have always wanted it, of course.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR.

*Soldiers' Institute, Lydd Camp  
Lydd, Kent  
31 August, 1917*

DEAR FATHER:

This afternoon, after a hot few hours' work on the ranges, I came back to camp to find your three very welcome letters. . . . Two of your letters were "opened by censor," but nothing touched. . . .

This camp is on the barren shingle "ness," with little attraction except what is found in the recreation "huts." These are of various sorts, being maintained by the Church of England, Wesleyans, Regimental Institute, and Y.M.C.A. They all have a coffee bar, with refreshments, canned goods, hot drinks, *et cetera*, a billiard and ping-pong room, a library, and a writing room, with often a prayer room added. They afford decent amusement and occupation to numberless men, without friends in a strange neighbourhood or country, who otherwise would be obliged to loaf about the barrack room, the streets, or the public houses. Most of my letters are written in some hut or other. The Y.M.C.A. does perhaps the most extensive and best work, and if you ever contemplate some contribution, and are uncertain as to who should receive it, the

Y.M.C.A. Recreation Hut Fund is, I can assure you, a very deserving recipient.\* There is a Y.M.C.A. hut in practically every camp in England, and they are everywhere behind the lines at the Front, all being staffed by unpaid volunteer workers, who do their bit as nobly as any nurse or fighting man. . . .

The money order is in good season, and I thank you very much for it. It will be of great assistance in enabling me to see more than I could otherwise. We are not badly off, though. We receive \$18 of Canadian pay here a month, which is paid semi-monthly in varying amounts, sometimes 10s., £1, £1, 10s., or £2—occasionally as much as £3. If we are given a large amount once, the following payday will often produce only 10s. It is a very uneven, and rather unsatisfactory system, or rather “plan,” for there is no system to it. Through some caprice of the paymaster a man may receive several large amounts running, however, as £3, £2, 10s. and £2—thus over-drawing his wage for a month and a half considerably, and often resulting in placing him in debt. In France, or on fighting service any-

\* Wainwright Merrill's arrears of army pay, three instalments of which were received after his death, were sent by his father to the Maritime Division of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. for its work among Canadian soldiers overseas.

where, the Canadians receive about fivepence a day, I believe. The balance is put to their credit in England, and may be drawn when returned convalescent, or on leave.

The Imperials (British Regulars) draw, in general, supposedly a shilling a day; but certain married soldiers are compelled to allot sixpence of this to their wives, and part of the remaining sixpence is "stopped" for barrack damages, etc., with the result that many draw only half-a-crown and less a week, month in and month out. Certain branches of the service are better paid. The Royal Flying Corps privates (2d mechanics) get two shillings, 1st mechanics three shillings, while "labourer" privates have but the "shilling a day." There is considerable discontent, and agitation to raise the pay, which will probably bear fruit by giving the infantry private a shilling "clear" of all stoppages. Even then it is mighty little, of course. Conscripts draw even less than the volunteers' imaginary shilling.

America always is strong for flags, isn't it? You see the flag everywhere—they even parade it too much in the Army. I think it has the tendency to make it a bit common. In England or Canada one seldom sees the Union Jack. The first one I ever saw in the Army

was on the staff at the gate at Horsham. But for all that, the flag means much more to a Briton than the undemonstrative Briton will tell you, and they think of it, when they do at all, in a much finer way than most Americans, I think.

In the cinema ("movies") at the end of a news-weekly film there regularly appears a "flash" of the British Jack on a short pole, over the world, flapping boldly. The spectators do not clap, but you see here and there a glint of the eye and a faint smile, that speak volumes. Then at the end, of course, the King's photograph is thrown on, and the music plays the anthem, while the whole house stands at attention, soldiers and civilians too. Georgie may be but a figure-head, but he's a mighty fine one, and I vote for him! I wish, as a bit of a favour to me, that you would keep that silk Jack you speak of—on your room wall perhaps. It was one I rather valued, and I'd like to think that you have it safely. . . .

On the range to-day the 15-pounders, 6-inch, and 8-inch were lopping over some battery fire, then some good salvo work, and a trench bombardment. I was detailed to the job of filling shell-holes. We went down on the little camp railway, run by the Royal Engineers,



to the S.P. (signalling point), about three miles from the guns, and watched. The targets were stretched away from us in line, the nearest at 100 or 150 yards.

In "battery fire" we would hear the dull boom, then an interval of a few seconds, Boom! and a heap of shingle and sand would fly up, well over to the left. Ten seconds later a second would follow; then the third, getting nearer—a "dud" (unexploded) that time; the fourth, the fifth—you can hear the whistle plainly now; the sixth boom—that's ours—"Wh-e-e-e-e-E-E-E!" Almost overhead it seems. Boom! Not ten rods off in the shingle the spurt goes up, and a pebble glances off the rock near us. "Sometimes it's lead instead," said the sergeant, and we wisely moved into the "splinter-proof." It's a peculiar sensation, being under fire. You hear the filthy thing whistling, low, then louder and louder, and your impulse, invariably, is to avoid it somehow. Some men bend the head, others want to throw themselves flat, others turn and "double." But, of course, except for the very improbable combination of lower charge than usual and "5' right" incorrectly put on the sight, we were in no danger.

Salvo fire is a bit impressive. Six barking booms come at once, and one long whistle, that is yet six distinct whistles, comes down toward you, louder, louder—then six bursts of earth and stones start up at once, hanging in the air, slowly sinking, with a heavy roar of the H.E. (high explosive) distributing the shrapnel. Afterward we filled in the holes. The shells burst into all sorts of shapes. I picked up bits, and dug some undischarged shrapnel out of their rosin bed in a rusty “dud.” A day’s rain rusts all this iron.

In my last letter I wrote of my application for a commission, which I sent to Mr. Lane. I hope he will sign it as soon as he can, and get it back to me. I stand quite a fair show of getting my O.C.’s recommendation, when we are a short time in France, for return to England to an O.T.C. unit. Then, after a couple of months, if all goes well, I shall be an officer in the Regular Army—subaltern (Second-Lieutenant), of course. Think of all the bother I’ll have in returning privates’ salutes! But it will be not so bad, though, will it? I’m pretty well “fed up” with certain things one meets in the ranks. Of course all this depends on my O.C.’s recommending me. Still, my chance is pretty good, I think. Tell Gyles I

may not be far behind him! Of course one does have a much decenter time wearing a "Sam Browne" and stars. The men are of your own class, largely, and a fine clean lot on the whole—and I've seen no few officers in my nine months' service.

We shall not have leave for three weeks or so now, I'm afraid. There are some chances of getting ten days. It will probably come just before we go over, which will be in five weeks' time, under normal conditions.

I'll write more soon. Write me whenever you have time—and congratulate Gyles for me! My best wishes to all.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR.

*Tin Town, Lydd Camp, Lydd, Kent  
4 September, 1917*

DEAR LOUISE:

. . . There are three divisions to this camp, scattered about on the marsh. They are named "Tin Town" (sandy), "Wood Town" (sandier), "Brick Town" (sandiest). We Canadians (10th and 12th Batteries) and two Imperial batteries inhabit Tin Town. Imperial batteries are entirely filling Wood Town. Brick Town has the 12th Canadians, some

Imperials, and others. The town of Lydd, though of only three thousand people, and less since the war, has a mayor, council, and borough organisation. It winds along two streets a little to the north of camp, has two cinemas ("movies" in the U.S.), some few shops, and a great number of public houses ("saloons") and sheep. . . .

To-day I am a housemaid—ahem!—I should say *butler*, likewise man-of-all-work (very little of which I have done). My duties, in company with another blighter, are to fetch and distribute the food to the men when they are back from parade, to sweep the hut, wash dishes and tables, fetch coal for the mess-house, and so on. Most of that comes from 7:30 to 10 in the morning; afternoon and evening are largely our own. At this camp four, and occasionally five, meals a day are "served," in true British style, but part of them are, it is true, quite meagre. *Voilà:*

Early breakfast—*Tea*.

Breakfast—Porridge, beef ("bully") or bacon, *tea*, bread and margarine.

Dinner—Beef or mutton or stew, potatoes, dessert.

Tea—Bread, margarine, *tea*, cheese.

Supper—*Tea* and bread.

No true Britisher can ever do without his tea. At times I imbibe tea eight times daily: at four Army meals; at lunch, 10 a.m., at the Y.M.C.A.; lunch, 3 p.m., at Wesleyan Soldiers' Home; lunch, 7 p.m., at another home; lunch, 9 p.m., somewhere else. Oh, do we eat? It is really shameless. All our pay goes into tea, buns, sweets ("candy" in U.S.) and—ahem!—beer. But the latter ever so rarely for me. But you know, Louise, English beer is not as other beers, being much more a gift of the gods.

Sweets are becoming awfully hard to secure. Chocolate of any sort is nearly impossible to get. Toffee is very rare. All that is left is hard acid drops and such child's fare. But—I've not thanked you yet for your never-to-be-forgotten box! It came at a most sad and depressing time, when I was about to go up to my O.C. (for a false péccadillo, that didn't happen at all), and the wonders therein were as manna to the Israelities. But seriously—thanks awfully, Louise. If I had needed any further proof of your cooking ability, it was then and there conclusively demonstrated to me. The package arrived in good condition: the mails do not get very hard treatment, to all appearances. . . . Well, look at

me! talking for half an hour about my blessed self, of course! But how are all you people in Cantabrigia town? I hear from several of you, but it is quite long between letters, owing to the curtailed steamer service. . . .

There was an air-raid on Dover again last night. We could see the anti-aircraft fire plainly, twenty-five miles off as it is. There was a full moon, almost, and everything was very brilliant. Later, while the chaps in our hut were waiting for midnight, to go out on a digging scheme for the guns, and were playing cards with the lights lit, "Sergeant dear" suddenly ran in and gave the word, "Lights Out!" Then there became more and more audible a grinding, pulsing humming. At the windows we looked up into the stars and moonlight, while Fritz came over, his battle-planes very high up, speeding back home by the Étaples-Boulogne route. Nothing was dropped, and ten minutes later the men went out to dig, while I, as hut orderly, turned in to the sleep of the weary. I went through Fritz's hot show at Folkestone, which you may have read of in the papers. I missed mine by thirty yards that evening. Very interesting, and mildly exciting, it was, 'pon my word.

I must cease this for now, Louise, as "dinner up" is about to be yelled, and that means work—a little, anyway. . . .

Yours, as ever,

ARTHUR A. STANLEY.

*"Tin Town," Lydd, Kent  
10th Can. Siege Bty., C.G.A.  
6th Siege Bty. Section  
5 September, 1917*

DEAR C. M. S.:

Coming here from Bexhill a week and a half ago, we passed Winchelsea and Rye on their walled hills in Rother Levels, peaceful and very old in the sunlight—Rye with its red tile roofs, Winchelsea shrouded by elms—the Roman road leading to both crossing Rother, Tillingham, and Brede. The look of them in the blue and white setting of sky, the white ribbon of road leading straight thither, reminds me strongly of Parrish's fine drawings—the "Dinkey Bird" magic, and the "Roman Road" drawing (from Kenneth Grahame), striking in its likeness.

We leave here for mobilisation, and France, within a month. But in a sense I am like Parnesius of the "XXX Ulpia Victrix"—"a probationer waiting for a cohort." An the Fates be kind, I return ere long to England

for a British subaltern's commission—R.G.A., or, maybe, Lancers.

But I have not heard from you for a long time. I hope you will not forget me.

Yours, as ever,

ARTHUR A. STANLEY,

No. 343939.

P.S.:—Luck to your coming year—will it be in Hanover?



## CHAPTER VII

### THROUGH LONDON TO CODFORD

A Rest-Camp in Wiltshire—Glimpses of London: Charing Cross, the Strand, Trafalgar Square—Types in Camp—A Walk to Stonehenge—America's Part in the War: "Don't Drivel and Sentimentalise"

*10th Canadians, C.G.A.  
Camp No. 15, Codford, Wilts  
September 20, 1917*

DEAR MR. STEARNS—"C. M. S.":

I write this on the slope of a windy, muddy down that flanks Salisbury Plain on the southwest; fifteen miles southeast lies Salisbury, in Avon valley—not the same Avon of Warwicks and the Bard, but none the less a pretty one. Stonehenge is, accordingly, perhaps ten miles east.

We came here yesterday from Paddington (and Lydd) by a slow afternoon train on the G.W.'s Bath line—by Eton, Reading, Newbury, Devizes—then south, ten miles out of Bath, through western Wiltshire, Trowbridge, Heytesbury—to this rest-camp that shelters

—, —, —, and —; Anzac, Australian, Imperial, and now Canadian. The Canadians tramped the ooze of the Plains in the winter of '14-15, and now again:

“Gorblimy, Alf, the bloody Canidians is 'ere!”

And now to return to yesterday. Out of the windy drizzling Marsh we came on the little branch line to Appledore and Ashford, then turning westerly into the fair green hop-fields, well-manned by the journeying coster-folk and ruddy “N.S.” girls in brown smock, jackboots and khaki riding breeches. “Cheerio!” they waved from the fields, for we, leaning from the carriages, stood for returned men, and all England knows and sympathises with the Back to Blighty ecstasy.

At Tonbridge we went north, into the long Sevenoaks tunnel—then Orpington, Bromley—ever faster. Then the streets and houses began—streets, chimney pots, spires, and smoke—everywhere to both horizons: and we journeyed so for seeming ages—New Cross passed—slowing now: more churches, grey stone everywhere: Waterloo Junction halted us a time, then on again! We had traversed, unknowing, Bermondsey's fetid alleys, the Borough High Street (the “George,” “Tab-

ard," Guy's Hospital, Lant Street of the immortal "Papers"!), Blackfriars Road. Now over Waterloo Road!—ah, God! what would it be like? A hasty arrangement of impressions flashed through my mind, chasing each other out, hazy, indistinct; the carriage seemed to crawl at snail's pace. The majestic River I pictured on the retina of my brain—"Between Southwark Bridge that is of iron, and London Bridge of stone" jumped over my ideas, out of "Mutual Friend," why, I cannot say. It would be wonderful, I decided, having ceased trying to order it up for my senses—I had allowed too little time to think it over. Then, slowly gliding, we slid upon the end of Charing + Bridge.

There it was! A maelstrom coursed up, changing all my preconceptions—the River! So narrow, was my thought—a stone's throw seemed it to Waterloo Bridge. How dwarfed the stream seemed from this height! Then quickly I picked out objects: "Hotel Cecil" fronted squarely, dark grey and black. The sun had struggled through, and it was glorious. The Savoy next it, of course: the long green embankment—and the trams moving up and down. I flashed my eyes upstream, and caught the Houses, the War Office turrets.

Then it blotted out, and back I searched. Metropole there, tall on the left. A glance down Northumberland Avenue, a final enduring impression of square, massive, grey buildings, firm bridges, green trees, and the dirty dear old River—this, the centre of “this behemoth, this leviathan monster London!”

We slithered neatly into the yards; then overhead we saw the opaque glass of the Station: porters, girls mostly, bustling about—luggage, and some non-khaki people. We alighted at once: formed up, and marched on to the main hall. “At Charing Cross or Port Said you will meet every one in this wide world if you wait long enough!” (Kipling, wasn’t it?) Then out towards the street: khaki everywhere, all manner of it; the little red, green, and black divisional cards on the sleeves; the jacketed, squatty little Enfields on kit-loaded, muddied shoulders; caps askew; and the dull brown of the tin-hats strapped to the back! *Blighty*, for them! after æons of assorted hell. But the predominating note to me was “Cheero!” “Light a fag!” “To-morrow we’ll bash Bill Kaiser!” And into that world-renowned highway we swung, whistling as in happy times of yester-year:

“*Up* to mighty Lunnon came an Irishman one day;  
There the streets was paved with gold and everyone  
was gay—”

and to complete it—here, the trams, ’buses, taxis, hurrying civilians, and khaki, always khaki—the Strand!

My eyes darted right—the Adelphi, yes, far down; behind it I knew were Covent Garden, Maiden Lane, and old Drury. Boardings, significantly new, covered corners of two buildings: the Hun had come to “mighty London”—not long since—but that thought was chased gaily away by our wheeling left of course. The Grand ahead, high and dark! Then, behind a big ’bus, a lion couchant, black-grey! Whistling and swaying we went; people laughing; a kid messenger’s pill-box oscillating as he chewed something; “Canidians, wot ’o!”: then I felt the imposing triumphal arch of the New Admiralty over against me, tall, square, and grey—the Mall beyond, yes—and we swung into the Square.

Nelson has a high, bold warder—well, Trafalgar!—he saved England jolly well enough! The National Gallery shuts the northern view. Ah, there to the left, a flash of Whitehall! And opposite, Cockspur Street

leads to Pall Mall. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, this would be—Brimstone Corner and Fan-euil Hall in one, but three thousand miles! Khaki, people, people, dogs, bicycles, an admiral, tall constables,—and we plunge into Bakerloo Tube entrance. Two flights down, a lift, down again! A Paddington train soon rolls in; and by Piccadilly Circus halt I have re-assembled my vagrant fancies a little. Yes, it was wonderful, and sad, and gay—London is all that. It all was passed and indelibly recorded in five minutes—that I shall not soon forget.

*Here* we remain for two weeks, resting; then over. I hope I may hear from you some time, my friend, with news of all that other matter, the Republic of the West—now leaguings with Albion, the which—Albion—is the fairest, dearest land under heaven, my friend. Cheerio!

With best wishes and good luck,

Yours, as ever,

ARTHUR A. STANLEY,

No. 343939.

*Camp No. 15, Codford, Wilts  
September 20, 1917*

DEAR SYD:

. . . The types here! Everything and everyone from all over this little world. In the Congregational Home last night, at the coffee bar I was getting tea and buns, when a Padre standing next me spoke. We got to talking. He was an Imperial black-crossed chaplain. Then, "a Canadian!" he ejaculates, and it developed I was practically the first he had met since Ypres '15-16. He worked there at sky-piloting with them and the Imperials also. He spoke English with a peculiar accent, and, as he informed me, hailed from New Guinea—a missionary, I suppose.

Another: a ship-owner, private of Australian Infantry, born in Glasgow, raised in Liverpool and Birkenhead, emigrated to Canada, lived in 'Frisco, in the Klondike in '98, sailed to East and West Africa, a certificated pilot on the *Irawaddy* "from Rangoon to Mandalay," retired to ship-lading in Sydney, formerly Sergeant-Major in Australians, relinquished it for R.N. commission which failed: preferably would live in Burmah. And the hosts of others. Verily, verily, this earth holds all sorts and conditions of men. . . .

Yours, as ever, ART.

*6th Siege Section  
10th Can. Siege Bty., C.G.A.  
Codford, Wilts  
September 26, 1917*

DEAR FATHER:

We continue to "rest" here. I am reading "Pendennis" and "Barnaby Rudge." We arise at 7:30, breakfast; parade, usually for only half-an-hour, at 8:30; dinner, 12:30; parade, 2 p.m. (usually omitted); tea, 5 p.m. This afternoon the men played the officers at baseball, and all the Imperials turned out to watch the *bloomin' gime*. "It's not cricket, you know!" I played left field, and was struck out by a lanky lieutenant.

Last Sunday another chap (Land Office, Ottawa) and I walked over the rolling green Plain on a Roman road, past the ancient British earthwork, Yadbury Castle, through Winterbourne Stoke, to Stonehenge. Quite a little sight, indeed. It is most imposing when you are within it. The equinox had just passed, and the sun must have risen nearly due east, over one of the stones without, that gauge the seasonal movement of the sun. There was quite a crowd there—Anzacs, Australians, civilians, and a U.S. medical officer, apparently a Hebrew. Soldiers were admitted for



threepence, but common people were taxed a shilling. Later we walked into Amesbury, and had a very good supper at the New Inn. We walked back in the evening by moonlight. We covered twenty-five or thirty miles that day.

I go on my much-deferred leave in two or three days. I probably go *via* Salisbury—a chance to see the Cathedral,—Reading, to Paddington, then out of it to Stratford, stopping a time in Oxford on return, and three days in London. I may stay at the “American Eagle” Hut, for soldiers, Aldwych, Strand—where I can get some of that nectar called *ice-cream soda*.

It is wet to-day, and the little village fully justifies its name—*nom de guerre*—“Codford-in-the-Mud.” There are good roads, though, as everywhere in England. . . .

Yours, as ever,

ARTHUR.

*6th Siege Section  
10th Can. Siege Bty., C.G.A.  
Codford, Wilts  
September 26, 1917*

DEAR FRANCIS:

. . . I was mightily interested in your clippings. “Massachusetts does not realise fully,

completely, that this nation is at war!" Oh, journalist bombastic, you are right. I'll tell you, in a whisper, England only learned that she was at war May 25 last—after three years: after Folkestone. And your States, O scribbler, should learn it in four months, or five! And that "A sobbing kiss, a tightening of the arms, tears alike of"—brave warrior and heroic lass, probably. Rotten form, you know—before they even smell training camp mud. Here in England, across her narrow seas from Flanders, in raid and desolation and death—that I have seen,—I have never yet beheld a woman weep, only that nursing mother in Folkestone accursed, with her breasts torn off, moaning. The best thing for America, always hysterical and loving show of hackneyed emotions, is to follow the example of Britain's tight-lipped unconcern in hundred-fold worse adversity. Don't drivel and sentimentalise: besides being childish, it doesn't beat the Hun.

I hope I've not said too much; but, Francis, I have so much admiration for the way this England of ours is carrying on, that I'm a bit intolerant, perhaps. America will learn—the pity that she will have to!—but Fritz can't win, you know! We're going over in a few

weeks to attend to that, or do our bit, anyhow! . . .

When the address is "France," I'll let you know. Confidentially, it may be "Italy" or "Palestine," but that is as we shall see.

Yours, as ever,

ARTHUR.

## CHAPTER VIII

### OXFORD IN WAR TIME

A Morning at Stratford—The Harvard House—The Shakespeare Tercentenary Programme of the Celebration at Rühleben—An Afternoon at Oxford—Balliol's Five Sheets of Names in the Lodge Entry: FRATER, AVE ATQUE VALE

*Harris's Hotel, George Street, Oxford*

*September 29, 1917*

*11:30 p. m.*

DEAR C. M. S.:

This morning very early I alighted in the cold in Stratford-upon-Avon. Finding no shelter at the ungodly hour of five, I repaired to the Great-Western station, and slept two hours in a first-class compartment on the siding. Later I sallied forth.

I breakfasted next Washington Irving's inn, the "Red Horse"; visited the buildings in Chapel and Church Streets; Holy Trinity Church, the tomb by the altar, the God's-acre, and the still Avon, with the Memorial standing as testimony. Everything in Stratford

breathes Shakespeare, is Shakespeare: Guildhall, Chapel, Church, Memorial, Birthplace, and shops.

It was very peaceful this morning. I went into the Harvard House then, and at the concierge's tender of the sixpenny ticket, I informed her that I entered free there—whereupon she gladly showed me the handsome old house. She fetched the visitors' book, with the dear old seal on it, and I signed—the book of Harvard men who have visited that place, the home of John Harvard's mother, Katherine Rogers, who married Robert Harvard of Southwark. The book begins with Whitelaw Reid's autograph, and contains a fine list of representative Harvard men—Bliss Perry, "A. Lawrence Lowell," Henry Hildebrand, C. Hidden Page, Herbert M. Sears (Boston), F. W. Taussig, Bancroft (Boston), Albert Bushnell Hart, the Roosevelts, '62 to '19, the senior W. T. Brigham, the junior, and—your obedient humble. On nearly every page stood the name of some man I knew, had been taught by, or "representative" Harvard man. It was a bit of a link with the old college, wasn't it?

I visited the Birthplace, and was guided by the woman-in-charge, who explained exhaustively. With me were a small party of that

peculiar genus, *Anglaise continentale*: a middle-aged woman, a nice old French lady with an exquisite accent, three boarding-school misses of varying age. They all spoke French and German proficiently, by turns. The first-named a month ago lived interned in Weimar, had visited Florence two weeks ago, and now was at Stratford, as she said with a faint smile of pride, at knowing the *locales* of the three Immortals' homes. (The oldest and rather attractive miss spoke animated French with the old lady, and in the gaps laughing German with me.)

It was all very interesting and informative at the Birthplace, and the Birth-Room has a bit of a charm, in spite of the doubtful authenticity of some of it. But I gleaned one thing of gold from the hodge-podge of theory and conjecture: on the wall is framed one of the very few extant copies of the Shakespeare Tercentenary programme of the celebration at Ruhleben, by the British interned:

“Shall it for shame be-spoken in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power . . .”

Henry IV, Part I.

“This festival is offered to the subjects of the British Empire interned at Ruhleben, as a Tercentenary commemoration *that cannot be without special significance to all who reverence the ideals that spring from English soil and live in the English tongue.*”

A strange commentary on a race that wrote the “*Hassgesang*,” and yet meekly permitted that superb defiance of German shamelessness! . . .

I shall never forget Stratford—but I cannot write about it, nor will I add any jot to the too large heaping of too petty praise. St. Peter’s effigy must sicken at the hosts of mechanical caressers of his toe.

I came to Oxford this afternoon, *via* Leamington: hansomed it up the hill, into Cornmarket, and halted by that ancient inn the “Roebuck,” opposite the “Clarendon” (known to Thackeray and his times as the “Star”). Then I hunted me out this little place near the canal, and set out.

Up to the Broad Street I went, where the O.T.C. chaps with white cap-bands sauntered with their misses. There was Balliol, and Trinity gates, the Sheldonian projecting into the road, and classic Clarendon beyond. I entered the bookshops, and now I have a Pope’s

I-VI "Æneidos," noted and cribbed in black-lead, from Hubert Giles, opposite Balliol, as well as Brooke's "Primer" (the immortal Stopford), which I'd made poor shift without for months.

I dined in Cornmarket, and by the time I had finished it was dark, the moon rising as I reached the Carfax and turned into The High: All Saints', Brasenose New Buildings, University opposite diagonally, with St. Mary's pinnacles blue in the soft light. I turned north into Radcliffe Square, and there, deep in shadow and bright in the light, St. Mary's, All Souls chapel below the moon, the Camera, sturdy Brasenose front, the Bodley, and Hertford, still and exquisite. There is a thrill to that view, seen thus—as the Ponte Vecchio, the Colosseum by moonlight, even as Memorial and the light on the elms in the Yard. And so on down the wonderful High—Queen's, Examination Halls, the Botanic, and Magdalen Tower above her great houses. Some punts were out on the Cherwell.

I turned back into Merton Street, past Mr. Rudd's college, to Corpus Christi, where I entered the porter's lodge, and soon was learning from the genial old fellow of fifteen years' standing, of scholars, commoners, and dons, of



terms and term-bills, beating the buttery, nine-o'clock bells, fines, the terrible midnight guinea and principal's hidings, responsions, mods, honours and greats, Litterm', ploughing, and what not all.

I shall only attempt to write bits of the great *ensemble* that I saw—you would doubtless weary of first impressions, remembering your own.

*American Y.M.C.A., Aldwych  
Strand, W.C.*

*October 1, 1917*

Sunday, the next day, I arose and went upon the town about ten—into Balliol, Chapel, Hall, and quad: O. T. C. have it now. One thing was very good, out of the ruck of this rotten show, the War: Balliol's five sheets of names in the lodge entry, that begin with Lord ——, Grenadier Guards, 4 September, 1914—headed in black, with the arms between, FRATER, AVE ATQVE VALE. Shorn of any maudlin mockery of sentiment and driel, Balliol's memorial to her dead rings out superb and virile. I would like to have that alone said of me, in like case.

I saw nearly all the colleges that day—a long day of interest and fine beauty: Jesus,

Exeter, and Lincoln in the Turl; Indian Institute, Wadham, Keble; Holywell of dons' houses; St. Peter's-in-the-East, Queen's, and Magdalen, the most beautiful single place in the University, probably; the deer and the flower-breathed Water Walks; Merton's fine Hall, the Mob Quadrangle, the Fellows' Quad; Brasenose, where I talked with the porter, learned much, and visited the delightful Principal, Dr. Heverford, and discovered my chances relative to taking up residence as a Commoner, "*après . . .*"; that, lacking Greek, I must take Responsions, meaning three years at least, the ordinary time—unless—what? But this last is only one of my dreams.

At the day's end I reached Christ Church, the incomparable quad., the old Cathedral, Chapter House—and the long list of great undergraduates and fellows. It was too bad that dusk and closing time came so soon. I walked down to the illustrious Isis in the twilight. . . . At 8:45 my train left the Great-Western for Paddington, and made a poor journey of two hours and a half.

I have not told a tenth of what I saw and felt in that Oxford, of which there is only one. I realise, I think, its immense advantages over American universities—and its narrowness

and shortcomings. But it is really very wonderful to me, and some day I hope to wear a gown there.

Last Term went down in early June, and Fall Term comes up the 11th. Nearly all the colleges are hospitals or O.T.C.'s. Merton is a hospital, and begins with six residents; "Corps" has twelve, Brasenose fifteen. And before I pass on to London—that exquisite delicate Reynolds window in New Chapel—you know it?—the Babe above, with shepherds and Magi adoring, and the pure slim figures of the Graces below—all against the afternoon sun.

## CHAPTER IX

### LONDON DURING AN AIR RAID

The Eagle Hut—Belgravia; Rotten Row; Mayfair—  
Over London Bridge to Southwark—Under Shrapnel  
in Temple Gardens—A Night of Experience

[Letter of October 1, continued]

London. Paddington and misty Praed-Street—"all clear" had gone an hour before. I tubed *via* Bakerloo to Trafalgar Square, and 'bused it to Aldwych. Here in the Eagle Hut one finds queer mixtures: a number of American jacks, some Engineers and Aviation Corps (Signal) among the privates from your side; American pilots (what sensational American newspapers idiotically term "birdmen") of the French service, in a queer uniform—they enlisted before the States entered; U.S. Medical Reserve officers, Canadians, Anzacs, South African negroes and whites, Australians, a few stray Imperials. The hut is run by American Y.M.C.A. workers, many of

whom came over for the express purpose. They have nearly two hundred beds, excellent food accommodations, reading rooms, *et cetera*, and an *ice-cream bar*, with occasional soda!

Yesterday morning I 'bused to Victoria, and then set out by shanks' mare: by the Royal Mews into Belgravia, and Hyde Park Corner; down Constitution Hill to the Palace, and witnessed the Coldstream Guard change there; through Green Park to "Picca-picca-dilly" by Half-Moon Street, turning westward and arriving in due course at the Corner again. Within I made at once for Rotten Row. A number of the fine old riders that frequent this great course were out, as well as officers, misses *seul* and *avec*. Astride and side-saddle divided about evenly. I walked to the end at Kensington Gardens. There was a fine race of a splendid girl rider and her escort, a Lancers officer. She beat him, very likely at his wish. So through the Gardens, to Kensington Palace, back over the Serpentine to Marble Arch and infamous Tyburn Tree. Hyde Park is surely top-hole—better than any for beauty and quiet and orderliness.

Then down Park Lane of the marquises and earls into Brook Street and Grosvenor Square, which I circled (or "squared"). Wounded

are in several houses. In one, near Bulwer-Lytton's, a lady in black was attending to the needs of a roomful of privates, and sitting on the bed of one. There was a fine smile on her face: human kindness and feeling may be found, even in Mayfair and Grosvenor Square, in this war time. Mount Street, "Barkley" Square, Lansdowne passage to Curzon Street, where lives the inimitable Eve of the *Tatler*, I think. The "Letters of Eve" are a London institution. So to Piccadilly again; St. James Street, by the clubs, to the Palace; east down Pall Mall, into St. James Square, back, and by Cockspur Street to the Nelson Monument.

Last night I went again into the City; to Mansion House by 'bus, then walked down to London Bridge. The old structure was packed with people hurrying homeward to Bermondsey and Newington. A great view into the Pool by misty moonlight, is it not? So I gained the Borough side. A service for the soldiers was going on in the yard of Southwark Cathedral (which saw John Harvard's baptism—son of Robert Harvard of Southwark). Up the ancient High Street, that is older than Roman Britain. I bought Skeat's text of the "Tales" of Scrivener Dan at the Tabard Bookshop: that will be pleasant to re-

member in the aftermath, will it not? The "Tabard" and "Half-Moon" inns are on the left. Just below the Tabard I entered the yard of "George" inn, one of the oldest in Southwark, with its fine wooden double galleries and coffee-room with the stalls of by-gone years. On the wall was a drawing of it by F. Hopkinson Smith, done in charcoal. Then south again to Lant Street, and to No. 46, where the genial tenant, an old Life-Guardsman, showed me the house and rooms, the very place where Mr. Pickwick visited Bob Sawyer and his comrade, when they were training to be "sawbones at Guy's."

Southwark Street took me westward. It was half-past seven, and the moon up. The constables came about with their two whistle-blasts then. "Take cover!" . . . I walked on to Southwark Bridge. The streets here and in the City emptied very quickly. It was still, save for hurrying feet occasionally, and the two whistles, monotonous. In the City I reached St. Paul's and turned west, walking with an Australian subaltern, who was rather the worse for "Johnny Walker." No one else on the streets. Probably this is the first time since the Plague, if then, that London streets were deserted at 7:30 p.m. We turned north

for Holborn. Soon the guns began, West Ham way, and I ducked under *The Daily Sketch*. The staff and a few women only were there.

After half an hour the shrapnel had stopped falling (from our own guns, you know), and I crossed into Shoe Lane, emerging on Fleet Street, and walking east. I entered Middle Temple, rounded Hart Court and Lamb Court, turning to Fountain Court ("Chuzzlewit"—Ruth Pinch?) and Garden Court, Temple Gardens, where still grow the White and Red Roses of Tudor days. A miss stood in Garden Court entry, looking up, and much perturbed. The guns were popping in the southeast. The moon shone over the beautiful flowers and lawns, with the Embankment trees at the bottom, and *Hall* twenty yards east. The guns started up in the northeast again; and I calmed the poor thing a little. I thought she would faint once, but as a whole the British women are very self-possessed and brave. She asked if I had chambers, "sir," and I denied it, though I might come here some time. She was very nice to—ah—console, 'pon my word: a good little young woman. She went in to her mother, a laundress, I suppose, and I crossed back to Fountain Court.



With a whoop and blare the river monitors and 6-inch began, three hundred yards off. I raised my eyebrows, but when the shrapnel whizzed and ricocheted in the court I deemed it wise to double. To 6 Middle Temple I went, and down to their cellar, where a number of charwomen and caretakers were sitting. Just in time. I talked for half an hour with the old head-porter of Middle Temple, a Lancers S.M. of thirty years' service, Kabul, Northern Frontier, Irish *and* South Africa: one of R. K.'s own chaps, since *he* was correspondent to that expeditionary force. He told of terms and lectures and exams, Equity, Criminal, and Chancery; Temple dinners, Parliamentary barristers, Chancery wards; Gray's Inn, Lincoln's Inn, Sir John Simon (of Crippen and other unsavoury cases' fame) —“a bad 'un at the Bailey”;—finally of the Inns of Court O.T.C.; of old doings in Hall; how last night an aerial torpedo came through the roof and shredded the fine carpet on the floor in Hall opposite, but fortunately did not explode—the Hall where Queen Bess danced, and Shakespeare's company played. . . . And outside, up the little stairway, the shrapnel sang and droned, sharply cracking against the

court sides, and the guns boomed, rattled, barked, and thumped overhead.

But Fritz did not get in last night. I walked out at half-past nine, up Chancery Lane, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields ("Bleak House"), by Bell Yard and Star Yard, and Gate Court to Holborn; Gray's Inn, Red Lion Square, Southampton Row, and back finally to Strand and Aldwych, to sleep at two o'clock. The moon shone on calmly. A night of experience, rather. . . .

With best wishes, yours,

ARTHUR A. STANLEY.

*Y.M.C.A. Hut, Aldwych  
Strand, London, W.C.  
2 a.m., 7 October, 1917*

DEAR C. M. S.:

I have just taken my late evening constitutional—through the Adelphi, up Essex Court, through the Bar, up Bell Yard, past the Royal Courts of Justice, to Star Yard, abutting on Lincoln's Inn: then down Carey Street, where near by Mrs. — of "Bleak House," who was "about to receive a Judgment—on the Day of Judgment," lived at the back, in one of the old curio shops, where she could see Chancery, then sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall, over the area between. So on into

Serle Street right, and Lincoln's Inn Fields: it was a great view on the Embankment in the moon, and also here by the green "Fields." It is two hundred paces only from The Old Curiosity Shop, Portsmouth Street, to this Hut.

We are on the Strand west of St. Clement Danes and east of St. Mary-le-Strand—Clifford's Inn lies at the back abutting on Aldwych.

To-day I visited Parliament, it being Saturday, and Crystal Palace and Hampton Court. Fine old pile, the last!

Yesterday I met, through an American Hut worker, at 47 Russell Square, Eugene Parker Chase, Dartmouth, '16, sometime Rhodes Scholar of Magdalen College, Oxford—and Leighton, '17 (both Phi Beta Kappa): we lunched in Soho. Chase has left Magdalen and is working for the American Y.M.C.A. libraries' department.

[Unsigned]

## CHAPTER X

### ON SALISBURY PLAIN

In the "Clink"—Hopes for Recommendation for a Commission—Gas Masks—Galsworthy's "Beyond"—Reminiscences of Oxford—The Host at "Ye Cheshire Cheese"—Ingoldsby—Leaving for France—Ye Ballade of ye Clink

*Camp No. 15, Codford, Wilts*  
*10th Canadians, C.G.A.*  
*October 12, 1917*

DEAR GYLES:

I have two letters of yours recently—one awaited me on my return from leave, and the other arrived this morning. Both are very welcome. . . . When I got back I had sixteen letters waiting. I was gone eleven days: not a bad average. Two especially were pleasant to receive—one from the Pater with a French banknote for a hundred francs, and my monthly money order of £3 from Sydney Stanley, to whom the assigned pay is made over. . . .

I spent eight days in London, and had a

great time indeed. I explored the metropolis from end to end: National Gallery, Parliament, opera at the Drury twice—"Figaro" and "Aïda"—dined in Soho, 'bused to Hampton Court, Hampstead, Crystal Palace, and so on. I had a great old time. I couldn't tell you a tenth of all I saw, so I won't try. . . .

I overstayed my leave five days, and here am I, in the "clink," working daily in the cook-house, and spending my nights here, for fourteen days, three of which have *went*. I'm quite comfortable, though, with books, and a candle after the lights go out at ten. It's all in a lifetime. I daresay I deserved it.

I have my application for commission back from Cambridge, signed, ready to use when we reach "the promised land"—France,—which will be in two weeks' time, probably. And mind you, nothing is fixed about my com-mish. If I had known of the possibility when at Horsham, I could have gotten "in" there much easier than I can at the Front, where the O.C.'s recommendation is everything. Of course, my "rep." as far as "crime" goes, is not exactly 100 per cent. I've had a few minor sentences—but "crime" sheets are torn up on proceeding overseas, so I have hopes. (A *crime* is any offence against military law.)

If it goes through, I shall apply probably for R.G.A., or Hussars, maybe. I'd like the horse end of the latter, or the R.F.A. But all that is as shall be seen. I only hope and wait, because I don't, frankly, like a private's life. All N.C.O.'s are returned men in the present Canadian forces, so a star for mine. My rank would be Second-Lieutenant, otherwise known as *subaltern*, or "sub." for short. I would be addressed as "Mr.," and of course "sir." I would have a batman (officer's servant, what you call an "orderly"), and would receive eight shillings a day and allowances. Not princely, eh? but enough to do quite well on, at English prices, you know—much less than American in nearly everything but food. . . .

I hope you have a good time, wherever you go, and clinch your commission.\* . . . Remember that an officer is once and always an "officer and gentleman," and live up to it, as I will try to do if I get my commission. And remember that we are sons of a great father, old boy, who loves us and wishes us well, and who is getting rather old; so let neither of us do anything to hurt him, for God knows we've both done enough of that in the past. I never

\* First-Lieutenant Gyles Merrill went overseas with the 77th Field Artillery (U. S. Regulars) early in the summer of 1918.

realised what the Pater was to me, old man, till the last year or so, and I want to have him proud of me if I can. So will you stick with me in this? He has written me often, and I can read here and there that he has fine hopes of you, and thinks you and I will do our bit well—so don't let us disappoint him. . . .

Yours, for France,

WAINWRIGHT.

*10th Canadian Siege Battery  
Camp No. 15, Codford, Wilts  
Oct. 12, 1917*

DEAR FATHER:

You will forgive me if this letter is a rather hurried one, for I returned to find approximately twenty pieces of mail for me, and they arrive, every post, more and more. Consequently there is mighty little time to answer in. But I'll write a good letter soon.

I had a great time in Stratford, in Oxford, and in London, where I saw some air-raids at quite close range. They are interesting unnatural phenomena, I assure you. But sensible London will never be beaten or cowed by them, and by shelter-taking the loss of life is made nearly nil now. I returned to camp, having extended my leave, two days ago.

Yours of the 6th, 17th, 19th, and 24th came

to me in a bunch, though in all probability they arrived at different dates. I am glad you had an outing at Ipswich—it is a pleasant spot, indeed. I didn't get down (was unable) to our English Ipswich, and am quite sorry, as it would have been interesting. You see my pass and free railway warrant was to Stratford, *via* London and Oxford, so I was able to see both latter places—how shocking and absurd to call “Blighty”—London—a “place!” (“Blighty” is the Tommies' name for London, or home, from Hindustani *bilawaiti*, meaning “the home district,” I believe. Songs are written about “Blighty.” A wound received at the Front, which gives a soldier convalescent leave to England, or which necessitates his going to a Home—English—hospital, is called a “Blighty.”) . . .

The money orders (two) of £5 each came safely, and I have written already, following the arrival of each. Your 100-franc note (Sept. 17) came also, in good order. I am very much obliged indeed, and it comes very handy. I changed it at a local bank (London City and Midlands) for £3, 12s., receiving no more owing to the depreciated value of the franc. As I wrote you a couple of weeks ago, British treasury notes (£1 and 10s.) are very



convenient in France. The Banque de France notes, of course, do nearly as well—for British money is good anywhere on the Front, be the vendor French or British, and of course no changing is required. Either method would do very well, but, as you say, money orders are often a “white elephant” over there. All the mail appears to come through very well, though occasionally delayed, and transfers of money orders are effected in two or three days, *in toto*.

I have two letters from Gyles in the “pile.” He tells of going to Montreal, and his harmless accident, and tells of life at Ethan Allen. I visited the Fort last summer—I mean 1916—when I was at Plattsburg. It is a large camp, for America, or was then. You should see some of the enormous camps here in England—some literally miles square. This place has ten or fifteen thousand men in it, and it is a tiny village of two parishes, with two parish churches—Codford St. Peter and Codford St. Mary. The camp entrance is in Codford St. Peter, my hut in the next parish, Warminster, I think, and the post-office in Codford St. Mary.

There are a multitude of things to speak of. We have “drawn” our gas masks, the

P.H. helmet and box respirator. The P.H. helmet, a chemically saturated bag of cloth, fits over the head and under the tunic collar, with eye-glasses and a mouthpiece. The air is breathed in through the cloth and nose, and out by the mouthpiece. This helmet is efficient for a couple of hours or so. The box respirator is a different thing. In a bag slung by a strap around the neck, carried at the side ordinarily, but shortened to the chest in use, is a can, chemicalised, through which air is breathed in through layers of militating acids and solutions, to the mouthpiece. The nose is clasped closed by a nose-clip. Air is breathed out of the mouthpiece and exits by a vent, which automatically closes when breath is taken in. Thus the wearer breathes in and out through the mouth, pure air coming in *via* can, and bad air going out *via* vent. The face mask, with eye-glasses, protects the eyes and face from lachrymatory ("tear") gases. This mask will last in use for six hours or so, but a gas attack is never so long as that.

Soon we shall draw our "tin hats" or steel helmets. They protect from shrapnel and rifle bullets by *deflecting*. The German helmet (called "Dolly Varden," after the heroine of Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge," who wore a

similar mob-cap) is poorer than ours, though it seems to protect more, for it has flatter sides, and "stops" rather than deflects a missile, with the result that the missile often penetrates. . . .

We shall probably go over within two weeks. My address will remain "6th Siege Section, 10th," etc., but "c/o Army P.O., London," is the only place designation. Of course you cannot know exactly where we are in France. But the Canadian Front, it is well known, is in the vicinity [two words erased by the censor]. We go as drafts to the batteries, I to the 6th Canadians; but I will write my French address later. . . .

I am very well, and weigh in my clothes eleven stone four, or 158 pounds, Americanised. . . .

The application came safely back from Mr. Lane, with a kind letter. I shall be able to use it when we go across. I think that it is not practicable, just now, to change my appellation. I am sorry, but I think it must wait till later. I can't very well explain here. . . .

Quite a number of the battery are farm lads from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Perhaps some one is son of some guide of yours, in past seasons. I wish you every success in

your vacation, and all that the law allows! In turn, I hope to exceed, rather, that limit, of Germans. . . .

With best wishes, your sincerely,

WAINWRIGHT.

*Guard Room, Camp No. 15*

*Codford, Wilts*

*October 13, 1917*

DEAR C. M. S.:

Do you know this modern six-shilling mumber of "life," called Galsworthy? You may be aware that he has recently published, among other novels, a creation, "Beyond," and doubtless is now reaping the fat royalty, for every one in England reads these false prophets now, and, of course, no one ever reads a war-book. They are, indeed, rather rotten form, and behind British masked convention in this regard there rests a much deeper, sadder reason—but this Galsworthy is positively jolly-well rottener! I this evening finished "Pendennis": likewise read a latter instalment of this *au-delà* affair. I have read previous ones, but this capped it. Violently plunged from the dear old tale of egotistical Pen, ludicrous Foker, and good and saintly Helen and Laura—that fine girl last-mentioned! with their decent, clean story—into this shrieking twen-

tieth-century sordidness of intrigue, seduction, and rampant infidelity, to pitiful women and filthy men, from Laura's good and holy faith in God of our Fathers—to Gyp's (the "heroine's") callous cynicism and crass indifference, smirking with—

*“La vie est vaine:  
Un peu d'amour,  
Un peu de haine—  
Et puis, bonjour!—”*

Gad, I am sickened and everlastingly fed-up with this Galsworthy—who, of course, did write “The Dark Flower.” But, na'theless, à *bas* with him!

Now that you have borne with me (let us hope so, at any rate) for the extent of my first paragraph, you will perhaps read on. Know, much tried person, that I write this in a 6x10 cell in the “clink” (with a guttering, flaring candle), having, it is true, somewhat disagreed with the military as to when my services were again expected after leave to London and other towns, and having received on return the delightful surprise of five days' pay docked and fourteen days F.P. No. 2, from an eye-glassed and gouty colonel of

Royal Artillerie. *Eh bien, voilà tout! Cette chose, c'est rien que juste! Tiens, c'est la guerre!*

Oh, the dear delightful time in Oxford, my friend! To be there on that so ancient spot, where studied prelates, kings, gentry, and commons, the great men of history and literature, our literature, this matchless legacy from out of storm and war and peaceful contentment, bountiful fruit of these centuries of the best and noblest thought of this our England—enshrined here within this slumbering exquisite old town, with its pleasant walks and grey ancient buildings, memorials to these men who have passed hence, but whom we ever remember as builders and lovers of this same England. I would like exceedingly to go there some day; and the delightful old principal of Brasenose, whom I called upon at his house in the High, writes me that I may omit Responsions, having a year's military science—making possible a residence of only two years.

I saw only one poor commoner at the University, and very few dons. It was long vacation, Fall Term not coming up for a week yet. (Kings, in London, is well-nigh out of business, I believe.)

Cecil Rhodes was an Oriel man, and his statue is let into the front on the High. He has done a great work indeed with his scholarships. University is proud of Grinling Gibbons's carving, and Shelley's memorial as well.

Good Boniface, mine host of "Ye Cheshire Cheese," Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, told me also of Oxford, when I supped there, and listened to the old reprobate of a parrot there in Dr. Johnson's coffee-room, which, if you call it certain opprobrious epithets, will answer you very filthily and to the point in one word, or rather two, "you ——!" This waiter, whom I spoke of on the preceding page, and nearly lost sight of, held forth on Oxford: "I used to 'ave a friend 'oo drove the Oxford caoach; from Piccad'lly Circus it run, 'ite styges, an' fourteen mile it myde too, wiv ten ahtsides and six in—right by Maudlun Tower an' the 'Igh Street to the 'Mitre' in Cornmarket."—Ah, I can't give you his argot: it is midnight, and my pencil is sadly meandering. What bosh I've been writing! I would not occupy your time with commonplaces always (vanity! that ever I wrote anything else!) so I shall stop this for the time. Good-night, my friend.

*Sunday, le 14me Octobre*

I have no energy to-day. I cannot write to-day. I will not burden you. *Adios—hasta mañana!*

*Monday, le 15me Octobre*

I am lifeless. I have this morning a pleasant thought, however. I have been reading Ingoldsby, and my mind is a queer jumble of impressions. That is an exquisite thing at the end:

“As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
 Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye!  
 There came a noble Knyghte,  
 With his hauberke shynynge brighte,  
 And his gallant heart was lyghte,  
 Free and gaye;  
 As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.”

*Wednesday, 17me Octobre*

To-day I left the clink, and now prepare myself for leaving England.

I read, whilst “imprisoned,” the “Ingoldsby Legends” entire, Second Part “King Henry IV,” and more cursorily “Midsummer Night’s Dream” over again, and First Part “King Henry IV.” I enjoyed myself very much. But now to fresh fields and pastures. I take over in books: Shakespeare, Tennyson (to 156), “Canterbury Tales” (Skeat, Oxford



edition), Vergil, "Æneid" I-VI, "Wilhelm Tell," "Golden Treasury," "Pickwick," "Collected Verse" of Rudyard Kipling, *et alia*; French, German, and English Dictionaries; map (*Daily Telegraph*). I hope at Folkestone to secure a small Horace, an Iliad-let (Macmillan's Pocket Edition), and "Don Quixote de la Mancha." I also have my old Harvard Italian grammar, and "England in the Middle Ages" by a Manchester woman, B.A.

We leave this evening for France, *via* Folkestone: we stop at the base, [three or four words deleted.] I cannot tell just when I shall be able to write again. But will you please carry on?

I have sent you a book, under separate cover; also another epistle. Luck to you, Dartmouth, and—

*"Vivat universitas,  
Vivant professores!"*

Yours, as ever,

WAINWRIGHT MERRILL.

I am glad that my scribblings have been of some pleasure to you: yours certainly have, and are, to me, more than I can easily say.

W. M.

YE BALLADE OF YE CLINKE.  
(With any and all apologies.)

Uponne a breezy automnne daye  
Wythinne ye cloudie monthe October,  
Two soldiers on their blankets laye,  
And bothe of them wer sadde and sober.

Above them sprede a dismal rooffe,  
Around them iron walles of greye;  
Ye O.C. hadde them bye ye hooffe.—  
Two gunners in ye Clinke they laye.

Ye one hadde disagrede (ye asse!)  
Wythe what ye Major hadde to saye  
About ye lengthe of Blyghtye passe.  
Two gunners in ye Clinke they laye.

Ye other hadde hadde hys owne idea  
Of duty on ye previous daye;  
Lipped ye poleaceman-bombardier.  
Two gunners in ye Clinke they laye.

“Allas,” sayed one, “what for did I  
Remayne to see ye musicke-playe?  
In vayne ye sightes of beautee—fie!”  
Two gunners in ye Clinke they laye.

“Forsoothe,” ye other quothe, “I felte,  
When I was seized and ledde awaie,  
Like byffinge him right on hys belte.”—  
Two gunners in ye Clinke they laye.

“For *me*, two weekes of duraunce vyle;  
 Full soone ye Major wille make haye  
 Of all ye swearynge in goode style.”—  
 Two gunners in ye Clinke they laye.

“To-morrowe it shal bee ye same;  
 Ye barres obscure ye lyghte of daye;  
 We’re fedde-uppe wythe ye filthye game.”—  
 Two gunners in ye Clinke they *staye*.

W. M.

*Codford St. Mary’s, Wiltshire*  
*October 17, 1917*

DEAR FATHER:

I send you this evening some cards and handbooks which I picked up during my journeyings in England. They go by parcel post, and I hope you receive them. Also the broken cross of Canterbury Cathedral stone, unfortunately crushed in my bag; one of our capcrests, and a piece of shrapnel from a H.E. shell, fired on Lydd ranges, which was a “dud” (unexploded shell).

I sent some books and belongings to Cox’s warehouse in London, for keeping.

We leave this evening for France, *via* Folkestone. We shall stop at Étapes (probably), the Canadian Base. I cannot tell just when I shall be able to write. My address, till I advise you differently, is: “6th Siege Sec-

tion, 10th Can. Siege Battery, B.E.F., France, c/o Army P.O., London."

I am sorry to have to cut this short. I am well, and expectant of a good whack at the Boche!

Best wishes to everyone.

Yours sincerely,

WAINWRIGHT.

*Codford St. Mary's, Wiltshire*  
*October 17, 1917*

DEAR C. M. S.:

I send you this evening, by post, a battered copy of "Puck of Pook's Hill," which I secured in Hastings in haste, when I went to Burwash. It accompanied me there, everywhere I went, and I have read it entirely since. So I hope that you will pardon its condition, and put it among your Kipling books, as a bit of a memento. I had to dispose of it before leaving.

I have been zealously trying to write you a good letter to repay partly your three fine ones, but have signally failed. I have had no time since I left the clink (as I delineate under another envelope). I hope to do better later on.

[Five lines deleted by censor.]

I thank you very sincerely for your letters, again. I hope that you will write whenever you can and will; tell of Hanover life (which I lived once); the oracles and high-priests of English I-II (with which you are still connected?); and Kipling—anything else you will.

Believe me ever,

Your grateful friend,

WAINWRIGHT MERRILL.

## CHAPTER XI

### TO FRANCE AND FLANDERS

Folkestone Pier—Landing at Boulogne—The Camp on the Hilltop—Smoke Gossip of the British Army—The Quai—At the Y.M.C.A. by the Priesterstraat: An English Padre's Talk on America—Aeroplanes in Formation—Going Up to the Line

[Postcard to his father.]

*Folkestone, 18 Oct., 1917*

*Voilà notre caserne pour aujourd'hui, et le quai d'où l'on part pour Boulogne—comme nous.*

*Bonnes volontés!*

WAINWRIGHT.

*Somewhere-in-France  
October 19, 1917*

DEAR MR. MERRILL:

Not long since our transport, a Belgian vessel, once in the Ostend service, took us over the Channel, which was quite calm, and allowed a more than usually fine passage. We went quickly enough, and sighted the chalk-



MARINE CRESCENT, FOLKESTONE—Barracks at the Right.





cliffs on the French side, and slid rapidly into the good harbour and between the jetties. These are overhung on the right by the cliff hotels, of grey, as everything else in the town is, and placarded with English signs.

We were slow to disembark, but finally landed, and found our kit-bags to begin a hot and wearisome trek up an awe-inspiring hill, after we had foot-slogged through the narrow streets with their few vans and trams. The picturesqueness of French street names is striking—*Rue du Bras d'Or*, *Rue des Grandes Écoles*, *Rue Victor Hugo*. Finally we emerged on the hilltop, and the broad *Chemin National*—“*Pas de Calais, 96 k.; St. Omer, .. k.*”

We turned in at the camp and halted, breaking off shortly to seek our tents. The Sergeant-Major, with British terseness, chanted out the camp orders while we were standing there, rather fagged—and I assure you we were jolly well glad to divest our bodies of great-coats and kits.

The camp commands the pleasant Normandy landscape, browning and reddening now in its scattered and clustered *forêts*, with villas and newish red-tile and concrete *châteaux* on the back hills, old farmhouses here and there in

the valleys, and broad hedged fields as a background. One can see far down "into Brittany," comes the fancy, but of course it affords not so distant a view as that. We see the Channel to north and west, north over the Napoleon Monument, a black round pillar against the horizon, in the *au delà* of which a white lighthouse-flash comes regularly at night. But the view over the grey and blue Channel doesn't reach to England. . . .

All's well here, in spite of the black on most civilians. Some *gamins* are happily, piercingly chanting the "*Marseillaise*" in the road, and a couple of round chunky Norman greys are bobbing and jingling uphill with heavy drays, their farmer-drivers whistling. The *poilus* are in the *campagne*, and *les autres à la maison* carry on. It is for both: "*Ils ne passeront pas,*" backed by "*il faut qu'ils retournent!*"

Little has happened since we came. It is quite chilly, and when the short parades are done we retire to the warmer tents and recreation canteens, when they are open. A big beaker of tea comes well. We turn in here by nine or nine-thirty, and are glad to roll in pairs for warmth. And it is going to be colder

and *much* wetter. *Mais tout ça—c'est la guerre!*

Things soldiers need are cheaper in France than in England, for duties and war-taxes are removed for 'Thomas's benefit: a huge quantity of tea—quite a litre—for a penny. But food is nearly as high in price, and some things cost much more.

I haven't much more of interest, save that I have found a man, teacher of classics at a college in New Brunswick, who knows my *Arma virumque* excellently, and also a number of teachers and men I knew at Dartmouth and Harvard. The fame of old Professor Lord (J. K., who taught Latin Lit.) had reached his ears also. It is a small world, is it not?

I hope you have good luck on your trip hunting this year. New Brunswick cannot be nearly shot out yet. I will write more when *il y en a*.

My address is: 6th Canadian Siege Battery, B.E.F., France, c/o Army P.O., London. I would be careful about the name and number, without and within, when you write, as the letters are censored often, and need plain direction to reach their destination. Of course

we cannot, in turn, mention where we are now. Our letters are censored by our subalterns, before leaving.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR.

*France, October 19, 1917*

DEAR C. M. S.:

We came over, not long ago, to —, and are encamped here on the top of a high hill commanding the surrounding country, the Channel, and Gris-Nez, with the Pas de —. It's night now, and the stars are coming out plainly. The smoke of Channel voyageurs still hangs here and there, and a light-ship is winking, out in the Straits, away off. And over this Channel we have left behind England and her fine white cliffs, guarding her in her "narrow seas."

We had a capital crossing, very nearly calm, and quite clear—and the dear old cliffs sank, and hung, and faded out in the short haze: and I had left England—but, carrying on, [three lines deleted by the censor.] . . .

As I looked back, we shot into the harbour, slackened, and slid between the jetties into the basin and alongside the quay, with quaint, sign-ridden, grey stone houses perching on the green

shore cliff; and blue *Poilus* were standing stolidly by the sides of the *Place, fusil au pied*.

We straggled off, picked up kit-bags, and formed two-deep before the *Bureau de Postes*, moved off at quick-march, through narrow streets of more signs and shops, every other one, seemingly, a *coiffeur, épicerie* or *boulangerie*. But how few people on the streets: old working women, some soldiers, service-striped *caporals* with *medailles* (the "*Legion*," largely); some bent old men, children hopping along, demanding "*cig'rette picture, meester!*" (inevitably), and bravely volunteering to shoulder a kit-bag larger than they for a penny "*tout complet*"—black largely worn by the civilians, every other person having it. One mentally compared the stoic jesting carry-on spirit of the Strand and Piccadilly, with now and then, if one looked for it, a black cravat. But so few people!

Up the winding hill road we went, to and past the heavily-walled convent—or castle, was it?—in ancient grey, with the arrow slits. Now, still climbing, you pass poorer-class shops and small stone houses. A tramcar, sparsely filled, hummed gaily by, with a grinning *gamin* on the rear coupling—Gavroche, for all the world.

We have reached the top, and turn into the fields on the left to our tents—twelve men to a white pyram. We delve into white ration-bags for the loaves and tinned salmon; another eternal parade is held to discover the missing loaves, and we are free for an hour to explore the camp, and cheer ourselves with a big bumper of tea and cake *and* sardines at the B.E.F. canteen, the haven of hungry souls. But “*Evoe!*” (or “—— it!”) says No. 10 Siege, “no bloody beer till six!” A parade at five to unearth the missing blankets. It is chill here on the hilltop, for all our great outlook, and on go our cloaks. We climbed that three-mile hill in them in the heat this afternoon, too.

In the evening No. 10 (*O Decima Legio!*) drinks tea, eats cake, or imbibes beer, and buys Navy Cut, or Players, Capstans, and Woodbines, or “Greys,” State Express, and Kenilworths, according to its individual wont. I use Kenilworths, which are 1s. 2d. in England for twenty, but here, to Tommies, only 8d. in all the canteens. Craven A’s, in Piccadilly 1s. 6d. for twenty-five, become here 1s. 6d. for fifty, owing to duties being removed. Smoke gossip does not interest *non-fumeurs*, I suppose, but it is vital in the British Army. The com-

mon smoke, Players, 3d. to 4d. for ten, and Woodbines, 2d. for ten, are highly favoured. I cannot abide Players.

At nine (early sleeping here) Tommy and "Canydian" repair to their tents, stow as best they can their kit-bag, water-bottle, haversack, bandolier, belt and mess-tin, spare boots, P.H. helmet, tin hat and box respirator, while, sleeping with his rubber sheets (two), blankets and great coat (or cloak), with a pillow of his tunic, *il dorme-t-en*.

"Quelque-part-de-la-France"  
October 22, 1917

Two evenings have I been *à la ville*: it was quite mildly interesting. In place of British khaki everywhere, one finds blue in as great abundance—*poilus* and their officers of the honest *Boulonnais* on leave, base-employed Tommies, A.S.C., R.E., and all that sort of thing; blue sailors with queer little caps "*de l'Armée de la Mer*," but, strangely, not very many women.

The *quai* is interesting: British and French "navvies," railway men, still some blue-dressed *douaniers*, and here at the right, over the *Pont*, the long *wagons-lits* of the Bombay Express, about to leave for Marseilles—finely appointed

carriages, in mahogany, with all sorts of fittings, all corridor ones, of course, peopled with many of the brass-hatted and becrimsoned Staff, with their *tres blasé* and *ennuyé* air, which is strictly *comme-il-faut* for these important personages. The *quai* ends in a dim jetty pharos, barely visible, and the Channel mist shuts in all else. A fog-horn is bawling, and four searchlights are slanting into the sky, which is not completely obscured of stars. In a word, it is a typical Channel war-time night, on the coast of *notre beau pays*.

Shops are quite well stocked, and people in general carry on, with the aid of goods from England. Food is rather high, but one can still get plenty of sugar and delicious frosted *gâteaux*, large and luscious, at two francs and a half, which isn't bad at all. It strikes me that there is, on the whole, less grumbling at the war here than in England, where our dear bluff British habit of grouching will never down, I suppose. The French sum it up in a terse "*c'est la guerre*," and an inch-lift of the shoulders. Tramcars still go about, ancient *fiacres* are pressed in for lack of essence for the taxis, and lorries dash about everywhere.

*D'autre chose, voilà cette belle Normandie.*



It is fine to-day, and was so yesterday. Till later.

Yours,

ARTHUR A. S.

Evidently Wainwright is following Army regulations when he writes "France," when he makes it obvious by the context that he is on Belgian soil. In his letter to me dated October 30, where he has first written, "for you are in Belgium and keep to the right," he has crossed out "in Belgium" and inserted, "on the Continent."

*Somewhere-Else, France*  
*October 24, 1917*

DEAR C. M. S.:

This evening I have been over to the Y. M. C. A. by the Priesterstraat and the Church, to a most interesting talk. I'll try to tell you a bit of it. Everything was in the audience: muddy and fed-up Imperials of the picturesque county regiments' badges, Chinese labour Coolies, N-Zed dark-complexioned chaps, Ossys (Australians) with square chins and withered eyelids, blue-and-green kilted Camerons and the black Argyll plaid, Canadians—everything.

The stage was small and low-canopied, draped with red and white bunting, and with

a small table covered with the Union Jack—the first one I'd seen for a month, so I noticed it. We here do not parade the Flag. Smoke hung heavy in the room, and spread in blue aureole over the men on the stage—a Major of Artillery; a Staff Colonel of Infantry; at the right a brass- and red-hatted Staff General, with the African, Soudan, and the '90's Indian ribbons up—he sat with crossed brown glittering boots; next him a blue-capped Staff Padre-Colonel, smoking; and by the table another Padre was talking, and holding his crowd. [Two lines deleted by the censor.] . . . he had gone to America last spring, before the States entered, to tour the German Middle West, and talk Britain and the War to the Germans. [Two lines deleted.] . . . for the pure love of this cause. He had visited all the district desired, the East too, and the South, and he told wonderfully of it—of all that spring ferment over *chez-vous*, which I missed; of a country coming into line, from probable civil war if war had come in December, to union, in a sense, in April; of his Atlantic crossings; of the dead men in lifebelts, singly, six hundred miles from land; of the false life-boats with upright oar and dummy exhausted men S-O-S-ing steamers up to the

periscope within the oar and a torpedo. The Staff Padre uncrossed his muddy jack-boots and reached a muddy hand for the trench-candle on the table to relight his pipe, and outside a shell ploughed down into the little town with a roar—nobody moved or noticed it,—and the speaker went on, holding you by his exquisite English and wonderful vocabulary. He could joke finely too, and ended with a great tribute to America and its President.

The General, after the *droit du seigneur* of Generals and that holy ilk, rose to top it, and in the thin uneven voice of Generals held forth: “I agwee entiahly wiv—ah—the speakah’s ’straordin’rily interesting lectuah; weally quite amazin’ an’ vivid—ah!—”

It will rain before morning, and the roof leaks, but *ça ne fait rien*. I cannot give you the charm of that lecture—I see I’ve signally failed.

October 25, 1917

The streets again, rush, bustle, khaki, and mud. It is pleasant to overlook the horrid prices, and visit the little shops, where guttural French, Flemish, and wonderful English are spoken, stridently, constantly, by the women to their diverse customers. But one can buy fair chocolate at 1 fr. 50c. the half-pound

(made in Boston), so why worry? Fruit is exorbitant—2 fr. the pound for eating apples and pears.

Yesterday afternoon, with a *ci-devant* Latin instructor of Mount Allison College, somewhere in the Maritime Provinces, I walked, tin-hatted, out on that busy road northward to D——. It was *plein soleil*, and a fascinating sight. Lorries of every shape and form, decorated with harps, lions rampant, dominoes, eyes, howitzers, running foxes, and red club-spots, sputtled along through the eternal muck, in two lines back and forth; despatch riders tore by between them; now and again a placid Flemish mule drew a bobbing two-wheeled *carrée* over the cobbles, and pedestrians ventured on that road at imminent risk to life and limb.

We came to an aerodrome at the right of the poplars. Two flights were beginning—the machines in parallel lines with buzzing propellers were waiting in their green body-colour and blue-and-white spottings of the Allies. One could glimpse the pilots bending over the engines and speaking to the mechanics on the ground. Then two men holding the middle 'plane of one flock sprang away—the machine darted forward, bumping a little right toward

us; on she came, and when a stone's throw away tilted her planes and shied into the air at fifty degrees, and over our heads and the trees. The next one followed, and the next, their roars blending. They were soon all up and making off in formation toward the long row of "sausages" (observation balloons) that rested easily at intervals, fifteen of them in sight, above the green plain and trees eastward that marked the Line. There was work to be done.

That morning a battleplane swooped low over our billet. A swarm of these dark flies were hovering and darting in the southeast. Some prey, probably, I thought, and correctly, for as tiny grey puffs bloomed out among the swarm, and reports followed, one knew that the Boche was of their number; and they coming nearer, one could distinguish the grey-white glint on the opponents. It was a hot little show. Presently, on the sixth puff, one of the silver gnats dropped suddenly, slowly turning over and over and flashing in the sunlight. It fell out of sight, and directly the other silver thing shot out of the swarm, back east—to Bochie, where he belonged. Our flies quickly dispersed, and I returned to my book. There was one less *Kindtödter* in this sector.

To-day is fine after the rain, and I joy in

it, for it will not be for long. There are portentous events in the nebula of the approaching time—as you shall doubtless hear in due season. I cannot tell of them now.

With the best of wishes to you and your Dartmouth chaps,

Yours, for England,

ARTHUR A. S.

*Somewhere-Else-in-France*  
*October 27, 1917*

DEAR MR. MERRILL:

Soon we are going up to the Line. There has been great work done there recently, but there's a lot yet to do, and we're here for that.

The weather is getting a bit wet, of course, and November is nearly here—and I've a nasty cold. Yet one should always be cheerful. We have had a bit of a warm time with the Boche in the air, but he's only an amateur, after all.

I have little time now, but will write more when I can. We have received no mail since we landed, it all going to the units of which we form sections—but there is prospect of some soon.

I hope you are well, and that you will have a good season at it with your old friend *Cervus*. The chief inn here is named "*Au Grand Cerf*,"

and there is a *cerf grand rampant* on the sign hanging without. He doesn't inhabit these regions any more, as he did in the days of the Belgæ. The modern Belgæ, also, run more to farming than their bellicose ancestors did.

Through profuse conversation with the shop-keepers and Flemish denizens here I've much improved and fluentised my French. The watchword of the Tommy is "*Compre? Alleymands no bon!*" This magic abracadabra apparently suffices, in his mind, to open the gates of the Voltaireian and Molièreian muse.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR A. STANLEY.

*Somewhere-Else-in-France*  
*October 28, 1917*

DEAR GYLES:

We are shortly to go up to the Line. There is work to be done there, and our predecessors in the R.A. ("Ubique") corps are heard incessantly banging away up there. And although Flanders mud may not be excessively pleasant, it is all part of the game.

This little place is an interesting spot, and one can see nearly everything of the British Army here. Your corps is well represented,

and every half-hour sees a battery going up or down—tin-hatted, muddied, and spurred. They are also of the Ubique corps—for they *are* “everywhere” with a vengeance.

I saw two self-conscious “U.S.R.’s” pass recently. They’re learning the game, I suppose (mark my superior air).

But all sorts of luck to you, and I’ll write whenever chance offers. You and I always hit it off rather well, *mon vieux*, and if my turn should come sometime now, I wish you good-bye, and good luck again—and carry on! Your army may be the finish of this filthy old show, the War—which we hope will end before very long.

Hope you’ll get over and into it by the spring.

Yours,

ARTHUR A. S.

The following letter, in many ways the most remarkable Wainwright sent, he apparently did not mail at once—possibly did not mail at all. Although his letter to Edward Hubbard dated November 2 was stamped at the Army post-office on November 4, this bears the stamp of November 6.



*Somewhere-Else-in-France*

*October 28, 1917*

DEAR EDWARD:

I do not know where this will reach you—but it's only to say that we're here, ten miles from the Line, in a little town in the Flanders mud, that is continually busy with the traffic of war back and forth from the Line—where we are going very shortly.

It's a bald sort of fact—just going up into this sector of particularly infernal hell; but *il faut qu'on rit, si l'on le peut*; though it's mighty hard, Ed—leaving everything back there, perhaps for good and all. So if it should be that, friend, I'll say good-bye—but God! how can one—a couple of simple words and it's over, and you go up to the Line, and try to laugh, or smile at least, and swallow it down. But it's part of the game, of course, and it is a noble end which we seek out of the ruck and jetsam of death and broken men and lasting sorrow. . . . *Mais tu sais bien ça que je veux dire, et ce que je ne peux pas écrire—s'il doit être "adieu," sois fidèle aux meilleures choses de ta vie, mon ami et mon frère, toujours!—et tu sais que je t'aime et que nous—que moi, je n'oublierai pas ça que notre camaraderie a été—jamais. Alors, en aucun cas,*

*bonne chance et au revoir!—parceque nous savons qu'il y a une Vie après cette vie-ci—*

Good-bye, Ed.

Yours,

ARTHUR.

## CHAPTER XII

### AT THE FRONT

“Pleasantly Domiciled in a Brick-walled Passage”—A Battery Position—On the Mud-covered Highway—The Ruins of Ypres—Work of the Heavy Guns—The Wine-cellar—The Infantry on the Ypres Front—English Democracy—A Meeting in London with Two College Men—“Till Later”

*Elsewhere-in-France*  
*October 30, 1917*

DEAR C. M. S.:

Well, *n'y a pas beaucoup à dire*—we've gone up to the Line. At the present I am pleasantly domiciled in a heavily-brick-walled passage under a brick roof and five feet of stone, steel, sandbags, bricks, and earth. Above that is the air, and all about remnants of houses, jagged tree-trunks; to the north a fine grey façade of a once beautiful ancient edifice known the world over, beside which are some ruined arches lolling drunkenly about and fallen in, and an angle still standing. Everywhere about are ruin and demolished buildings and shell-

holes. The roads are none too even, are cobbled, and very muddy. It is dark and cloudy up there, but well-lit in flashes from the Guns, that never cease. We are in a much-worn and long-suffering city that has seen three battles, the beginning of the Huns' gas-limbo, and our hammering them into giving back.

We came up from the dépôt town about a week ago, went into billets, and since have been quite busy. The lorries, guns, and horse trains go by continually over the muddy cobblestones, dirty Tommies plod along under pack and "tin-hat," shells come over, whine, and drop,—and the War goes on.

From here you go Up, walking, or "hopping" a lorry, if lucky, to the nearest point to your battery, then foot-slogging it again to the position. There you are: a corduroy road, perhaps, six green and brown and black painted things along it on more corduroy; hoop-iron shrapnel shelters for the shells *et alia*, a dugout near by somewhere for cook-house and other purposes, and loose planks, all lying in a wide plain of green and mud and water-filled shell-holes. Further off in any direction you see more groups like your own—ammunition stacked in "dumps," little railway lines running about, a road in the distance, marked by



CANADIAN HEAVY ARTILLERY IN ACTION



crawling square things that are lorries, and defined now and again by cone-upspurts of mud and earth, with the solid crack of H.E.

The guns about you are banging in varying keys and running the scale from *fortissimo* to *giac*—o gad! never *giacoso*, but at times *allegro*. There is nothing *giacoso* about the guns. Various whines assort themselves about you, most of which you see ignored, but at some, when they shrill up clearly enough, the plastered brown figures about crouch low: plunk!—it is a dud. Fritz's ammunition is filthy, and gives a large percentage of duds. Little blue bursts tell of ill-judged time-shrapnel, with too long fuse. Those two greenish yellow clouds, close to the ground, have just come from gas shells.

Overhead the 'planes are always hovering, dipping, nose-diving, side-slipping, and coasting, for the Guns rely on their aircraft for information about the effect of firing. When he hovers over the position, his wireless is sending down his observations, directions, and news.

A quarter of an hour ago you might have seen a bit of a hot show above. Three of ours were chasing four silvery specks which were shown by the Archie shrapnel-bursts below them. You heard the Lewis-gun staccato and

in pauses of the firing our steady buzz and the cursed Hun grinding "er-er-er." The whole affair moved off and finished itself somewhere else. Aye, "cursed," for here one knows the Hun air-ways at first hand, and it hurts worse than many things out here to see, as we do occasionally, a grey floater with the red, white, and blue circles, tumble over and over down, or plane giddily to a crash that you turn away your head not to see. All praise to the R.F.C., for doing fine service under the worst conditions; and *requiescant* their great boy pilots, and may the earth lie lightly on them. And one cannot say more for a man out here than that last!

*Sed lætet—iuvat videre locos*—one likes to see the sites of former doings. And there is that lighter side that offers relaxation. For instance, one may occasionally go back to [one letter deleted]. You walk along the mud-covered highway—the White Road that leads and led to this battered sector of the Line. A chugging and bumping follows you *partout*, the green lorries with their quaint divisional signs go by. Lions rampant, bar sinister dominoes of divers spots, red dumbbells, black tom-cats reclining sejant against one another, and all that sort of thing. Probably a staff of fif-



teen officers, installed in thirty rooms, is employed to devise these signs of mystic meaning.

But, ods-bodikins! a 'bus is surging down the line, and another and another. You remember in time to run to the middle of the road, for you are on the Continent and keep to the right, and hop it—in the old familiar side swing that you used to know so well—and quite naturally climb the winding stair. You reached the top and sat down; came a call, "Any fares, please!"—a Tommy opposite had spoken in jest; you echo unconsciously with a broken-off laugh, "A penny all the way!" and bowling along the straight road under the poplars, you are in Blighty again, purring down the golden Strand. It passes and leaves you to a day-dream, with a bit of a sting and pain. God! London Town—once again! But a spurt and throw of mud near the road sends a bit of shrapnel singing over, and brown-studies finish.

"Ubique means 'Bank, 'Olborn, Bank—  
a penny all the way.'"

Good luck to you and Hanover. Mail is at last coming in, and, *crois-moi*. I am looking

for the old post-mark. I will send on when I can. I feel that I write abominably now.

Yours,

ARTHUR A. S.

*Elsewhere-in-France*  
*November 2, 1917*

DEAR MR. MERRILL:

We have been here in billets for several days. When we are off duty we stay here, safely underground, and sleep, read, or follow our "ain" plans. We do turns at the guns, several kilometres from here, for twenty-four hours, and return here for forty-eight. Of course, it's pretty hard work, and one needs the rest.

This town is quite a ruin, though there are some houses still standing. Most of the walls have part *debout*, but present a sorry sight on the whole. The streets are still going, cobbled, and very muddy, being mainly used by the soldiers, who have to meet a lot of mud. In the middle of the town, or not far from it, are the remains of what once was one of the finest buildings in the Low Countries—the old *Halles de Draps*. The destruction of that is an example of the rotten business of this war.

Our work up at the Line is pretty heavy



CLOTH HALL, YPRES, AFTER BOMBARDMENT

The Ruins of the Ancient Cathedral are seen in the background, at the right

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in certain ways. There is a deal of pulling and shifting guns, and toting shells about. Firing the big guns is done by "shoots," as they are called—quite like our old work at the traps and Walnut Hill. One receives the order to lob over a certain number of rounds at named targets. It is all indirect laying (viz: aiming at unseen targets), of course, and corrections in aiming are sent down by our 'plane (each battery has one of its own) by wireless, as observed from their undulations in the firmament. If our 'plane notes a near-hit, the observer makes his estimate of the error in aiming, and sends it down; then when a direct hit is observed, the 'plane passes us word to turn loose *pronto*, and Fritz forthwith is in difficulties. It's really extraordinary what the 'planes can do. They are the very right arm, or, to use a better figure, the eyes of the *Ubique* corps. The side which possesses the best air-service will hold preponderance of power with the guns.

Really, out here there is very much of a sameness—and how one becomes lazy! Back in the Old Country, in those happy days before the white cliff's sank into Channel grey, one went about and did things, and saw things—here, *rien à voir, rien à faire*. Never was

truer word said nor patter saw propounded than that "variety is the spice of life." Here it's a matter of "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow."

But the giddy old show will finish—ere long, we will hope. And the Front is not so black as it is painted—though it is quite as *brown*, with khaki and no end of Flanders mud. Some day someone will immortalise and perpetuate the memory of "Mud: as seen in Western Europe, 1914-19 . . ."

To relieve the monotony I have books: the Bard of Avon, Kipling's verse, Tennyson, Longfellow, "Pickwick" (*ô comme ineffable!*), Dan Scrivener's "Canterbury Tales," Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." But what one misses are the dear Victorian novelists. I shall arrange with some one of the book-folk that line—

". . . the Road that wanders down  
To Charing Cross in London Town"

to send me periodically a list of books, in the cheap editions. I want "Chuzzlewit," and "Dombey," "Nickleby," Thackeray's "Virginians" and "Newcomes," and the like. I hope I can effect this, but I don't know.

You will probably have returned from your moose-hunting peregrinations when you receive this. I envy you your *menu*. Ours is only too replete withhardtack and bully-beef, which is commonly issued, "one man, one tin, one day."

I have received (to-day) your letter of October 2, with the "B.E.F." stamp on it. Mail to France takes longer to go through, I suppose. That is only the second letter I have received in two weeks' time overseas. Write when you can. Best wishes to all.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR.

*Elsewhere-in-France*  
*November 2, 1917*

DEAR EDWARD:

The thought of it all—that you are back at the dear old place! You certainly are fortunate, old boy; but such is ordained for some mortals by Jove and the deathless gods that hold high Olympus. I will tell you of a true thing, man: you cannot know what it means to one, after a year at this Hun-beating business—what that name means; what a shrine it makes in a man's heart, of hopes and past joys and plans and desires—that which we call

Alma Mater. And—*il n'est pas à rire*—it takes the place of *le premier amour*, of many a want and many a lack; and the knowledge that old Johnny H. is behind his sons and watching them and expecting them to do well, will help a chap mightily to carry on.

Oh, to toddle in at the gate by Holworthy as the bell is whanging away, and the men pour out of Sever and Boylston and Widener; to sit again to old Kittredge, or Barrett Wendell (but he has gone, worse luck!), or any of the honoured Old Guard; to speed over to the Waldorf or the Onion for a bite or a juicy tenderloin; in short, the has-been of our mundane sojourn, the glad days of young youth, that now seem so very far away. But the hope is still warm of the coming back!

I won't bore you with portrayals of the life we lead here, for a thinking man thinks of it as little as he can, and waits till that later day when the Boche shall be hived again in his *Bochie*, and decent folk may go abroad without let or hindrance. Here the *ensemble* is a sort of quintessence of—*mud*, piles of bricks, jagged earth, MUD, banging motor-lorries, booming, and MUD. . . .

If I were in your shoes I would jettison Chem. entirely—but you have the liking to



some extent. "Phil." is excellent, but Pope is apt here: "Drink deep, or touch not —." Every Anglo-Saxon should know the story of his race, so any Eng. Hist. course is the goods. Who gives it? And have you dropped Mod. Langs. entirely? It is to be hoped not. I've been able to develop conversational French a bit, of course, here. All the Flemish in this region speak it as a second home-tongue, and do well enough with English, too. I've not forgotten the *lingua sacra*, either. I have the "Æneid" in my bag, among other stand-bys. I found Hugo's "*Odes et Ballades*" in a bazar at . . . ., when we were there. It is wonderful—only less so (and in a different way), than "*Les Misérables*." *Voilà le coeur et sort de toute l'humanité!*

[This letter ends abruptly; it is unsigned.]

*Somewhere-in-France*  
November 4, 1917

DEAR WINIFRED:

I beg that you will forgive me both my execrable pencil and worse paper, the which, savin' your reverence, is all that I can procure at this date. *C'est la guerre!*

Did you ever correspond with a cave-man? Then (I can hear your negative) you are at

least hearing from one now. In this part of the little world the mode of existence of our antediluvian ancestors is highly desirable. Up above there are wicked shells and dastardly bombs, that make it a bit unpleasant for roaming about; but here, in my secure wine-cellar, which once held some worthy burgher's claret and Moselle and Bénédictine, with feet of bricks and that sort of thing over one's head, 'tis different. There is a great old *straf* on above there now, but "it shall not come nigh thee." And, incidentally, *we* are doin' a 'straordin'rily large part of the *strafing*. And come now—before we leave the subject—what am I offered, a commodious heated apartment, with shelves, spring bed à la Louis XV, and certain books to while away the time?

To delve into that limbo of the dear dead has-been, I mind me of a bit of a jingle which was known when I entered into classic halls:

"When Freshmen first we came to Yale—  
Fol de rol, de rol rol rol!"

and to me there comes the possible emendation, along more topical lines:

When first we came to *straf* the Hun—  
Fol de rol, etc.,

A "pip-squeak" set us on the run—  
Fol de rol, de plunk-whiz-boom!

Not so bally rotten, what? I'll be rivalin' these Kiplin', an' Service, an' Brooke chap-pies, before vewy long. Jolly old toppah, this Kiplin', weally!

But to mix jollity with other matters is all one can do out here. There's so hanged little joy or laughter floatin' about that you have to jolly well create it, or languish in gloom. . . .

Best wishes, my friend,

Yours,

ARTHUR.

*Somewhere-in-France*

*November 5, 1917*

DEAR C. M. S.:

*De quoi écrire ici au Front—mais oui, qu'importe?*

A few casualties, day by day: no R.I.P.'s, but nearly all Blightys; some gas stretcher cases, and a couple of dressing station scratches—that is a week's toll on this forsaken sector.

The poor infantry. To live in wretched shell-holes, under shrapnel, H.E., and gas for days and weeks—for this push is a tough one, the worst of the war. But there is victory in sight

if one endure. Back here the sifted platoons stop by the roadside, and, sprawled about on the brick piles, they get out their gun-wipers and massage the rusty Enfields.—(For *wipers* read hell-on-earth.)\* And they talk of the front-of-the-Front, and of the ills and joys of that land: the Boche always giving way, our shells going over six to their one—and, though decidedly fed-up, they carry on! Of course, it is the Army tradition always to be fed up! You can never rob the Britisher of his grouse. The Men that Fought at Minden also had that sacred privilege. “Blowed if I know *wot* the bloody war is gettin’ to,” he says.

Your Imperial soldier of to-day is becoming a very independent chap. There is a general

\* “Wipers” is the British Tommy’s pronunciation of *Ypres*. The comment, “For *wipers* read hell-on-earth,” was evidently intended as a hint, which might pass the censor, that the letter was written from the ruined city, a fact which the writer was not at liberty to state more plainly.

At this time *Ypres* was under especially savage fire. The activity of the British guns had told the Germans that an infantry attack was impending, and the bombardment of the city was intended to prevent the movement of reinforcements and supplies to the British front. The famous assault of the Canadians that resulted in the capture of Passchendaele Ridge, the key position seven miles northeast of *Ypres*, was launched at 6 a. m. on November 6.

Field Marshal Haig’s night report of November 7 reads: “During the day the work of organizing our new positions at Passchendaele and on the high ground in the neighbourhood of the village continued without interruption from the enemy. In spite of the great importance which it is known the enemy attached to this commanding locality, no hostile reaction has yet followed its capture.”

excrecence on their ideas, which finds origin in *John Bull* and Bottomley's bombast, that they are an oppressed lot, rather "wage-slaves" (which most of the sons of Adam are—irony there for you), the prey of the gentry, *they orf'cer blokes*, the squire, and all that sort of thing. It is exactly as the omniscient has it.

“Me that 'ave been what I've been,  
 Me that 'ave gone where I've gone,  
 Me that 'ave seen what I've seen—  
     'Ow can I ever take on  
 With awful old England again,  
 An' 'ouses both sides of the street,  
 An' 'edges two sides of the lane,  
 An' the parson an' 'gentry' between,  
*An' touchin' my 'at when we meet—*  
 Me that 'ave been what I've been!”

But ah, habit, habit! When the humblest one-pip subaltern of 'Is Majesty's Forces passes by, Thomas A. executes "right-'and-in-a-circular motion to-yer-'at, 'ead-'n-eyes-*right*" for three paces before and after. And, of course, "sir, sir, sir."

Is "democracy" coming to Albion? Are duke's son and cook's son in reversed places going to shake it up in the millennium? I said democracy: demos, where demos=*canaille*, is rather well represented everywhere. But Eng-

land is the most completely democratic state—barring land conditions: surely nowhere can one find greater personal freedom than under the British Crown. And “they” will call the States “democratic”—where pacifists are caged, where “Spitting Forbidden, Fine \$100” stares at you in every vehicle and street, while England’s way tells you: “It is respectfully requested—” And for a *ne plus ultra* example, one need only take the Manhattan night-court *vs.* the primal brutalities, and *laissez vivre* of a London magistrate’s bench, in dealing with “Lalun.”

Did I ever tell you how I met Eugene Parker Chase, '16, and Fred Leighton, '17, when I was in London? It all began at the American Y. M. C. A. in the Aldwych. I had talked for an hour or two of the War and sundry with a worker from Johns Hopkins, and at the end he mentioned a co-worker—“from Dartmouth, by the way.” Explanations in order—it developed who he was, and of Leighton as well. I was floored for a bit—to think of meeting them there!—and the next morning I walked up the steps of No. 47, Russell Square, near where Amelia and old Sedley used to live, and presently saw Eugene in the flesh. At Oxford I had sought for a

Rhodes list of all the Colleges, not knowing to which he had gone, and had failed to find any. But here he was, and Leighton, with whom I pursued Lessing's Jew-toleration propaganda in the northern end of old Dartmouth, and jaw-fested with, in Norton's room in Middle Fayerweather. Hardly a change could I discern in either. Eugene's accent had mellowed a little—he'd learnt *diction'ry* and *eyether*, of course—but Leighton was *semper idem*.

After a chat they returned to work. At one o'clock I returned, we three proceeding past the war-closed Museum to a nice Italian place in Soho, where I had the first good luncheon in weeks. It was a real hour of enjoyment for me; hearing of men long forgotten, of new acquaintances, of the new Dartmouth war-work, of everything which three quondam Hanover men, rendezvous'ed in mighty London, found interesting; that Bailey Emery was in some naval show or other, that the shining luminary Roswell Magill, '16, was doing something else, that X had sought fame in the U. S. R. at Plattsburg, that so many had gone as "Jackies" in the stalwart flag-waving U. S. N.; and Leighton told us, last year having been out of Hanover, of what had been done while Eugene

scholared it at Magdalen 'mong buttery bills and dons, and I carried on in the Yard and Union, and later, to be sure, with the British forces. Leighton had left in May; L. H. and other wicked Teutons, being conscientious, had then not left college. 'Gene saw his year out at the Coll., and after long vacation had decided not to return for Fall Term (which went up at the very time we met).

And then of the work in choosing books for "Sammies" shortly due—what class of literature was most widely read among the Canadians? I told them of the pearls of English prose done by Ruby M. Ayres, Victoria Cross, Guy Boothby and William Le Queux, which Thomas largely favoured. So from their work in Blighty we left to other topics—and lunch hour was soon past. They returned to Russell Square and I into the City, but I with pleasant afterthoughts. I say, Dartmouth does put a sort of brand upon a man, does it not? I watched it in Fred's and Eugene's methods of thought. 'Gene was losing it a bit through Magdalen; I, perhaps, had lost it more than either—yet I knew instinctively that we, save for the dubious form (in a Soho "*ristorante*"!) could without a word have stood up,



joined hands, and sung the old Song without breaking and in gladness:

“And the granite of New Hampshire.  
In their muscles and their brains.”—

Dartmouth upperclassman, Harvard undergraduate, and Magdalen scholar—three as diverse as East and West, yet as united as man and maid. There you have a wonderful thing, my friend. And I think all three felt it, also.

I knocked against a U. S. R. medico in this city of sorrows not long ago, and, asking of his corps, was told that the universities were to send their quotas from the medical schools as units, before very long. I judged him a Middle-Westerner, from his dialect.

You will excuse me while I damn both pen and paper, with which I write this, most heartily—but I fancy that Ung had worse implements, and I now class as a sort of modernistic cave-man.

Till later—thanking you for bearing with me so far,

Yours,

ARTHUR A. S.

At two o'clock on the morning of November 6, the building in Ypres where Wainwright

Merrill was billeted was struck and wrecked by an enemy shell. He was at once taken from the ruins and carried to a dressing station, but he died without regaining consciousness. He was buried in a small British cemetery in the outskirts of Ypres.

An officer of Wainwright's battery, writing from the front to Mr. Merrill, said: "While here he always did his work well, and was never found wanting. We all considered him rather a strange chap, which is quite explained by your letter telling about his assumed name. He certainly had the nerve and pluck to carry it through. When off duty he always could be found reading, not trashy novels, but books that only an educated man could read and understand, so he was always looked upon as not being of the ordinary type of soldier, but something above it."











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