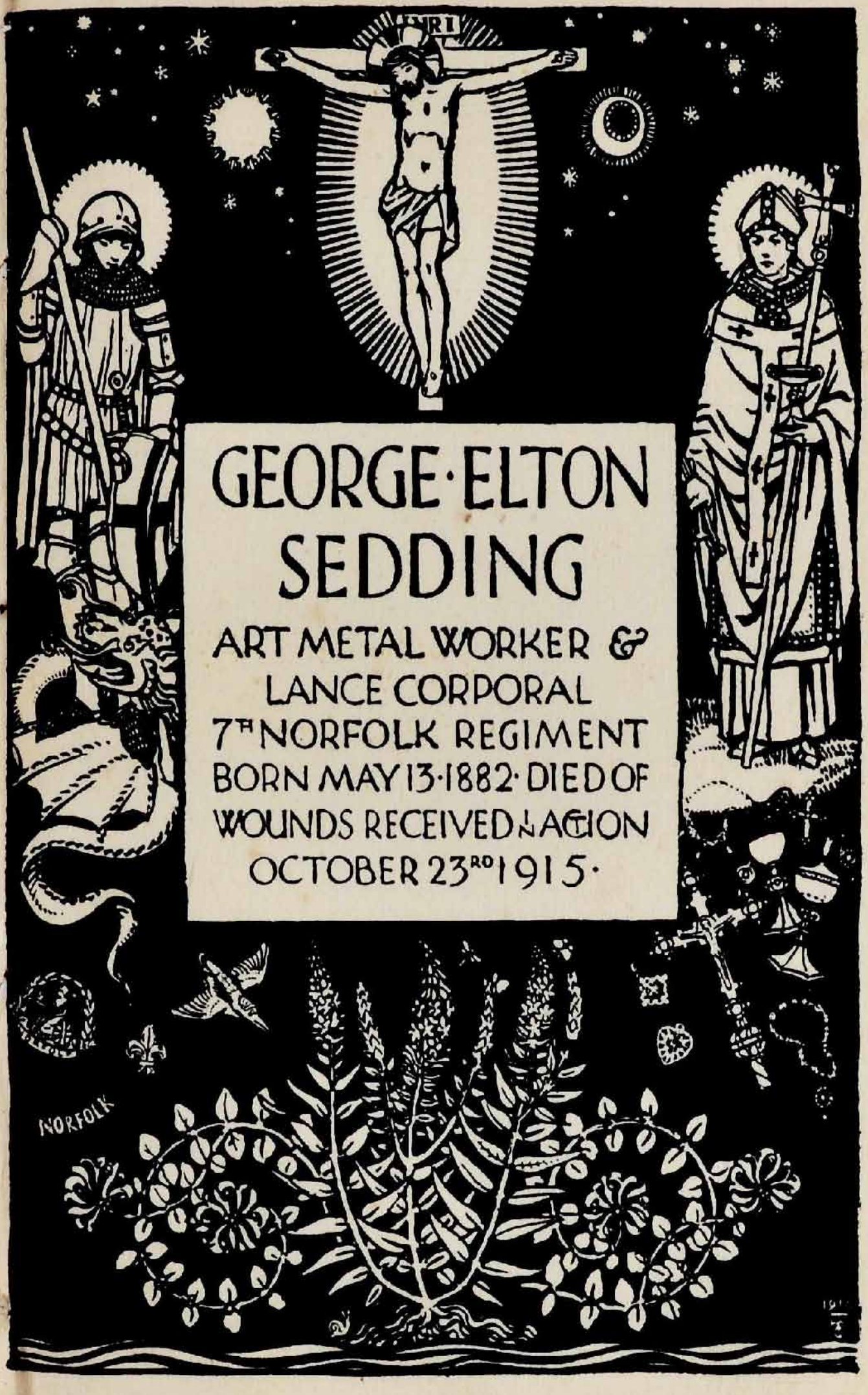

INRI
GEORGE·ELTON
SEDDING
ART METAL WORKER &
LANCE CORPORAL
7TH NORFOLK REGIMENT
BORN MAY 13·1882· DIED OF
WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION
OCTOBER 23RD 1915·
NORFOLK

GEORGE ELTON SEDDING.

Frontispiece

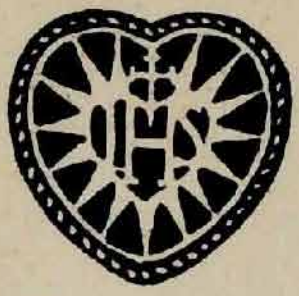
GEORGE ELTON SEDDING

THE LIFE AND WORK OF AN ARTIST SOLDIER

Edited by his Brother

WITH PREFACE BY
THE REV. E. F. RUSSELL

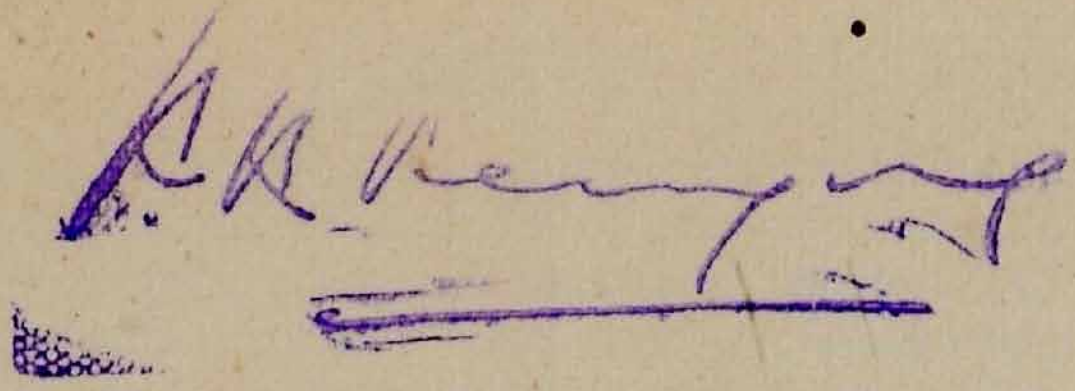
Sixteen Illustrations



LETCHWORTH
GARDEN CITY PRESS LIMITED
1917

Errata.

Page 32, line 16. For "dropped" read "dr
„ 41, „ 20. „ "emerge" „ "e
„ 116, „ 26. „ "blazing" „ "
„ 141, „ 20. „ "*July* 4" „ "



PREFACE

THIS simple record of the life of one undistinguished, undecorated soldier, out of the many thousands of his fellow-countrymen who have laid down their lives for their country and their country's cause, needs no preface or apology. Still less does it need any word of commendation from me, for that would be to invert the rule that "the less is blessed of the better." My only excuse for writing this preface is that George Sedding's brother and sister, who have collected these memorials, wished that I should do so. Their purpose at the first was that the book should be for private circulation only, but at the request of many friends they have waived their feeling and now allow the book to be public property. Those of us who had read the book in proof felt that to withhold so beautiful and so moving a story from the common knowledge was as distinct a wrong as to patent a valuable medicine or to screen the lights upon the roadway. Not that we claim for the subject of this memoir any singularity, or pre-eminence of unusual gifts. On the contrary, we place him where he would wish to be placed, in the street with us all, a man amongst men, an average English gentleman, with

nothing rare or dazzling about him, companionable and simple. We think of him as one of a type which has found many representatives in this campaign ; men gently, somewhat delicately, built, who neither "strive nor cry," who loathe war, yet have been content at the call of duty to suppress their inward revolt against it, to withdraw their finer sensitiveness into their shell, and to forgo the interest, the ambition, and the profit of their calling. George Sedding was an artist's son, and himself an artist, working, as the great Florentine painters at first worked, chiefly in precious metals. He had lived from his infancy in an atmosphere of art, learning to appreciate and love and ultimately to produce beautiful things. What it cost him to make the great sacrifice we can only imperfectly guess. He shirked none of its difficulty, but at the very outset of the war, refusing to apply for a commission, enlisted in the ranks of the Norfolk Regiment. He could never be enticed into any complaint of his companions during his time of training, or of the conditions of his life with them, just as later on in the trenches his letters told us nothing of the sordid horror which surrounded him. He wrote from the trenches about the wild flowers, about the birds and their songs, about the sunrise and sunset, the play of light in the mists and clouds, the humours of the camp, or of his visits to the neighbouring villages in his rest time. We see him sitting by his telephone in his dug-out. A broken bottle by his side holds some sprays of willow-herb that he has

gathered. There is the continued thunder of the guns, with now and again the explosion of a shell near by ; but the noise and the peril do not seem to have disturbed him, or to have prevented him, in the long weary hours of waiting, from pencilling in his note-book experiments in verse; not great as poetry it is true, but verses that leave us wondering how such thoughts, so quiet, so simple and so sweet, could live and clothe themselves with words in such an atmosphere.

The war has revealed more things in human nature than we had ever dreamed could be in it ; and has proved how triumphantly the spirit of a man can surmount conditions of life that seem to be an absolute impasse. Our friends come back to us from the front, radiant ; robust in soul and body and with an added dignity and thoughtfulness enhancing all the qualities we knew and loved in them. It was my happiness to see George Sedding just before he left for France. I had known him intimately from his infancy, but never had I seen him look as he looked then—so well, so happy, or so manly. When next I saw him, some months later, he was lying mortally wounded in hospital, suffering but content. He had set out to do his duty, and had done it.

" Behold, we count them happy which have endured."

E. F. Russell.

Chapters X-XII have been submitted to the Censorship of the Press Bureau.

CONTENTS

		Page
Preface	... ...	vii
Chapter I.	Home and School Days	1
„ II.	Metal Work	17
„ III.	Summer Holidays	31
„ IV.	A Tour in Southern India ...	51
„ V.	Indian Art and Handicraft ...	77
„ VI.	Fishing Holidays	89
„ VII.	The Maurice Hostel	95
„ VIII.	Scouting	109
„ IX.	Military Training	123
„ X.	At the Front: (1) Ploegsteert...	133
„ XI.	At the Front: (2) Loos... ...	177
„ XII.	The Passing	189
Poems	... ...	195
Songs ...	... ...	205
Index ...	... ...	213

The Title-page containing St. George and St. Dunstan, the metal-worker Saint, together with the heart-shaped block on the succeeding page, from a piece of George's jewellery, are the work of his friend, Martin Travers.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

George Elton Sedding (from a photograph by J. Weston & Sons, Folkestone) ... ...*frontispiece*

With Ben, at Platt ... ... *facing page* 9

Pendants ... ... „ „ 19

Ciborium of gold and silver, with carbuncles and moonstones ... ... „ „ 23

Processional Cross of brass and gilding metal, for St. Frideswide's, Poplar... „ „ 25

Bronze Tablet in memory of a Naval Cadet ... ... „ „ 29

Near Berchtesgaden ... ... „ „ 41

With Guide, above Hintersee ... „ „ 41

Near Widdecombe, July, 1914 ... „ „ 47

In Colombo Harbour ... ... „ „ 63

Rock Carving: monkey group ... „ „ 63

A Yorkshire Stream ... ... „ „ 91

On the Barle, Exmoor ... ... „ „ 91

Scout returning with supplies ... „ „ 103

At Burnham ... ... „ „ 103

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Christ the Flower of Life is born!
  The great stars brightly burn
In happiness the Babe to show,
  To Whom all ages turn.

The Shepherds on the gleaming hills
  Behold a marv'llous sight,
The bright-winged heralds of the Heav'ns
  That tell of Peace and Light.

Beneath the shining stars they go,
  Across the sparkling snow:
Oh, with what faith they worship there,
  Beside that manger low!

What wonder must that shed have held
  For Christ the Babe, the King—
The branching beams, the ox, the ass,
  The little birds that sing!

Good Jesu, let us all be like
  Thee as Thou liest there,
Seeing the wonders in things small,
  And happy in God's care.

Written in Shorncliffe Camp, 1914.

GEORGE ELTON SEDDING

CHAPTER I

HOME AND SCHOOL DAYS

On the South side of the square-towered Church of West Wickham, which from the elm-trees on the hill looks out across the quiet fields to the distant Addington woods, there stands an organ-chamber of flint and stone, overgrown with ivy at its base, and crowned above with a wrought-iron design of a little singing-bird in a cluster of foliage. At one corner of its outer wall is set a stone inscribed with the letter "G" at a height accessible to the little mason, George, who laid the mortar for its resting-place. The organ-chamber is the work of his father, John Sedding, and in the choir within the church are stalls, also of his design, with carved heads of leaves and flowers, over whose curves George would pass a caressing and admiring hand when visiting the church in later life.

It was in 1889, when George was seven years old, that his parents left Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury (where George himself was born), and moved to their new home here at Wickham, and it was the little George who, to his father's

amusement, proposed to rename the village "Wet Wickham," as he trudged up the lane to the Croft in the rain. That home has already been described from intimate knowledge by the Rev. E. F. Russell,[1] and it is with his permission that the following picture is here reproduced:

"Every evening between five and six, save when his work called him to distant parts, you might have seen John Sedding step quickly out of the train at the little station, run across the bridge, and, greeting and greeted by everybody, swing along the shady road leading to his house. In his house, first he kissed his wife and children, and then, supposing there was light and the weather fine, his coat was off and he fell to work at once with spade and trowel in his garden, absorbed in his plants and flowers, and the pleasant crowding thoughts that plants and flowers bring."

In a letter written from his new home at Wickham to his cousin, Katharine Rawlins, George shows his own joy and interest in that garden, and makes a playful little hit at his father's frequent change of plan in the scheming of its flower-beds.

"Baby has cut her first tooth at four months old. I have got 348 stamps. My crocuses are getting on, and I have got one purple crocuse in my garten. We are going to Beckenham with Madle[2] in the morning and have a holiday and to

[1] In the memorial notice prefixed to John Sedding's *Garden-craft*, p. xxiii.

[2] Mademoiselle Hunziker, the children's Swiss governess, to whom they owed so much.

bye our Easter egge. Father has mad a great improvement in the garten but the plants have had a great moving and all have joined the dance. Good-bye, I am George."

Three letters, written to his sister a little later, are in the same playful strain. The letters are undated, the first two being written from his uncle's house in Bedford Square, the third from that of his grandfather Canon Tinling, at the College Green, Gloucester :

"My dear Doll,—

"I am really choked at you for not writing to me before. I really think you might write to me once a week. You don't know what I think of you. Now fancy, a little girl of 11 years old been obliged to be asked to write to her Brother, or any body else. Kichy, kichy, kichy."

"My darling Doll,—

"I am about to announce to you that *I* am the person to whom you owe a letter. I thought I would just mention it. Now about the list (for his birthday). There are so many things an old Bachelor requires for instance a Diamont buckle for my bedroom slippers but I really will be sensible now and tell you what I should really like to have a chamois leather pen-wiper or a little pin-cushion for my desk or stamps crest seals paints brushes Fancy paper sealings wax box of pens and I think that is all. Thursday. Thank you for

your letter it is so very kind of you to write to us so often."

"My dear Dorothy,—

"I hope you arrived saftly. And your best hat is not skashed to black jelly. What would Miss Vanity do without her fashionable pocky hat. Madlle has just been trying to rub out something with a glycerin lozenge. Good-bye I am your loving little twin George."

A birthday letter, written to this same sister, Dorothy, by her father, picturing the family tea-party in progress, shows that as early as 1888, when George was only six, this pert playfulness was already characteristic of him.

"It is now about half-past five, and you must be having a very merry time. George will be making you all laugh and Ted will be having his fourth piece of bread-and-butter."

A further instance of this boyish love of fun is recorded by Miss Greenstreet, then "Sister Mark" of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, an old friend of the family, who nursed him in boyhood through an attack of scarlet fever. During his convalescence George would regale her with the latest comic songs sung at the top of his voice, and the climax was reached one day when she came in to find, reclining on the sofa, a life-like model of herself in uniform, which George had dressed up during her absence, with the assistance of his aunt, Mrs. Oswald Browne.

Those who had worked with his father, John Sedding, speak of a like "indomitable gaiety which kept all going," and which "always led the fun,"[1] and it was doubtless from this source that George inherited his good spirits. "George was so like his father," wrote his cousin, Alice Rawlins, at his death, "especially when he put on his teasing look. He always reminded me of the way his father looked at me after he had hung my doll up on to the gas chandelier where I could not possibly reach it. George was just the same, full of fun."

Sometimes there is a deeper note in his letters. At the beginning of Lent he writes to tell his governess of the rule of courtesy and self-denial which he has made (the latter part of the resolve is capable of bearing a delightful alternative interpretation).

"My darling Madlle,—

"I hope you will like my little presant and my little card I send you. I am going to make a new reule for Lent and that is to be *very* Gentlemanly to every one and eat whatever is on the table. I hope you will like this letter and thank you so very much for the lovely text you are going to give me."

Words such as these, combined with his fondness for inserting in his letters carefully copied texts from the Bible, explain the belief which some held at this time that he would one day be ordained.

[1] *Garden-craft*, p. xix.

At the death of his parents, in one short week in the spring of 1891, George went with his brother and elder sister to live with Dr. Oswald Browne, who had married Alice Scurfield, Mrs. Sedding's sister and widow of the Rev. Robert Scurfield. To their guardianship, first at 43, Bedford Square, and later at 7, Upper Wimpole Street, George owed not only his home life of unbroken happiness and the generously planned summer holidays to which the family so eagerly looked forward, but above all, the wise and sympathetic guidance which was ever seeking to train him "to take his place in the ranks of pure, high-minded Christian gentlemen."[1]

At the Grange, Folkestone, to which George went for three years in the autumn of 1893, and at St. Peter's College, Radley, where he spent the five following years, he was characteristically a "plodder." A master's terminal report commends in him "a considerable faculty for acquiring knowledge," and without showing any marked ability, he won several prizes through sheer thoroughness of work. At Radley, where the Rev. G. Wharton was his Social tutor, he played cricket and football for his House, and earned quite a reputation by a dogged piece of "stonewalling" which enabled his captain to score the runs that eventually won for Wharton's the School Cup. He was a good gymnast and no mean fives-player, while he also obtained his Third Eight Cap and

[1] His uncle's letter, written on the occasion of his twenty-first birthday.

rowed in his Social four which was head of the Second boats.

Extracts from two typical letters, describing his school-life, are here given :

" Thanks awfully for your letters and little cakes. I am stroking a boat in the Junior Fours, rather an important race, the course is just under a mile ! I have been working hard in the carpenter's shop and have finished four sides of my box, dovetailed and everything, and have just begun grooving for the partitions. I am going to show up 2 of my photos to-day to John Boozer. My study looks awfully nice now, I am still sharing one with the same chap I shared one with last term.[1] Frog is coming to tea with us to-day ; he is busy learning and rehearsing his part of an old nurse in the Latin Play."

" We began the Social Fours on Friday, so far we have made a bump each night, one in 15 strokes and the other in 20. On Monday, if we make a bump, which I expect we shall, we shall be top of the 2nd Social boats, and get a Cup. We have been tormented lately at night by gnats and mosquitoes—not getting to sleep till past one. But last night we rigged up mosquito curtains with tripods and surplices[2] and they answered beautifully."

On leaving Radley in the summer of 1901 George

[1] J. R. Sankey.

[2] The surprise of the servitor who called the brothers in the morning may be imagined.

was providentially prevented, by rejection on medical grounds, from entering a Bank as a clerk, and though he had hitherto shown little sign of any artistic gift, when his summer holiday ended, began his apprenticeship in the studio and workshop of Mr. Harry Wilson, formerly an assistant in his father's office at 447, Oxford Street. The experiment proved a complete success, and George quickly showed that the career which he had been led to adopt was his true vocation.

When Mr. Wilson moved to St. Mary Platt in Kent, George took rooms in a farmhouse near by, and his sister, who also worked in the studio, kept house for him. A fellow artist who was with them day by day in the workshop, wrote at George's death, "I have always connected him with Sir Galahad ever since I first knew him down in those memory days at Platt—dear brave George, so unselfish, kind and helpful always."

In the summer evenings George and his sister were usually to be found at work upon their gardens, at a corner of the disused hop-field through which the path led up to the studio. There was always a keen rivalry between the gardeners, and George, to his amusement, was sometimes provokingly successful with seeds which received far less attention than his sister's.

An inseparable companion in their walks through the pine-woods and along the country lanes was a sandy bob-tailed sheep-dog, named Ben, who especially delighted George by his habit of pouncing with his huge paws at any suspicious move-

WITH BEN, AT PLATT.

Facing page 9

ment in the grass by the roadside. One summer holiday Ben accompanied his master to Devonshire in the night mail by which the brothers used to travel in order to steal an extra day's fishing on the moor. It was upon this journey that a guard, much to George's delight, hailed the stalwart Ben familiarly, "Come along, Jumbo!" Ben's expression of surprise and anticipation as he gazed for the first time upon the wide expanse of heather from the top of Scorhill was wonderful to behold.

In 1907, a year before his uncle's death, George returned to London, and opened a small workshop of his own at 11, Noel Street, a quiet side-street in the neighbourhood of Oxford Circus. The work which he at first produced was naturally not of an elaborate character—a silver napkin-ring, a copper string-box, or a simple brooch or pendant—but as new orders gradually came to him, suggesting new ideas and calling powers as yet undeveloped into play, his time was soon fully occupied in designing and executing jewellery or metal-work for an ever-widening circle of clients.

It had been Mrs. Sedding's dying request to Dr. Oswald Browne that her children should be brought up "as Catholics," in the full sacramental teaching of the Church, which had been the secret of her own strength and happiness at St. Alban's, Holborn. This was without doubt the wish also of his father, whose address at the Annual Meeting of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament in 1886, contains these words: "It is well, in these days of sloth and sin

and doubt, to have one's energies braced by a 'girdle of God about one's loins'! It is well, I say, for a man to have a circle of religious exercises that can so hedge him about, so get behind his life and wind themselves by long familiarity into his character, that they become part of his everyday existence—bone of his bone."

At the end of George's first year at Radley he was fortunate in making the acquaintance of the Rev. E. B. Layard, of Pusey House, Oxford, whose friendship he owed to the cherry and white hat-ribbon which he was wearing one Sunday morning on his way back from Gidleigh Church. Another friend whose interest and affection never failed him was the Rev. E. F. Russell, with whom he continued to correspond during the months of his military training and active service, and who visited him in Hospital the week before his death. "You are doing what your father would have been proud to see you do," wrote Father Russell at his enlistment: "in the good hands of God you are, and come what may, you are about His business, and that after all is the one thing that matters." And later, when George was in France, "Dorothy sends me extracts from your letters, and they are a delight to me. It is delightful to know that the horrors of war have not absorbed you or blinded you to the humours and the human interest of what is going on, and to the beauty and interest of the natural world about you. I read bits of you to my friends, especially to my pessimist (German, *Schwarzseher*) friends, and make them ashamed."

These influences of his home life combined to supplement the all too slender help which the religious teaching even of a Public School of definite Church traditions sometimes affords. For it is perhaps true to say that all too frequently there is little in the teaching of a School Chapel to lead boys to belief in and devotion to a living Saviour, with Whom contact is here and now possible through the Church's ministrations, and little indeed of the spirit of chivalry, in its romance and attractiveness, inspiring the heart and will to choose and follow the "things that are lovely."

In quiet unseen ways, however, helped by his home surroundings, the deeper side of his character was forming, and judging from the handwriting, it cannot have been long after he left school that the following "dream," found among his papers at his death, and signed with his name, was written :

"I awoke and a great darkness fell on me, as when a man goes from the bright sunshine into a dark cavern, while in my ears there was a dull whirring noise, like the drone of a deep organ pipe. I was amazed, and as I wondered, my body seemed to leave me and I became light as air. Then there broke on my sight a far-off streak of light, very thin and flickering like as when a ray of sunshine filters through a tangled mass of foliage. Towards this light I felt impelled, and now around me I saw many another shape—thin and fragile, but with a clear formed face whose eyes displayed its varied feeling. Some looked old and careworn,

but in the eyes of these there glowed, for the most part, the light of hope and triumph, for their life was ended and they pressed towards their promised home. Faces of men and women on all of which was stamped true faith, and children innocent of sin, were carried past the swiftest—eager, all, to reach the realms of bliss. But as I looked, there passed a face on which grim terror had marked deep the lines of fear : this was a sinner, whose countless crimes filled him with dread of punishment quite justly earned, and as he drifted slower than they all, his many sins in shape appeared and asked if he repented. Awful were they, and hideous, and at each he shrieked, while they held out to him the cup of repentance, in which lay, like sparkling wine, the draught which purged his soul from stain of all that sin. If he repented from his heart and drank it, sweet was that draught, but if repentance was not true, it burnt like a stream of molten steel—and thus as, one by one, his crimes were purged away, fear drifted like a cloud from off his face until he too pressed forward full of hope and trust. I with this host fell in and as I neared the light, it grew in lustre, breadth, and hue, until at last a glimpse of Heaven I caught. Then I heard a whispering soft sweet strain of cadence mellow, filled with holiness, which thrilled the fibres of my soul into harmony with its mystery. Louder grew the music and my heart was filled with triumph—louder still, and I could distinguish voices as of a mighty choir, singing in anthem to their Lord and King. Then

with a thrill of glory now to come I entered Heaven, my home for evermore."

On returning to London from St. Mary Platt in 1907, George naturally attended the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square, of which his uncle had become churchwarden, and to an ever increasing extent he grew to love its worship. After the death of his uncle and aunt, when he and his sister moved to a flat in Hyde Park Mansions, this church, of which he soon himself became a sidesman, was still their home, and a letter written during his last spring in England tells of his joy in being able to be present at its solemn Eucharist on Palm Sunday. Latterly, it was also his unfailing habit to serve at the altar of the neighbouring church of St. Mark's, Marylebone, at the week-day Eucharist.

A later chapter shows the enrichment which social service, dating from the small beginnings of a weekly metal-class at the Maurice Hostel, brought to his life. During the early autumn of 1914, had not the war broken out, he had been asked to assist some fellow Scoutmasters in a Mission amongst the hop-pickers. The camp was to be run on scouting lines, and the missioners were to wear Scout uniform.[1]

It is probable that only two people were ever told during George's lifetime of a scheme which he once planned for service yet further afield. On a visit to his brother at Ely Theological College,

[1] Capt. the Hon. Roland Philips, the originator of the plan, was himself killed in action July 7th, 1916.

after an evening spent with the Principal, the idea of offering himself for industrial work in the Universities' Mission came to him, and he lay awake far into the night planning how he could set to work to master various branches of practical metal work, and then give himself for two years' service in Africa. Although obstacles prevented the fulfilment of this hope, it is good to think that, at least, the workman is represented there in Africa by his handiwork to-day. At Mbweni, Masasi and Korogwe, and on the shores of Lake Nyasa, altar vessels of his design and workmanship are ministering to the Africans to whom he desired to teach his craft, while in the Mission Chapel at Dartmouth Street, where prayer is daily offered for the African Church, the crucifix in use upon the altar in Lent and Passiontide, and the bell which at each farewell Eucharist bids the departing missionaries to partake of heavenly Food as they set forth on their way, are the work of his hands.

The picture which the foregoing account of George's home and school days is intended to leave is that of an intensely natural life, joining with spirit in all school games and taking a keen delight in sport, passing through five years at a Public School probably without an enemy—and yet possessing an inner depth of character, truly devout, which was largely hidden even from those who knew him best, and yet shines out so clearly in the prayer which he writes from the trenches, and in the face of the robed Christ which his hands reverently modelled.

Two who knew him intimately in work and play wrote at his death of the impressions which his life left upon them, and their witness may best complete the picture : " The terrible comprehensiveness of this war ! " wrote his fellow Scoutmaster at his death, " it takes not only the big and blustering, but the gentle and the peaceful. I think I shall remember most clearly about him his extraordinary gentleness and his amazing excellence at everything to which he put his hand."

The other testimony is from the pen of Canon Evelyn Gardiner, who saw him day by day in his life at Shorncliffe : " I feel his presence here in my room where he so often sat, increasingly clearly, and one felt *always* the nearer to our Lord for it."

THE MISSION OF ART.

Give the flowers once again a chance of blossoming about our altars and our homes . . . Since Puritanism, with its gloomy face, has had a long innings, and England is not perceptibly the sweeter or saintlier for it, let art have her turn now. 'Tis churlish both to God and man, to refuse a gift so gracious and helpful as art. It is the mission of art to gladden human life, to attract men to goodness, to lift man's ideal, to suggest hallowed emotions, to witness for the faith, to lend wings to the soul, to bring heaven nearer, and help weak and faltering men to the throne of God, where all His servants shall serve Him, and see His face.

J. D. Sedding, *Art and Handicraft*, p. 49.

CHAPTER II

METAL WORK

In early life, as has been said, George showed little sign of artistic talent. There is, indeed, extant a drawing of his childhood representing the robins of the legend bearing away in their beaks the thorns from the Saviour's crown on Calvary; but in his school days he seldom or never drew.

In music, however, from early years he showed undoubted taste and power. Almost from the days of his first lessons he seems to have possessed a passion for composing, and his governess tells of an indignant protest—"That man has stolen *my chord!*"—which burst from him one day as he sat playing over a piece of music at her side. Later this gift developed still more clearly, and while he continued carefully to practise other music, he would often amuse himself by composing melodies and songs, some of which in later years he wrote down. Although time and harmony may sometimes puzzle a scientific musician, these songs are so characteristic of himself that it has seemed right to print a selection of them at the end of the volume.

On entering the studio of Mr. Harry Wilson, the artistic power, hitherto quite unsuspected,

which George had inherited from his father, became rapidly apparent. When his three years' apprenticeship ended, he underwent a further course of technical training at the School of Art, South Kensington, first studying Architecture for three months under Professor Pite, and then attending a longer course of modelling under Professor Lanteri. Much of his spare time he spent reading in the College Library, and a store of carefully collected notes on many subjects connected with his work shows the use to which he turned his "faculty for acquiring knowledge." After a final course of drawing at the Heatherley School of Art, he made his venture and opened a two-roomed workshop of his own at Noel Street, while still continuing to attend evening classes on enamelling, jewellery, and silversmith's work at the L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts.

As his work grew, he soon found it necessary to employ an apprentice, and later a second and younger assistant joined them. Arthur Rangecroft, the elder apprentice, who followed George's example and enlisted almost immediately after War was declared, wrote a year later, on hearing of his master's death : "He was a true friend and adviser and an ideal employer, and I shall always be proud to boast of having worked for such a grand master. He will always be my pattern of a thorough English gentleman." A few weeks later Arthur was himself killed in action.

"Only a very select few," wrote the mother

PENDANT WITH TURQUOISE AND CHRYSOPRASES.

PENDANT WITH CARBUNCLES.

Facing page 19

of another little pupil to whom George also gave lessons, "have the gift of dealing with children: Hazel thoroughly enjoys the metal-work, and is continually talking of it."

In his methods and ideals, much of his inspiration George owed undoubtedly to his able master: yet in each piece of work that he produced there was much, too, which was characteristically his own, and it might truly be said of him, as it was of his father,[1] "something of his soul he put into all that he undertook."

Speaking of these ideals and methods in an autobiographic sketch which he was asked to contribute to a paper, he wrote:

"Perhaps the principal mistake of modern jewellery is the effect it gives you of a glare of mechanical stone-cutting, enclosed in a mass of lifeless settings. To avoid this error, each piece of jewellery should be unique, with a little link or pattern of grains or wire evolved for it individually. The design should be built up round the jewels, which should themselves be used to emphasize certain points and planes. The modern metal-worker should make his own punches and 'dies,' stamping up fruit and flowers, and always endeavouring to give every piece of work the spirit of motion and growth.

"In ecclesiastical work, the artist would pay most attention to shape and proportion, working to the $\frac{1}{16}$th of an inch until he gets shaft or boss absolutely right to his way of thinking, then

[1] *Garden-craft*, p. xi.

putting in the detail, and lastly colour and texture. He would follow the mediæval method of combining in one piece of work a great number of different processes, such as enamelling, repoussé work, casting, engraving, silversmithing, etc. This would always give interest to the whole by the varied planes and texture which he would get. The wise designer would use enamel very sparingly and only for emphasis."

As with his father,[1] flowers and leaves and the natural world about him were George's first field of suggestion, and it was to Nature that he traced the principle of variety in process and material to which he refers above. While on a short fishing-holiday at Wastdale Head in the Lake District, it is the play of the wind on a still mountain tarn that convinces him that in the study of effective contrast the craftsman would do well to follow Nature's leading. The thoughts which came to him there on the mountain-side were roughly written down for future use as they occurred to him.

"It is wonderful how colour and surfaces especially are contrasted in Nature. Take, for instance, mountain scenery—there you get, say, a little black tarn shut in by rocky slopes with intermittent patches of long rough grass. The still sheet of water is especially intensified owing to the coarse texture of the grey granite which surrounds it, and the apparent softness of the grass shows up well beside the steely glitter of the

[1] *Garden-craft*, p. xi.

water and the stern seclusion of the rugged boulders.

"A proof of this is at once apparent, for without warning there comes a gust of wind and changes the whole scene—the tarn at once becomes a matt surface, occasioned by thousands of wavelets in almost geometrical order, and immediately loses all interest. The grass now comes to the rescue, for when beaten on by the wind it at once delights the eye with its surprisingly silky appearance, and takes the place of the lake in providing some suitable set-off to its rugged surroundings.

"Now, in metal work, you want to follow Nature's example. *You must have contrast.* Start with a good symmetrical design and get as much contrast (pleasant contrast) as you can in it.

"But your good symmetrical design must come first; for symmetry is strength, and if you look at most of the French or *nouveau* Art productions, the first thing that will strike you is their surprising weakness and 'wormy' feeling. A composition or design, especially in metal work, must have back-bone. That is why a cross always looks well, for it is symmetrical, and having a simple construction at once assures the eye of its durability and strength. When you have got a good strong framework or back-bone into your work, you may elaborate it at your will: for once you have got something to build on, your work never looks weak.

"You must also avoid all 'wormy' lines. Keep them as square and compact as possible.

Never put anything in to fill up, which hasn't at least some relation to your general scheme: for nothing is worse than to hear people say, 'What on earth has he put this here for?' Such an error at once gives you away and displays your inability to carry a thing through. You must, as I said before, start with a good symmetrical design, and then get as much contrast as you can in it.

"In securing your contrasts, first and foremost comes that of surface. Get some good plain surfaces (like the tarn I spoke of), and then cut some of it up—by twist-work round the edges, for instance, which will at once look rough but strong. Then having got your flat planes, you must now work in some rounded ones. This you will do by means of jewels (cabochon-cut) or metal bosses, surrounded by a strand of twist to accentuate them and to finish them off.

"Now for your contrast in colour. You may get this by an interchange of metals for one thing, and by stones and enamel for another. Copper and silver always look well together, but you will have to be careful that one predominates, and that, the baser metal of the two—the rarer white metal serving to accentuate or point out the central features of your design. For instance, a pendant composed of leaf-work in copper would be greatly improved by the addition of silver flowers or berries. The same applies to the use of silver and gold. In a large design the use of several metals is warrantable—such as copper, silver, and

CIBORIUM OF GOLD AND SILVER, WITH CARBUNCLES AND MOONSTONES.

Facing page 23

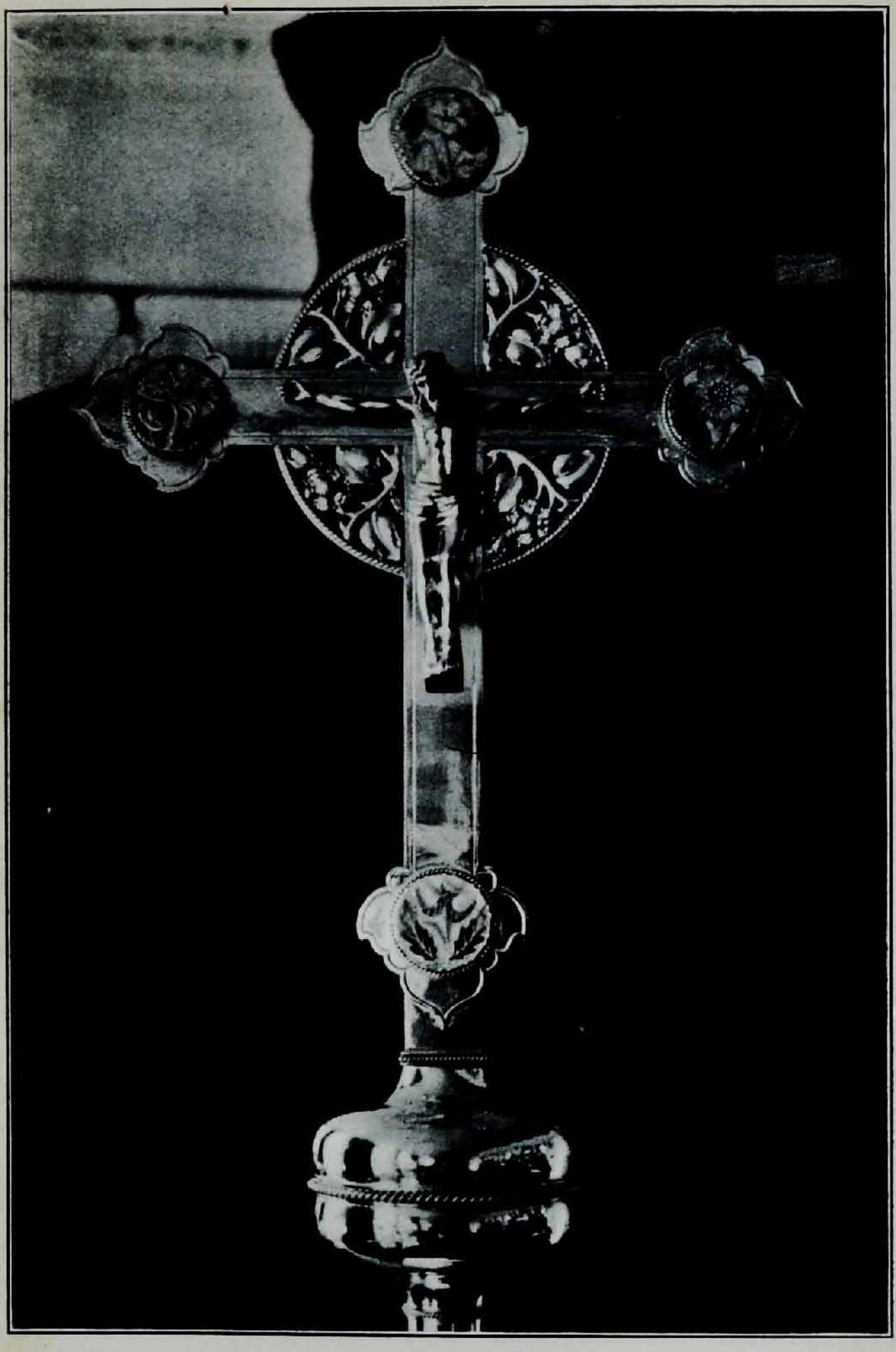
gilding metal—but in a small composition two metals only may be used with any success, and in some very fine work it is even quite enough to use only one, as it is impossible at any distance to see the difference in colour between any two metals when worked on a small scale and highly polished. In gold work, enough contrast can be gained by means of different alloys, and a variety of colours may thus be obtained. These have been named by the trade 'white,' 'green,' 'red,' 'light' gold—twelve different kinds in all. You have thus plenty of opportunity for contrast in using that metal. In the same way, but in a minor degree, you may treat silver with gold by adding small quantities of the latter metal, and thus getting a pale yellow shade. Or again, you may get a red silver by alloying it with pure copper: but this makes a hard and very brittle metal, so that it is difficult to work. But at least it will be seen that you have plenty of scope for variety. The Indians are especially clever at this kind of work in their Damascening, and get all sorts of different effects by its means.

"In the use of stones you have at once five contrasts—of texture, surface, translucency, shape, and colour. Don't be too particular in matching them in size—one should be smaller than the other: one circular, the other many-sided. Thus you get the pleasant contrast between the rounded irridescent pearl and the translucent irregular ruby, or the rough turquoise matrix and the smooth globular pearl.

"See how they understood the use of stones in the olden times—how they set garnets in slabs in the beautiful Anglo-Saxon work; and look at the way they do them now—the large, uninteresting knob of cabochon-cut stone stuck in the middle of a lump of machine-made gold-work!—how they weren't afraid of putting garnets and amethysts side by side with rock crystal and pearls, while they weren't particular if a stone had a flaw or two, so long as it was sound. But now every stone has to match, every shade is exactly copied, and the stones taper in perfect gradation to the end of the necklace. And how deadly dull and mechanical it all looks—the result of all the care taken being a senseless exhibition of artificiality!

"When combining stones in any design, great attention has to be paid to colour-contrast. Moonstones look well with nearly every other stone, simply because they have a peculiar and characteristic gleam of their own. Never put different stones of the same colour together unless one is translucent and the other opaque: in that case, the opaque should be the larger. Some very good combinations are rubies and pearls, moonstones and dark amethysts, moonstones and garnets, light sapphires and lapis lazuli."

George's dislike of meaningless ornament in metal-work recalls his father's outspoken criticism of similar failings in the sphere of Church decoration. At the Plymouth Church Congress in 1886, the architect had poured scorn on "ecclesiastical art reredoses, glaring tiles and marbles, and 'holy



CHILDREN'S PROCESSIONAL CROSS FOR ST. FRIDESWIDE'S, POPLAR; SYMBOLISM REPRESENTING GRACES OF CHILDHOOD.

Facing page 25

beetles' and scribbled monograms that no one understands, and that would not do them any good if they did."[1]

Christian symbolism George had studied from the earliest days of his training, and he would always, where possible, employ material and ornament with symbolic meaning, so that each detail in a composite piece of work might be in keeping with, and itself contribute to, the purpose of the whole. In his note-book he had copied words from Pugin's *Glossary of Ecclesiastical Ornament* to this same effect: "Every ornament, to deserve the name, must possess an appropriate meaning and be introduced with an intelligent purpose . . . The symbolical associations of each ornament must be understood and considered: otherwise things beautiful in themselves will be rendered absurd by their application."

His own description of the Cross which he designed, together with vases and candlesticks of silver, for the altar of his School chapel, illustrates the care with which he sought to attain this end:

"The Altar Cross is of silver, silver-gilt and crystal. In the centre is a quatrefoil repoussé panel, representing the Agnus Dei, in a silver-gilt raised setting, at the corners of which are four rubies, symbolical of Divine Love. Immediately below the stones are four carved crystals representing the 'River of water of life flowing from the throne of the Lamb.' On the arms of the cross

[1] *Art and Handicraft*, J. D. Sedding, p. 46.

itself is a design of grapes and vine-leaves worked in low relief. At the end of each arm is a fleur-de-lis, on which is set a circular crystal in silver-gilt setting with moonstones and amethyst, the latter being intended to suggest the colour of the grapes of the vine. Below the Cross and immediately above the base is an octagonal panel in repoussé (silver-gilt) representing the Pelican and her brood, a symbol of the love of the Alma Mater. The Cross is mounted with ten oval globes of crystal clasped by oak-leaves of silver-gilt as finials, symbolical of Purity and Strength."

That in some measure his careful planning of design and detail achieved its purpose, is proved by the Warden's letter of appreciation on receiving the Cross. "The Cross is a joy to behold. In itself it seems to me wholly fit and satisfying point after point in workmanship, and design comes out as one sees it. The moonstones gather colour and at the ends of the arms seem to form a sort of crown imperial, and the large central crystal has a cross in the middle of it from the effect of light."

Of the processional cross which he had designed in the previous year for the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square, in memory of his uncle, the Vicar had written similarly: "The Cross was admired by all who inspected it at the Festival: Father Stanton liked it so much."

If meaningless ornament repelled him, no less did "aimless prettiness" that serves no useful purpose. "Painting, Sculpture, Architecture are

not merely searching after beauty but realization of the useful," he copied in his notebook from Maspero's *Art in Egypt*, and in the rough draft of a paper on "The Origin of Candlesticks," which he read to the Art Workers' Guild, he wrote: "There being comparatively little practical use for candlesticks since the introduction of electric light, you get them turned into ornaments instead. Thus here is Atalanta in very light attire scudding along at top speed, holding carefully in her hand a socket for the safe keeping of Price's best Spermigola. Where there is use there is often practical pleasantness of design.[1] When things are not used, so-called 'ornament' creeps in and aimless prettiness."

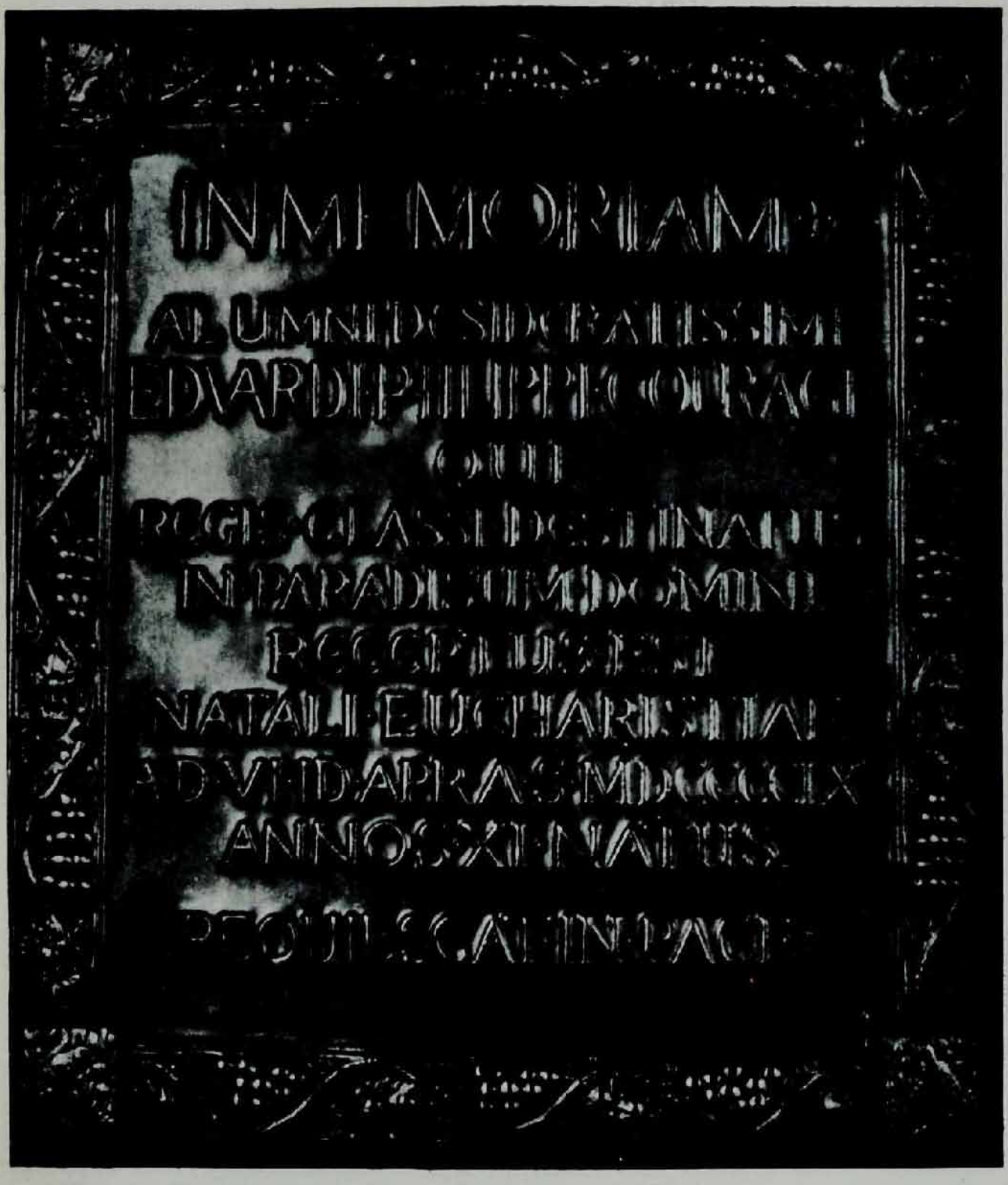
Gradually, as he grew in experience, he found work of more elaborate character within his reach: the jewellery which he produced was of finer, richer workmanship, and orders for ecclesiastical work of many kinds began to flow in upon him. For Caldey Abbey he designed a crucifix with robed and crowned figure—perhaps the most beautiful thing he ever made—the crown being set with pearls. For Rondebosch, in South Africa, he employed this same figure upon a background of gilt rays superimposed on crystal, for a processional cross of bronzed copper, enriched with silver panels inset with moonstones. For his father's church of the Holy Redeemer, Clerkenwell, he designed

[1] His father wrote similarly of the arts and crafts of former days, "Beauty and use . . . so commingle that you cannot say where one begins and the other ends."—*Art and Handicraft*, p. 67.

the Lady Altar in stained Italian walnut with carved and gilded panels, which stands beneath the pillars and superstructure of his master, Mr. Harry Wilson; while for other churches he planned vestments, frontals, or hangings of rich and carefully blended materials, which were never commonplace.

When the War came, the little workshop in Noel Street knew him no more, and master and apprentice were soon occupied with other interests. Even during his training, however, and while actually in the trenches, he found time to design a chalice, or a tablet in memory of a fallen school-fellow: once, too, while on the march, he drew a hurried sketch of a wayside church while his battalion rested in a French village; but for the most part his artistic talent found an outlet in another channel. In his scouting days he had amused himself by writing poems full of the scent and sound of the woods, for his boys: now amidst the turmoil and discomfort of his new surroundings, his poetry, however crudely expressed, was his way of escape into the freedom and beauty of the Christian artist's world of imagery. From the crowded Shorncliffe barracks he could write of the shining stars of Christmas night, and of the Christ Child gazing up in wonder at the rafters of the Bethlehem stable.

It is clear from his letters that he had himself no high opinion of these poetical attempts. "Did you ever get a green envelope full of marvellous verses?" he asks his sister; or, again, "Here are



BRONZE TABLET IN MEMORY OF A NAVAL CADET.

Facing page 29

one or two oddments, such as they are . . . I enclose another effort which you may like to see, but keep it in seclusion, or I shall blush in anticipation." Yet "such as they are," they reveal himself and are the medium whereby his art, exiled from workshop-bench and sketch-book, sought to express itself; a few are therefore added at the end of the volume, while others are prefixed to give the keynote to its chapters.

In hospital during the last week of his life, as he lay amongst his fellow-soldiers in the ward, the artist's hands, in spite of bandaged fingers, turned naturally to their former craft, and while his wound allowed him, rough designs of jewellery were scribbled in the sketch-book which he kept at his bedside.

COME AWAY TO DART-EE-MOOR.

Come away to Dart-ee-moor—
Dartmoor where each heather'd Tor
Crowning height with masses bold,
Touch'd by sunlight turns to gold.
See the heron's rigid stalk,
Watch the wheeling stooping hawk,
Catch a pungent whiff of fox
Down among the fern-clad rocks.

Curlew, Curlew, calling woe,
All things seemingly thy foe!
Try to find his well-placed nest:
Soon you'll have to give him best.
Go and try the rush-fring'd streams
Where the amber water gleams,
Catch the leaping speckled fish—
Frizzling trout's a royal dish!

Strawberries in the hedges grow,
Little lamps with ruby glow:
Purple whortle, blackberry—
Wild fruit's good enough for me!
Tramp away o'er Dart-ee-moor
With its shifting chequered floor,
Honeyed breezes, silver mist—
Where's the heart that can resist?

CHAPTER III

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

In a book given as a present to George on his seventh birthday[1] his father drew a characteristic pen-and-ink sketch of leaves and berries, with the inscription: "For Darling George, with his Father's best love, and hoping that he may love the Birds more every year." This love for the country and for all wild things, which was his father's wish for him, grew chiefly through the summer holidays which for ten consecutive years were spent at the same farm on Dartmoor: and it was his uncle, Dr. Oswald Browne, who year by year encouraged this delight in an open-air life by long walks over the heather, often ending in tea at a moorland farm, and a strenuous game of "tip-and-run" on their return.

It was on such holidays, or with note-book in hand in the woods and fields on his Easter holiday at Clifton, or on the mud-flats of a tidal river when yachting with a friend, that he learnt to distinguish the notes and plumage of the birds, to which his letters from France so often refer. Among such bird-friends was the curlew, whose questioning whistle and rippling spring call were

[1] *A Year with the Birds*, by W. Warde Fowler.

among the pleasures most eagerly looked for and welcomed on a fishing holiday.

He had also a special affection for the starling, a "very cheery customer," of whose song and habits he wrote careful notes for the benefit of his Scouts who were training for the Naturalist's Badge. "It has a beautiful coat, which flashes in the sun; its throat feathers especially are all the colours of the rainbow, but chiefly red and green, the whole being spangled with white and buff. Its song is more a mixture of all sorts of sounds than a song; it hisses, whistles, chatters, imitates the call-notes of many birds. I was staying up in the North and heard one imitate a curlew. It loves to sit on a chimney-pot or branch, in the morning sun: with head up, wings dropped and quivering loosely at its sides, it gives vent to all the queer noises it can think of for an hour at a time."

He then describes the wonderful sight of starlings congregating in dense flocks in the autumn just before they migrate; and how, when their wheeling manœuvres are ended, "without a moment's warning they swoop down into some trees, covering the branches with a black mantle of vibrant life, filling the air with a strident conglomeration of shrill whistles and cries."

Often on their walks, which so largely fostered this love for Nature, the enthusiasm of George and his brother was kindled by their uncle for ventures yet further afield by stories of a holiday in Switzerland spent at Bel Alp with their father long ago.

At last the opportunity offered, and in the summer of 1907, with rücksacks on back and the minimum of luggage, they started on a ten days' tour in the Bernese Oberland. The first day had a disastrous opening, for after climbing through rain and snow from Engelberg up to the Trübsee, instead of following the Yoch pass over into the valley of the Engstlensee, they found when the mist cleared that they had walked right round the mountain-side, and were just above Engelberg again. After a second climb up the steep path, thoroughly cold and drenched, they managed to secure beds and blankets at the Trübsee Hotel overlooking the Engelberg valley and within sound of the monastery bells. The waiter, when asked for a hot drink, betrayed his Soho origin by replying knowingly in English, "Ve calls it grog!"

When the Engstlensee was finally reached, there were many new discoveries to be made—the snowfinches where the flowers were showing through the snow beside the path leading down to the lake, the black redstart singing outside the window as the sun rose and tinged the snow-peaks, the globe-flowers and gentians, and many other treasures. It was George's task to discover specimens for his brother's butterfly-net, and he delighted in calling himself his "dog," priding himself on his keen "scent." A mountain ringlet butterfly with silver-grey underside, and the scarlet tiger moth to which he quickly "gave tongue" as it crossed the path in the sunlight,

were among his chief favourites. The lower ground brought still more splendid treasures, and one especial meadow and a woodland glade are described in the diary as "a paradise for bugs."

From Imhof, the next halting-place, they walked to Meiringen early on Sunday morning through the hayfields and pinewoods, and George rang the bell at the little English Church for the Holy Eucharist. The Anderegg Hotel, where they afterwards breakfasted, was renamed by him the "Underdone Egg."

After Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen, on whose mountain-paths "many large aggressive horse-flies" with green eyes were encountered, the final day's walk, the most enjoyable of all, brought them to Ober Steinberg. The path led round the hill-side by a waterfall—where the sun, shining through the evaporating spray, turned it into rainbow colours—and so through pinewoods to the hotel above. The last climb proved almost too much for George, who was kept going by fragments of chocolate discovered in the depths of his brother's rücksack. After tea and a splash in a small basin, totally regardless of the bedroom floor, George discovered white Alpine lilies in the valley above the glacier, and the next morning, on the way down to Lauterbrunnen, little yellow foxgloves were picked, which were brought safely back to London.

His second visit to the Continent was on the occasion of the Ober Ammergau Passion Play in 1910, in the company of his brother and the Rev.

Gerald Douglas, formerly Vice-Principal of Ely. As far as Innsbruck they travelled with a larger party organized by Mrs. Field, a regular visitor to the Passion Play; at this point they separated, and after a week at the Hintersee, a very beautiful lake near Berchtesgaden in the Tyrol, they crossed into Austria again and spent a Sunday at Salzburg, visiting Rheims, Laon and Amiens on the way home through France.

During this tour George kept a rough diary, parts of which are here quoted; and though an apology for the insertion of homely details may perhaps seem due to those who did not know him, it has been thought right to include them, for the sake of the characteristic touches and the many descriptions of art and scenery, which the narrative contains. The diary begins with an account of the journey across France and through Germany to Munich:

"Woken up every now and then by men putting their heads in, muttering 'Pardon' and withdrawing hastily, but *slamming* the door after them. Carey a jolly chap. 'All pi except you!'[1] Had coffee served at 7.30 by a very hot and energetic fellow, who gave us little pink paper bags with rolls inside. We made up a beautiful sentence about paying, when he said, 'You mean you want to pay for the lot? All right!' Got to Munich an hour late because of the floods. Walked out into the town, which is very clean:

[1] The Rev. Walter Carey, whose remark referred to the ecclesiastical character of the other members of Mrs. Field's party.

good buildings with fine rough and effective carvings in grey stone. Made some sketches of candlesticks in Cathedral. About 12 altars, all of different design. Saw 3 other Churches, rather garish. After dinner took tram to the Exhibition grounds: very fine indeed, wide paths, china statues, clipped bushes in tubs, a lot of white painted pergolas up the side. The people very orderly and quiet. A splendid band played the Overture to the 'Meistersinger,' etc. Fine tall fountain. We all 12 sat round one table and had *mélanges*.

"Saturday. Started for Ober Ammergau. After an hour or so we had to get out and walk along the line with our luggage for a little way, as there was a 'washout' on the line, and a bridge was being made with steel girders. I went on ahead and got 2 seats, but had to give one up to three fat Germans and a *Fräulein*. We changed again and got on to a local line. It began to rain hard. Saw several new flowers—an orange marguerite, pink meadow-sweet, and pink knot-grass. Got to our hôtel and had lunch. Met Mrs. Field, who said as she passed us 'Sister Isa and Sister Bridget.'[1] Shopped in the village. A ripping kid at Zwink's, where Ted bought a crucifix. Went for a short walk up the valley along the river.

"Sunday. Went to Mass at 6. Very impressive: crowds of people. Music beautiful, especi-

[1] John Sedding's sisters, whom she had known at the Convent, East Grinstead.

ally an air in the Gloria and Agnus Dei. Rushed home to breakfast and went to the theatre. The sun was shining and the white clouds, trees, and mountains made a beautiful background. The Last Supper was the finest Act, with grey cloth underneath the Table and on the dais. Wonderful music in the distance when the Washing of the Disciples' feet was going on. Judas' dress especially suited him—a harsh orange and chestnut red. St. Peter in fairly light blue and yellow. The Tableaux of the Old Testament were for the most part fine, especially those of the stoning of Naboth, the mocking of Job, and the Manna and Grapes in the Wilderness. The children down to 3 years old all posed beautifully.

"Monday. Woke up to mist and rain, which soon cleared up. Went to Mass. Jolly little servers with long hair. A child's funeral Mass afterwards. At 10 we walked up the Kofel. Beautiful in the woods. A mist near the top. One awkward corner, and a climb with iron ropes at the finish. The Cross at the top covered with bronzed tin, which glitters in the sun. Saw that the village itself was in the shape of a cross. Afterwards photographed kids and bought a jolly little silver cross and photos of the play. Walked up to the Calvary after tea. The Central Figure beautiful, the Madonna too Greek. Found some columbine and grass of Parnassus. Stroll up the road after coffee. Kofel and the moon, and bed.

"Tuesday. Got up at 5.30 and went to the Church, and at 6.50 I went round the Churches

and took a few notes : jolly iron crosses. Breakfast and off to Innsbruck. Two big horses and a wagonette. Took turns for front places. Had a battle with our driver over getting the rücksacks down, but finally prevailed. Down an immense hill to Zirl. The drive from there was splendid. The horses went faster, and as it got dark we saw first a fire on the top of a hill, and then the moon rose over a snow-mountain, and lit up the river swirling along. Then by-and-by we saw some fire-flies which looked like green fairy-lamps flashing about underneath the pine-trees and up from the grass along the road and amongst the bushes. Finally we reached a long avenue of poplars and stopped at an arched gate, where we saw our hotel blazing on the hill above us : so we rattled at the door and rang the bell twice and at last got in.

"Wednesday. At Innsbruck. Saw the Hof. Magnificent bronze statues and tomb, with red pillars. Some nice metal-work and iron-work. Napkin and name episode.[1]

"Thursday. Drove to station in rain. Saw a black squirrel in the wood. Fine hills and clouds at frontier. Got to Berchtesgaden and drove out in a two-horse carriage, walking up the hills twice. Simply gorgeous country. Very jolly landlord[2] and wonderful dark green lake, lighter

[1] George and his two companions on rising from breakfast, misunderstanding the maid's question about their future place at table, went meekly back and folded up their napkins, to her great amusement.

[2] See p. 46. "Lamb."

green at the edges, surrounded by high pine-clad mountains with masses of grey rock at the top, and in the distance at the end of the lake a fine peak covered with snow.

"Friday. Got up at 7 and saw the view from our window. Not a ripple on the water. A jolly green parrot sitting on our balcony. He is very tame and gentle, sitting on our fingers quite happily. Downstairs a neat little shelf for a swallow's nest, and a twig for the birds to perch on. Went for a jolly walk up the Wartstein. Saw some cows and goats. While at lunch a pair of wonderfully tame yellow-hammers came round for crumbs under our chairs. Suddenly we heard the sound of wings and there was *Papagei* come to see us. Ted and I had a jolly ramble by the river, and found quantities of wild strawberries, flowers, etc., and saw a large grass-snake which was very *rempli*. Also found a shrike's nest.

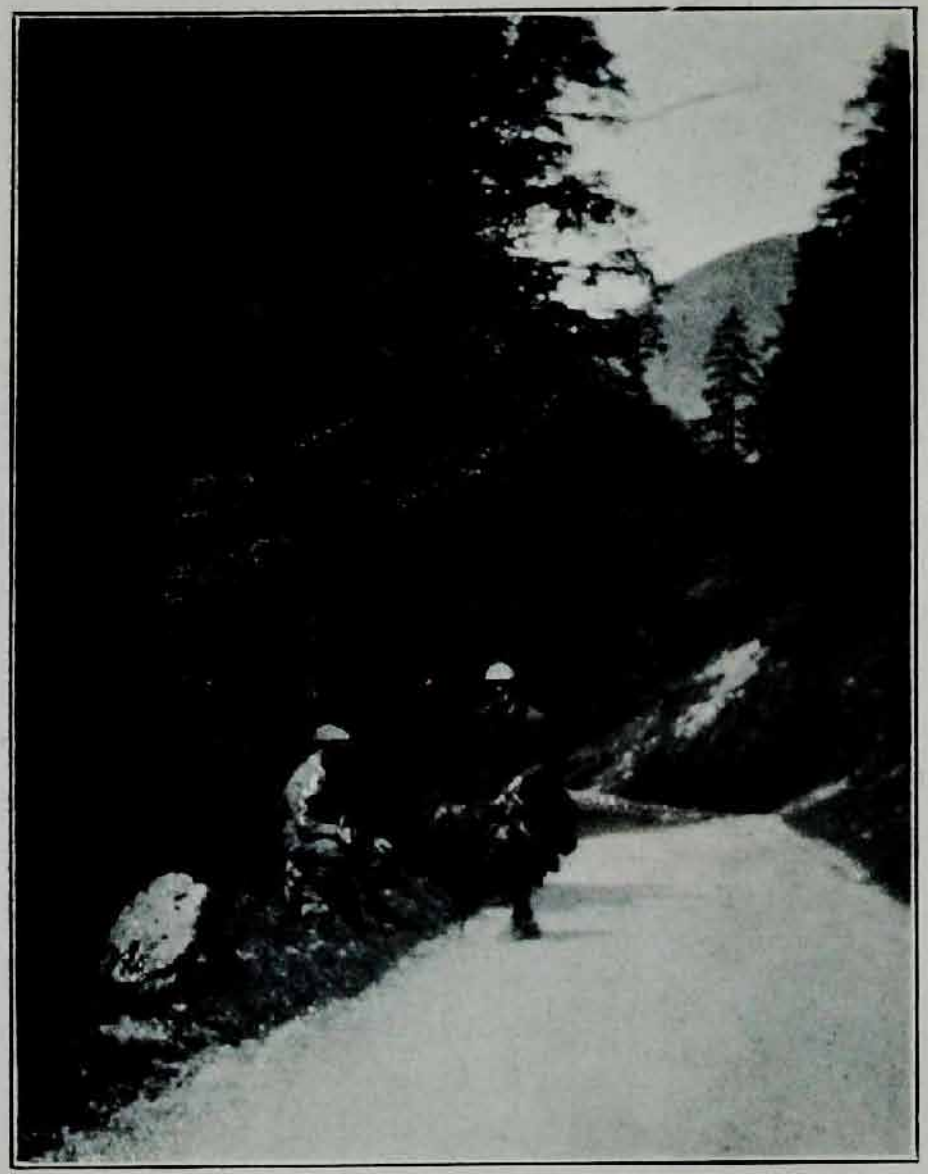
"Saturday. Raining. Started at 8 to Reichenhall.[1] Picked some pink helleborine. Saw a little tame fawn with bells round its neck, and some friendly rabbits which ran about under the chairs. Everything and everybody is friendly here and welcomes one. Thunderstorm after *Mittagessen*. Huge reports and rollings to and fro among the hills. Lightning flashing, and deluges of rain. Then a sudden quiet. Only the rushing of overcharged streams, the leisurely song of a blackbird, and a few light clouds drifting past the hillsides. Wonderful crimson sunset on the rocks at the end

[1] See photograph facing p. 41.

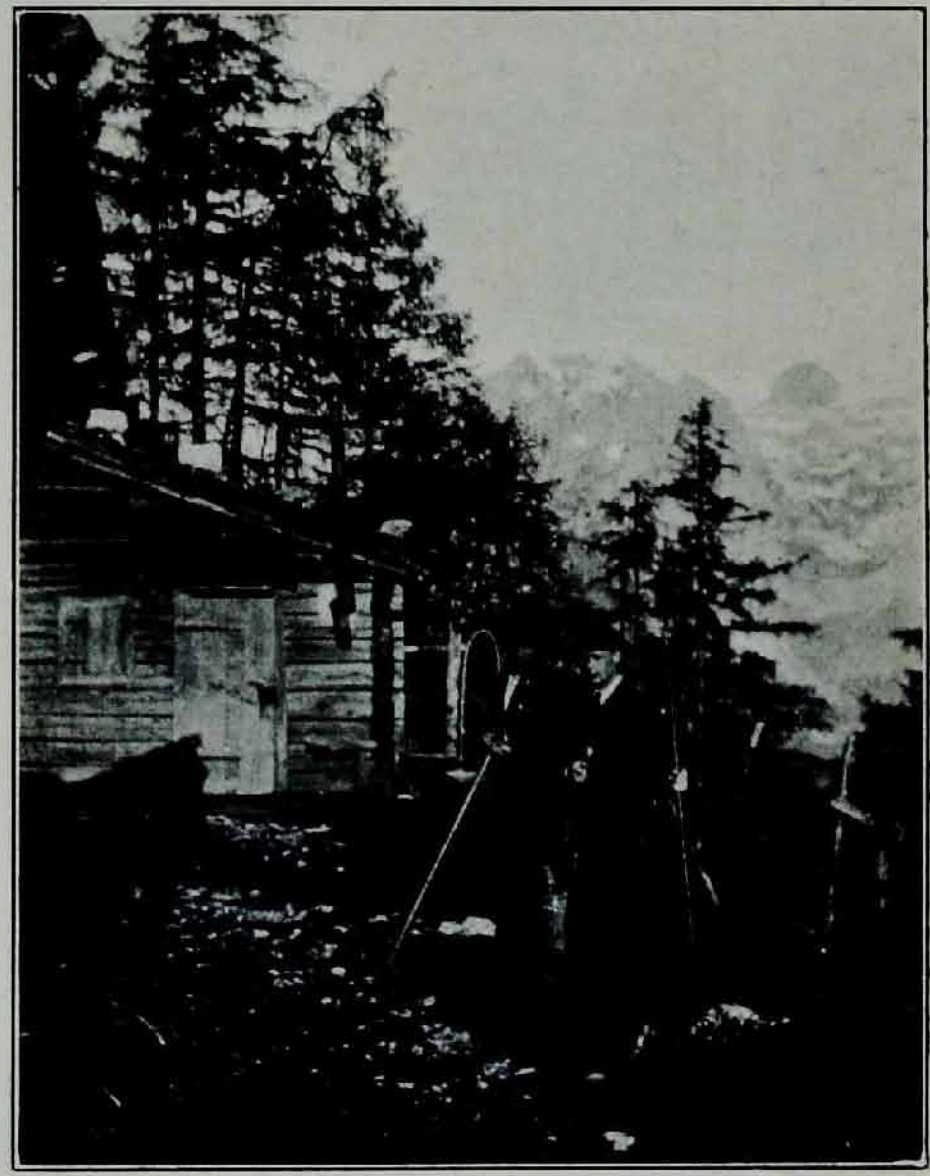
of the lake. Everybody, including the cook and maids, rushed out to see it.

"Sunday. Walked to Ramsau. Heard there was a service. Walked up a steep and winding path with some beautiful Stations[1] all the way up to a little Chapel on the hill: those of the Presentation and Finding in the Temple especially very beautiful. When we reached the Chapel, men and boys were standing and kneeling on the steps outside, and a sung Mass with beautiful music was going on inside. Soon people began to flock out, the men forming up in front in their grey and green coats, black shorts embroidered with green, and stocking-socks. The women for the most part in black, with flat wide-brimmed hats trimmed with light gold embroidery of *Edelweiss*, etc., and with black streamers behind. One or two girls with braided hair, and in the knitted black jacket with scarlet collar, with green and red blouse. A red banner went in front: then the men, and then the priest with an acolyte bearing a cross in front, the figure facing backwards, and two small acolytes, one with a censer and incense boat: then followed the women. The procession wound down the steep path three abreast, with a hay field sloping sharply to the road and river below, and a pine wood stretching steeply above. When the road was reached, the people divided into two long lines at each side of the road, the priest and acolytes walking alone in the centre, and so to the Church up a steep

[1] Probably illustrating the Mysteries of the Rosary.



NEAR BERCHTESGADEN.



WITH GUIDE, ABOVE HINTERSEE.

Facing page 41

entrance. New rakes were carried by men and were blessed by the priest. When everybody was in Church, the holy water was sprinkled and all immediately dispersed.

"Had coffee and walked back by a most beautiful path through the woods. Crossed a wooden bridge above the Gletscherquellen, all mossy, with white cascades falling amongst the pine-trees. Finally came along the *Fussweg am See* up the overflow—simply beautiful. A winding path along the river, sometimes threading its way amongst pine-trees and fine upstanding sycamores, whose brown bark was green with moss—sometimes twisting out suddenly almost over the rushing stream, which sprayed one as it roared by. Then a quick turn inwards, and we found ourselves before two huge grey rocks clothed with a thick mass of brilliant emerald dripping moss and a white feathery star-like saxifrage, where one had to bend through a natural arch and emerge to the vision of a roaring cascade, the sound of which struck one suddenly on turning the corner. All the while a cool stillness, broken only by the short rich gush of a blackcap or an occasional mellow note of a blackbird, with here and there the 'chink and zitter'[1] of a passing flock of tits, or the bold challenge of a chaffinch—while the sound of the river rose and fell as we swung round a bend, or passed further into the wood. The path of white gravel, crossed in steeper places with steps of pine-logs, wound up through patches of

[1] From the American naturalist, W. J. Long.

sunlight and deep shadow, to burst out at last upon the dark limpid lake, shimmering in the full strength of the sun.

"Tuesday. Woken at 4.30 by the guide and started at 4.45 up the *Blau Eis*. Very slow pace up a rough path. Saw some fresh deer-tracks. Found beautiful pale blue clematis, frog orchids, and crowfoot. Reached a hut and trough,[1] where we had a good wash and drink. On again where the path was rather broken down, and came upon the glacier. Saw seven gemsbok feeding on the other side. Walked softly to see if we could see some bighorns feeding in the larches, but no luck. Got half-way up the glacier. Too much fresh snow, so 'glissaded' down a bit and had a very welcome breakfast. Rattled down in two hours getting lilies of the valley, golden auriculas, gentians, etc. A very good splash on the floor, and a sleep and slack for the rest of the day.

"Wednesday. Königsee. Started 7.20 and walked to Ramsau and had Mass (St. Peter's Day). A great crowd of men outside with white feathers in their hats for the festival. Had rather a squash in Church. Took photos afterwards of people coming out of Church. Rather hot and fly-bothered walk to the Lake. Started on our trip down the lake in a kind of flat-bottomed, turned-up boat. One man rowed, the other paddled, standing up. Some were managed by women. Saw a chamois feeding and got down to the Chapel, where I got some photos of hay-making.

[1] See photograph facing p. 41.

Rowed back, had a walk. Then *Kaffee mit Kuchen* and so home. Very hot walk with thunderstorm coming on. Lightning flashing above the hills. Put on my new coat.[1]

"Friday. To Salzburg. Glorious drive 20 miles an hour down the hills, in *Schnell Motorwagen.*

"Saturday. Started 7.30 for the Gaisberg. Jolly walk up through the wood. When nearly at the top, were stopped by a soldier,[2] and made to walk up the line. Then at the station another one called to us. We had to wait till the train came up in 15 minutes or so, while the soldiers were firing at targets on the hill. Then we went up to the top in the train, and had a magnificent view of the mountains all round. Home at 1. Started at 3 for Museum, which, however, shut at 4, so went to the Cemetery and drew.

"Sunday. Franciscan Church at 9 o'clock. Very fine singing and organ. Crowds of people. At 2 saw the Museum. Fine collection, especially in the Chapel Room. A pair of beautiful little angels holding candles.

"Monday. Up to Hohen Salzburg. Saw the Bishop's rooms and some splendid red pillars in the banqueting hall. Then sketched a little in the Cemetery. Stood for places at station. Had a bother with the man in blue: walked on, got into an empty carriage, but were turned out—however, succeeded in getting places.

[1] He had invested in a green Tyrolese hat and owl's feather, and a grey coat with stag's horn buttons, at Berchtesgaden.

[2] Austrian.

"Tuesday. Chalons. On to Rheims. Drove up to the Cathedral: wonderful façade and rose windows, salmon, purple, red and green, and fine Treasury. On to Laon, seeing several aeroplanes circling low, like great dun-coloured moths or beetles tilting round the course: their wheels looking like the scrunched-up legs or claws, clasped between the wings. Drove up to our hotel in carriage with two grey ponies.

"Wednesday. Laon. The place woke up at 7. Horns going, and a clattering in the streets: the smithy at work. Breakfast with a roll a yard long. Started for the Cathedral. Beautiful inside, although restored. Fine treasury of Russian work. In Church of St. Martin a beautiful recumbent figure of Abbess, in white creamy marble with two lions at her feet, and holding a pastoral staff. Also a knight in armour in black marble. To Amiens by slow train. Changed at Ternier.

"Thursday. Went off to the Cathedral, glorious place. Finer outside altogether than Rheims. Inside simply wonderful, looking towards the west end: a glorious red and blue rose-window, and just beneath it three beautiful little green ones, then the organ in blue, gold and red. The North side the most beautiful. Wonderful rose windows, fine purples in the shadow of the arcading. Lovely little shrine-cover with four angels in gold with coloured wings[1]: green and gold columns: white at sides, and blue and red

[1] This colouring may possibly have suggested his design for the angels above the Lady Altar at St Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square.

in centre. In the South transept, a lovely little altar in black, blue, white, and gold. Saw the Museum. A jolly little statue of Giotto, and one by Rodin: a few fine pictures, 'The Storm,' and a study by Henner, and one or two others. Later back to Cathedral again, where we saw the choir: beautiful carving along the sides."

A few scattered notes from his diary are here added, describing scenes and events which impressed or amused him on the journey:

A Pair of Dogs.

"The one, a spare spotted dog, blotched with chocolate about the head and back, sitting bolt upright in the midst of a thin drizzling rain before the oblong wooden cart with its load of tin milk-cans, her tail pressed close to her side, with a look so prim, so long-suffering, so totally oblivious of the passers-by—a very maiden-aunt among dogs. The other a huge well-cared-for town-hound, indolently lolling in harness in front of his box-like cart; behind him, sheltering the greater part of his back and head, was placed a large black umbrella, beneath which he bleared and blinked out upon the world, thoroughly contented and very much at ease."

Courtesy.

"The people here are very courteous. You take off your hat to the *gendarme*, and when you meet a friend and leave him, or meet anyone on the road, or to people at the next table to you at a confectioner."

"*Lamb.*"

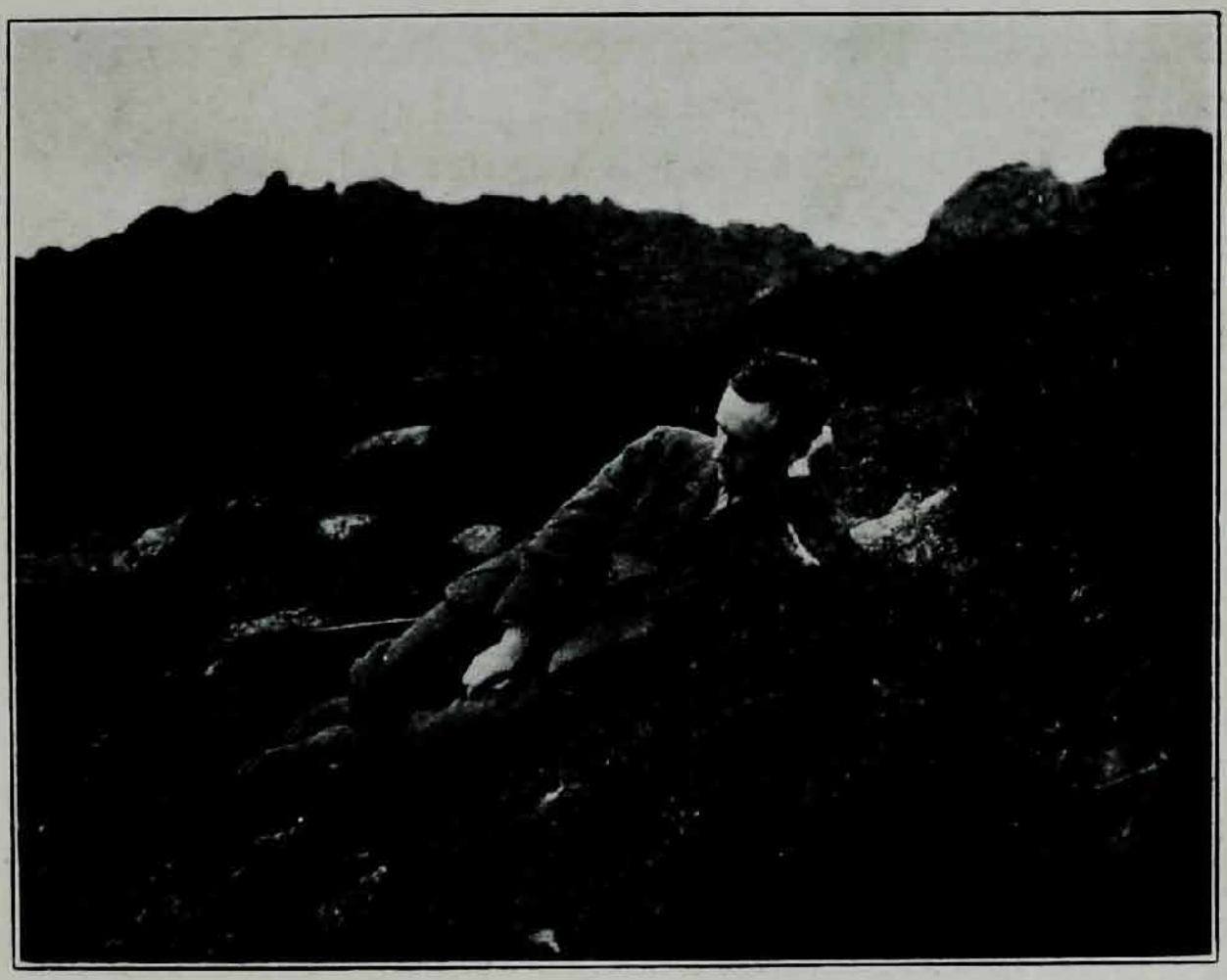
"One day at lunch we were rather mystified by a dark-coloured dish of meat. It was rather like beef-steak, and cut up in small thick fillets. We called the proprietor over to us, and inquired what the dish might be. He looked at us for a moment, as if about to speak, then buried his face in one spread hand and thought for two intense seconds. He looked up, his face wreathed in triumphant smiles, and breathed with due solemnity the pregnant monosyllable 'Lumb!'"

"*Making a business.*"

His diary has here treasured the reply of an Austrian bank-clerk at Salzburg, who on hearing the rate of exchange which George and his companions had obtained for their German money from a gentleman of another firm, remarked confidingly, "Ach! he made a bees'neess!"

Just before the war a short holiday was once more spent at the familiar Devonshire farm with his sister and brother, and the old haunts were revisited. On the last day a long walk was taken with his brother through Chagford to Manaton and close under the rocks of Hay Tor to Widdecombe.[1] After the hot climb up Hameldon Beacon, as they neared Grimspound, George swung down the rough hillside through the bracken and over granite boulders and the mossy hillocks covered with short grey lichen, now and again raising his stick to his shoulder to bowl over a

[1] See photograph facing p. 47.



NEAR WIDDECOMBE, JULY 1914.

Facing page 47

scurrying rabbit with an imaginary lightning shot. After tea at the friendly inn by the rabbit-warren, and a wash amongst the foxgloves of the familiar stream, as they walked home across the heather in the sunset, George spoke much of his Scouts, and of the native melodies and dances which he wished his brother to collect for him in Africa, and of the altar in stained and gilded teak which he was then designing for Zanzibar Cathedral.

Throughout his months in France the memory of Berry Down never left him. "I had a priceless bath this morning at 6," he writes from Ploegsteert, "it was a glorious morning like Dartmoor in September": and even here, in the midst of the sights and sounds of war, the birds and flowers were still his companions. As he lies in the sun in "Plugstreet" wood, looking up into the branches of the tall French oaks, he finds to his joy that the familiar note of the wood-pigeons is even here unchanged. As he kneels in the garden, where the Holy Sacrifice is offered within sound of the guns, the greenfinches and warblers are singing round him. Even in the shell-torn Loos trenches he has time to notice a covey of partridges come whirring over.

A broken jar in his dugout is filled with willow herb and honeysuckle.[1] The antics of the long-legged spiders on the walls amuse him as he sits at his telephone, and the newly-hatched butter-

[1] These two flowers are worked into his friend's design for the title-page.

flies basking in the sun recall the high-banked Devonshire lanes of former days.

The first letter which he writes from France to his brother tells of the friendly calves in the orchard of the farm where he is billeted, and of the "wise old Roman-nosed military horses." A later letter again describes the willingness of the dogs employed in various work by the peasants. "Round here the dogs do quite a lot of work: you see them pacing round a big wheel outside a farmhouse, while inside the butter is made in a big barrel. Then they tug away at the small carts too."

In the light, too, of his campaigning experiences he was devising means whereby the difficulties and expenses of a future tour could be greatly simplified. "I am learning all sorts of useful tips for bivouacking," he writes to his brother, "which will be jolly if I can put them into practice. I would start out for a holiday in France now with a mackintosh-sheet and a rücksack, and hang the hotels and itching palms—sleeping out the whole time."

TREASURE-HUNTING.

The things to be sought for bee these followinge: Statues clothed and naked, but the naked ones are of greatest value: Heads of all sorts that can be found, Marbles carved with half-round figures which are called Basso Relevo, Pili of marble histored . . . likewise Beasts of all kinds for Tombs and Sepulchers . . . All things of Brass worke that can be found, as Statues, Heads, Peeces of Basso Relevo, and likewise all little figures in Brass, or Lampes, Vazes, Instruments for sacrifice, Medalls or whatsoever else can bee gotten, if they be of metal, are of great value.

Probably notes of W. Petty, agent for a seventeenth century nobleman in Greece. Found copied amongst George's papers

CHAPTER IV

A TOUR IN SOUTHERN INDIA

In October, 1913, George accompanied his sister Joan to India, in order to be present at her marriage at Colombo early in November. He afterwards made a short tour in Southern India, planned for him by his brother-in-law, whose friends kindly offered him hospitality. The visit was of great interest to George, not only as his first meeting with the East, but for its opportunities of studying the birds of a new country, and for the wealth of material which it gave him for camp-fire stories for his boys. Above all, he could observe fellow-craftsmen of another land at their work, and could be always on the watch for precious stones for his jewellery, or such treasures of ancient metal-work as the bazaars might yield.

The following impressions of his tour are gathered from notes which he worked up carefully upon his return, partly for the benefit of his Scouts. The account is supplemented by occasional letters written to his sister in England :

"A tug drew our ship out of dock backwards at 10.30, and I turned in soon afterwards. Next

morning the steward came and did a sort of conjuring trick with the fold-up wash-stand—a click, and there was a nice little bedside-table, with tea, an apple, and bread and butter !

" The last day in the Bay and the first day out of it were quite rough. A school of porpoises were sighted and soon ranged up alongside, looking wonderfully fine as they leapt clear out of one big breaker into another, the sun turning their black hides into gold. They kept in a fine formation too, like a fleet of submarines. We soon got to the coast of Portugal, and saw the huge grey limestone cliffs with a line of surf breaking at their foot, and filling the big caves with a thunderous spray. From grey limestone they change to a sort of ironstone, a brilliant lemon, orange and red, crowned with scrub of bright green. We passed schools of sleeping porpoises, like a lot of black pigs floating on the water in a big bunch. We nearly cut some in two, but they just woke up in time and scattered in all directions. Then came the Spanish coast, a mass of mountains rising to 10,000 feet, seared and scarred, of a soft reddish pink, enveloped in a blue mist. You see a little hollow in the hills with a scattered village of white two-storied cottages, hunched together beneath the overpowering masses of mountain, up the sides of which to a distance of a mile or so, rises terrace above terrace under cultivation, cut out of the living slopes.

" On Oct. 9th we reached Marseilles. The coast of France here is white—well wooded with deep

ravines. We drove up to the Notre Dame, a church perched high on a hill, with a splendid view of the town and harbour. Inside, the roof is hung with little models of ships, offerings of sailors who have escaped shipwreck.

"Port Said was reached on the 15th. The streets were full of donkeys, but it was so hot and dusty that we didn't stay long. The harbour was full of boats, most of them piled up with brilliant tomatoes, but some filled with a motley crew of coolies. One of the latter boats drifted close in, as two of the men had a fight as to who should row.

"The canal was very interesting. Once we passed a big caravan waiting to cross, with flocks of black goats and cream-coloured camels massed on the banks or on the ferry-barge. We saw mirages of mountains and clumps of trees on the horizon. But the most wonderful sight of all awaited us as we came up after dinner out of the lighted saloon. There was a full moon, and one stepped out into a fairyland of unreality. It was just like being in a living picture, only *you* moved instead of the film. There was the easy gliding motion, the gentle click and throb of the engines, a piano in the saloon was playing a waltz-tune with regular rhythm. The scheme of colour was black, blue, and silver: the sky a deep blue overhead, graduating to light blue on the horizon: sand-dunes towering even above the upper deck, of soft shapes and contours. Sometimes the skyline was broken with the sharp outline of a clump

of black trees: the water was so black that the moonlit shore shone like an ice-floe, with banks of snow behind. There were Arabs in wattle-shelters, inside of which shone the red glow of a fire. Our searchlight picked out a few white forms sleeping on the sand. 87 miles we had of it: it took us 16 hours. The temperature in the Red Sea was 98: the least I can say of it the better!

"Steaming along with the sun shining on the white crests of the waves is a fine sight: for as each curls over and breaks into spray you get a vivid patch of rainbow colour lighting it up. As I was watching this one morning, I suddenly saw what I took for a swallow skimming over the surface of the water, but I soon realized that it must be a flying-fish, and sure enough a great shoal suddenly rose from under the ship's side, soaring and swerving over the waves, to disappear with a splash fifty yards away."

The following letter to his sister was written upon the voyage about this time:

On the Voyage.

"Only a week more now, and then we shall be ashore. We are rather looking forward to it, in spite of the general attractions and distractions now going on. We have had a pretty hot time of it the last few days, temperature at 98! Luckily we are getting out of it now, and there is a nice breeze blowing. We passed some volcanic islands just now, and saw some strange gulls. We have had such a lot of different kinds of birds on board

from time to time: a robin, willow-wren, blackbird, hen chaffinch, dove, swallow, African hawk, duck, etc. I have been reading a lot lately, reclining at ease in my deck-chair. There are such fine waves now, and the sun makes a rainbow in the spray as they break. We passed an old tramp quite close a few minutes ago. To-night we are to have a concert, and the violin solos are now being tried over. We passed a whale yesterday. It rolled up to the surface every now and then, and we could track it by its spouting. Joan and I are going in for two events in the Gymkhana. I have to eat a biscuit and whistle a tune, which she has to guess. The siren goes meanwhile! Then she has to draw something on the blackboard which I have to guess."

"We got into Colombo at 2 o'clock. The first sight of the town was most interesting: we passed a sort of Hackney Marshes, where football and cricket were going on in a most energetic manner. The natives appoint their referees and umpires in quite the correct way, but don't pay the least attention to them.

"A rickshaw ride in the dark is a wonderful experience. You are carried swiftly and noiselessly along, passing through the bazaars, catching sight of weird little groups of brown-skinned natives clustered together by a shop hung with strange-looking fruits and vegetables, the whole lit by a small swinging lamp—past moonlit lakes with their crowded ferry-boats and croaking

frogs—with the warm smell of the East always present, that strange blend of dust, butter, and spice.

"The next morning I bought some stones, a fine opal for one. After much bargaining we agreed to toss for my price or the dealer's—I won and saved five shillings.

"One morning I took a boat round the harbour and discovered some splendid dhows shaped like Spanish caracels[1]—quite a small Armada. Their sterns were finely carved.

"On Sunday we went out to Mount Lavinia, a very pretty sandy bay fringed with palm-trees; their trunks have dry plaited palm-leaves fixed to them half-way up, so as to give alarm should a thief be after nuts at night-time. The curious thing about a cocoanut stalk is that the pattern of its section when cut will be the same all through, but the next tree will be different, so that you can tell as a matter of fact which tree a nut has come from. It is like a man's finger-prints. The bay of Mount Lavinia is filled with catamarans. They have very heavy outriggers, and carry a huge sail made of some sort of cotton-stuff, which has to be kept wet by a man throwing water at it, or the wind will come through and the boat will lose way. If a strong breeze comes on, one man will be sent out to sit on the outrigger, and so on. Thus breezes are called a 'one-man breeze,' a 'two-man breeze,' according to their strength. They are exceedingly fast boats, but make you very wet.

[1] See photograph facing p. 63.

"I had a very smooth crossing to Tutecorin. We got into our train and started off. The country is at first sight very desolate and sandy, but interesting all the same, with strange birds on the telegraph wires. Later on you get huge outcrops of a yellow-coloured rock, and some sharply peaked hills, rising abruptly from the plain. The paddy just coming up was a wonderful sort of green, and now and then one saw a flock of white cranes. The women in the fields were dressed in gorgeous crimson or deep indigo clothes. Near the villages one saw them following each other along the narrow paths carrying large red-brown earthenware pots on their heads.

"One often sees a pot stuck up on a stick in a field, covered with white clay marks. This is to ward off the evil eye. It catches your eye first and prevents your looking at the crop and blighting it.

"The thing which strikes you rather about the towns and villages is the homeliness of the oxen and buffaloes; they tie them up at night quite casually outside their houses. You will see a herd of cattle in the evening being driven in, and as each animal passes its home it will turn in, mount the steps, and disappear from view. Some natives own racing bullocks. The rival teams are yoked to a special kind of plough: the word is given, and off they go. The winner is not the team which arrives first at the other end, but the one making the greatest amount of splash!

At Madras.

"Soon after arriving at Madras I was taken to see the Aquarium, a wonderful collection of tropical fishes of weird shapes and brilliant colours. There were some long smooth ones a vivid dark green, with yellow tail and red-striped head. Another was a sort of flat-fish on edge, with alternate stripes of white and dark brown, and light yellow fins and tail. A very funny customer was a beast with a row of light chocolate feathers tipped with white in a row of spines along its back, and with fins like a brown sycamore leaf. Lastly an ugly thick fish like a small conger, a brilliant canary yellow with black blotches all over it like a leopard, and a large mouth full of sharp teeth."

Nov. 6. *Madras.*

"I saw the Museum yesterday. The Director showed me over. I have several hours' work there. To-day I went over the Technical Institute. It was awfully interesting, and Haddaway is going to take me down to the Bazaar to buy brass. He has a ripping collection. The birds and butterflies are gorgeous here."

From Madras George made two journeys to Chingleput, from which centre he visited Conjeeveram, "a little place called Tirukkalikundram," and the Seven Pagodas.

Nov. 9. *Chingleput.*

"I came here yesterday, and it has been pouring hard ever since, so the expedition to the Seven

Pagodas has to be given up till Monday. The Walshes are extremely kind. Miss Walsh has a lot of pets, a deer (which is on my verandah now), a myna, white cat and kittens, etc. I took their photos yesterday. We have had about 8 inches of rain the last three days! We have just had some music. An Eurasian bandmaster brought his violin up, and Walsh and he have been playing operas, etc., while I have been filling up the gaps in the programme. To-morrow I am to be present while he tries his cases: sometimes the English is very amusing. I am to go round the Madras bazaars on Tuesday, which will be exciting. There are the most glorious rough glass rosewater-flagons, varying in colour from aquamarine to topaz. They cost about 4 annas each! I expect they will be in pieces before I get them home.[1] Let me hear how the work is going, and whether they will want anything more to go on with."

Nov. 20.

"I had such a jolly time at Madras and picked up several jolly things—a ripping old elephant, and some old bronze gods and animal toys, etc. Then Chingleput again. Arrived in the morning and inspected the Reformatory (250 boys), run on very good lines. Next day temples at Conjeeveram, quite a native city, wide streets for the processional cars to pass along. Then next morning a drive to a little place called Tirukkalikundram, a temple right at the top of the mountain,

[1] He succeeded in bringing two home safely.

where the sacred kites are fed. We were conducted to the first stairway, where we found 3 chairs and bearers awaiting us, and were carried up a steep flight of stone steps, 540 in number, right up the mountain side. We eventually came out on a little platform, where the pilgrims were assembled. Soon a priest came along and prostrated himself on a rock several feet above us, and filled some brass cups with a mixture of sugar, rice, and ghee. Almost immediately a white kite flew down and the other followed shortly, and they were fed with lumps of food. The priest harangued us: 'the birds had come at once since we were charitably disposed.' When they don't come, they say there are sinners present! Then we went into camp that night, and we started first thing for the Seven Pagodas. They really are wonderful, carved from the solid rock. In the evening we had a moonlight dinner by the Shore Temple, which was most mysterious."

The Seven Pagodas.

"The country consists of a bare sandy waste studded with scrub and prickly pear, a broad shallow back-water, behind which lies a strip of higher ground crowned with palm trees—a lighthouse, and a mass of yellowish-brown temples in the centre. At sunset, the waves were a seething blend of violet and green, which mingled together and ebbed backwards in separate masses of colour, fretted with flakes of foam a dazzling white.

"I was taken to see the Lighthouse in the dusk.

Going up some flat stone steps, I was warned against snakes, which abounded in that place. I was also warned against huge black scorpions, which infested the paths. I started on my walk back to the shore in a very uncomfortable state of mind, following a native who carried a small swinging lantern which threw flickering and distorted shadows in all directions. I had not gone more than a hundred yards or so when I saw a deadly little krait crawling over some bricks a few feet from the path. Then after a trudge through thick sand for another half mile, I saw the welcome light of the cook's fire and found some rugs placed in a sheltered corner of the old Shore Temple. Within a yard or two was a carved stone lion sitting with pricked-up ears seemingly watching the flashes from the lighthouse tower. A deeply carved doorway was at one's back, and overhead a myriad of stars burning in a deep blue sky. Then the English mail arrived—a *Times*, and a letter or two—such an anachronism! Dinner was being laid in the meanwhile, and a very good dinner it was, cooked on a little charcoal fire. A pariah dog or two were watching in the shadows, behind us the glow and smoke of the cook's fire, a gleaming row of soda-water bottles, the glint of the moon on the mysterious mass of temple towering above us. All this with the thunder of the surf in our ears. After dinner, on peering through the doorway we saw that the moon was up, and stumbling along a narrow passage we turned a corner and were faced by a brilliant

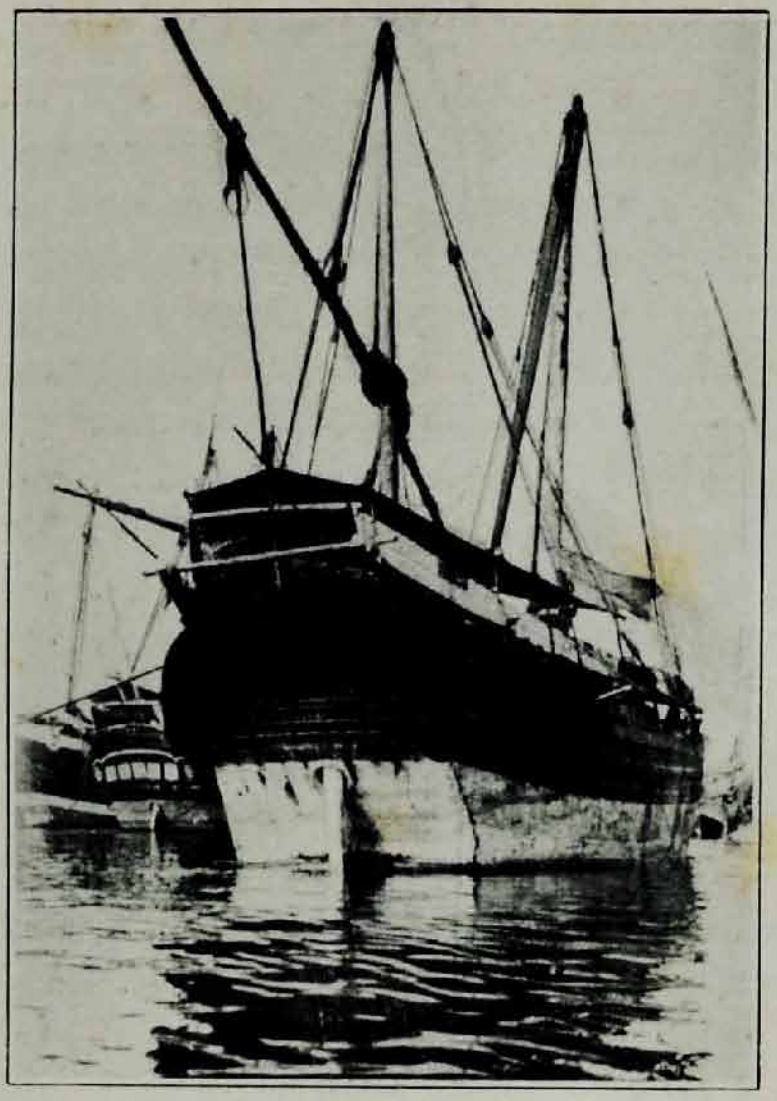
moonlit sea, gleaming and heaving like molten silver—this seen through the frame of a doorway built of huge carved granite blocks. We sat at the entrance, our feet hanging over the edge, for the wall dropped six feet sheer to the rocks below. Up to the base of the wall thundered the surf, breaking in silver foam on the monolith opposite us, and leaping up 15 feet in a smother of spray.

The Five Raths.

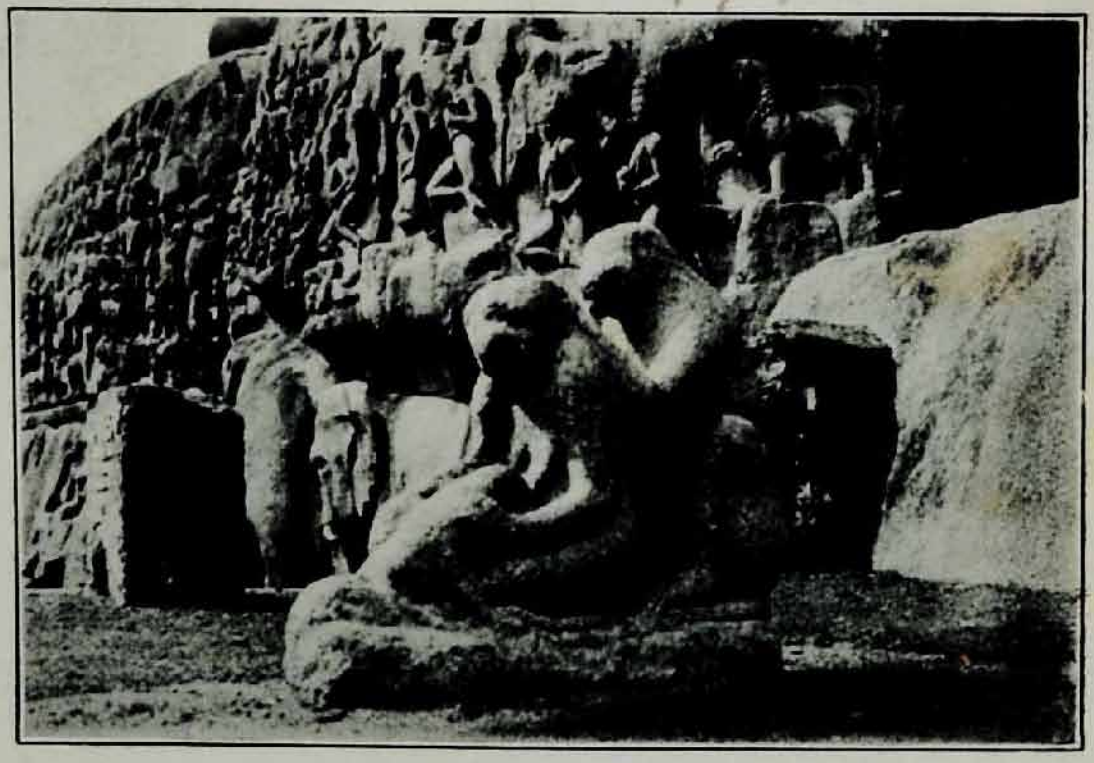
"These are chiselled out of huge boulders of a greyish-yellow granite, and are finely carved; there is also a life-sized elephant standing close by. A large lump of rock near by shows the manner in which these temples were started. You then come to the most wonderful sight of all—a huge rock-face covered with carved figures and elephants, with just that touch of realism and humour which one misses so much in all the latter-day carvings—the play of the mediæval mind. There is the funny group of the cat who stole the butter, her front paws having been lashed together and tied above her head as a punishment, leaving her helpless and impotent, while the rats and little mice run about and stare at her in great joy. There is the monkey group,[1] a very clever bit of realism, the baby having his breakfast while papa helps mamma in her toilet.

"Further on, along a wonderful broad rock-cut path worn smooth and slippery with ages, one

[1] See photograph facing p. 63.



COLOMBO HARBOUR.



ROCK CARVING: MONKEY GROUP.

Facing page 63

suddenly comes upon the great petrified Butter Ball, which Krishna stole from the milkmaids. Then there is a vast granite churn hollowed out from a huge boulder, several great stone beds, some with carved crouching lions as bolsters; then round the corner you find a large bath for the gods, approached by steps cut from the rock. It is approached from the other side by a bandy-track—two narrow parallel paths cut for the wheels over the rough rock. All this is very striking. You feel in the midst of a giant's home—like the sensation one gets when reading a fairy story of exploring an ogre's castle. Then the earth begins to tremble and you know that he is coming, coming! You feel as if those vast divinities had never really left their dominion but were present even now—as if they would come stalking along the seashore and up the broad smooth rocky paths when the night fell soft and thick. They would then splash in their rock-cut baths, carouse in their carved stone halls, and sleep off their drinking bouts on the granite couches with those crouching lions on guard behind their heads."

From Chingleput George went across to Tellicherry and Cannanore upon the West Coast, afterwards spending a few days in the wilds at Taliparamba. He then turned south to Calicut, returning eastward again to Tanjore and Trichinopoly. Here his sister Joan and her husband joined him and went with him to the Rajah's

ball. After visiting Trichinopoly Rock, he returned with them to Pudukkottai, where he spent a week at his sister's new home.

The West Coast.

"I went to see some boys giving a show in their gymnasium. This takes the form of a series of war-dances. Each is armed with club and shield coloured red, gold, and black. I went through the palm trees to a wattle-and-daub hut. The sun was streaming in through the palm-leaf roof in bright patches on the mud floor. There were fourteen small boys, bare to the waist, of a fine copper colour, and beautifully formed, with black hair and oiled skins. They formed a ring with their three masters in the centre, one with a pair of cymbals. They first sang a sort of recitative in a shrill and discordant manner: then they began to move, slowly singing as they went, and going through a series of body-twisting evolutions with wonderful snap and unison—crouching and springing up, bending this way and that in a sort of endless 'grand chain.' Faster and faster clashed the cymbals until the whole crowd was a twisting, seething, sinuous stream of glistening bodies, tossing locks, gleaming teeth, and staring eyeballs. Suddenly the limit was reached—the clashing cymbals were silenced, and instead of the young devils one had seen a moment before, there stood a ring of small boys very much out of breath. After a very short rest, off they went again, stabbing with their clubs, drumming on their

shields, rushing wildly into the centre and retiring stealthily again and yet again. After seven or eight of these dances some of the boys gave an exhibition of different kinds of 'cart-wheels' and somersaults. No wonder they are so supple.

"The lanes around Tellicherry are quite unique: they are twelve feet deep or more, and four feet wide, with very steep sides covered with a light green feathery fern, which looks extremely pretty as the sun filters through the palm-trees above in bright patches.

"We had a fine entertainment one night, given by a local troupe of jugglers. Against the velvet black star-spangled curtain of the night behind him, we saw a boy dressed brightly in white, red, and green, with silver tinsel belt, climbing up into the sky on a tall ladder balanced on the feet of a man lying on his back. The boy walked barefoot on a fine gleaming wire with no balancing pole, his arms shooting swiftly up and down, his body swinging gracefully from his hips, his eyes fixed ahead of him in deep concentration. Below him were the flaming smoking torches, and the up-turned glaring faces of the crowd—this to the accompaniment of a drum and clashing cymbals. There were several goats which galloped round the ring with a monkey for a jockey, and seemed very pleased with themselves."

Nov. 23. *Taliparamba.*

"This is a priceless place, and I am on my own

for two days in the wilds. I just heard the jackals calling. The *Poochis*[1] are a little trying, but I am having a great time. I am staying in a Government Farm Bungalow. Roberts sent three servants and I have my own too. It is right out of the beaten track and near the famous temples. I started out at 7.15 and had a fine walk by native paths to one temple. I nearly stepped on a huge jet-black scorpion and a shiny centipede. The Temples were fine: great green tanks fringed with palms, and coffee-coloured men and boys bathing. I bought a nice teak measure in the bazaar, bound with brass. It will look fine polished. Then I rested and slept during the afternoon, and at 4 was shown round the Farm—very interesting, sugar-canes, ginger, and all the experiments they are trying regarding crops and manures. To-morrow I start back at 6 to Tellicherry and go on to Calicut and from thence to Cochin, a most interesting place, I believe. I love poking about in the bazaars. I got a nice old Hindu seal for 4d. the other day. I go to Joan next Saturday."

"During a drive back from Taliparamba, I saw the most beautiful sight I came across in India. The first red shafts of sunlight shining through the soft green of the dew-drenched paddy, in the midst of which there stalked delicately a flock of milk-white cranes."

[1] Insects.

A Snake-killing Dog.

"At Calicut a native told me he owned a dog once, that was very good at killing cobras. Having found a cobra, this dog would keep on barking in front of it, until the snake wearied of holding its head erect and swaying to and fro. When the snake lowered its head for a second, the dog rushed in and got a firm grip with his teeth. The cobra would twine itself round him, and he yelped as he felt the pressure of the coils, but held on pluckily, and soon bit through the snake's head. One day a Hindu, to whom the cobra is sacred, saw him and threw big stones at him, compelling him to leave his victim before it was quite dead. The cobra which he had been attacking, escaped beneath a log, and the dog watched till the man went away and then nosed under the log to find his half-killed enemy. The snake bit him and he ran home, but dropped after five minutes. His master called him by name, and he wagged his tail in recognition, but died a moment later at his master's feet.

Snake-Charmers at Work.

"The two men start round the compound with their pipes, every now and then uttering loud calls, to which only poisonous snakes will come, they say. The first visit was to a large ant-hill where a large cobra was known to be; out it came, and was picked up and put in the basket. They seize it by the tail, and passing their hand down its back, grasp it by the head. With Russell vipers they

are very careful, for there is no remedy for their bite. When angry this beast buries its head in its coils and makes a noise like a big angry tom-cat.

"The cobra bit the man on his finger. He immediately clapped his stone on the wound and let it suck up the poison. Then he sat quite still for some time, while he shivered and his hand swelled up.

"There is some root which the cobra cannot bear the smell of; if you hold it in your fingers the cobra will bend right down to it, but not strike.

"Going along the hedge a viper was seen and picked up by the tail and hurled out in the open. A goose was eyeing the basket the whole time, and seemed very much interested in its occupants.

The Cobra's Haunt.

"You look outside your bedroom window and see you are surrounded by prickly pear, a sure sign that cobras are near at hand. It is wonderful how they will flash into a clump of this plant, without covering themselves with spines.

Stone and Fire Spirits.

"Devil worship is still a great force in the land, and one hears many curious stories of the spirits of stone and fire. With regard to the spirits of fire a lot of roguery is practised. A man goes round from house to house exorcizing the demon, and making incidentally a comfortable living at the game; but if business is bad and people will not pay to get rid of the spirit, mysterious fires

break out, which give a great impetus to the trade. But the stone spirits seem to be a recognized thing, and one hears many strange stories about them. An old Mohammedan came up one night to the bungalow where I was staying and told the following story. He said he didn't believe in such things, but one evening his servants came running in to him in a great state of panic, saying that one of the spirits was throwing stones at them. He went out into the courtyard to be greeted with a shower of grit and small stones. He looked round quickly, but could not see anyone. At the next discharge he retreated into the passage, but that was no good, as he was again pelted, nor could he tell where the stones came from. He determined to find out, and went into a room, shut the windows and sat facing the open door. As he was watching it, a shower of small stones and grit struck him from behind. After that he gave it up and had the spirit exorcized, and experienced no more trouble.[1]

Contrasts.

"You take a walk in the evening near a pond, and hear a noise like a series of policemen's rattles —but it is only a small frog or two.

"You hear a chirp outside, and look out expecting to see a homely sparrow—but there on a flame-coloured canna sits a glorious little bird with primrose breast, copper-coloured head, and green back.

[1] A very similar case was recently reported in *Central Africa* as having occurred in the island of Pemba.

Seen by the way.[1]

"Two women going along a red path, in brilliant pink *serais*, each bearing a heavy pot on her head, one of dull brass, the other of red-brown earthenware, glistening with moisture in the glow of the setting sun.

"Town at night. The streets of white sand, full of sleeping white-clad figures, lying asleep in the moonlight.

"Little green parrot in Temple alcove.

West Coast Architecture.

"The Mosques are hung with gaudy glass chandeliers, while round the cornice are suspended alternately ostrich-eggs and large coloured glass balls, of Christmas Tree fame. The interior is of teak with hardly any carving, but with magnificent teak pillars, some 2½ feet at the base.

"The Hindu Temples are quite a type by themselves, and suit their surroundings admirably. You suddenly come across a huge barn-like structure of teak standing amongst the brown palm-tree trunks, with a copper roof and glittering golden finials, while there is usually some figure-work in red brick or terra-cotta under the eaves in high relief.

"The Temples usually have a fine tank close by, approached by a broad flight of steps. You have to be careful, when walking round the edge, that your shadow does not fall on the numerous

[1] Momentary flashes of light and colour, which caught his eye and were noted in his diary.

white Brahman clothes spread out to dry, as it means contamination, and the clothes consequently have to be rewashed.

"All Hindus are compelled to have a complete dip before entering the Temple, and very chilly and clammy it must be, going in to pray in one's wet loin-cloth; but they always seem to let their clothes dry on them for preference.

"The oldest of the Taliparamba Temples has a magnificent flight of broad steps of red laterite leading down to it, with a tank on either side. The approach on the other side is from the high road down a steep hill. On each side of this broad way, several terraces are built one above the other: and on festivals it must be a splendid sight to see the great car swaying and lurching down the slope, carrying a god on a visit from the Temple over the hill, surrounded by a frenzied mass of natives surging on the terraces three deep, amid the flicker and glare of the torches and the maddening din of the shouts, cymbals, drums and pipes."

The Tanjore Gopuram.

"Seen from afar over the tender green and liquid spaces of the paddy-fields, the towering Gopuram is in complete harmony with the landscape. The whole glows a luminous pink, as at its back the setting sun spreads its gorgeous ribbons of blazing flame. As one gets nearer one sees that up to 30 or 40 feet the base is built of a warm-tinted granite, in huge monoliths, out of

which grow delicate little fluted shafts crowned with their lotus capitals. At intervals a fine spirited figure of a dancing god or guardian genius is carved in high relief and sunk a few inches from the surface, lightening and making buoyant the whole. Above this fine foundation, however, rises story after story of terra-cotta in high relief, faced with the hideous figures and symbols of Indian mythology, coloured a garish green or red. These are nothing but one crusted lump of lewd and leering devilry, a mountainous mass of sugary solecisms—the nightmare of a wedding-cake gone mad.

Trichinopoly Rock.

"On our way in we met the Temple elephants and camel. The former made room for us, however, and we passed underneath a mass of waving trunks and huge swaying feet, while the camel looked supercilious and showed a large row of yellow teeth. In front of us was a steep dark flight of stone steps, 265 in all—at intervals a landing or two, where a few wretched and deformed beggars whined for alms. There is a magnificent view of the country from the top. The temple roof is carved with gold. This was all stolen one night, but the thief was discovered by the police after a day or two, and pointed out how he had scaled the rock by means of a rope.

Dec. 9. *Pudukkottai.*

"We had tea with the Dewan or Prime Minister yesterday, and were fetched in the State carriage.

All the gold and silver State rods, umbrellas, etc., were shown us, and after tea the Crown jewels—magnificent turbans massed with diamonds, ruby-encrusted gold swords, and emerald and pearl necklaces. Then the Temple jewels were displayed. They sheathe the goddesses with heavy masses of pure gold encrusted with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. They must look fine in the torchlight processions. I leave here on Thursday, sleep at Trichy, and reach Madura on 12th: leave there on 14th, and sail on 16th by the *Oxfordshire*. Joan and I have been rearranging the drawing-room, colour-scheming the books even! It looks very nice now. I hear my holdall has turned up at last, and is on its way—rather useful if it arrives on the day I sail! I went out snipe-shooting the other day and am going out again to-morrow, I expect. It is good exercise trudging over the paddy-fields."

On his way back from Pudukkottai, George went south to Madura, crossing to Colombo again to join the boat for his homeward voyage.

Madura.

"They have here a very fine local granite of a pink tinge, and work it conscientiously in a thoroughly Indian manner, though there is something almost childish in their masterpieces. They always have an eye to making the beholder gasp with wonder at their marvellous patience and skill.

"Walking round the outside of the Temple, one comes across huge blocks of stone, out of which

are carved a series of fine shafts in the round, one of which is even moveable. Swinging from the corners of their shrines you will see perhaps eight links of a large chain cut from the solid block which forms the roof. A little further on, there is a huge monolith monster, gripping between his teeth a moveable ball. There are some great wide corridors round the central shrine, along which processions are held perhaps every fortnight.

"The principal god is three feet six inches high, and covered with emeralds. You cannot see him, for he is at the end of a dim hall with a few pendant oil-lamps flickering at intervals. The natives treat their finely carved gods in a shameful manner, throwing lumps of butter at them and smearing them with a brilliant purple powder when they come to worship.

"The roof over the principal shrine is of pure gold plate, and very splendid it looks flashing in the sun. The priests show you several large rooms filled with huge silver and gold-plated bulls, horses, parrots, elephants, swans and various fabulous monsters, together with huge daises which take 60 men to lift. On these the gods are taken for their ride through the streets, a different animal being used for each."

Colombo.

"Here I am again. I had another splendid crossing and slept like a top. Madura was very interesting, but the streets and bazaars are very

dirty and evil-smelling. I saw the Temple jewels. The jackets of the gods are sown thickly with large pearls, with here and there a cluster of rubies or diamonds ; their high hats are the same, one mass of pearls sown on black velvet. The pearls in the pendants must at one time have been priceless, but they are most of them flaked and discoloured by camphor-smoke. I poked about in the bazaars after tea, but didn't get much, only a rosewater-sprinkler and a nice little brass box, etc. I bought you some Ceylon lace this morning : it is very pretty stuff. The Rawlinses shall have some too. Then just as I was going out of the shop, I saw some beautiful old Japanese ivory carvings, and bought a priceless little one for £3 ! The 'Seven Wise Men'—whoever they were—in a boat with swelling sail, and with a magnificent dragon figure-head. One is rowing, another carrying a fish, etc. It is about 2¼ inches square. I wanted to get another one frightfully badly too, but had no money, which was just as well perhaps. I got my holdall back at last. They kept the launch waiting at Tutecorin, while they got it for me. Rather useful, wasn't it, just as I was leaving India ! I have made an arrangement with one of the principal men here to take some of my jewellery. He thinks it would go very well. I am also buying some moonstones. He is a very nice chap, a German, and we have long talks about stones. I sail to-morrow evening, I believe. I have had a really splendid trip, and am awfully glad I came out."

TREASURE HUNTING.

He that is thus imployed must alwaies weare poore apparrell, for by that meanes the Turks will imagine the things he seeks for, to be of no great estimacion. He must never be without great store of tobacco and English knives to present the Turks withal, who are Governors of places and other officers with which he shall have to doe: for this small presents together with his show of povertie will save him from manie troubles which otherwise might happen. The men that he imployes to digg he must pay by the daie, and if he meet with anie statues or Colossus too great to be carryed away whole, he must imploy men to saw it asunder with iron sawes and sharpe sand.

Probably notes of W. Petty, agent for a seventeenth century nobleman in Greece. Found copied amongst George's papers.

CHAPTER V

INDIAN ART & HANDICRAFT

GEORGE made a careful study of Indian art before sailing, and spent many hours at the South Kensington Museum and in a private library amassing notes upon his subject. On reaching India he used every opportunity of comparing the methods of the Indian workmen of to-day with those of the ancient craftsmen whose work he found in the museums and treasuries. He was also assisted in several cases by the experience of his hosts, one of whom, a director of a technical institute for "sustaining and encouraging the old arts of the country," was described to him by his brother-in-law as "knowing all that is known of Indian art, besides being amusing." In collecting the notes that follow, George perhaps had in mind a possible lecture upon Indian art, for use on his return.

Building.

"The architect of the building has no scale drawings, but calling his foreman he sketches out in the dust his idea. There are various ceremonies to be performed during the construction of the house, and if you do not allow the native workman to perform these, the work is sure to suffer.

Metal Work.

"The native craftsman has several little peculiar ways and means of working. For instance, when soldering he will keep his borax on the back of his hand. He also uses a red seed which he grinds up with his borax: this gives off a kind of gum which holds the small gold grains in their place—the seeds must be fresh. He has a very primitive furnace with goat-skin bellows, but he does extremely fine casting with these primitive appliances nevertheless.

The Western caster to avoid the trouble of finishing, uses a very fine earth which is liable to give an unsound casting; the Indian, on the other hand, uses a coarse earth, and always gets a good sound cast and then begins to work it up. He also does a lot with his scraper and burnisher.

"The Cingalese cast gold rings, etc., by the cuttlefish method; they find their material on the beach.

"The native uses a very small hammer for his chasing and repoussé work. He is quite good at raising pots, and bowls too: and here he scores over the European, for he squats on the ground and steadies the work with one hand and one foot. He also works towards himself, whereas a Westerner works away from him. The Indian can thus finish his work in fewer courses.

Eastern use of Metal.

"One is very much struck in the East by the universal and everyday use of gleaming metal.

On the trains, instead of taking sandwiches and sheets of dirty newspaper, the poorest carry a bright bronze pot full of rice and lentils or something of the sort. The sight of a string of women coming from the well in the setting sun, with their great brass pots, is one to be remembered. These pots are often the one brilliant spot of light in an otherwise dull and uninteresting scene. One can hardly pass the meanest mud-hovel without seeing one gleaming and flashing on the earthen floor. The copper-workers are noticeable for their piles of dull red hammer-marked pots, reaching in a huge heap from floor to ceiling. They only polish to order.

Detail in ornamentation.

"The Indian craftsman lacks restraint; he loves not the contrast of a large plain surface with a rich ornamental one. But he understands perfectly the medium in which he works. He delights in smothering the whole piece of work with minute detail.

"As a matter of fact he has a certain amount of justice on his side. The average native house is devoid of furniture, the walls and floor being perfectly bare. A rich piece of work thus looks uncommonly well, and shows up to advantage even if it is rather overdone; but if you bring it into an English drawing-room, with its hundred-and-one little knick-knacks, its wallpaper, pictures, settees and carpets, it looks thoroughly out of place and bizarre.

How Drawing is taught.

"Indians are bad draughtsmen, and are taught by a peculiarly cramped method. They learn to make certain simple strokes, which gradually become more involved, until they can build up an elaborate drawing with these hundreds of little strokes all learnt off the reel. This makes the finished work very stiff; you never see a fine loose supple drawing.

Colour.

"The average native seems thoroughly devoid of all taste. To a certain extent he cannot go wrong, for he dyes his simple cloths with the splendid vegetable dyes of the country; one, a magnificent orange, comes from a flaming tropical flower. There is also a gorgeous pure crimson, and the wonderful blue of the indigo: and these, seen against the soft green of the paddy-fields or the rough brown stems and shining leaves of the palm trees, are a sight to remember.[1]

"The Indian boy or girl is extremely unobservant or careless of colour. If you tell them to paint a horse, they will colour it a brilliant red with a green tail!

Flowers.

"Indians treat flowers in a childish and senseless manner. Nothing matters but the blossom,

[1] In a letter from France in the summer of 1915, George wrote: "The crops here look rather Eastern, as tobacco and maize grow side by side. I often think that I shouldn't be in the least surprised to see a native woman in a dress of pure indigo colour, working amongst them."

and this is ruthlessly plucked and strung on thread and bunched up in various ways to make garlands or hair-ornaments. When they give you a bouquet, as often happens when you go into a village, you get a tight little bunch of pink rose-bud heads, the stalks forming a short handle round which is wound some green grass, finishing off with an absurd little clump of beads at the end. No thought is taken of the beauty of natural growth or foliage; everything is stereotyped and lifeless.

Similarity of Eastern and Western Art.

"In the Colombo Museum there is some very fine old native jewellery—hollow beads made of open filigree, strengthened with tiny discs and rosettes, and beautifully soldered. One realizes that the Art of the mediæval period was at much the same level all the world over, as far as goldsmith's work was concerned. They used the same motives and came to much the same result, one nation specializing in beadwork and chains, another in pendants and brooches.

"There are some unique cut-crystal bangles too, mounted in silver and silver-gilt. There are also rings, ear-rings and pendants of silver, set with Matara diamonds, extraordinarily like Normandy work. Given the same material, you get much the same result, although in different hemispheres.

Palace and Temple Jewels.

"Madura has a great show of pearls. The gods and goddesses are robed in black velvet jackets on

State occasions. These are sewn thickly with fine pearls, with gold plates of rubies and emeralds or large single stones arranged at intervals here and there. There is one magnificent pearl about 1¼ in. long and ¾ in. thick, which forms the shaft of a sort of cymbal, which the god holds in his hands when going on procession. Perched at the top of this great pearl is a little parrot, one mass of rubies and emeralds. Ranged before you are gold feet and stirrups encrusted with rubies (which are fitted on when the god takes a ride), and pendants set with huge sapphires and pearls; but nearly all these pearls are cracked and discoloured, owing partly to the smoke of camphor which is ceremonially burnt.

"I was shown the Crown jewels of Pudukkottai by the Dewan, or Prime Minister. There were some magnificent turbans mounted with five rows of large diamonds, and plumes set with large stones and pearls, gold State swords encrusted with rubies, and the State necklace of immense pendant emeralds and pearls with a large diamond pendant.

"The Temple jewels were still more magnificent; each goddess (and there were three of different sizes) had a large head-dress, arms and legs, and breastplate, of solid gold, one mass of rubies, emeralds and diamonds, set cleverly in spiral rows for effect. These are fitted to the figures on State occasions, and must look quite wonderful in a procession, lit by flaring torches. Besides their golden jewelled armour, they are

loaded with pendants and necklaces of fine gems of huge size.

"The interesting part of this old work is that under each surface-stone is set another of light colour to act as foil, for in those days the native craftsman did not know how to make it. This double setting necessitates the gold being $\frac{3}{8}$th of an inch thick at least, and the weight is enormous.

Picking up things.

"In Ceylon and on the west coast of India you can pick up some fine old ginger-jars in the bazaars for the matter of half-a-crown or so, but they are getting scarce now. The rough glass flagons in which they sell rose-water are also well worth buying; the colours vary from pale aquamarine or greenish amber to deep bottle-green. They have a slender neck round which is twisted a fine thread of glass, finished off with a flat blob at either end. One can get big ones, 3 feet high or so, which are really quite gorgeous things. The price of the smaller flagons is about eighteen-pence a dozen.

"I went into a dealer's house in Tanjore, up a few steps into a square hall, the roof of which was supported on four wooden pillars, leaving a rectangular opening in the centre under which was a small tank into which the rain-water is collected. The dealer was at work on a large dish of Tanjore work; it was on pitch, and he was working at it with small chisel-like tools. He got up and offered me a wooden stool, and then

various bronzes and pots were brought for me to look at, among them a delightful little bull of copper with cut brass ornaments. This is an ancient process not practised now. The copper portion is cast first; another mould is then made and the brass parts are run in, the metals being thoroughly smelted together.

"Strolling down the crowded bazaar, your eye catches a gleam of metal and you find yourself opposite an open shop-front raised two feet or so from the road level, and stacked with great brass water-jars and the various bright bell-metal pots and lamps in everyday use. The vendor sits cross-legged in one corner on the floor. You peer inside and when your eyes grow accustomed to the dim light, you see in a corner a little row of figures, birds and animals—toys for the most part—together with some ancient bronze gods and goddesses, or the lid of an ornate brass box, tucked away under a dusty shelf. The shopman meanwhile brings forth his choicest wares, and when you get outside after much chaffering, you are met by a swarm of men from other shops, each with a handful of things to sell. In most places their old toys and *swamis* are not displayed, nor is there any demand for them. You have to ask the man if he has any black and broken *swamis* or toys; he then brings out an old sack full of odd things on their way to the melting-pot. Out of this jumble you often rescue the most beautiful pieces of workmanship. Once a god is slightly damaged, he loses all his virtue. Be he hundreds of years

old, a thing of wonder, the native will not look at him. The old brass dishes, costing a rupee or so according to weight, are well worth getting : they are as different as possible from the new work with the ornamentation merely scratched on.

" It was in a little out-of-the-way village with the imposing name of Tirukkalikundram—the proud possessor of an immense Temple, a holy mountain and a constant stream of pilgrims—that I had my greatest set-back. I made friends with the headman of the village, who showed me round. I asked if there was a brass-smith in the village, as I wanted to buy some old *swamis*. He offered at once to look round the Temple, of which he was a trustee, and see if there were any there, asking me if a bronze 3 feet high would do. I thought I was in for some loot, but when the evening came I was met by an old man with a dirty little rough brass god 3 inches high and an old broken dish—rather a come-down after my great expectations !

" The West coast used to be a happy hunting-ground for china. Now it is practically played out, and the stuff you do get is inferior. But in little out-of-the-way villages you get some delightful teak measures mounted in brass. The shopkeepers are as a rule very loth to sell, since they think it will bring them bad luck.

Precious Stones.

" Stones in Ceylon are for the most part more expensive than those one gets at Birmingham. This is due to the enormous rents the merchants

have to pay in Colombo. The rich Americans and Australians, too, put up the prices. Moonstones, however, are cheap enough. The natives are very fond of tossing you for the price of a stone, after screwing you up to your highest bid—their price or yours. Beware, however, of the stone dealers who come aboard. One man was offered two small opals for £3. He bid 5s. for one and 2s. 6d. for the other, and was surprised when the native clinched the bargain on the spot. They were really worth about sixpence each. I had a long talk one morning about synthetic stones with one of the greatest gem experts in Colombo. Their history is quite interesting. The process is to crush the small pieces of stone which are of no commercial value and re-fuse them under pressure."

THE WAR-SONG OF THE OTTER.[1]

" Then ho ! for a whirring reel !
And ho ! for a brimming creel !
For a lusty trout
As we cast in and out
Of the bub-ber-ling peat-y pools !"

" I know," he said, " what you like is to look at the mountains, or to go up among them and kill things. But I like the running water in a quiet garden, with a rose reflected in it and the nightingale singing to it. Listen !"—MIRZA MAHOMED in *The Story of Yaleh and Hadizeh*.[2]

[1] A treasured nickname once given to George, to his amusement, by fellow-visitors at Gidleigh.

[2] Found copied amongst George's papers.

CHAPTER VI

FISHING HOLIDAYS

THE little kingfisher in the title-page at the beginning of the volume is a symbol of the fisherman's devotion to the trout-stream, no less than the naturalist's love for the birds. Fishing indeed, and especially fly-fishing, was so dear to George that it is hard to refrain from attempting a picture of the keen figure under the tweed fishing-hat, in waders and invisible brown-grey suit, wading up the pools, or crouching along the rushy bank of a moorland stream, his short rod in constant motion, trying every likely haunt of the trout with his favourite "red palmer" dry-fly.

It was on Dartmoor that he first learnt his fly-fishing, and with characteristic thoroughness he spent many moments of a summer term at Radley learning from a fellow-angler in the same House to cast a feather with willow wand and line over the grass of the archery-ground, and would each winter copy hints from Halford and other scientific works on fishing into his note-book, for careful study as the summer holiday approached.

The little rough war-song of the Otter on the preceding page, sung to an equally extemporized tune, tells of the spirit in which he set forth each morning up the lane to the moor and over the

heather, his rod swinging behind him, and with cast and flies in readiness for action the moment the chosen pools were reached. His keenness would never allow him away from the water while there was a chance of a rise. After a quick lunch of sandwiches, his pipe was lighted, and in a moment the little rod was in action again. Such enthusiasm was proof against wind and rain and the soaking mist of a Dartmoor autumn day, and his fishing-diary characteristically notes the conquest of a brave little trout which when hooked buried itself amongst the weed—"however," he continues, "not to be done, I waded in up to my waist and pulled weed and trout up together."

Fishing also called his inventiveness into play. His favourite Ogden Smith split-cane rod of 8ft. 6in. was of his own design, and a brass curtain-ring would be sewn at the exact inch upon the webbing sling of his creel, so that his landing-net might hang ready to hand, and clear all obstacles along the river bank.

Several times fresh rivers were visited, bringing new problems and larger fish. At the end of a successful day high up in Teesdale, the final cast ended, he would wade reluctantly from the brown water, and emptying his creel upon the bank, gloat with his fellow angler over the combined catch of spotted trout, spread triumphantly amongst the heather; and then replacing his fish in a nest of fern within his creel with a fisherman's "honour for the brave dead," he would face the long tramp home across the moor.

A YORKSHIRE STREAM.

ON THE BARLE, EXMOOR.

Facing page 91

Almost from the first his keen delight in fishing was supplemented by a love of nature which led him to prize the sport still more highly for the opportunity which it gave him of studying the birds and flowers in the solitude of the river-side. Often there are references in his diary to the birds which he has seen—" put up a heron, a sure sign of unfished water . . . three ravens flew over my head croaking hard . . . saw a buzzard and snipe." Another entry tells of a young brood of wrens who fluttered from their nest beside the stream and clung to him for shelter as he stood motionless in the water. Once, too, when the familiar iron gate at the top of the Berry Down garden clanged, as the fisherman came down the path, his creel contained a plover, which he had been too late to rescue alive from a swooping peregrine upon the moor.

A spring holiday at the old Abbey of Llanthony especially delighted him. It was his first experience of regular wading, and the banks of the stream on either hand were carpeted with primroses. " Had some waders," he writes, " and felt very luxurious wading up deep runs underneath the trees, with the willow-wrens singing and the sun coming through the trees and colouring the water."

A few weeks before the War the Dartmoor streams on which George had caught his first trout were once more visited. Scouting had made him familiar with signalling, and a vivid memory remains of a smiling grey-clad figure

approaching across the heather, when the anglers met at midday, rapidly signalling with his disengaged arm the number of the morning's catch. When lunch by the Walla Brook was over, from the shoulder of Watern Tor George watched with his fellow-angler the shells of the Artillery at practice, bursting on the rough ground of the ridge beyond. In a few weeks, though there was little enough on that cloudless day to betoken it, signalling was in very truth to become the chief work of his life, and the sound of bursting shells would bear a very different meaning.

In a letter from France, written to his friend Robert Hyde in the following summer, the old passion still asserts itself, and he inquires eagerly after the big Colne chub—" are you having any fishing this year ? I should like the feel of a sporting pounder again, I must say ! What about those big chub ? any good this year ?"

A CRUISE IN HOME WATERS.[1]

Across the water I have come,
Hi-tiddle-de-hi-ti! no, not swum—
Upon a spanking little yacht,
Hi-tiddle-de-hi-ti!—what! what!
My ship, it isn't very big,
But what care I, boys? not a fig!
For I have sailed the stormy seas—
Across the Horsepond, with a breeze.

My ship was all my own design,
Hi-tiddle-de-hi-ti! yes, all mine!
Part Dreadnought, mostly submarine—
Hi-tiddle-de-hi-ti! painted green.
She couldn't sink—I'd seen to that—
The barrels were so nice and fat!
Above the lot I lashed a crate
And (keep it dark) the Garden gate!

Well, hardly had I put to sea
And hoisted sail (a cloth for tea),
When up there rose an awful gale,
The waves leaped high, I shortened sail:
But just as things looked very drear,
I saw a friendly shore loom near—
The cows were frightened, so I learned,
But father says my ship's interned!

[1] A reminiscence of an adventure with a raft on Berry Down pond.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAURICE HOSTEL

Soon after George's return to London in 1907, an appeal was issued by the Bishop of London, asking Public School and University men to assist him by taking a share in the social work of the diocese. It was in answer to this appeal that George was brought into touch with the Maurice Hostel in Britannia Street, Hoxton. From the first such work attracted him, and as time went on the Hostel claimed more and more of his time and an ever larger share in his affections. During the last few years before the war, his work at Noel Street ended, he would hurry off after an early meal by his familiar route to Hoxton, only returning at a late hour when the household was asleep.

To these evenings with the boys he eagerly looked forward, and all his powers were freely spent in the Hostel's service. His musical gift, without loss or degradation, was devoted to mastering the latest songs ; long hours were spent in the darkroom enlarging carefully-posed studies of boys ; note-books were filled with outlines of stories, gathered from many sources, to thrill the ears of an awe-

struck circle after "lights out" at the Burnham Holiday Home.

These stories, to be truly realistic, needed to be told in the first person, and an unwritten compact seems to have existed amongst the workers, to uphold the veracity of their fellows' anecdotes against all unworthy imputations. George's Indian tour suggested a rich store of new adventures, and an extract is here given from a "tall tale from the Hills," describing an encounter with "the dreaded hoop-snake."

"Yesterday I returned from a little tiger-shoot in the Rajah of Blackasweepa's preserves—such a jungle, and simply chock-full of every wild beast you can think of. The man-eater I was after had been tracked down and cornered in a patch of rushes near my fishing ground of the day before, so we set out in single file, the *shikarri* in front, myself next, and two bearers, with my light express ·023 and heavy elephant gun on their shoulders. We had hardly gone a mile when I saw with surprise that the *shikarri* was shaking all over and slowly turning a livid green (a way these natives have when at all alarmed). He stopped and raised a trembling finger to the path ahead of us, down which there rolled swiftly a mottled sort of hoop. I quickly realized the danger. This was the dreaded hoop-snake, whose mode of attack is to roll itself into a kind of wheel which once started will overtake the swiftest runner. How could we escape? There was thick jungle on each side of us and the path was only two feet wide. In a moment,

scout-like, I was prepared. Pushing my trembling natives—all now nearly the colour of the surrounding trees—into the bushes, I seized my trusty stick, and when the reptile was almost upon me, jumped nimbly to one side. As it shot past, I gave it a sharp blow and following it up, drove it before me like a hoop until I sent it hurtling over the cliff where it was carried away, hissing horribly, by the rapid stream. My followers were frantic with delight and quickly resumed their normal colour."

Often George would bring home accounts of his boys—of the six layers of clothing peeled from a small person well protected against the cold, of the youthful naturalist's description of the ubiquitous bee who "lives all over the world," or the Club's amusing attempts to spell his own name correctly. To fathom this latter mystery a competition was held, and the boys' answers, carefully treasured in his despatch-box, show the strangest variations, ranging from "Stebbing" "Sthenning" and "Staning" to "Cidey" and "Shenfield."

Among his papers is another homely little relic of a similar competition, strangely illustrating the closeness with which the two sides of his life were connected. On the back of a letter from the Abbot of Caldey (may he pardon the irreverence!) relating to some work which George was executing for the Abbey Church, are scribbled the rough outlines of two limericks based upon the names of Hostel boys. One of them runs :

"There was a young person called Hewitt
Who, on catching an eel, tried to stew it;
It had such a taste,
That he got up in haste
And rushed to the shelf for the cruet."

What the Holiday Home at Burnham meant to him may be gathered from a letter which he wrote to his brother some time before the war, as holiday time drew near.

"I am so looking forward to get into shorts and a flannel shirt. I am busily learning up all the latest songs, which is rather trying for the Old Bird! I am just off for Burnham. I heard rather a jolly story the other day. A little boy gave his father a Bible, but wrote nothing in it. His father told him to go to the Library and look round at the books, to get an idea what to put. He went back some time afterwards and saw his Bible lying open on his desk. On the fly-leaf was written, 'Dear Father, with the Author's compliments.' Rather jolly, isn't it?"

Another letter written from France in July, 1915, tells how keenly he felt the loss of his Burnham holiday with the boys.

"I feel awfully lost without Burnham this year, the first time for—is it eight years? Also we were to have had a great cruise in the 'Bunty,' weren't we?—with great adventures with ebbing tides, and various commissariat comedies with flaccid chickens who have most embarrassing interiors!"

His friend, the Rev. Robert Hyde, to whom the

above letter was written, gives a true and delightful picture of the Hostel's inner life, and of "the wealth of friendship" which its workers found within its circle.

"The inevitable small boy was clearing out my room at the Hostel some years ago, and, unfortunately, purloined my 1908 diary, to his own later confusion and the amusement of his friends, so I cannot give the exact date of George Sedding's arrival in Hoxton. He came, however, so far as memory serves, in the early part of 1908 as one of the Bishop of London's Bodyguard, a little band of Public School men, who were anxious to take a part in the social effort of the diocese. From the day of his first visit until his death he loved the Hostel and gave to it of his very best.

"We had only a little band of workers; but until the war we were all together with scarcely any interruption—Attlee, 'B.,' 'Archie,' 'Walter,' 'Pitters,' 'Bashers,' Sedding, 'Coll,' 'Dan,' and Stokes. Others came and joined us from time to time, but we composed the Hostel circle, and found within it a wealth of friendship which most men would envy. This was largely due to the existence of diverse views held by the members of the little band: the Socialism of Attlee clashed with the high Tory views of Stokes; the ragging of Archie with the deep wisdom of Dan, the optimism of Walter with the pessimism of B., but there was a common bond of work and interest at the Hostel which far outweighed these lesser differences.

"George Sedding began his work in the Junior

Club with boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, and for some years made a great impression on the members by his untiring interest and care for detail. He started a Metal Class which prospered for some years and many boys were given, if not technical skill to fit them for future work, at any rate a taste for the beautiful in design instead of the vulgar and trashy. In those days (they seem far away now) we frequently undertook long rambles on Saturday afternoons, and sometimes week-end camps were held away at Arkley. On these occasions George Sedding was at his best and was always the most welcome member of the party.

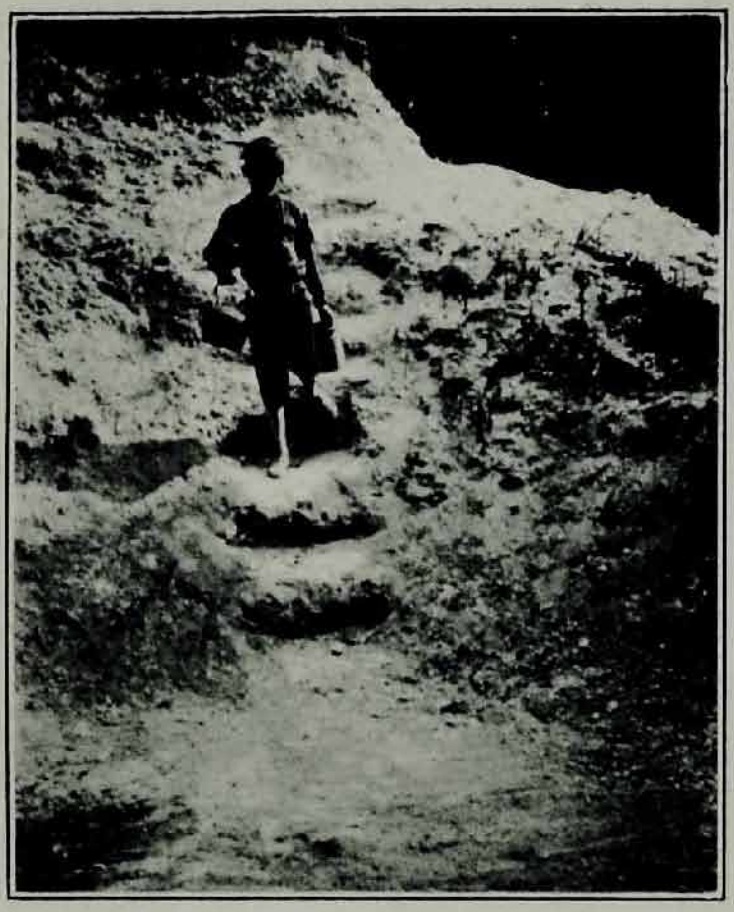
"He always took the keenest interest in the work of the Juvenile Club (for schoolboys), and in the winter season, when the Pantomimes were being rehearsed, spent a great deal of time in preparing for the show. He and Stokes and Attlee were responsible for the staging of the performances, and some of his happiest hours were spent in their company designing all kinds of stage properties and scenery. I have one of his designs before me as I write, and the detail of the small sketch is perfect —as his work, however small, always was. It was our habit to travel to the halls in which performances were to be given, in a pantechnicon van. A medley of scenery, properties, dresses, small boys—and respectable persons on the tail-board caused no little stir as we journeyed through the City and into the aristocratic streets of Kensington or Hampstead. The bustle of erecting the

scenery, the fears of the caretakers of the halls lest damage should be done, the hasty making up, the dressing, prompting, and other work incidental to the show, live still in happy memory. It was a curious coincidence that on the way to West Wickham on the day of his burial we should have passed the Hall at Beckenham where the last and best performance of our pantomime was given. Here it was that Mrs. Maurice Peel charmed the small performers with her happy thought for them, and at her death a few months later, they spoke of her with a surprising depth of feeling, as 'the lady of great kindness.'

"But though he loved the life at the Hostel, and the friendship he shared there, yet his happiest and best days were spent down at the Holiday Home at Burnham. Here during the school holidays parties of fifty boys enjoyed every hour of the day. Many a boy, now serving in the trenches, has written of Burnham, longing for the time to come when Burnham will be possible once again. Several dug-outs have been named after the Home, for to many it has represented the very height of happiness and joy. The Holiday Home has been the means of leading many men to take a share in the work in Hoxton. Its freedom, gaiety, and friendship could not fail to make a lasting impression on all who were privileged to spend a week or two amongst the boys. In summer days we were up betimes, and each moment of the day had its own happiness—the shower-bath in the round house, the run across the meadow before breakfast, the walks,

the boats, the games and 'wangles,' the thrilling stories in the dormitories after lights were out. In these stories the teller, of course, was always the hero of the plot, and in honour we always corroborated each other's facts in spite of their apparent impossibility. The champion story came from Stokes, who on one occasion fell into a sewer, and for some reason could not be reached. In the end he was rescued by a somewhat ingenious method: several sacks of linseed meal were let down some distance away, and on boiling water being poured upon the meal a poultice was made, which drew him out of danger.

"On dull days we were sometimes at our wits' end to know what to do to amuse the boys, for our indoor accommodation was limited, but it generally ended in some subtle game of 'spoof.' Perhaps the most successful 'wangle' we devised was a hunt for imaginary kangaroos, which had unfortunately managed to escape. George Devine was staying with us at the time, and in a moment of mischievous enthusiasm an announcement was made to the effect that at the evening's entertainment he would produce his 'five untamable kangaroos.' The story is too long to recount here—is it not written in the daily press of the period?—but in the end these same five kangaroos, so great is human credulity, were seen and chased by many of the simple villagers amongst whom we resided at the Holiday Home. The hoax has never been forgotten and will continue to be remembered so long as the Maurice Hostel lasts.



SCOUT RETURNING WITH SUPPLIES.

AT BURNHAM.

Facing page 103

"At other times we would organize a realistic smuggler raid or an expedition for catching porpoises, to our own amusement and the delight of the boys, who were never quite sure whether to believe the tales told or not. The smuggler raid was almost too realistic, but it was a great success. Some months afterwards I was visiting a dying man (the father of one of the Burnham boys) in the Infirmary, and I found the whole ward discussing smugglers—'To think of them men carrying on like that nowadays—it shows how little one knows!' I had not the heart to disturb their faith by any Higher Criticism.

"George Sedding taught many ardent photographers how to group their subjects. There were always many possible studies at the Holiday Home, and I remember well how we used to sit and discuss various methods for obtaining the best results. Finally we erected a very ramshackle studio composed of battens and strips of neutral tinted cloths. Here the first efforts were made by Sedding, and great was our delight when we discovered signs of artistic merit in the result. From that day we went on posing and grouping and shading. The bathroom will be for ever dark-stained with the developer we used. In a sweltering heat, with scarcely elbow space, perspiration oozing from every pore, we would sit and watch and wait for each other's results—but somehow his were always just a bit better than our best. In Nature Study too, he was splendid. There was never any organized attempt to teach

the boys—we were far too casual for that at Burnham—but after a walk, small collections of sea things, flowers and all kinds of odds and ends would be produced for inspection and identification. On birds he was quite an authority.

"Two days stand out in my own personal memory. The first was the occasion when together we tried to sail a small open boat—'Dorothy' of happy memory—which had been presented to the Home by Miss Walton. We neither of us knew anything about sailing beyond little scraps picked up here and there: he, however, had spent a couple of days in the Solent once upon a time, so in virtue of his technical knowledge became the skipper. Tide and wind were both down stream, and poor 'Dorothy' could never do much close-hauled: but as soon as we started we felt that all was going well, for our pace was good. The sail was slack, the boat badly trimmed, halyards all badly stowed, but we little cared as we drifted with the stream, imagining all the time that we were making progress. All went well until we tried to return; every tack took us further from home, and to make matters worse, we managed to run right into the thick of a fleet of oyster boats. The men aboard scented a chance of a little sport, and as we drifted they would bear down upon us at an alarming speed until our nerves were shattered, for we had not the slightest idea whether to stand our course, or give way—I do not think we could have managed to do either if we had tried—then at the critical moment the smack would go about, leaving

us limp with amazement. Again and again we were urged by our critics to 'pull up our gaff,' but we had no idea where this particular spar—if spar it be—was to be found. However, in the end, since we were unable to progress, we decided to run the boat ashore and wade through a couple of hundred yards of very deep black mud to land. This we did, and though we have had many a sail together in this and other boats, the incidents of our first attempt remain in vivid memory.

"The other day was one in a week when we who were officering the batch, were suddenly left stranded, owing to the unexpected departure of the housekeeper, and faced with the task of cooking for the crowd. To cook for fifty is no light task, especially when grates are old, and experience very new. However, we managed, and, in order to show our contempt for the difficulties which assailed us, we agreed to prepare an officers' meal each evening within a limited cost. The competition was intense and the little party critical. Each thought his own effort good, but Sedding's surpassed our wildest expectations. He and Meiklejohn were responsible on this particular evening. (We heard afterwards from one of the villagers that one of our officers had called at a milk shop with a jug, and had inquired the way to make a custard.) The resultant dish consisted of a replica in sweet of the 'Arab.' The hull was scooped out of sponge cake; she floated on a stormy sea of tinned apricots; her pulley blocks were smoker's cachous, and angelica formed her

spars. Her name was rendered in almonds, whilst her hull was ballasted with the above-mentioned custard—the substance used for sails fails me, but something was certainly made to do.

They were happy days for all of us, and we little realized as we parted after many eventful evenings spent there with the last Pantomime party, that they were to be the last of our happy days. Of the men who, in the highest spirits, filled the stockings of the boys, and dipped for apples to the merriment of all, and who, for lack of something more palatable, drank to the New Year in Eno's Fruit Salt at Stokes' suggestion, few remain. George, Walter, 'Bashers,' Bernard, and Stone have gone, having done the biggest bit, Archie is laid low by illness, Stokes away in Canada, the 'Abbot,' too, has been called away by the Munitions Ministry to deal with the welfare of boys throughout the country. Even the boys about whom these memories linger are leaving one by one, as they come of age, to take a share in the greater game. To those of us who are left, the memories of the priceless days at Burnham are our greatest treasure. There may be a future home, as there will be a future club, when all is well again, but though we shall endeavour to build upon the old tradition George Sedding helped to create, yet we shall never foregather in the 'Abbot's' room upstairs in quite the same spirit as we did in the days 'before the war.'"

DOWN IN THE WOODS.

Down in the woods there are things to see
For scouts that wish to learn, oh!
Bright butterflies and cunning nests
And bunnies in the fern, oh!

Chorus: So scouts your senses keep alert,
When in the woods no talking!
Your woodcraft you will never learn
Unless you practise stalking.

'Way in the woods there are things to smell
For scouts that have the noses,
A whiff to tell a fox has pass'd,
And honeysuckle posies.

Chorus: So scouts, etc.

Down in the woods there are things to taste
When scouts are on the ramble,
The little sheltered strawberry-beds,
The juicy-berried bramble.

Chorus: So scouts, etc.

'Way in the woods there are things to hear
For scouts with ears to hearken,
The call-notes of the tits and jay,
And owls when shadows darken.

Chorus: So scouts, etc.

CHAPTER VIII

SCOUTING

ALTHOUGH his interest in the Hostel's other activities never waned, it was in the Scout Movement pre-eminently that George found his opportunity for presenting to boys the highest ideals of chivalry in the most attractive setting.

There was much, too, in Scoutcraft which inevitably appealed to his own heart. He himself had already learnt to find in the woods a "never-failing source of delight," and in the notes on Woodcraft which he compiled for his Scouts, he tells them how he longs to initiate them into the wonders of that study "rich in surprises and discoveries, the Joy of Birds." Scouting also brought into play an ingenuity of invention or adaptation which would be constantly planning now a device of decorated totem-poles, now a scheme of picturesque Red Indian names, and which led him to devote the evenings of his last summer holiday to the working out of a Scouting game akin to Halma, with patrol-totems of attractively coloured birds and animals as "men," and a board mapped out with copses, fields, and river.

His art and gift of music and an unexpected literary power were also pressed into service. In

spare moments of this same holiday he was busy modelling the figure of a Scout sitting on a rock, with otter and squirrel at his feet, and a woodpecker at his shoulder. The suggestion came to him perhaps from a Scouting song in John Hargrave's *Lonecraft*:

"Which is your Totem?
Carefully note him,
Mimic him, quote him,
If he's your Totem
Honour his skill!"

Occasionally he would amuse himself by writing plays for his boys to perform. For the Wolf Cubs he composed a Revue, whose first scene is given in extract on a later page, introducing the Walla Zims,[1] a fierce cannibal tribe, a man-eating tiger called Thunderguts, and a Princess and her maid who are rescued by a chivalrous Scout with the aid of some wolf cubs, whose rallying-cry he has learnt in reward for extracting a thorn from a cub's foot.

For his Scouts, too, he wrote a short sketch illustrating the duty of courtesy to foreigners and other virtues of the Scout Law, and weaving in his uncle's story of the French master's withering reply to an impudent boy at school: "Sir, you are to me no longer a gentleman, and if I meet you in the street, I say 'Dere goes blackguard!'"

Sometimes he employed stories to bring home the lessons which he sought to teach, and in an

[1] "Walla Walla Zim! Walla Walla Zim! Zim! Bang! Hurray!" was the war-cry of the Hostel Scouts.

allegory called "The Tarnished Door" he contrasts the busy, happy alertness of the true Scout with the bored purposeless life of the "slacker." In his dream he pictures himself in uniform on a white road, battling with a blinding storm of dust, and at length reaching a sunlit sheltered valley. The many tracks in the deep dust at first mystify him, but as he follows to discover whither they lead, he comes upon two huge doors, one of brass, the other of steel, set in a high wall of rough stonework. The brass door stands ajar and is in sad neglect: once, brilliant and attracting, it must have flashed merrily in the sun, but it is now tarnished and fast turning black. The steel door is firmly shut: strong and workmanlike, with a dull oily polish, it is clearly tended with constant and loving care, as though it were an old friend. As he listens at this closed steel door, his ear catches a confused murmur of happy shouts within. The brazen door offers an easier entrance, and swings open with an ugly shriek from its unoiled hinges. A babel of coarse undisciplined yells and jeers greets him, and he makes his way up a grass-grown drive towards a knot of Scouts lolling in the shade. When close beside them, the biggest boy slouches up with hands in pockets and surlily asks his business. They themselves, they tell him, were set to guard the gate, but the shade here is cooler: scouting games may be all very well for the "kids" over the wall, but personally they are bored to death with the park, and camp, and life in general. . . No, their uniforms are

not very smart: but they were given them free of charge, and they can easily get new ones. With a sigh of relief he swings the brass gate behind him, and following the track leading to the steel gate, knocks, and on entering is greeted by a smart patrol, drawn up at the alert. In answer to their leader's polite question, he asks wonderingly the meaning of the joyful shouts which he has heard. "I suppose it is because we are having the time of our lives—we have been saving up for our holiday all the winter, and now it seems too good to be true," and his patrol joins in his happy laugh. "Of course we have to work and do our share of things, but we shall have our turn off to-morrow and some game or other—it's fine fun—and then the sing-songs round the camp-fire—simply ripping! . . . Yes, we *have* to take care of our uniforms, or go without: it was a long job saving up for them, but now they are our own, and it's fine to think we are not dependent on the Troop." That is the right spirit, he tells them, and he is no longer surprised at their smartness. "Oh, I don't know about that! We *mean* to be smart before we've done!" With a smile at his word of thanks, the leader sees him to the gate and salutes. The steel door swings to noiselessly on its well-oiled hinges, and he is left alone standing in the soft white dust, staring thoughtfully at the two great doors.

George's relations with the 23rd N.E. London Maurice Hostel Troop of Scouts are thus described

by his friend and Scoutmaster, the Rev. M. D'Arcy Collins.

"I cannot remember the date, but I think it was early in 1912 that Russell and I, over one of those delightful roll and marmalade lunches at Noel Street, persuaded George Sedding to add Scouting to his other work at the Maurice Hostel in Hoxton. Though he hesitated at first, he finally gave in, and a week had not passed before we realized that we had found a never-ending source of inspiration. As was his way with everything, he took it up with astonishing thoroughness, and his wealth of ideas sometimes left us gasping.

"For a long time he instructed some of the Scouts in metal work, and was examiner for the Metal Worker's badge in the district. He was always devoted to natural history, and many were the collections of wild flowers which he encouraged and which he helped to sort out and name and press into books.

"The things that he did would fill a volume to record, and they were not only in connection with the Maurice Hostel Scouts. A beautiful plaque, designed by him and made under his supervision by the Scouts, stands as a lasting memorial of him over the door of the St. Saviour's Scout Headquarters, Hoxton; and a banner designed by him for the Chapel Tent of the St. Columba's Troop will keep his memory green in the most precious moments of many Scout Camps.

"And it was in Camp that he was in his element. He loved the atmosphere of Camp even in the

midst of war. I have by me, as I write, a little article he wrote while in Flanders about a Camp Fire, which shows that the atmosphere of a camp fire, on a summer night, was almost sacred to him. And his letters were always certain to contain some reference to a bivouac in an orchard or wood, where with his billy and a fire he cooked his own meals and played the game of scouting right up to the end.

"At first we were inclined to rag him about the elaborateness of his preparations. That was in the very early days when we in our ignorance thought that by aspiring to the heights of discomfort in Camp the life of the true backwoodsman was achieved. But we soon found out our mistake. And when he slept in comfort while we tossed about half-frozen one bitterly cold Easter Camp, we learned to respect and envy his wonderful red blanket with its tapes and buttons, which made it a sleeping-bag. And we were the first to rush to his tent, drawn thither by the irresistible smell of coffee which he had cooked on the previously despised Primus stove. We have never been without a Primus in Camp since.

"Wonderful were the scouting games he invented: blood-curdling were the stories of his Indian and other adventures with panthers and snakes and pirates and poachers and ghosts: delicious were the stews that he made with minute rabbits that he shot with a rifle at Great Gaddesden: heroic was the virtue which impelled him alone to shave every morning with a safety razor,

while we grew beards. I think he must have charmed that razor into cutting for him: I tried it once and it pulled out the hairs one by one.

"Camp will never be the same without him. But year by year as we sing the same old songs round the Camp Fire under the sky, which he liked to think of as the carpet of heaven, with the stars for holes through which we caught a glimpse of the glory within,[1] we will think of him and know that he is thinking of us."

The following sketch to which his friend refers was written from France, shortly after reaching the Front:

The Camp Fire.

"June, that month of birds, flowers, and early fruit, always makes me think of Camp and all it signifies. A whiff of acrid wood-smoke is often enough for the purpose: for, like the rattle of a child's kaleidoscope, it brings together all those bright small pieces—little odd vivid patches of green, red and blue, that match those joyful recollections and happy thoughts which go to form the memory of our 'open-air' week, now a thing of the past. But the centre and life of every encampment is its red and glowing heart, the fire—a few stout logs burning busily with their hungry licking flames, a pile of crimson ash and soft grey powder, a thin column of sweet wood-smoke rising steadily to the tree-tops. This is the wayfarer's welcome.

[1] *Scouting for Boys*, by Sir R. Baden-Powell.

"During the day that fire is the centre of every activity—from early morning when the porridge bubbles and bacon hisses, to that last kettleful of water for evening cocoa. Then comes that wonderful hour before 'lights out,' when the night throws its dark mantle around one, and realities are not. Then you squat—one on a log, others on box or 'dixie'—with the red light on your faces, to sing and talk with a strange thrill of peace and exultation in your heart. Soon come those precious moments before sleep claims you, when warm and cosy in your blankets, you look up through the spreading branches to catch a glimpse, between their dark network, of the sky ablaze with stars. I think a tree never takes a character to itself so quickly or distinctly as when you have lain at its foot for a night or two, and followed its towering column of trunk to the clouds.

"There is likewise the joy of listening to the artillery of a wild night. The wind drives on like a pack of wolves, howling and yelling in mighty gusts, while the branches overhead sway and thrash in a deep-toned roar.

"After sleep, réveillé. And what a réveillé it is. Not the harsh blazing notes of the bugle, but first a little tentative trill or flute-like trickle of melody; then, before you know where you are, the full orchestra of the sky, trees, and hedges bursts out with the sun in a glorious symphony of bird-song—thrush, rook, blackbird, robin, blackcap, and wren—all singing their little hearts out in the

wonderful praise of another day. The music gradually ceases while the choristers seek their breakfast, and you drop off to sleep again, dimly conscious of light and life, of music and the scent of flowers, while a gentle breeze springs up and fans you on the cheek. An hour later you get up and rake away a pile of soft grey ash from your friend the fire, heaping on a few dry twigs, and behold he leaps to greet you in a welcome warmth of flame! You feed him craftily with sticks, until there is a cheerful crackling blaze, good enough to cook any dish of tea. There are few things to touch a good camp-fire."

The first scene of the Revue, to which reference has already been made, is here added in extract. It would not perhaps be difficult to trace the sources from which ideas or expressions have been borrowed, yet there is much that is no less clearly characteristic of the play of his own mind.

A Wolf Cub Revue.

The opening scene reveals the grey forms of twelve wolf cubs asleep in their den. As the dawn breaks and the light streams in through the rocky mouth of the cavern, birds begin to sing and the cries of wild beasts are heard from the jungle beyond.

"Go it, the 'Spurs! Go it, the 'Spurs—goal!" murmurs a dreaming cub, lashing out with his paw into his sleeping neighbour's back.

"Bones and Gristle! Can't you let a chap be

for once in a way ? Football, football, morning, noon and night !" (rubs back).

"Dreaming of you, that's what I'd do !" (sings).

"Oh, shut it ! besides, what's the good of the 'Spurs ? now *Chelsea*——"

They then set out cautiously to stalk a mouse (drawn by cotton from the wings) which has been attracted by the bones littered on the cave-floor.

"The worst of this Big Game Stalking is that it's so nerve-racking and back-aching !"

"And good for your waistcoat-buttons !" (*sotto voce*).

"Now then, Roosevelt ; not a breath, not a quaver, not a demi-semi-quaver !—are you ready ? Get on your marks—*Allegro*, *vivace*, *con brio*—rush him, you idiot !"

They jump together, knock each other over, and the mouse escapes between them.

"There now, you silly cuckoo, look what you've done !"

"Oh, my poor head !" (rubbing) "Oh—oh—talk about Hearts of Oak—I wish you'd mind your upper branches !"

"Never mind if it *is* a bit soft ! Let's have some fun with these slackers."

"Right oh !" (they tie several of the sleeping cubs' tails together).

"Now then, wake up, you frowsters ! You're burning daylight. Fire ! fire !"

Great confusion ensues as the pack awake : "Here, I say, mind my tail !" etc. When they

have with difficulty sorted themselves, one cub creates a diversion by beginning to scratch himself violently.

"Bother this eczema—life's little worries—Boy, forward with that specific!"

A cub comes in with a huge tin of Keating.

"Stand by, you chaps!"

They seize sticks, the cub sprinkles powder on him; immediately the surrounding cubs hit out wildly, chasing "things" about the stage, hitting each other's toes, and ending in a free fight.

"Well, you *are* lads, I must say! All the quarry hath escaped, quotha!"

A letter describing his adventures with a Lady Scoutmaster and his hopes for the coming Camp, was written to his brother at the end of July, just before the War:

"I hope you are having a prosperous voyage. I went to see Petrie's Egyptian jewellery, which was 'very fine, sir.' While I was looking at a case, a lady came up and waved her arm at me. I stared and she did it again, but then I saw she was saluting me! She was the Scoutmistress of the —— Troop! I have made up two or three more little songs. I went to see Travers' window this afternoon. Coll is coming to tea to-morrow, and we are arranging camp-business."

When War was declared shortly afterwards, George at first offered himself to take charge of Scout patrols protecting reservoirs and on coast-guard duty. A thrilling story of a German sub-

marine appeared in the Troop magazine from his pen, and the following lines, however roughly finished, from a poem which he wrote for his Scouts, show how deeply he realized that the Scout's opportunity had indeed come :

"There's value in a cheerful face,
Your very bearing's watch'd :
And if despondent now you seem
Or slouch, or slack, or play and dream—
Alert !

We've got to do our level best,
We've got to give up thought of self,
Our very utmost try to help
The Nation ! "

ON THE MARCH.

We swing along a dusty throng
With roving eye and fitful song :
Weird coloured hankies deck our brow,
Enough to scare the mildest cow!

The sun beats down, the dust swirls up,
It matters not, we're trained and tough :
We carry half a hundredweight
And call it curious names of hate.

We have a halt—oh, now and then!
(We'd like to tell the General when),
Our pack comes off in feverish haste—
Then oranges or bloater-paste.

We like to wave to window'd maid
(She's sometimes ugly, I'm afraid!),
But when she's pretty, oh, what bliss!
We bowing smile, and blow a kiss.

And so we march 'midst chaff and song—
Some miles are short and some are long :
But if they're stiff and all uphill,
Let's take it out of Kaiser Bill!

CHAPTER IX

MILITARY TRAINING

After waiting for a while, with some of his fellow Scoutmasters, to see what was the most helpful course to follow, at the end of August George determined to enlist in the Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers. Finding this recruiting office closed, he went to the nearest one then open, which proved to be that of the Norfolk Regiment. "This is an anniversary," he wrote to his sister from France on August 29th of the following year; "I was in the recruiting office this time last year. What a lot has happened since!"

Early the next day, which was a Sunday, he was in Whitehall with a homely brown paper parcel under his arm, and was sent at once to Norfolk. A few days later he was moved to Shorncliffe, where he remained in training till the end of the year. At Christmas he was home on leave for a short time owing to an attack of malaria, the germs of which had been dormant since his visit to India in the previous year. On rejoining he was transferred to Littlestone-on-Sea, and later to Wokingham, finally completing his training at Aldershot before crossing to France.

Some idea of the life at Shorncliffe during those

first weeks under canvas and in crowded huts, may be gathered from scattered references in his letters.

"We are over sixty in our room at present (built for twenty-four!)," he writes to his brother in November, "we hope to be in huts in fourteen days or so. We have had a very jolly day to-day. It was a lovely day and we had a priceless bathe—not bad for November 6th!"

In a letter to his sister he encloses a photograph of the members of his tent. They are still in "civies," and are men of varied trades and occupations; one is a bank clerk, another an engineer, while a third is introduced as "a most amusing Irishman." "We look so clean," he explains, "because we had just got ready for a jaunt down town."

Shortly after enlisting, George applied for special instruction in scouting and signalling, for which his former training with the Hostel Troop seemed naturally to fit him. "Your nephew is doing very well," his officer wrote in October to Miss Tinling, "he is an excellent Scout, and is also a Signaller."

The two following letters speak of his interest in his work, and of the use to which he was able to put the shooting practice of former summer holidays with a miniature rifle on the Berry Down lawn. They also mention for the first time "another Scoutmaster," Edward Coe, who became henceforward his special friend, and whose companionship in France he so much valued.

Shorncliffe.

To his Aunt, Miss Tinling.

"It is most kind of you to offer to send me a blanket; but I am glad to say we have two each now, and are quite warm at night, especially now we are in barracks. There are sixty men in our platoon. I have only had one chance of shooting with a Service rifle at present, and scored 5 inners, or 15 out of 20. Last night I practised on a small range in the town and made a good card. The proprietor wanted me to sign it, and keep it for his gallery! It is very easy to shoot with a small rifle though. I am learning signalling now, and we have a very good time in the afternoons. I and another Scoutmaster go off on our own and signal to the class. There are lots of rumours about where we are going. One is that we are to finish our training over the other side, and go over in six weeks' time, but you can't believe anything you hear.

Jan. 10. *Littlestone-on-Sea.*

To his Sister.

"This is a very jolly place. I was met at the station, and my parcels were carried up for me. After a walk of about half a mile in the dark we came to our abode. There are thirty-one of us here, and it is a large lodging-house, but quite a nice one. We have got a mattress on the floor, and sleep thuswise (diagram). The meals are really splendid: a nice sit-down meal, and a tablecloth.

We weren't allowed to go to Church this morning, as only 150 out of each Company could go. So Forsyth and I had a jolly walk along the sands for 1½ hours or so, and then I arranged my belongings. I am sending back a parcel of odd clothes which I don't want, as I have too many things here, and must reduce stock. We are on our own now, signalling, which is very good. Coe is well, and I am going to spend the evening with him. I have just heard some curlew, and there are a lot of duck about."

Mention has already been made of a gift of inventiveness which George seemed to possess, which had served him well in fishing and scouting days. Such a gift soon found its opportunity in his new task of signalling, and early in January he was already corresponding about a patent for an invention which he had devised to meet an obvious need in his work.

The invention[1] took the form of an "illuminated writing-pad" of pocket size, designed to provide a convenient surface for writing despatches at any time, and also a source of light for reading and writing messages at night. The pad is of box form, and supplied with a small dry battery and lamp bulb beneath a transparent sheet of celluloid. On the inner side of the khaki cover which buttons over the box there is a pocket for writing material, or in its place flaps may be fitted, which can be

[1] The Portable Writing Appliance and Illuminated Writing Pad, at the A. and N. Stores, and at the Portable Electric Light Company, 120, Shaftesbury Avenue.

swung out to form side-screens when the pad is being used by night in warfare. The lamp-bulb within the box gives out sufficient light to penetrate both the transparent celluloid tablet and also the writing material placed upon it, thus making the writer independent of all external light.

The papers relating to the patent were only finally completed after George's death, but the many letters which passed between him and the firm in whose hands the invention was placed, during his months of training and active service, prove the interest which he took in the execution of his design.

During the latter stages of training, when long marches were undertaken and nights were spent under canvas, experience gained in Scout camps also proved of great value, and enabled him to sleep undisturbed under conditions which to others might only have brought discomfort. "People talk of roughing it in camp," says the Chief Scout, speaking of the art of campaigning,[1] "but there is no roughing it for an old Scout; he knows how to make himself quite comfortable."[2]

April 22. *Eversley.*

To his Sister.

"We are at Eversley, but go back to Aldershot to-morrow. We have been having a very strenuous time on the whole. We have slept out two nights, preferring that to crowded, stuffy tents.

[1] *The Wolf Cub's Handbook*, p. 95.

[2] See letter of Oct. 4th, from the battlefield of Loos.

Once in a dry ditch, and last night in a nice little place under a holly-tree. We cleared out the prickly leaves and put down beech-leaves and bracken and screened it a bit with pine-branches. Quite a cosy place! I have been given an Army shirt, so don't get another one yet. Who sent me the things from the Stores? They came in just at the right moment and were much appreciated."

A letter written amongst the heather describes a hot march followed by an attack at early dawn, in the final days of training before he left for France.

May 6. *On the heather.*

TO HIS SISTER.

"Many happy returns of the day. I am sorry this won't reach you actually on the day. We went out this morning at 9.30 a.m. and are due back to-morrow at 12 or so.

"4.30 a.m. We have just finished an attack through a wood in the dim dawn, and they are digging themselves in. We hope to be back for breakfast at 7. It was frightfully hot yesterday on the march. We had to put our handkerchiefs behind our caps to save our necks. The chocolate, acid drops, and gingerbread have been invaluable: they just came in right. There is just a chance I may be able to get up this week. I have put in for a pass for Sunday only, but if I get it I shall slope up on Saturday afternoon or evening, if I can. There is a Scotch mist getting up."

Throughout this military training George owed much to the kind hospitality of friends, and to none more than to Canon Evelyn Gardiner and his wife, at whose house soldiers stationed at or near Folkestone were always welcome. Here, away from the crowded life of the barracks, George was able to find the atmosphere of home, and to enjoy the unwonted luxuries of bath and piano. "We feel bereft without you and the sound of the bath," wrote Canon Gardiner, when George was moved to Littlestone. It is through Canon Gardiner's kindness that it is possible to give the following picture of the life at Shorncliffe :

"Soon after the War broke out Folkestone became full of soldiers, and Kitchener's Army was a familiar sight in our streets. From all parts of England there came thousands of young men to the Camp at Shorncliffe for training, to fit themselves for the new life that awaited them at the Front, and among them one afternoon arrived George Elton Sedding. I had known his parents many years ago, and was very glad indeed of an opportunity of welcoming him to our home. He was attached to the Norfolks, and was for some time quartered in one of the many barracks in Shorncliffe. His time was much occupied with his duties as a soldier, but he usually had some spare time after 5 o'clock, and on two or three evenings in the week generally spent some hours with us. He was a good musician, and we often used to find him at the piano when we came home. Some of the time he spent in enjoying a bath—a

great luxury when you are living with eight or nine men in a tent. At that time their quarters were very crowded, as the huts which were in process of building were not yet completed, and the life must have been one of considerable hardship to one brought up as he had been. Later on, when he was moved into barracks, the crowd was even greater; there was no room between the beds, and his companions were men whose tastes and ideas, and whose very language, differed very radically from his own.

"But through all these months of training, his character grew in strength and sweetness, and in every soldier-like quality. He would sometimes tell me of the difficulty of the barrack-room talk and of the scenes he would sometimes witness,[1] but yet he never flinched from his original intention with which he had enlisted. Many of his friends applied as time went on for a commission, but he always felt that he could do more good and be of more use where he was, and he was too keen a soldier to let the thought of personal comfort or the mere pleasure of higher rank interfere with the end he had in view.

"Many men of his battalion came in to tea on Sunday afternoons, and some of them would talk to me sometimes of the help George's example was to them—not, I think, so much by his words as by what he was in himself, the strength of his character, founded as it was upon a living faith,

[1] It is significant that, in his Bible, 1 Peter iv. 4 and 19 are marked with the date, January 9, 1915.

impressing itself upon all that was best amongst them.

"His was a singularly artistic nature, taking an intense interest in Natural History, and seeing all that was beautiful around him. This gift enabled him, too, to appreciate all that was beautiful in ritual, seeing as he did the Unseen through the seen, and gave him power to face all the dangers that might lie before him. It was a life of transparent clearness, with nothing about it small or mean: straightforward, keen, ready to do his utmost in all branches of his training, and to fit himself for whatever awaited him on the other side.

"The memory of his few months amongst us will never leave us. Above all, the consciousness that there went in and out among us one who was true to all that was highest and best, and who made life a higher and purer thing to those amongst whom he was thrown."

IN THE TRENCHES.

From out my little narrow V
A wide expanse I see,
An azure arc diaphanous—
That's all the view for me.

Upon this blue and lovely "field,"
'Tis very strange to say,
Some savage fights are waged aloft
By 'planes that rock and sway.

Or shrieking shells go hurtling up
With Death in balls of cloud
Wind-driven—down the shrapnel seethes
In showers hissing loud.

There's music too—a sweet-voiced lark
Has braved the wind-swept sky,
And soaring up pours forth his song
Though human hate's so nigh.

My narrow cleft is lined with shelves,
The shelves are lined with men:
You scan their characters like books,
How, where you like, and when.

CHAPTER X

AT THE FRONT

(1) PLOEGSTEERT.

From the diary of his friend, Corporal Edward Coe, it appears that on May 28th George and eight fellow-signallers received orders to proceed to France, as a cyclists' advance-guard of the battalion. On the following day they left Farnborough for the coast. The crossing to France was made at night under the escort of two destroyers. On landing the following morning, they went on by cattle-truck to the point at which the remainder of the Battalion were to join them. At Lumbres they all disentrained, and marched out to Quelnes, at which village the cyclists were billeted in a cowshed. Here water proved to be scarce, and the diary notes the invention of the "water-bottle wash."

June 1.

To the Rev. D'Arcy Collins.

"We are in a jolly little village in sound of the firing-line, and sleep in a cowshed, just nine of us. We had a splendid night in spite of the rats, which

I, personally, wasn't listening for. We had a very good voyage. I was in an advance-party. We went over at night under escort. The horses were just above us in the hold, but we slept through all the row. On landing we were put into roofed-in cattle-trucks—40 per truck. We could just sit down. We were twenty-four hours in these things, getting some *café noir et cognac* in the morning. Then we had a march of three miles to this place. Last night Coe, Sergeant and I had a jolly little supper—eggs from the inn on toast with bully-beef, jam, French bread, and cocoa. We soon had a fire going, like good Scouts! The weather is A1, and I am writing this in a shady orchard."

Four days later, they marched on to Renescure, bivouacking in a field. The following day, after a hot march, they reached Merris in the early afternoon, and slept in the open.

June 5.

To his Sister.[1]

"We are on the march. I am writing this by the roadside. We slept out last night, and I had a splendid night. We actually had fried pork and chips for supper last night—*très bon!* Can you send me some *tabac?* It is pretty hot marching with our packs; but we have bikes, so that makes it easier. We are all very fit."

[1] The following letters, except where another name is mentioned, are addressed to his sister.

The next morning, starting at 5.30, the battalion marched to Bailleul. From Bailleul George was sent on ahead with Coe to Armentières, where they were billeted at Headquarters in a hay loft.

June 8.

"We had a tremendous march yesterday in a hot sun; however, there was a jolly pond in which I had a good bathe. Things are getting more interesting now: a Zeppelin was shelled last night, and this morning a French aeroplane was going over and had got a little beyond us, when suddenly five shells burst quite close to it, and every now and then five more would be sent over; they all missed, though.

"I have just got hold of some oranges at 1½d. each; they were excellent. One's grub and drink loom very large nowadays—also a wash and shave. I am now writing this in a café quite near the firing-line. There has been some street fighting here at one time, and one sees the bullet-marks on the doors and shutters—quite realistic. I have just had such a nice hair-cut and shave, and feel civilized for once. Everybody is in the best of form, and relations between the various ranks are very different to what they used to be."

Here at Armentières, telephone-communication was established with Brigade Headquarters. Six days later they marched on in the early morning to a farm near Ploegsteert, which was now to become the Battalion Headquarters.

June 15.

"We are having a very jolly time, as we seven or so are on the Headquarters Staff, and are on our own—no little parades to keep you busy, but our own work. We have moved out of our billets and are practically in the firing-line, or just behind it. One or two of us have been having a look round—it all seems very comfortable. We communication-section have a little dugout on our own, I believe, with steps going down and boarded up. We are beginning to find ourselves quite people of importance—most amusing after our other experiences! It is rather noisy when our own shells whizz overhead. They make a row as if some one was tearing a piece of canvas in jerks: then one hears a series of dull thuds, and looking up one sees an aeroplane the size of a dragon-fly, surrounded by little flecks of white like powder-puffs, till the wind blows them out in streaky curves.

"I received two very splendiferous parcels from Fortnum and Mason's. I had just come in from a very hot ride of fifteen miles over awful roads, and as I was having my stew in the loft, up came a big parcel with some delicious pears for my pudding! Then we had nothing for breakfast this morning, so I went round to the quartermaster and got him to let us have some bacon and tea, bought some bread at the farm, another chap supplied half a tin of 'posie' (jam), and we sprinkled cream on it and had a splendid meal. Campaigning is an amusing game. Three of

us slept in a big, narrow, high-sided wagon last night, and I am sitting writing in it now. 'Where my caravan has rested'—in a lot of queer places lately!"

June 16.

To Mrs. Gordon Ives.

"The weather has been tremendously hot for marching. We are close to things now, and have been in the firing-line, but everything is so quiet that the whole thing is a picnic at present. The Germans turn machine-guns on the roads, etc., every now and then, and yesterday the shells came pretty close; but nobody pays any attention to them, and one sees small children calmly sitting on doorsteps eating their slice of bread and jam, within 1,000 yards of the firing-line. I am writing this in a deep, narrow wagon, which made a splendid *wagon-lit* last night, and now acts as dining-room and study. An aeroplane had an exciting time last night sailing over the German lines. Shells were bursting in bright flashes all round it, and it had to dodge about to escape them. French is coming along all right, though one friend of mine had rather a set-back the other day, when the woman, to whom he was trying to talk, asked him to say it in English, as she could understand him better!"

On June 20 the Battalion marched back to their former billet at Armentières. Coe's diary notes typical disturbances to slumber:

"10.30 p.m. Chicken persists in walking on my face. Throw things at it. Finally got up and charged the enemy, and scattered his tail-feathers."

June 27.

"We have been here a week and don't quite know when we shall go to the trenches again. I hear there will be a chance to make many pets in the dugouts, which contain among other things lizards, frogs and toads. I shall specialize in toads, I think; they are most useful little animals!

"It is most picturesque round here, with some fine old churches and buildings; I wish I could get into them, but I seldom get the opportunity. The gardens are full of great clumps of white Madonna lilies, and red and pink roses. One has to make trenches right across them occasionally, which seems a great pity. I have just come back from a Celebration in the General's garden; the birds were singing all round one, and the guns growling away in the distance.

"We are going to bathe shortly in the canal. I usually manage to get a hot bath at my washer-woman's. It is rather curious going down to bathe with a rifle, ammunition, smoke helmet and respirator!"

The following day the Battalion marched to Romarin, on the Belgian frontier. Coe describes in his diary some of the problems with which a N.C.O. is confronted:

"Have to draw and serve out rations for Hqrs. company. What a job it is! 19 tins of jam for 50 men. What a problem!"

June 29.

"We have moved up nearer the fighting-line and are now in new billets. We first had a lean-to outside a barn, so we cleared out all the straw and put down willow-branches for a bed, took a door off its hinges for a front, and generally made it cosy. Then we received an order to take out a wire to Companies, so off we went and tried to find a place for telephone quarters. In one place we found a wood-shed full up, so I piled up a few odd things, made a table and seat, and discovered an old door to a fowl-house, covered with wire netting; this I laid on some tree-trunks, and it makes a delicious spring-mattress. The only objection to this place is that it is simply swarming! There are many welcoming notices to that effect by former tenants!"

"Some of the mice are quite white in this shed. The weather is rather uncertain, we get heavy showers now and again. There are three of us here, myself and two privates, and we do the work in three-hour shifts. I saw some fine star-shells last night. We are doing better with our rations now, as we are on our own and have our own cook, being all together at Headquarters."

On the morning of July 1, the Battalion left for the trenches, and relieved the W. Kents in the midst of a German artillery bombardment.

July 2.

To Mrs. Gordon Ives.

"Thank you so much for the 'Muscabane.' It has been most useful and saved me many a muttered exclamation during my afternoon nap! It's a very good smell too. We have been in the firing-line again this week, and believe we have some of the Prussian Guard opposite us. At the present moment I can't hear a shot—it might be peace time. I have a very nice little office, with table and chair. The weather is glorious, just yachting-weather, with a nice breeze and bright sun. Our friends over the way sent over an 8 in. shell yesterday, which did some unpleasantness. They are plugging away at our parapet now—only a few snipers though, and they do no harm. Your *Punch* is very much appreciated, and goes the round as usual. Our bunks here are curious: just a little narrow shelf on which two lie, head-to-toe, with an eye to one another's boots. We expect to be around here for a month or so, and then there are rumours of leave. It is certainly something to look forward to. We often have long discussions on the niceties of 'civie' dress. Some of the fellows' 'beau-ideals' are most amusing, consisting of black plush hats, white flannels, and *black* patent-leather shoes!"

July 4.

"Here am I sitting in the trenches at last! It has taken time, hasn't it? I am at the present moment sitting in a dugout with two other chaps.

We are quite comfortable except for the flies which are buzzing all round, and the close proximity of a German! We had quite an exciting time getting into position, as shells were coming over pretty frequently—however, we are as safe as houses now.

"I am just going to make a nice cup o' tea, with the last lot you sent me. The canteen is on now, resting on two old bayonets over a biscuit-tin filled with coke. There are crowds of birds here all around, I suppose attracted by the flies—blackcaps, whitethroats, etc., singing hard. The cooker answers splendidly, and boiled my water in six minutes! I am on the 'phone now from 6-9, and again to-morrow morning 3-6. We have been quite busy to-day with messages. The name of this abode is labelled 'The Rabbits' Den.' We all live a rodent's life here except for the vegetables! No more news. Am very fit."

July 4.

To the Rev. R. Hyde.

"Things are going along all right, but a bit slow at present. There may be some fun to-night, however, as the anniversary of the war. We seem to have got rather a reputation for our rapid fire out here; other troops have even written home about it. The Prussian Guard are probably opposite us now. They stick up yellow and black flags, and if we miss them, signal 'wash-outs.' I had rather a treat last night. I was sitting in my dugout, on the 'phone, at 2.30 a.m., very

sleepy and bored, when sweet strains were wafted along the wires. They had switched us on to Brigade Hqrs., where they had a gramophone. We had Gilbert and Sullivan and various songs—quite a pleasant change to the buzz of innumerable flies, and intermittent shooting."

July 8.

"The Germans make very bad shooting with their shells: one goes on with one's tea or washing quite casually. The snipers use explosive bullets, which make a sharp crack as they explode. The birds are very jolly here; they sing splendidly in the evening."

On July 9 the diary describes a "little organized hate," to which George also alludes in his letter the following day.

"8.15 p.m. Order comes through on 'phone that officer must stay on 'phone after 8.29. 8.25: Adjutant comes on the scene. 8.30: one shell fired at Germans, the signal for—absolute hell. Guns firing, rifles, machine-guns, and everything else. Lasted for 15 min., then the enemy's shrapnel began to fly over. All this was merely a little hate organized by the artillery."

July 10.

IN REST BILLETS.

"Just having a little excitement. I am on the 'phone now, and suddenly there was a report, and an old bullet came whizzing through—a sentry,

I suppose, on the jumps. We have come back from the actual firing-line now, and are resting a bit. It has been quite an experience and I have enjoyed it, in spite of discomforts and want of sleep. We gave the Germans a minute's hate last night, guns and rifles going full tilt. Then we told them what we thought of them, and sang appropriate songs. It was very good fun. I was on the 'phone under cover, but the ground rocked when the shells got near the breastworks. One heard all that was going on, casualties, etc. One lot of wire got cut by shrapnel, and two of our fellows ran out with a line to Hqrs.—jolly plucky of them. They got into touch again in a very short time. I like that vermijelly stuff, and think it is doing the trick. These beastly 'creepy-crawlies' are the worst things we have; however, I think I have taken their measure now with this vermijelly and Keating galore! Then comes smells! Otherwise, campaigning, as I find it, is really good sport—miles better than Aldershot.

"They are plugging away in the distance at rapid fire. This is a very jolly spot—I mustn't describe it. We are in a sort of canvas hut with a glorious lot of room to stretch in, and no bother about head-contusions! It is now 11.15 p.m., and I come off at 12 (8—12) for a good sleep. I have two men in my station and an orderly supplied by the company. Everybody is exceedingly nice to us; it isn't always the case in a strange company. We fired some mines last night. The solid earth rocked like thick treacle!

Hang these mosquitoes! By-the-by, 'Orders is orders,' and I am growing a moustache!"

July 10.

To Mrs. Gordon Ives.

"We have had a very nice rest-week here, and are just off again into the trenches. I hear we shall have a nice clean dugout, and perhaps not so many flies. A man sleeping opposite to us the other day, came out of his dugout looking rather worried, and told me that he had come to the conclusion that it was a bad thing to sleep with your mouth open, as he had found two flies in it when he woke up! The country is looking very jolly just now. All the corn is ripe and being cut, and a great many of the larger brightly coloured butterflies have hatched out. We had a splendid exhibition of flying last night. It was extraordinary how our man dodged the shells. They fired about a hundred at him. A German machine went up, but went home as soon as it saw our fellow coming."

Under the date July 12, Coe has an interesting reference to spies:

"Suspicious behaviour of civilians who live in our part of the farm. Too many pigeons flying about for my liking. Captain remarks that that was probably the reason why the farm had not been shelled. Have received orders (British) to pack up and clear off."

July 12.

"We have been having a quiet time lately out of the trenches, and move back still further soon. There are lots of wild strawberries about here and jolly honeysuckle and willow-herb or rose-bay, I don't know which it is. It is nice being able to buy eggs again. We had a delicious Sunday lunch yesterday, thanks to you. P.S.—Just received your splendid post. A lot of people were very envious. . . . Just been playing rounders at Hqrs. Good-night."

July 16.

To the Rev. E. F. Russell.

"I have heard from Dorothy of your most kind gift. Thank you very much indeed. You can picture us, myself and the two men in my station, sitting up in our dugout, with the roof a few inches above our heads, partaking of a most excellent meal—bully-beef and biscuits looking most disconsolate in a corner. Sometimes two parcels synchronize, and then we add course to course in a most reckless disregard of precedent! Out here one begins to realize how much this is a war of shovel and shell. At present it is all artillery and fatigue-parties. There is a lot of rifle-fire, of course, but the spent bullets and the snipers' explosive ones are the only dangers. It is certainly very eerie to hear the bullets go whining on their way or rushing through the trees at night. We have been having some coal-boxes

over lately. Our gunners make wonderful practice. I am afraid our present furniture would hardly be welcomed in most drawing-rooms. Our tables and chairs consist of boxes containing enough ammunition to slaughter thousands of Huns. I am sending you a little souvenir from a neighbouring village, where one gets eggs. I have eaten thousands since I joined the Army, and even in greater numbers since we came across. Our allies the barndoor fowls seem to have risen to the occasion in a wonderful manner! They are certainly doing their 'bit.' We have quite a good game of rounders in the evenings here. It is great fun. I must write to Ted now; I shall just have time before I am relieved, at 3 a.m."

July 16.

To his Brother.

"We have been in the thick of it for some time now, and are getting experienced in all the sights and sounds of war. We are a very lucky regiment, having few casualties, and if buildings are shelled, it is always after we have left them, and some one else gets the dose. There is a good deal of fatigue-party work, but we are not on it; we just plug away at three hours on and three hours off, night and day, and keep communication between companies. I have two men with me in my station, and we really have quite a good time. Spent bullets are beginning to swish about a bit! One came right through the hut the other night; it is quite creepy hearing them whine past in the

dark, or rustle through the trees or bushes! The coal-boxes kick up no end of a row: they come shrieking up the sky on a chromatic scale, crescendo, crescendo—then, *Bang!* with a deep hollow roar—very bad shooting, though. Some of our fellows go rumbling leisurely down the sky, with their hands in their pockets, and you hear them explode in the distance with a noise like the deep note of a Chinese gong—they are always on the spot, though."

About the same date. To the same.

"I have been amusing myself by trying to write some verses. I send you a booklet for criticism! Also, I wrote a little prayer last night, which I enclose.[1] There are such a lot of stray bullets about that you want something of the sort to repeat and think of on occasions. I was able to bike over to a Celebration about three weeks or so ago; but we have had nothing since. There is only one chaplain to a Brigade! The flowers are rather jolly, honeysuckle, rose-bay, and meadow-sweet; also a lot of wild strawberries, and, as I came along, a bit of blackberry already! My gossamer ground-sheet[2] has come in very usefully as a cape. We have given up having blankets—why I don't know, as all the rest of the Brigade has them. It is just 4.30 a.m., and the birds are singing a bit. It has been a wet night."

[1] See page 192.
[2] A gift from the Rev. E. F. Russell.

July 19. *To the same.*

"It is now just 2 a.m., and I am on the 'phone as usual. This hut is packed at the present moment, and the only sounds are the deep breathing of sleeping Tommies, and the rattle of rapid fire in the distance, with the occasional boom of a trench mortar, or gun, far off down the line. Trench mortars are rather fearsome things: they make a huge boom as they explode in a sheet of flame. One exploded four yards away from our dugout the other night, blew the Captain in and blew the candle out—nobody was hurt, however! Another one knocked the neighbouring dugout to pieces and covered me with earth. I ducked in fairly quickly! I had one rather hot time laying a wire in an advanced post. The enemy took it into his head to begin shelling while I was at work with another chap, and sent over high explosive and shrapnel, while snipers kept on putting bullets through the sand-bags just above our heads, and covering us with earth. It was quite a gay little time, and we worked quickly! I believe we are to have a real rest some time soon, which will be nice."

On July 19 Coe notes the discovery that it is the Crown Prince's birthday, and the consequent expectation of an attack:

"Germans have been cutting grass in front of their trenches during the night. Very quiet evening, however. Tried to keep awake by walking up and down the dugout; knocked my head

with a crash against the roof, so gave up my promenade."

July 19.

"I heard from Arthur[1] by this post. He seems all right, and is making aluminium rings out of time-fuses, which seems quite a good idea. I am glad to say the weather has changed and is now gloriously fine again. The slightest rain turns the country into a morass—the trenches get sticky beyond words, and one's dugouts suffer accordingly. A German aeroplane got an awful dusting-down this morning about three o'clock—shells bursting all round it. It turned tail and fled for its life! We expect something to-night, as it is Little Willie's birthday; perhaps we shall give him a present or two.

"I heard a new bird this morning at daybreak; it was very tantalizing, as it was just outside, but I couldn't leave my 'phone and only had a little squint-window. It was a sort of thrush note, first a very loud liquid note or two, then that funny sort of harsh starling sound, and so on. I think the birds round here must be garden warblers, and not blackcaps: there are heaps of them. The Germs have just been turning on a machine-gun, and the bullets have come swishing over; however, we are well protected by our sandbags. We have a very jolly little dugout now, just like a tool-shed. We have plenty of sacks to lie on,

[1] Arthur Rangecroft, his apprentice, who was serving at another part of the line.

and sleep like tops. I have my longest sleep to-night for a month or so, from 10 to 8. Last night I was on duty from 12 midnight to 5.45 a.m. this morning. The name of our den is 'The Musical Box'; our last canvas hut, 'Rowton House'! One little back-breaking passage was well named 'Crouch End.' Could you enclose a small packet of Quaker Oats in your next parcel, also Symington's soup powders are excellent. Sorry to talk so much about food, but that and reading are the only things one thinks of out here!"

July 22.

To his Aunt, Miss Tinling.

"We have been in and out of trenches as usual; in fact the men prefer the trenches, as there is less fatigue work. We get various little excitements from time to time. When we were peacefully having a meal in our dugout, five or six big shells came over very low and burst 50 yards beyond us. They made a tremendous noise cutting through the air. We shift about from dugout to dugout, but are always just about there. At present we are very fortunate, and have a most comfortable place called the "Musical Box," just like a tool-shed. They dug up a big shell the other day, that had gone in slanting 25 feet into the ground and 7 feet deep; it weighed 103 lb. or so. I managed to get hold of a new tunic last week and am hoping to complete the uniform shortly. One's clothes soon wear out. I had a most glorious bath yesterday. We dug a hole and put a mackintosh

sheet in it and pegged down the sides. It acted splendidly. We had to keep a watchful eye for gnats! They are very poisonous round here, and raise huge swellings over one's hands and face."

July 23.

"I enclose a bit of St. John's wort of sorts, isn't it?[1] I picked some and stuck it in a glass jar with some crimson sorrel and hemp agrimony —is that how you spell the animal?[2] You gave me a nasty knock about my second parcel. 'Is it for a friend,' indeed! No, it is for my station, including my very greedy self! You've no idea how we like good things. It keeps us in a good temper. Bully-beef and cheese we hardly touch, and what then? It is raining hard now (12.55 a.m.). I wonder what the mud will be like to-morrow? No more now."

Undated.

"I had a jolly letter from one of my Scouts. They seem to have had a very jolly camp in a barn, and a successful raid in which Collins scragged the opposing Scoutmaster, and the whole troop sat on him till he surrendered! I wonder what that flower was I sent you the other day. I hadn't found it before. I wonder how long this old war is going to last. We are all so looking forward to the time when we can get into our 'civies' again. What fun we shall have! I expect

[1] Yellow Loosestrife.
[2] It was not quite, in the original.

we shall get blankets again when we get back to a rest camp, or wherever we are going. I haven't seen one for nearly two months now, but it is quite warm in the dugouts. Got back from the trenches all right. Had a bit of bother with an old trench-mortar before we started. It blew out our candle. Now for a good wash and clean clothes, which will be A1."

July 25.

"Two splendid parcels arrived simultaneously yesterday, and we have had a very good time of it since. I had such a nice Celebration this morning at 8 o'clock. Just one other man and a dozen officers: one of them, my old platoon-commander, came up and spoke to me afterwards, which was very decent of him. There are various rumours about, as to leave! But it won't be for several months yet. I have worked a little wangle which you may hear of in the next week or so.[1] Cousin F.'s magazine just arrived, addressed 'Pte.'—awful insult!"

The diary here has an entry referring to the excellence of George's parcels. George must have been getting quite a reputation as a connoisseur in the art of camp *cuisine*.

"Tea with Sedding. Very nice. Egg, jam and cream, followed by *des gateaux*, and glory of glories, China tea!"

[1] A device to enable his sister to discover the name of a neighbouring town.

July 29.

"By-the-by, the string is always rather loose on the parcels. It wants tightening a bit. Please tell Miss Buckley that *Land and Water* is very much appreciated, especially by our orderly here, who is much delighted that it is coming regularly. Rather a nice thing happened the other day. One of a famous body of troops near us wrote home to a friend of his in Norwich, saying that when Kitchener's Army came out first, they weren't very much impressed with them, but that on the night of our 'hate'[1] we gave them the surprise of their lives, using our rifles like machine-guns—and there wasn't another regiment to touch us! In one special corner along a ditch there is quite a fine herbaceous border—great clumps of purple willow-herb and creamy meadow-sweet alternately, with a background of big-leaved alder. I have developed quite a comfortable bed here—a sand-bag stuffed with newspaper and a large mail-bag which comes up to my arm-pits."

Date uncertain.

"I saw a nice little lot of old Wall butterflies, just hatched out, this evening. I'm very fond of 'Walls.' They remind me of Gidleigh lane. Flies are slightly better now. At our last place rather awful. Another operator said to me, 'It doesn't do to sleep with your mouth open. I found two in it this morning!'

[1] See July 9, 10.

"I hear there is an 8 o'clock Celebration to-morrow, which will be very nice. I hear the officer, Green by name, who spoke to me last time, is a Scoutmaster, which rather explains his niceness. Now I must anoint myself with Vermijelli for the night. I have been sewing on buttons on my shirt, and bachelor's on my new trousies. I am off at 11 p.m. to-night."

Date uncertain.

"We had such a nice Celebration this morning; rather more men than (excuse the long dash to the 't,' only a shell made rather a near call!) usual turned up, which was nice. The altar just a wooden packing-case, a fair linen cloth, and some small stones or pieces of brick to keep it in position.

"It is rather amusing to see a white suburban enamelled notice of 'No hawkers, no circulars' on a tree trunk near some dugouts. In a field you will come on a notice: 'Danger! Live shell!' This will be 10 feet down or so. This is quite a safe place, so you needn't be at all anxious. If you get hit, it is all your fault. I am hearing such a jolly mouth-organ solo on the 'phone at the present moment. It improves it greatly over the wires. I lost my cap-badge last night, worse luck; so please let me have the other fellows when possible. Our C.O. is Irish, and very jolly. He was making out papers for a man whose time was up. He said to him, 'Well, what sort of character shall I give you?' 'I leave it

to you, sir.' 'Well,' said the Colonel, 'I won't put down "Exemplary," as they wouldn't know what it means where you come from. I'll make it "Very good." That suit you?'"

On July 29 the Battalion returned to the trenches.

"Relieved Berks again at 10 p.m. Had to go through the wood alone. Rather nasty. Bullets were humming round the whole time and were getting too jolly close for my liking, so I did a run."

July 30.

"We have just moved up to the firing-line again. There is a nice little hutch for the operating-box, and a shelf for two to sleep at a time—quite all right. Can't do much cooking, though. There are lots of rats and mice here, the former as big as dogs! They are as tame as pet spaniels. I didn't mean you to tell Cousin F. of the 'insult;'[1] however, I daresay she was amused. Collins sent me some jolly photos of the Troop at St. Aubyns. B.P. was down there at the time."

July 30.

To his Aunt, Miss Tinling.

"It is wonderful what a small space we can squeeze into now with practice. When we return, we shall be giving little tea-parties in a cupboard,

[1] Page 152.

and eating off one saucer! We are in a fairly advanced trench now, and the bullets are always thudding away, as I write, on the sand-bags. We are well below ground, though. The machine-gun gets excited now and then, too. It is rather curious the way some of the Norfolk fellows express things. One said, 'It is quite a long time since I saw you respectable.' I said, 'Oh, is it? I'm just *going* to have a wash!' He said, 'I don't mean that. I mean, seen you to have a talk to!'"

At the beginning of August, under various dates, Coe describes in his diary visits to Ploegsteert, and to George's quarters:

"Had tea in Ploegsteert with Sedding. Omelette and chips, *très bon!* Looked into the Church, which is a sight. Absolutely knocked to pieces. Altar, however, practically untouched. Went souvenir hunting."

"Went to tea with Sedding. He has a very nice station, but rather cramped."

On August 11, George and Coe evidently watched the same British aeroplane at work, and both refer to the pilot's skill and daring:

"Aeroplane over; one of ours. The pilot seems to be a very daring chap. He sheers off, but returns at full tilt a few minutes later, this time a bit higher up. The enemy tried a machine-gun, but that little game is stopped by one of ours."

August 12.

"We saw a fine exhibition of flying yesterday in a clear sky. Our fellow swung about dodging the shells in a wonderful manner. A group would come in front of him, and instead of going on he would swing round at once, missing no. 2 group of shells nicely. How do you like the two new pohems? I rather like the starry one. By-the-by, if you want to fill up odd corners, a candle would be useful now and again. I enclose a weird shrub or flower which grew in a hedge 4 feet high or so."

Aug. 15.

To his Aunt, Miss Tinling.

"Your most magnificent parcel arrived at a most appropriate time, as we are in trenches at present moment. We have a new dugout, but are very much cramped—five men in the living portion, which is about 5 or 6 feet by 3 feet. So one sits on the doorstep, another just inside, two on the 'phone bench, and one inside the sleeping-part. Then if one wants to get out, we have to think it out! I really believe we are going to have some leave soon, but it's best not to count on it too much."

Aug. 16.

"We are going out for a rest soon, which will be nice. Did you ever get a green envelope full of marvellous verses? We've been having thunder-showers lately, and the trenches have been inches

deep in thick mud, and alive with little frogs. There are some nice butterflies about now, Painted Ladies, Red Admirals, etc."

Aug. 19.

"When you see Lady Henry Somerset tell her that I have found her medicine-pocket-book most useful, and have cured many headaches and other troubles with it. I am picking up a few trophies now—a clip of German cartridges, a German nose-cap, shrapnel, bullets, etc. I heard another new bird singing in the wood at 4 o'clock this morning, quite a small bird—a song rather like a hedge-sparrow's, only rather plaintive. They have been playing cricket at Headquarters this afternoon, a match between the machine-gunners and Hqrs. Hqrs. won by 8 wickets. Coe was playing: he is quite good and took several wickets. The Major was a very wily bowler, too. I shall try to get a game to-morrow."

Aug. 19.

To his Brother.

"I am collecting souvenirs now. I have a nice clip of German cartridges, some shrapnel bullets, and a splinter of shell, and I hope to get a nice little aluminium nose-cap of a shell fired at aeroplanes, like a little grey button-mushroom. I am off at 5 this morning and am going up to Headquarters to have a lovely bath with Coe at 6 o'clock. I had a nice letter from Merriman; he is married now."

Aug. 20.

"We got paid to-day 15 francs, and I am afraid it has all vanished in souvenirs of sorts—rosaries for my High Church friends, picture postcards for my Scouts, embroidery for my lady friends, and an aluminium nose-cap and ring made by a Belgian soldier *pour moi-même*. Coe was with me, and we both got a button off the Belgian's overcoat into the bargain! Quite Scotch, wasn't it? I send you a worked souvenir which I should rather like you to keep, as it is quite pretty and effective in its small rough way. I am off for a bath at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning, as it was too good an offer to refuse. It was such a glorious morning the last time I went across the fields to get one, that I made an excellent resolution. Here it is:

Dewdrops and mist, the glare of the sun,
Smell of the earth and fragrance of flow'rs,
Call of the birds in sweet harmony—
'Never again a sluggard I'll be!'

Crystal the air, so pure, fresh and clear,
Everything shimmering, bath'd in light:
See how the old world beautified lies
Viewed with one's 'early morning' eyes.

Up with the lark, a speck in the sky,
Out, with all senses keenly alert:
There's beauty and many a marvel to see—
'Never again a sluggard I'll be!'

After this it was impossible for me to hesitate, in spite of the fact that I am only turning in at 2 a.m.!

"The buttons are quite right, and there is a gap for one already. I have a new pair of 'trousies,' so, as usual, all the buttons come off. You can almost hear them dropping as you walk along the road, so marvellously are they stitched on. How splendid for the U.M.C.A. getting that legacy."

Aug. 20.

To Mrs. Gordon Ives.

"The fly-stuff arrived quite safely. I am looking forward to use it on the inhabitants of our next dugout. We have a few new men about now, and this morning their captain spoke to them about several matters, and told them that he had been censoring their letters. He said that he didn't know before what a priceless liar they had amongst them. According to his letter of that date, he had already been through two bayonet-charges before breakfast! 'He had never before been in such a hot place. The bullets were missing him by the skin of his teeth!' The Germans call us 'yellow-backed ——,' owing to our yellow patches.

"I send you a small souvenir[1] from a much-shelled little village. They work these things about here."

Aug. 24.

"It was amusing hearing our fellows calling out to the Germans. One answered, 'How you go?'

[1] A little piece of embroidery, with the Allies' flags worked upon it in coloured silk.

We had news of the German ships that were sunk. Good, isn't it ? We are in a very elaborate dugout now—six steps down into our abode. Rather dark by day, though safe as houses. Am feeling very fit now."

Coe has an entry of the same date, giving further evidence of the proximity of the two lines :

" Went down to the Crater. Very interesting place, only 15 yards from German trenches. Distinctly heard Germans talking. Dug down three feet with entrenching tool in shell-hole, and found a ripping nose-cap. Brought it back in triumph and showed it to the artillery people, who said it was a percussion-shell, high explosive, and probably fired by a howitzer battery."

Aug. 27.

" There were two other chaps in here yesterday or the day before who lived in Marylebone quite close to us—rather curious, wasn't it ? I got rather a jolly letter from one of my Scouts ; he said ' The Zepps paid another visit to London and its out shirt which was rather rotton.'

" I like this station. It is quite nice now. We made a very comfortable outside seat with sandbags, where we sit in the sun and have our meals, when off-duty. I will try to send a very rough sketch of the exterior of this place. I went up to Hqrs. and went nosecap-hunting with Coe in the jungle, but didn't find any."

Aug. 25.

To his Aunt, Miss Tinling.

"I received all sorts of new and thrilling commodities in my last parcel, which I understand came from you. Thank you so much for them. They have been very much appreciated. We are having quite a peaceful time at present—nothing much going on. We were very excited getting the news about the Russian naval victory, and let the Germans know about it, but they wouldn't believe it. The blackberries are getting very fine here now. I had some splendid ones with condensed milk this evening. I am afraid I feel too sleepy to-night to write much, and all the news I have would probably be censored."

Aug. 29.

"This is an anniversary. I was in the Recruiting Office this time last year. What a lot has happened since! I've certainly seen life. The parcels have arrived rather late, so we have sent down to the village for a few dainties, and are going to have a high tea on the strength of it. I hope this anniversary will be the last! I have just been trading 6 packets of woodbines for 2 green envelopes—rather a good plan. We get some cigarettes and chocolate issued by our signal officer, who is a ripper. Our orderly 'Jack' has just received a letter from his small nephew, aged 6 or so; it ended up with 'Please, Uncle Jack, are you wounded?'"

Aug. 31.

"The flies have got much less troublesome lately, but the wasps are rather a nuisance. Just had a good bath up at Hqrs. One had to threaten the wasp with the soap. It was rather embarrassing!

"I have been asked by our officer (Mr. Buckland) to play cricket this afternoon. It ought to be quite jolly. Rather a curious thing happened in our match. A ball was hit hard into the wood, and where they found it there was a young rat, dead but still warm—killed as it pitched, I suppose. Special war-rules have to be made. In the middle of an 'over' a whistle goes. Immediately everyone lies down (no looking up). It is a hostile aeroplane coming over. Then the whistle sounds again, and the game is resumed."

Sept. 2.

To the Rev. M. D'Arcy Collins.

"I send you a rather amusing boxing programme, which is coming off to-day, I expect, as yesterday afternoon was wet:

BOXING COMPETITION.

Thursday, Sept. 2nd (Weather and the Kaiser permitting).

Overweights.	Underweights.	Special Contests.
Pte. Rivet (never defeated—never fought).	*v.*	Pte. Clarke (also ran).
Pte. Stedman	*v.*	Pte. Gerald (Loser to clean a dixie).
Pte. Church	*v.*	Pte. Crown (No flowers, by request).

Rules.

Hits outside the magpie don't count. Competitors not already broke must break when ordered by the Referee. Direct hits on the parapet count double. Hits on the listening-post count one. The timekeeper will return watch to rightful owner at close of competition. Hoch ! hoch ! hoch !"

Sept. 6.

"The bird migration seems to have set in, as I often hear large flocks going over at night, calling to one another. I recognized some redshanks, who sounded very friendly, and recalled Burnham and the Isle of Wight. I shall probably want an automatic revolver when I come back, if I can afford it ; as, if we go to a hotter place, it will be invaluable. A rifle is no good for our job. Could you find out the price of a small one ? We have had a lot of rain the last few days. I collected two large buckets full of water which dripped into our shanty, and the mud was awful. The dugouts were flooded for the most part, and the men slept on the mud. We were better off with boards. I took my mackintosh sheet out in the wood this afternoon and had a nice two hours sleep in the sun. Then Coe came to tea. We have a new orderly now, a very nice chap, a clerk in Dalston. Our late one has now joined the signallers."

Sept 6.

To Mrs. Gordon Ives.

"We have been having a lot of rain lately, and consequently much mud. However, it is clearing

up now, I am thankful to say. There is very little news, I am afraid. We hear great bombardments on one side. The ground shakes with it, but we ourselves get little in comparison. I think the autumn migration must be setting in now, as I often hear the cries of large flocks of birds going over during the night. One friendly note was that of the redshank, which conjures up many pleasant memories of yachting and the outgoing tide. Blackberries are very plentiful now. One rather good way is to eat them with condensed milk, another I have seen is to squash them on to a piece of bread like jam!"

Sept. 8.

To his Aunt, Miss Tinling.

"We are having some glorious days now, after some pouring wet ones. We are in a very nice part of the place here, and one can lie out in the sun under the oak trees. I like these French oaks. They are most graceful, and go towering up in a slender column, very different from our robust and sturdy ones. The wood-pigeons are just beginning to come for the acorns. These come dropping from such a height that they almost startle you. It was most refreshing to hear a 'Take two cows, Taffy,' again, and to realize that though one was abroad the accent would not alter—the birds would always talk in 'Pigeon English'! Dawn is just breaking now, and the firing is beginning to die down. One of our chief

nocturnal visitors here is a series of huge long-legged straggly spiders, who trail and gallop about the walls and table, and even drop from the ceiling! They have fierce fights amongst themselves."

Sept. 10.

"I have a nice blanket now, and sleep very cosily in consequence. We had a touch of frost this morning with a bright sun. The robins are beginning to sing again, which makes one realize the autumn. Our guns have been fairly alive behind us; they make a fearful din when fired close to you—a sort of disintegrating scrunch. You know those old musical boxes with countless hair-like spikes on a brass cylinder? Well, wrap a nerve round each of these and then give it a sharp turn, and you will get an idea what it feels like!

"Any old 7d. novel would be very welcome out here, if anybody you know has any. I have been spending a lot of time reading out of doors in the sun and under the oak trees—quite jolly. I make rather good toast nowadays over the hot embers. It is quite a change, as some of the bread one gets is very doughy and salt. I had a gorgeous hot wash yesterday—rather windy and waspy, but 'great' all the same. I had happy memories of a big white enamelled bath, as the hot water went over my shoulders! I had a nice clean change, too."

Sept. 15.

"How exciting for you to have seen the Zepps. You seem to have got a very good view of them. I am very glad they didn't drop any bombs close to our place. The mice are getting very friendly now. They run about all over the place by day-time, and eat one's rations, if they get a chance. The souvenirs that will be brought home are for the most part rosaries, crucifixes and sacred plaques, etc. They would certainly seem to keep up our name of the 'Holy Boys,' but I am afraid it is only superficial for the most part! The harvest is all in now, except for a few fields with maize, etc."

On the same evening the Battalion returned to the trenches, and Coe describes an unpleasantly narrow escape on the way:

"Walk with Sedding after tea. We went and sat down next to the railway-line, and watched the men loading up the trucks. Back to trenches 7.30 p.m.; had a nice little experience on the way there. When we got into the open, about six bullets came whistling across. One hit a low willow-tree and ricochetted off. If the tree had not stopped it, one of us would have been hit. Too close to be pleasant."

Sept. 17.

"A couple of hares have made their home between two of our trenches and have been seen often. The leaves are turning fast now; the oak trees smell very good."

Sept. 19.

To the Rev. R. Hyde.

"It is a ripping morning and I have just been for a good walk round the lines, being turned back in one place by shelling about 40 or 50 yards off; some bits dropped all round us from the trees. Then I had a look through my glasses at a ruined Cathedral, shelled to pieces, but with bits of its fine tower still standing—then back to work. We made some fine gaps in the German lines yesterday: our gunners are very much on the spot, and a pile of their white sand-bags would fly up at nearly every shot, leaving four blackened spaces nearly opposite to us."

Sept. 20. *To the same.*

"The machine-gunners have been at them during the night. It is getting quite frosty in the night and each morning. I was on from 4 this morning, my first sleep being rather interrupted by a mouse running over my hair!"

Sept. 24.

"How are you? I feel very fit, I am glad to say. I heard this morning that they had just put another day on our leave, or at least we get five nights at home—good, isn't it? What luck if Joan comes back! Ted will enjoy seeing her. We shall be a family reunited. You ask me what I shall like to eat—jolly well anything—it will all taste scrumptious, whatever it is. Another great poem this week, on the Church of our village.

Fancy, we have a Soldier's Club there now, and I was strumming on a piano, very out of tune, within a few thousands yards of the firing-line—rather wonderful the contrasts one gets here! We have an 8 o'clock Celebration there every Sunday now. We had another dog in, this morning, a fox-hound. We get all sorts of stray beasts, some rather nice. They are usually good ratters. One of them is a curly chocolate sort of terrier with yellow eyes! It must be a Belgian mouse-hound, I think; it certainly takes to that form of sport! Tell Miss Buckley that we always look forward to *Land and Water*, and it is most kind of her to send it. I enclose one or two rather journalistic accounts of various happenings here. They are rotten, but give you a better idea of what actually takes place.

"We had a little shelling yesterday, for a quarter of an hour or so. No damage, but one or two came fairly near. It is like the tentative touches of a blindfolded man, who reaches out and clutches with empty hands at what he fondly hopes is reality. Thinking he is on the right track he rushes forward in his eagerness, only to realize his mistake. So the gunners range and search you out with their shells. First, one bursts over 1,000 yards away. The next within 500. Then two or three are placed only 100 yards off; while all the time you feel under a sort of mesmeric influence. Where will the next one land? Suddenly there is an explosion and a cloud of

smoke 50 yards off. Now we are in for it, you think! But, no, the touch is only tentative, and you experience a feeling of relief as the following report occurs in a field 200 yards the other side of you—and this happens to be their last shot for the present.

"The earth vibrates with the gusty thunder of a savage assault far away on the flank. In the West a gold and purple glow shines amidst the blackness of the trees. In the East the brightness of the moon, veiled with a wisp of luminous cloud, through which the light filters and turns to silver the little clouds which surround it. The evening star shines steadily below in the dull opal of the sky, while above the moon, the heavens are still a delicate sapphire, with a few white fleecy clouds. Here and there the bright and cheerful sparkle of a small star catches the eye. Meanwhile the air is filled with the vibrant sound of bullets thudding on the sand-bag parapets. These ricochet off with varied noises—some with a high ringing note, others with the deep and savage hum of an angry hornet; while one hears on every side the quiet sound of men's voices, and the dull clatter of their boots on the floor-boards of the trenches. Now there comes a deeper report, as a rifle-grenade explodes, scattering its deadly discharge on all sides.

"Night falls: the bullets pass at fewer intervals. We shoulder our packs with exclamations at their weight, and push off along the narrow com-

munication-trench with staggering gait, as our haversack or rifle catches against the sides. Every now and then a bullet hisses by, or flicks through the trees and bushes at a speed which fairly makes you gasp, and wonder what it would feel like to be in its path. At last you get out of range, to all intents and purposes, and by the time you reach your destination, are too hot for words, and heave off the shoulder-straps of your equipment with the energy of a final effort. After a minute's 'breather' you feel fit again, unpacking and hanging up your belongings over the floor-space you are to occupy. You spread out your ground-sheet, place your pack for a pillow, roll yourself in your blanket, and with your overcoat well up around your head, drop off into a dreamless sleep."

In George's pocket-book after his death there was found a description of a Sunday evening behind the lines, which may fitly be inserted here :

"Sunday evening here is a curious mixture of peace and savagery. One sits in a meadow with one's back to a tree and watches the evening lights, and the shadows lengthening. All is still : a cow lows in the distance. Suddenly the quiet is broken by a deafening report, as one of our batteries opens fire at intervals. A few fields away a cricket match is going on. Then there comes a whining sound which gradually increases, and a German shell comes over the trees with a rush and explodes a short distance from the cricketers, who greet it with shouts and laughter and go on with their

game. After a few more rounds on either side the firing dies down as the sun sinks, leaving an orange glow over the sky and lighting up a big balloon observing the German lines, while a deep humming far away tells of one of our aeroplanes at the same game. As it gets dark the smoke from numerous camp-fires drifts out and forms a blue opal screen across the neighbouring fields and hedges."

Sept. 21.

"I have at last got a green envelope, which is nice. I am now quite fit and well again,[1] you will be pleased to hear—thanks to all your comforts. The ham is very good. It just came in for breakfast when we happened to have no rations. Don't forget the Boots' sterilizing tablets, as they are very handy nowadays. We are having priceless weather now, bright sun and cloudless skies, with a good fresh invigorating breeze. It is a joy to get a walk. We are in trenches at the present moment, but go out for a short distance very soon. When we can get a bath we heat up a big tin of water, and in spite of wind and wasps enjoy ourselves thoroughly. I have visions of our nice white bath and cosy little bathroom, when the hot water goes over me. I am now chewing some 'almins and raisins'; they are *très bon*, as was that lemonade powder. Coe and I have been putting down lists of things we want to look into when we get back for leave. Here are a few things:

[1] He had been suffering from an attack of dysentery.

perhaps you could keep your eyes open as you go about—small suction candlesticks, lighting and heating apparatus, camel-hair blanket, things to do and make in winter, *i.e.*, modelling, carving, etc. I shan't get leave for a good time, I expect; however, I daresay it will be before Christmas. I had a nice letter from Sammy[1]; he is experimenting with receiving wireless messages, and was very ill the other day in a rough flight! We have to send in a report of our line and 'phone every night. I gave them a verse last night for fun:

My little buzzer is all right,
The buried line O.K.!
The operator's sitting tight
From eve till dawn of day.

We are already thinking of Christmas, and some of us are going to organize a dinner with cold turkey, pudding, port, crackers, etc. It ought to be great fun! The leave we shall get works out as follows—Start from here Monday mid-day; reach Victoria at 3 a.m. Tuesday; 'taxi' home by four o'clock; hot bath, uniform in oven!—clean change into 'civies.' Breakfast, talk, a nap perhaps, more talkee-talkee and lunch. After lunch, Regent Street, Piccadilly, shopping and sightseeing generally; home for a cosy tea about 4.30 or so; a cosy evening and early bed. Wednesday morning at Stores, perhaps lunch out, home by 3 or so, early tea, Hoxton 5.30-11. Thursday: Shopping, perhaps a matinée, or a theatre in

[1] Captain S. L. Dashwood, of R.F.C.

evening would be jolly. Friday: Visits, perhaps tea with Mr. Russell; cosy evening at home. Saturday: Shopping; catch the 5.40 p.m. back. Rather a jolly programme, if it comes off! I enjoy your letters so much. It is very good of you to write so often. Any little oddment is interesting to hear about, as it makes one think about London. Please thank Rhoda for her books, which were much appreciated."

AT ALL COSTS.[1]

Yellow, white and black—
  Shell-clouds spume :
Crouching men in tenseness
  Wait their doom.
Sever'd mate and brother—
  God, how quick!
Light of lifetime's friendship—
  Snuff'd the wick.

Ochre mud and sandbags,
  Crimson stains :
Gladly met, with honour,
  Country's claims.
What of wife and kindred,
  Home and hearth ?
We are here to do it—
  Steep the path.

[1] Received in a letter a few days after his death.

CHAPTER XI

AT THE FRONT

(2) LOOS.

In the last week of September the Battalion received orders to proceed to another part of the line. This proved to be Loos, which was reached on September 30, part of the road being covered by a joy-ride in motor-buses.

After five days in the trenches, in comparison with which all former experiences are declared to have been "child's play," they were relieved, and marched back to a welcome rest at Philosophe.

Coe's diary is here so vivid, that it has seemed best to print it as a continuous narrative, thus explaining the sequence of events to which allusion is made in the letters that follow:

"Sept. 26. Sunday. Great excitement. We have received orders to pack up. Late in evening relieved, and set off to march somewhere. Oh, that march! We went miles and miles, till we could hardly stagger along. Eventually arrived at Merris, at 4.30 a.m. on Monday.

"Sept. 27. A very nice Church here,[1] with some very fine stained glass. Some of the windows are bricked up, while there are even one or two shell-holes in the walls.

[1] Sketched by George in his note-book, while waiting for motor-buses.

"Sept. 28. Turned out at 5.30 a.m., and paraded at 7.30 out in the road. A long line of motor-buses appears, and we are told to board them. Left about 9 a.m. and went off merrily. Most enjoyable ride. Bivouacked in a field. Finally marched to our billet in a farm about a mile away. Had a very good night's rest on clean straw.

"Sept. 29. Réveillé at 5.30 a.m. Kits packed. All badges and numerals to be taken out. Halted for two hours in a field. It was raining hard and fearfully cold. 9.15 p.m.: No billets for us, but Captain found a cowshed into which we all crowded. Slept well, in spite of the cold.

"Sept. 30. Left our billets at 3 p.m. and started on the march along main road to Lens. Halted alongside road to wait for darkness to come. Himmel! two shells burst close to Headquarters Staff. A big red flash quickly followed by another. Turned off the road and went across endless fields. Arrived at Loos.

"Oct. 1. Laid wires. Working all night on the trench and signal dugout. Morning: Trying to sleep at the bottom of the trench. Fearfully cold and shells dropping all round. One has just landed on the parapet, smothering us all with dirt and stones. Night: Continued work on dugout. Huns sent over shrapnel high-explosive over our heads. No one hurt.

"Oct. 2. Can't get any sleep. Somebody always shouts out for me because some wire is broken, or some station won't answer their call. Stopped on 'phone all night in signal station.

Cramped and uncomfortable, but better than the open trench.

"Oct. 3. Sunday. Discovered a German 'phone complete with cells. Shall keep it as long as possible. Went back to the reserve trenches.

"Oct. 4. Huns presented us with several salvoes of shrapnel while we were having breakfast. I found quite a large portion of casing in my tea. Received parcel from home. Very welcome indeed. 'Tommy's Cooker' included. Cooked some coffee. Worked well and will be very useful.

"Oct. 5. Good news comes through that we are to be relieved in the evening. Messages, ordering billeting parties to proceed ahead to secure billets for the Battalion, rouse our spirits tremendously. Relieved by Camerons. Marched off through the outskirts of Loos and along the main road. Arrived at Philosophe early in the morning and found billets. Small room, but very comfortable. Got our blankets and had a good sleep."

Sept. 29.

"Such a lot has happened since last I wrote. I am writing this in a big barn after breakfast, just before we start again for an unknown destination. I shall have to write backwards, I think, as things are fresher. All yesterday we were in motor-buses, which was great fun. Passing all sorts of interesting places and seeing the sights. Indians squatting in little khaki groups with their cream-coloured turbans, over their fires, with

their little bright brass pots glittering in the brown mud. Then we marched to our billets and snuggled (?)[1] down in a barn in some nice clean straw. After settling ourselves we went out to a little cottage over the way, and had some delicious boiled eggs, coffee, and bread and butter. We turned in at 7 o'clock and slept like tops till 6 o'clock. I don't know where we are off to, but it is a great change anyhow, moving about. We were 84 days in the trenches—the second largest, I believe. The other was 91 days.

Sept. 30.

"I sent off a card to you yesterday, but doubt whether you got it. We were on the march and I wrote it, or tried to, walking. Then we gave it to a man on the road to post. What a muddy wet march it was—in some places as if you walked in the mudheaps the sweepers scrape up by the side of the London streets! Then it rained hard and we had a long halt, when we burrowed into a loose stack of corn, and kept fairly warm. Then on again in the dark. Another halt, when I was able to get some lovely hot coffee and a slice of bread. Then more waiting, and finally a cowshed, where 16 of us scrummed up and slept with our feet in tiers, but well all the same. If you send parcels, please send things that don't want cooking, anything compressed and sustaining and small. Am feeling quite fit now, but all felt our pack after three months without exercise. To go back

[1] An unintelligible descriptive word in inverted commas.

a week or so, we had a bombardment before we left—quite a set-to. I counted 45 heavy shells in the air in a minute. There came a fizzling sound and a plump, and our breastwork rocked a bit, but nothing happened. Then we realized that a 10 in. shell had lit in the field 30 yards off, and had buried itself without exploding. Rather nice of it!

"I am writing this sitting in a courtyard of a farm. I saw such a jolly church-tower, built in 1555, in a little village[1] we put up in, on our way here. Lovely glass: a beautiful panel in baptistery of Christ in the Jordan, and the Dove descending. Then there was a huge Crucifixion group in wood painted white, with the original fresco on the wall-space behind it, the city of Jerusalem, quite fine. The Cross was raised on a sort of artificial rock-mound. One day we spent on motor-buses. Quite a joy-ride. Must stop. Best love."

Sept. 30 (*probably a few days later*).

"I have just sent off a green envelope to you, though it was rather a hurried scrawl. We are really in it this time, and I am sitting in a narrow trench close by the 'phone. Everything else was child's play to this, in the way of comfort. One can't wash or change one's clothes, nor stir out, and they shell us all day. However I am very fit and well, in spite of it all. I hear the French are doing very well. I had a lucky escape coming in

[1] Merris, see p. 177.

here, as a shell burst within 5 yards, and killed 3 horses and wounded 2 men. It was just like a very large red-hot poker coming sizzling down, and going off with a tremendous bang. I am so glad you had such a jolly time at Beaulieu. Isn't it ripping country ?

"Parcel just arrived and exceedingly welcome. We can't light fires here to cook, so everything must be ready to eat. Can I have another spiritine lighter ? Also something like a cold raisin-pudding—substantial, as this cold weather makes one very hungry ! Just had a nice letter from Joan. Things are much more interesting now certainly, and everyone seems in good spirits. I may add to this letter.

"P.S.—Oct. 4 : Going strong. Am quite well. We have become cave-men now, with long beards and never a wash. Love to Ted when he arrives. Best love."

Oct. 4.

"This is quite a letter from the battlefield. Big guns and howitzers banging away all round. The whirring of aeroplanes. A huge double rainbow. Great spouts of black smoke from bursting high explosives, and the patter of rain on my waterproof sheet. I am writing this lying on my back in a little undercut chalk shelf in a German communication-trench. I have got Mr. Russell's waterproof sheet stretched in front of the entrance, and my pack for pillow, and am smoking a Wild Woodbine. I am as cosy as anything ! You have

read of this place lately, I expect.[1] There are very many signs of the recent fighting, and a lot of poor chaps lying about all over the place. We had a terrific bombardment yesterday. Heaps of coal-boxes, but no damage where we were. Sorry this has got wet! I was awfully glad to get your letters and Ted's this morning. I suppose Ted is really back now. I can hardly believe it! I actually had a shave just now. I bet I am the only one in the Battalion. We haven't had a wash for four days, and it will be some days before we get one, I expect. A covey of partridges came whirring over the top of the trench just now: about 5 brace. Things like potted meat, camp-pie, etc., would be very acceptable now, also raisins. We had our first fire this morning for a few minutes. It was lovely getting a hot drink, and also hot sausages from your parcel—great luxury! We are allowed a bottleful of water a day. This is certainly rather strenuous after our 84 days in the trenches. Just had half the dugout down my back in getting in. Such chunks. My great-coat made a shoot for it to run down!

"Two chaps crawled in a day or two ago. They had been out between the lines for 6 days, sucking the grass and eating iron rations they found on other men. Our machine-gunners came across one dead man with his rifle in one hand, and a photograph of Lord Kitchener in the other. The Germans fed two wounded of ours for 12 days, but dared not bring them in, as they

[1] Loos.

said their officer would shoot them. They allowed some stretcher-bearers to take them away. Just had such a good tea with your bloater-paste. Can I have two packets more baccy, and some Navy Cut cigs. in tin? They are pitching the high explosives in now, the brutes. It makes the dickens of a noise like a howling tiger spitting out a showery death—rather far-fetched, but it is certainly nasty! Well, good-bye old girl and old boy. I am feeling very fit and happy."

Oct. 7.

To the Rev. R. Hyde.

"We are right in it now, and had a tremendous pounding this week with coal-boxes and high-explosive shrapnel. No wash for 6 days, etc. I am very fit and well, and am certainly seeing life. We are all lying round the walls of a ruined house, but are quite comfortable, and have a blanket apiece."

Oct. 7.

To his Sister and Brother.

"We are resting for a bit now, so one can light fires and cook again at present. Just got your letter, Ted. It arrived most opportunely just as I had finished lunch and had been given an Abdulla cigarette! We did have a pounding the other day. Then we had to cut ourselves shelves in the chalk and a place for the telephone. We are billeted in a shell-ruined house at present, with a tiled floor and broken ceiling. The only

thing one can buy is the daily paper (2d.), which is nice. We haven't been paid for over a month now. What an interesting voyage you must have had. It was jolly seeing that French scout. Just had a very successful little evening with Coe. A stroll down to the neighbouring village: first to the butcher, where we bought a couple of pork chops, and had them fried next door, with a slice of bread and some black coffee. Then we went into an inner room and had a glass of beer with two chaps who had been in the attack. They went into action 1,100 strong and came out 250. Three attacks on the barbed wire, and the Huns surrendered during the third attack.

"After our repast we strolled back and listened to a band (composed of various regiments, some in kilts) who played in a field near the road, while artillery and ration-carts drawn by six mules clattered past over the cobbles, and a host of small children ran in and out of the groups of Tommies standing round. Your candle comes in very useful. It is burning now behind me on the window-ledge. (May I have one a week, please?) I am lying on the floor on my mackintosh sheet and folded blanket, with my overcoat at my back. Matches are impossible to get anywhere near the front line. Could you include a couple of boxes a week? They come in all other parcels, so their use isn't restricted. You will probably not get very frequent letters now, as we only get green envelopes once a week, and none others are allowed."

Oct. 10. *To the same.*

"I liked the little parcel muchly. It came in very well just as we were spending the night out. There is a tiny capsule or bottle of tooth-stuff you could send me. A lot of chaps get it (tooth-ache) and I have only chlorodyne to give them. I put it on a piece of wool, and the opium in it works fairly well.

"We had a bombardment the other day again. You now see incidents that before were merely pictures: for instance, a column of transport trotting up a *pavé* road, little red-roofed houses, torn by shrapnel and high explosive, bordering it. Then there comes a huge explosion. The street is filled with an immense cloud of dun-coloured dust and smoke, through which you see the black silhouettes of plunging horses and their straining drivers leaning forward in their efforts to prevent a collision. The dust clears, and you see little groups of men here and there—one or two forms are carried off on stretchers, and one or two hobble down the road—and all goes on again as it was before. I got your Port Sudan letter with the nice big stamps. Joan's letter was first rate! Yes, the first part of the address of that service post-card[1] was written by me. I couldn't write it, marching, for toffee, especially with my equipment swaying about. I am looking forward to hear the result of your visit to Scout Headquarters. Let me hear of all your doings: they interest me much. Am very glad you saw Sammy. I should like to

[1] P. 180.

meet him out here. How amusing it would be! I must take this in now, on the chance of it going off."

Oct. 11. *To the same.*

"Thank you so much for the 'Bartimæus' book, which is ripping. We are still resting, which is nice; and one can stroll down and visit the shops. Last night we had some eggs and coffee and bought apples, caramels, etc., which were a pleasant change. We had a little excitement this morning, as three of our aeroplanes brought down a Taube. They shepherded it, and then fired a few shots with a Maxim and brought it circling down. Another little incident ten minutes ago, when three shells came over, questing for a gun. They got within 30 yards of it, but no more, and the same distance or rather more from us! I expect I shall not be able to get off a letter to you for a little while, but don't bother about it. I will write as soon as possible. Best love."

A LITTLE TIRED OF IT.[1]

Nice little shell, be kind to me,
I dearly want my home to see!
So gently lodge a bullet where
It may be safe to get me there.

I don't mind very much the hurt,
As long as I'm a blessed "cert"
For England's bright and cleanly shore—
Oh! that's the place I'm longing for!

I must be swathed in Boric Lint,
Or else perhaps I'll have a splint:
The pretty nurses will be there
To treat me with the greatest care.

And when I convalescent am
They'll give me p'raps a plate of ham—
A little change, 'twixt me and you,
From all this beastly Army stew!

What nice clean clothes, what steamy bath!
I'll put my feet up on the hearth
And smile at all discomforts past—
I'm really in my home at last!

[1] This poem was never sent home, but found in his note-book after his death.

CHAPTER XII

THE PASSING

AFTER resting for some days at Philosophe, the Battalion went into the trenches again in front of Hulluch.[1] On October 11th, in the early afternoon, the British attack began. It would seem, from the account given by his friend Edward Coe, that George left the trench with his Captain and fellow-signaller. George was carrying a portable telephone and his fellow-signaller the wire. As they ran forward from the parapet, George was hit with shrapnel in the thigh and on the hand. His companions administered a temporary field-dressing, and placed him in a shell-hole, where he was sheltered from the machine-gun fire which swept the ground.

At nightfall he managed to attract the attention of some stretcher-bearers who, though compelled to lie flat whenever the German star-shells illuminated the ground, drew him safely into the trench on a waterproof sheet.[2] It was not till the

[1] The Hohenzollern Redoubt.

[2] On reaching safety this note, signed by himself, was written at once to his friend Coe: "Sedding wishes to say he is going along splendid after having his wounds dressed, and wishes you the best of luck."

following afternoon that he could be moved, but he was then taken back to Philosophe and thence by motor-ambulance to Fouquerilles, and so by train to a Canadian Hospital. By Sunday evening he was in England, and on Monday morning, through the thoughtful courtesy of the Red Cross Society, his sister and brother were able to visit him at the Hampstead General Hospital.

Though the thigh-wound was already gravely septic, George never seemed to allow any sign of pain to escape him. After the wound had been dressed one evening, he could smilingly inform his visitor that he had just been the innocent cause of much confusion, a nurse having fainted during the process. It amused him to find that his visitors were almost exclusively "black beetles": "I hear parsons throng to see you," wrote Canon Travers, "so you must be feeling somewhat fed up with them." "The Doctor says my leg will be always rather 'dot and carry one,'" was his only warning as he spoke of the future.

As the fever resulting from the wound increased, his condition grew far more serious. "This is where the fighting really begins," he whispered slowly to his brother, as he felt the crisis at hand.

On Friday evening he appeared to rally and there was much hope of his recovery. He asked that some of "that Scouting book"[1] might be read to him, and for some minutes seemed to enjoy listening to the adventures of the Mashona

[1] "The Two of them together," by Arthur Cripps, of Mashonaland.

boy and his white friend. Then a prayer was said, and his brother left him. During the night there was a sudden collapse, and he was still unconscious when, at noon on Saturday, quietly and peacefully the end came.

Two evenings later, to the little mortuary chapel of St. Mary Magdalene's Church, where the body was laid, there came two soldiers, in blue Hospital uniform, bringing a wreath from the staff and patients of their ward. For a moment, while a prayer was said for their comrade's soul, with bowed heads they stood—the sergeant from the Dardanelles with khaki helmet in hand, and the private, who had come to honour the lance-corporal, the artist and public school-boy, who with them had given his all and faced the cost. Over the body was laid that pall of highest honour, the Union Jack, of which his father at a naval funeral once had said, "What a beautiful pall it makes! it seems as if you could not have enough of the Cross."

As they passed back through the dim west end of the church, Evensong was being said, and from the lighted choir beneath the shadow of the Rood the evening's lesson, at that moment being read, spoke of that cost which he who leaves all for the Kingdom's sake must face, but of the "life everlasting"[1] which is most surely his beyond.

A few days after his death a letter, written several weeks before, was forwarded from Africa.

[1] St. Luke xviii, 28-30.

It tells of a summer evening spent with his friend behind the lines, in the peaceful stillness of the sunset.

"I saw rather a fine sight to-night. One of our aeroplanes was being shelled vigorously, and the shells were bursting round it in brilliant flashes, followed by angry frowning black smoke-bursts. It was just at the time of sunset. As soon as the shrapnel saw it hadn't hurt or injured our airman or his wonderful 'plane, it turned a beautiful smiling pinky-red, lit up by the setting sun. I had a nice evening with Coe. We had tea together and then went for a stroll across the fields. It was absolutely peaceful and silent, and it seemed impossible to realize that if one walked a quarter of a mile in one direction one would be shot dead. Good-bye, old fellow. Take care of yourself."

It was in such spirit, "happy in God's care" and with His peace around him, that the daily life of soldiering had been met. It was into such peace that he had prayed that he might enter when the call to complete his sacrifice came.

"I wrote a little prayer last night," his letter from Ploegsteert had said, "there are such a lot of stray bullets about that you want something of the sort to think of."

"Under the shadow of Thy wings, O Christ, shall I rest in peace. For as in love they enfold me, I will look up and behold their shining glory, arched in a vault of dusky gold, gleaming with rainbow hues. Gold for sovereignty and power,

with all the wondrous graces, Charity and Love, that colour Thy Divinity.

"So shall I sleep in peace. And at my death, O Light of lights, give me grace to come without the shadows and to look upon Thy most holy Face."

POEMS

THE BUTTERFLY.

The Butterfly is on the wing,
  A fairy-looking thing!
It dances up to meet the sun,
It flutters down to have some fun
  Among the myriad flowers.

Red Admiral, your quarter-deck
  May be a fearful wreck:
You mustn't vaunt those crimson wings
When you're in charge of other things,
  Or else you'll get the sack!

Fritillary's an awful nut,
  His clothes the latest cut:
He swaggers past in orange suit,
His silver waistcoat leaves you mute—
  But you should see his socks!

The Little Copper's very neat,
  You'll find him on his beat:
A terror to the naughty boy
And hooligans that all annoy,
  But to the nursemaids sweet.

THE LITTLE WOOD-FOLK.

When everybody's fast asleep
  And snoring too perhaps,
The little wood-folk stretch themselves
  And wake up from their naps:
There's many a little hiding form
  Beneath the rustling leaves,
The golden dormouse bolder far
  Begins to climb the sheaves.

A ghostly form glides overhead
  The tawny owl looms near,
Oh! mice, like little statues lie
  Until the coast is clear.
Along the path there shuffles past
  The hedgehog, prickly beast:
He's off to look for partridge eggs
  On which to make his feast.

A cry comes from the river-bed
  Just like a mewing cat:
The otter's out, on hunting bent,
  The speckled trout know that.
The sky is quickly turning grey,
  The wood-folk hurry home:
When man and dog are round about,
  It doesn't do to roam.

IN THE WOOD.[1]

I wander, wander in the wood
  Its secrets to descry,
But in a dark and selfish mood
  It guards them churlishly.

But treasures I have gleaned a few
  That must be priceless quite:
You've seen the nodding bluebell's hue?
  But mine is purest white.

I saw a wonder in a ditch—
  The may was just in bud—
A little bunny black as pitch:
  He vanished with a thud.

I found a jewel in the stream,
  Its value I know not,
A pebble with a ruby gleam:
  It must be worth a lot!

I've got a small and secret dell,
  A wonder-world to me,
For there the little wood-folk dwell,
  And think I cannot see.

And so I peer and pry around
  And softly move my feet,
Whilst all the time I scan the ground
  And wonder what I'll meet.

[1] Written from France.

STARS OF NIGHT.[1]

Golden stars in deep blue sky,
Burning, burning steadily,
Worlds are ye? oh! tell me—or
Peep-holes in God's sapphire floor?

What gives out that radiance bright?
I've been taught that God is Light,
And He's easier far to see
When dark night o'ershadows me.

Could I catch a passing sight
Of a Seraph's wingéd might?
P'raps the angels take a peep
When the world is wrapped in sleep.

So of Heaven a tiny view
I can claim, and live anew:
Sapphire floor shall riven be,
Watching hosts Thy glory see.

Flickering you fade away,
Silver breaks the dawn of day:
Sight may vanish, light depart—
But the stars shine in my heart.

[1] Written from France.

THE STARS: A ROUMANIAN LEGEND.[1]

Thereupon the Lord changed the angels into stars, which He scattered over all the heavens, and from there they smile gently and kindly upon the earth. But the angel who wished to return to earth did not turn into a pleasant, twinkling little star. He turned into a fiery star that, always blazing and unsteady, looked angrily at the other stars. At last the Lord, fearing that there would be strife between them, cast the red star down to the earth, and it came down on a meadow, spreading as a shower over the whole field. But the sparks never died out. The glow-worms carry them still.

God changed the angels into stars,
A mighty pattern made,
And in the vast blue vault of heav'n
Their dazzling myriads laid.
Now from their high and lofty sphere
They look, on kindness bent,
Upon the earth so beautiful,
And smile encouragement.

But one there was, an angel bold,
A star of fiery red,
He loved the pleasant world too well,
A shifty light he shed:
And eagerly he strove a strife
To raise, and glared around:
The Lord in wrath that erring star
Cast flaming to the ground.

A blazing brand he hurtled down
And in a meadow fell,
Spreading abroad in golden hail
O'er forest, field and dell.
The little sparks undying burn,
Like fairy lamps they shine:
The glow-worms carry them about—
So watch when nights are fine.

[1] Written from France.

BELGIUM.

Belgium's like a chrysoprase,
Bluey-green: in silver maze
Gently flow her waterways.

Wide horizons, sweeping view,
Stately trees in avenue
Pencill'd slimly 'gainst the blue.

Till'd her soil with loving care,
Every crop a little square
Yielding up its fruitful share.

Soul of sturdy burgher type
Grim and steadfast in the fight,
Beaten by a bully's might.

Jewel, Jewel—dark the morn!
In a conqueror's crown art worn,
Ever from thy setting torn?

TREES.

All shimmering with ecstasy
The graceful swaying Poplar stands,
And quivering with *joie de vivre*
It wildly claps its little hands.

The Willow like a gnarlèd gnome
Bends stiffly to the gliding stream :
All silver-green, his tangled locks
Reflected throw an emerald gleam.

The rugged Oak, a countryman ;
How fearlessly he takes his stand
With knotted horny iron limbs !
His doughty heart lies in the land.

The Yew, a tall grim-visag'd monk
Pausing awhile 'mid mossy tombs
In contemplation brooding deep :
His habit ever blacker looms.

A lovely wraith the Silver Birch
Aglimmer in the wood's still deeps,
Touched by the moonlight's stealthy beam,
While every drowsy flower sleeps.

In grand and solemn aisles they stand
Each with its character, its life,
With whispering leaves and swaying boughs—
Rooted, while all around is Strife.

MASS IN THE TRENCHES.

Sanctuary a meadow green,
The stately tree for sculptur'd pier :
The little flowers so bright and gay
Rejoicing bend, that men may pray.

The pure fresh air, the golden sun,
A light to lighten wearied heart :
The birds, they know Thy Presence here
And carol sweetly everywhere.

The swaying boughs a tracery
Inset with vivid lapis blue :
For vault the driven clouds and sky,
Fit minster for Thy Mystery.

All sounds of strife are hushed and still,
The great guns boom but fitfully,
A bullet whines upon its way :
Thine is the hour and Thine the Day.

ROADS OF FRANCE.

(*An Unfinished Poem.*)

Roads of France!
White ways leading to the crimson heart of War,
Swirling arteries of motion filled with sound :
Mighty nations locked and rocking to their core,
Age-worn beauties but an ugly weed-strewn mound.
Now the scarlet Cross of Suffering flashes by,
There the surging back-wash, conflict's cruel toll,
Rungs in a ladder of grief, silent they lie
Ranged tier on tier : missing are they from the roll.

COLOURS OF WAR.

Black is the Eagle,
Black the doom
The Fates are weaving on their loom.

White is our conscience,
Faith we keep,
Our foe his countless crimes will reap.

Red is the warfare,
Blood and pain
Are nothing to our Country's gain.

Gold is the glory
Shining bright,
Won by the bravest in the fight.

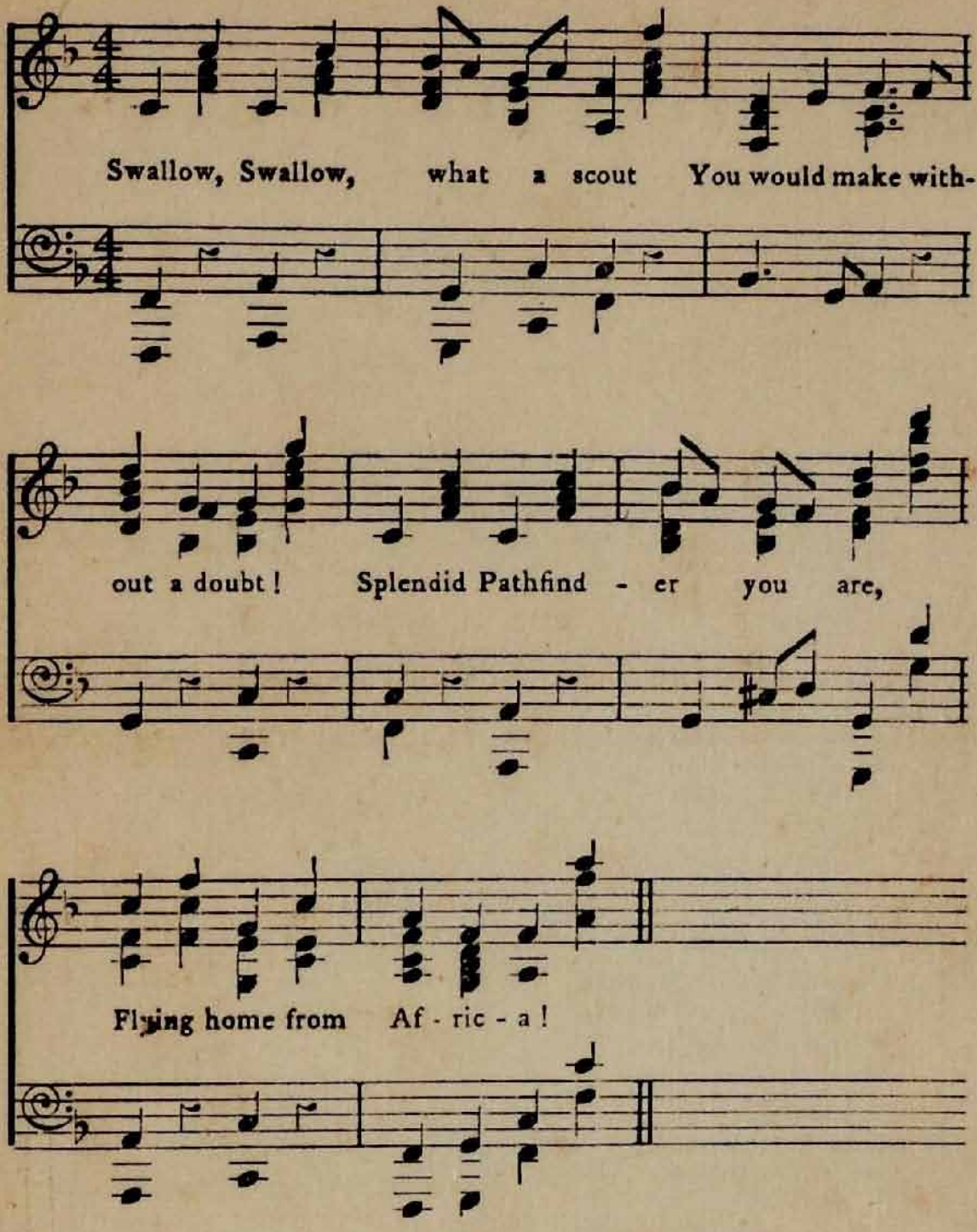
Grey lie the ashes
Powder'd fine—
All that is left of a hallow'd shrine.

Green wave the grasses
On the sward:
Many a hero sheathes his sword.

Orange and crimson,
Setting sun
Sinks on their duty nobly done.

The words of the three last songs are, with the Author's permission, borrowed from John Hargrave's *Lonecraft*.

SWALLOW! SWALLOW!



2.

Clever Martin, of cement
Building up your tenement,
Mason's badge, you'd earn it whole,
Though you aren't in our Patrol!

3.

Screaming Swift, on rushing wings,
You could put us up to things—
Useful as an aero-scout
When the enemy's about!

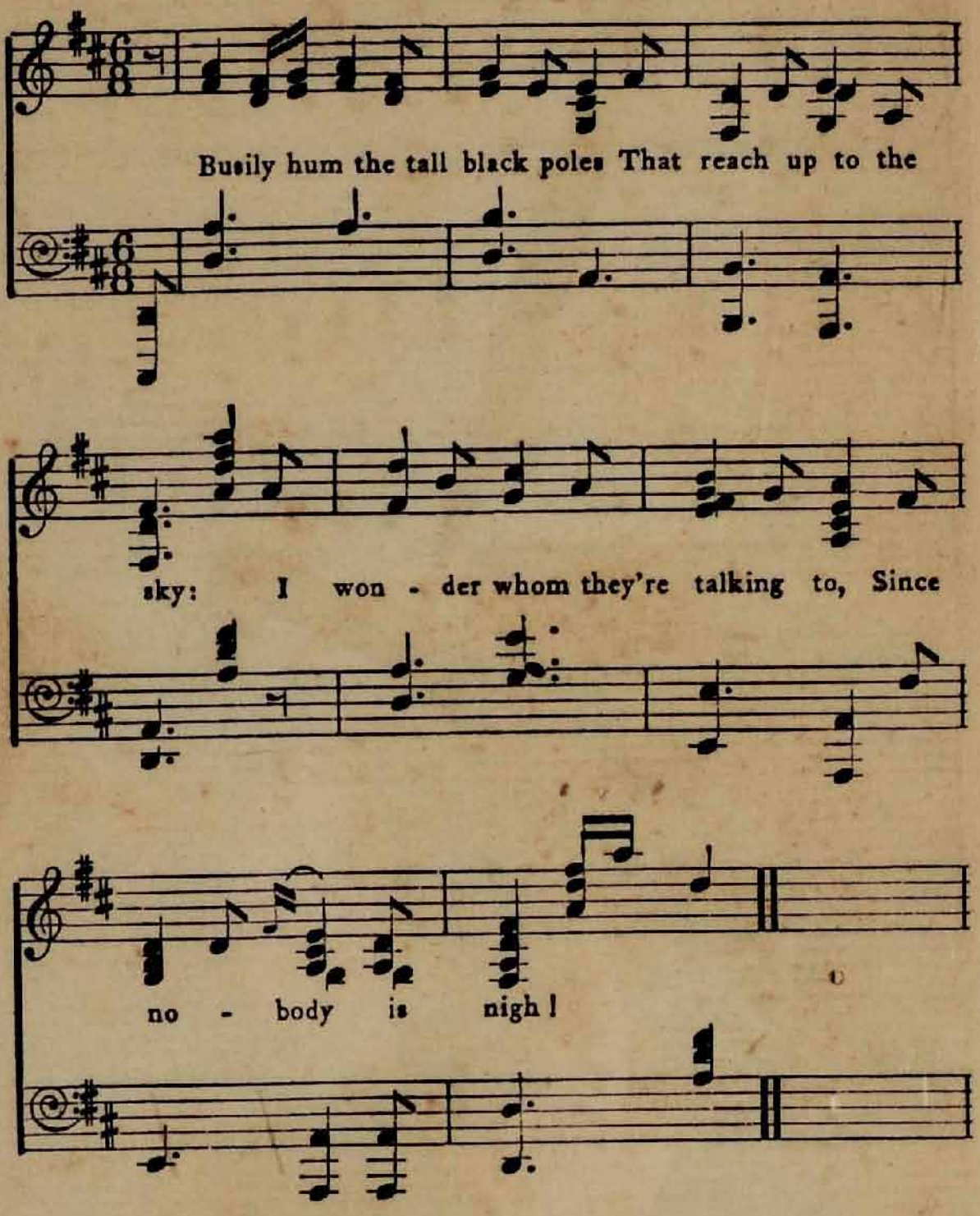
4.

Brown Sandmartin's rather droll,
Burrows like a blooming mole!
Pioneer we'd choose for you,
Make you dig to earn your stew.

5.

Jolly birds, and useful too,
Would that I could talk to you!
I should start a Bird Patrol,
Line you up and then enrol.

THE TALL BLACK POLES!

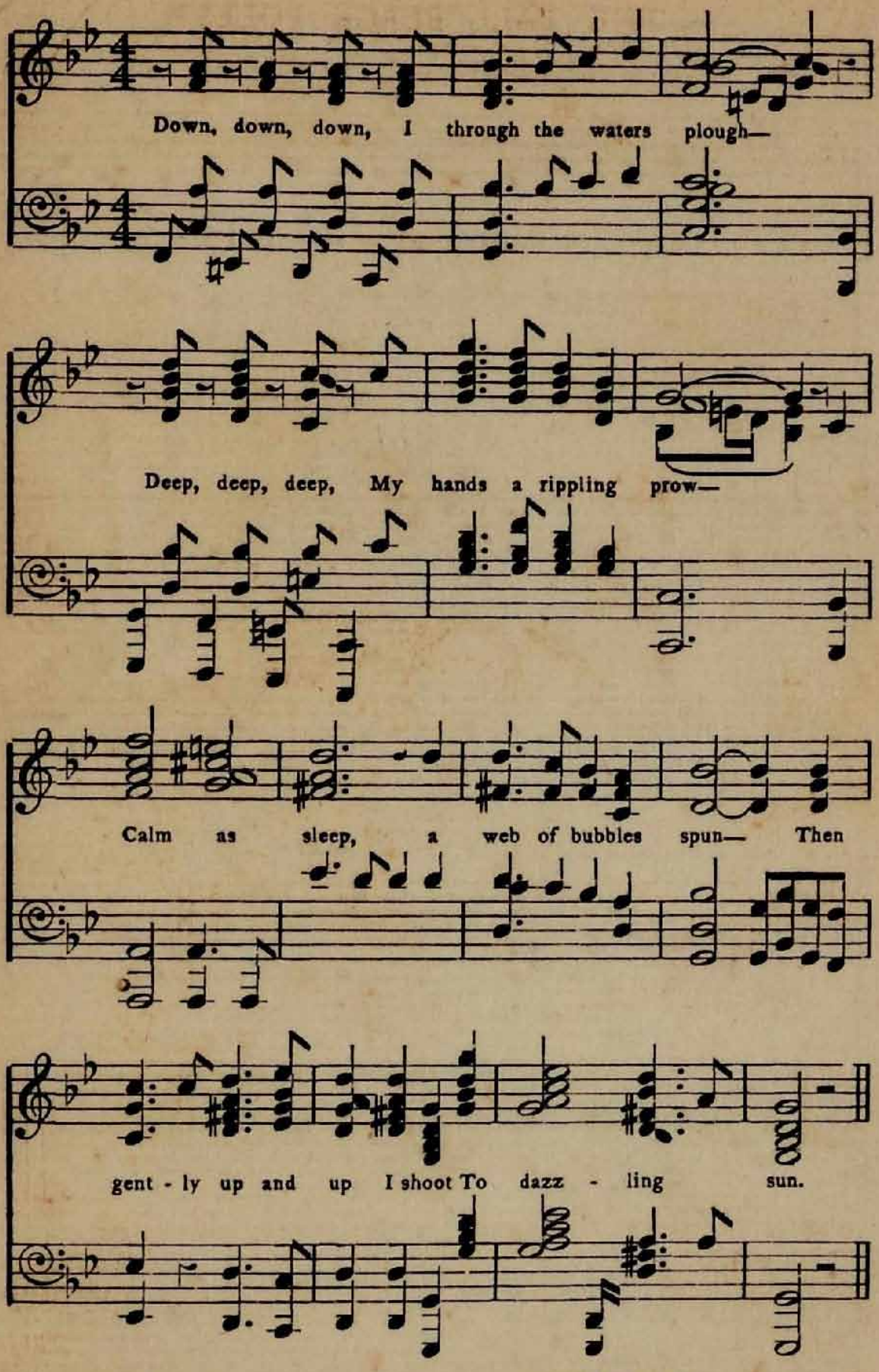


2. Hold that mottled cowrie shell,
It's talking like the sea;
The lingo I don't understand,
It's foreign quite to me.

3. The wind it seems to say a lot,
I've listened might and main!
It shrieks and roars in savage wrath,
It moans before the rain.

4. And so with many things it is,
With engines, ships, and sea:
A common language all may have—
But it's a blank to me!

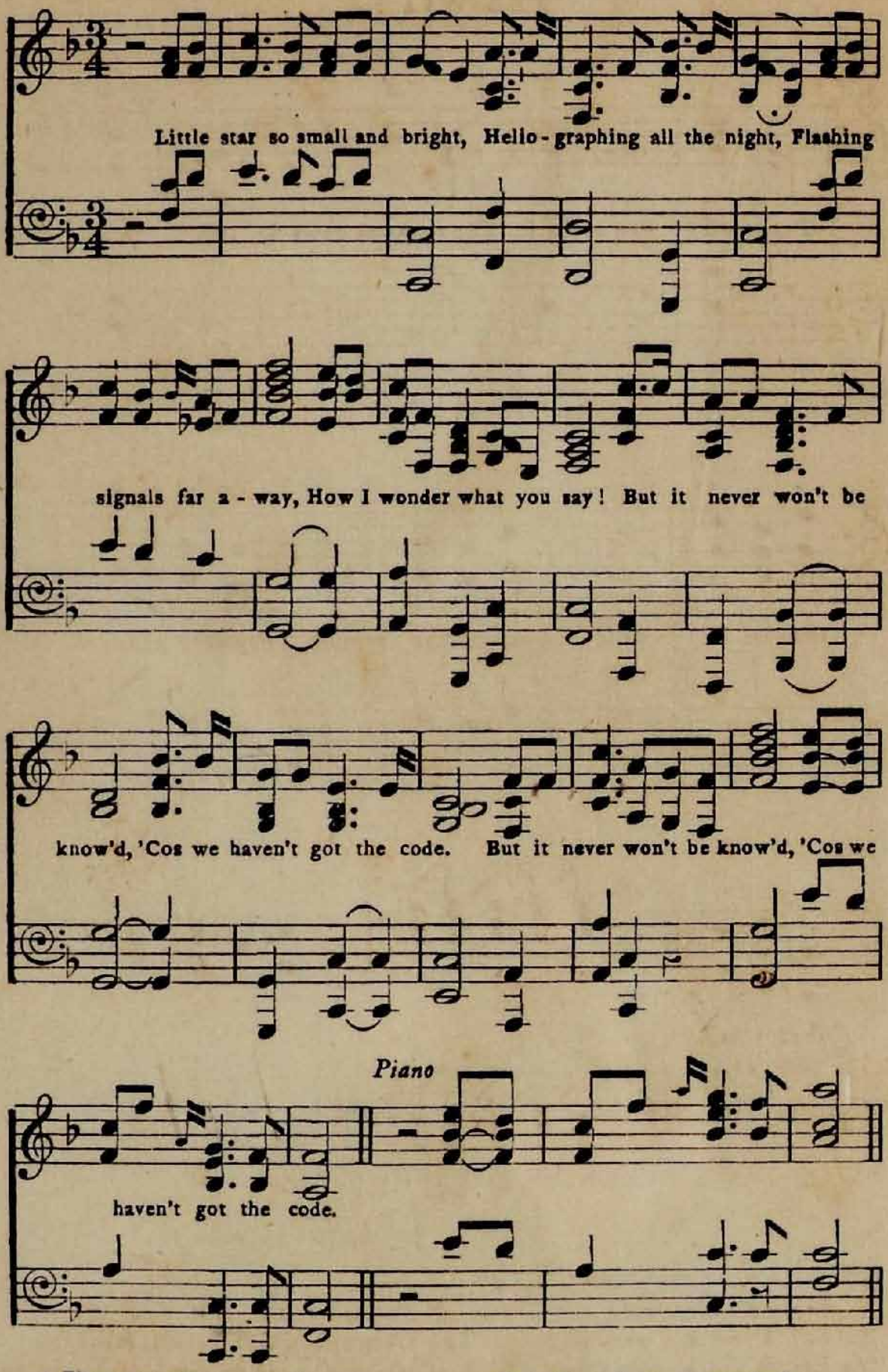
THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.



2. Soft and clear,
The wonders of the Deep—
Marvellous sight!
Their memory I'll keep
Crystal bright:
What flash of fish I see,
How lovely the anemones
Aglow for me!

3. Smooth and swift
The great ships rock along,
Yards aslant:
The tide rips out its song.
Star-lit night,
What silver marvels, see!
When moonbeams meet the crested waves
So fierce and free.

TWINKLE DOT AND TWINKLE DASH.

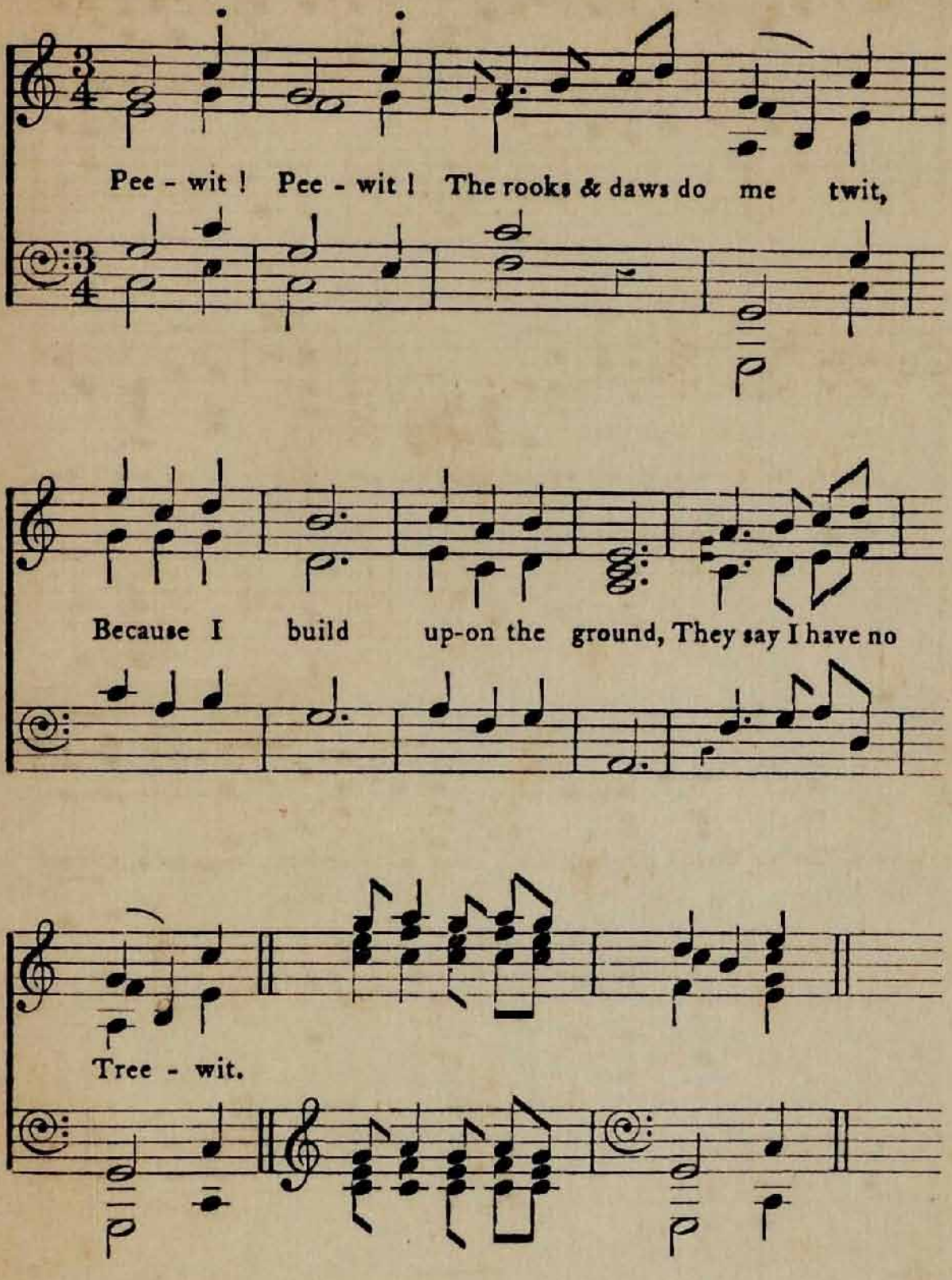


2. P'raps you tell your brother star
What you ain't and what you are;
P'raps he flashes back from his
What he ain't and what he is;
It's a pity though, of course,
That you have'nt learnt your Morse
Chorus—But it never, etc.

3. Twinkle, twinkle, flutter, flash;
Twinkle dot and twinkle dash;
Twinkle dash and twinkle dot—
Seems to me it's tommy-rot;
But it never won't be know'd,
'Cos we haven't got the code.
Chorus—But it never, etc.

Words by G. Hargrave.

PEE-WIT !



2.

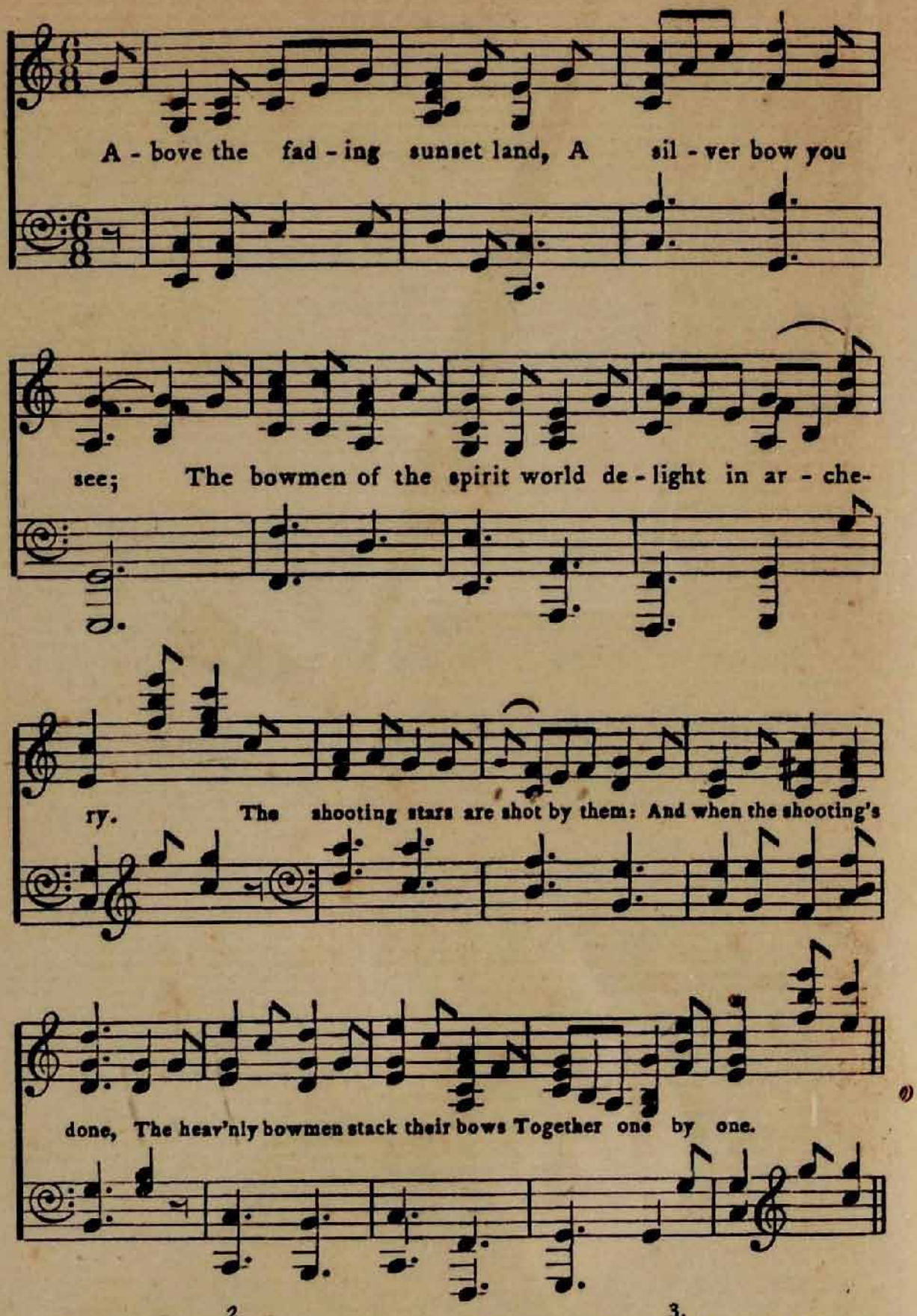
Pee-wit ! Pee-wit !
But still I've got a wee-wit ;
My nest is not so easy found ;
I tell you I'm a Pee-wit !

3.

Pee-wit ! Pee-wit !
The ploughman bellows "Gee-wit !"
And while I hover round and round,
I tell him I'm a Pee-wit !

Words by J. Hargrave.

WHY THE MOON COMES AND GOES.



2.

At first a single warrior comes
And leaves his bow on view;
We see it in the evening sky
And say, "*The moon is new.*"
Then others come and bring their bows
And pile them day by day;
It takes them just two weeks, and then
"*The moon is full,*" we say.

3.

Of course it's full—it's full of bows,
As full as full can be;
They make the great fat shiny moon
Which everyone can see.
And when the moon grows less and less
(We say, "*It's on the wane*")
It's just because the hunters come
And take their bows again.

Words by G. Hargrave.

INDEX

Aeroplanes, 44, 132, 135-7, 144, 156-7, 163, 172, 182, 187, 192.
Africa, 14, 47, 69, 190-1.
Allegories, 11, 111-2.
Animals, 42, 48, 53, 57, 61-2, 65, 72, 108, 134, 139, 155, 163, 167, 196-7.
Armentières, 135-7.
Art, 8, 16-29, 35-8, 43-5, 50, 53, 70, 100, 109, 131.
  Indian, 77-86.
  Similarity between Eastern and Western, 81.
Artillery, Praise of British, 146-7, 168.
Athletics, 6-7, 14, 55, 64-5, 117, 158, 163.

Baden-Powell, Sir R., 115, 127, 155.
Bailleul, 135.
Belgium, 138, 200.
Ben, 8, 9.
Birds, viii, 30-3, 39, 41, 47, 51, 54-5, 57-8, 60, 66, 69, 70, 89, 91, 104, 108-9, 116-7, 126, 132, 138, 141-2, 149, 158, 164-6, 183, 196.
Bishop of London, 95, 99.
Browne, Dr. and Mrs. Oswald, 4, 6, 9, 31.
Buckley, Miss, 153, 169.
Burnham, 96, 98, 101-6.
Butterflies, 33, 48, 58, 144, 153, 158, 195.

Caldey Abbey, 27, 97.
Campaigning, 48, 113-7, 127-8, 134, 136-7, 139, 141, 143, 153.
Camp-fire, 112, 114-7.
Carey, The Rev. Walter, 35.
Casting, 20, 84.
  Indian method of, 78.
Character, 3-15, 130-1, 176.
Children, Success with, 19.
Coe, Edward, 124, 126, 133-4, 137-8, 144, 148, 152, 155-6, 158-9, 161, 164, 167, 172, 177-9, 185, 189, 192.
Collins, The Rev. M. D., 15, 99, 113-5, 119, 133, 151, 155, 163.
Contrast in design, 20-4, 79.
Cooking, 98, 105-6, 141, 152, 166, 182.
Courtesy, 5, 45, 110-2.

Dartmoor, 9, 10, 30-1, 46-7, 88-92, 94, 124, 153.
Dashwood, Captain S. L., 173, 186-7.
Dogs, 8, 9, 45, 48, 67, 169.
Douglas, The Rev. G. W., 35.
Drawing, 17, 18, 29.
  Indian method of, 80.

Ely, 13, 35.

Fishing, 30, 88-92.
Flowers, viii, 33-4, 36-7, 39, 41-2, 47, 91, 138, 145, 147, 151, 153.
  Indian treatment of, 80-1.
Fouquerilles, 190.

Gardening, 2-3, 8.
Gardiner, Canon Evelyn, 15, 129-31.
Gentleness, 15.
Gordon Ives, Mrs., 137, 140, 144, 160, 164.
Grange, The, Folkestone, 6.
Greenstreet, Miss, 4.
Grinstead, East, 36.
Gwynn, J. T. and Mrs., 51, 55, 63-4, 66, 73, 77, 168, 182, 186.

Happiness, ix, xiv, 184, 192.
Hargrave, J. and G., 110, 204.
Hohenzollern Redoubt, 189.
Holidays, Summer, 6, 31-48.
Holy Redeemer, Clerkenwell, 27-8.
Home, Thoughts of, 166, 172-4, 188.
Hulluch, 189.
Human interest, 10, 132.
Humour in the trenches, viii, 10, 137, 140-1, 150, 153-4, 156, 160, 162-4.
Hunziker, Mademoiselle, 2, 4-5, 17.
Hyde, The Rev. R., 92, 98-106, 141, 168, 184.

India, 51-86, 96-7, 123.
Indian Art and Handicraft, 62, 70-4, 77-86.
  Troops in France, 179.
  Religions, 60, 63, 68-72, 74, 84-5.
Inventiveness, 90, 109, 126-7.

Jewels, 19, 22-4, 51, 56, 73-5, 81-3, 85-6, 119, 200.

Kangaroo hoax, 102.

Layard, The Rev. E. B., 10.
Lens, 178.
Llanthony Abbey, 91.
Loos, 47, 177-87.
Lumbres, 133.

Maurice Hostel, 13, 95-106, 109, 112-3, 173.
Merris, 134, 177, 181.
Metals, 22-3, 78, 180.
Metal work, 13, 17-29, 38, 51, 100, 113.
  Indian methods of, 78, 83-4.
Modelling, 14, 18, 110, 173.
Music, 17, 36, 43, 55, 59, 95, 98, 109, 118, 129, 142, 169.

Nature, Love of, 10, 20, 31-2, 47-8, 88, 91, 103-4, 113, 131.
Noel Street, 9, 18, 28, 95, 113.
Norfolk Regiment, viii, 123, 129, 141, 146, 153, 156, 167.

Ober Ammergau, 34-8.

Philips, Capt. the Hon. Roland, 13.
Philosophe, 177, 179, 190.
Photography, 7, 37, 42, 95, 103.
Platt, St. Mary, 8, 13.
Playfulness, 2-4, 38, 46, 94, 96-8, 122, 146, 160, 190
Plays, 100-1, 106, 110, 117-9.
Ploegsteert, 47, 135, 156, 192.
Poems, ix, xiv, 28-30, 88, 94, 108, 120, 122, 132, 147, 157, 159, 168, 173, 176, 188, 195-207.

Quelnes, 133.

Radley, 6, 7, 11, 25-6.
Rangecroft, Arthur, 18, 28, 149.
Rawlins, Alice, 5.
  Katharine, 2.
Religion, xiv, 9-14, 17, 36-7, 40-1, 47, 126, 131, 159, 181, 192-3, 198-9, 202.
  In the trenches, 138, 147, 152, 154, 167, 169, 202.

Renescure, 134.
Romarin, 138.
Roumanian legend, 199.
Russell, The Rev. E. F., vii-ix, 2, 10, 145, 147, 174, 182.

St. Alban's, Holborn, 9.
St. Columba's, Haggerston, 113.
St. Mark's, Marylebone, 13.
St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, 13, 26, 44, 191.
St. Saviour's, Hoxton, 113.
Sankey, The Rev. J. R., 7.
Scouting, 13, 15, 32, 47, 51, 91, 97, 108-20, 124, 127, 134, 151, 154, 155, 159, 161, 185, 186, 190, 204.
Sedding, John D., 1, 2, 5, 9, 16, 18, 19, 20, 24, 27, 31, 32, 36, 191.
Signalling, 91-2, 124-7.
Sketches, War, 169-72, 186.
Smugglers, 103.
Snakes, 61, 67-8, 96-7, 114.
Social Service, 13, 95-106.
Soldering, Indian method of, 78, 81.
Somerset, The Lady Henry, 158.
Songs, 119, 204-10.
Spirits, Fire and Stone, 68-9.
Stars, xiv, 115, 170, 198-9, 208.
Stories, 51, 95-8, 102, 110, 114, 119.
Switzerland, 32-4.
Symbolism, 25-6.

Tarnished Door, The, 111-2.
Teesdale, 90.
Thoroughness, 6, 18, 89, 100, 113-4.
Tinling, Canon, 3.
Miss, 124-5, 150, 155, 157, 162, 165, 174.
Travers, Canon, 190.
Martin, xii, 47, 119.
Treasure-hunting, 50-1, 59, 66, 75-7, 83-5.
Trees, 47, 116, 165-6, 200-1.

Universities' Mission to Central Africa, 14, 69, 160.

Wastdale Head, 20.
Wharton, The Rev. G., 6.
Wickham, West, 1, 2, 101.
Wilson, H., 8, 17, 19, 28.

Yachting, 31, 56, 94, 98, 104-5, 140, 165.

Zanzibar, 47.

GARDEN CITY
PRESS LTD.,
:: PRINTERS, ::
LETCHWORTH