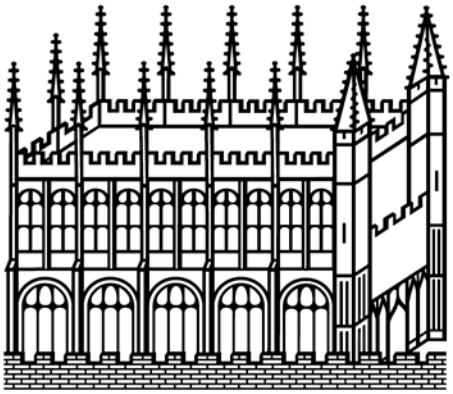


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ETON LETTERS
1915-1918

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BY

A HOUSE MASTER

PRIVATELY PRINTED BY

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PREFACE

THESE letters were written to Old Boys at the front: their one aim was at all costs to amuse and interest. Glimpses of Eton life are always welcome to Old Etonians, and might, I hoped, be more than ever acceptable as a relief from the monotony or the horror of the war. Some eighty typed copies of each letter were sent from Eton. Answers came from France, Belgium, Gallipoli (one dated 'the day before the glorious Fourth of June'), Mesopotamia, Salonika, Italy, Egypt, Palestine. The letters contain much glorification of a single House: that was, perhaps, pardonable, because it was for the Old Boys of that House that they were primarily intended. They abound in personalities, criticism, 'blazing indiscretions'; they have no literary merit whatever; and were, of course, not intended for publication. No copy of any letter was kept by me. Why, then, are they printed now? First, because some of the Old Boys suggested it; secondly, because those who were glad to read the letters in war-time will read them with new interest in peace; thirdly, because we would give much to-day for any series of letters, however superficial, written from Eton 110 years ago.

Doubtless there are other motives more or less

discreditable, which I will not stop to analyse : only I will own that I have come to take pleasure in the letters, partly because they have pleased others, and I should rather like to see them printed. But it will be said, all the personalities at least might have been excluded. Not unless I had rewritten the original letters, and so edited they would have lost whatever value they now possess. Or at least I might have waited for ten years ! Not if I know myself. I was able, acting on a sudden impulse, to send out some twenty post-cards asking for copies of the letters, if by any chance any had been kept. Thanks to eight Old Boys and one Old Boy's wife, I have been sent all, or nearly all. If I had waited, probably the letters, and certainly my impulse, would have been irrecoverably lost.

I cannot apologise for the many personalities : *ἐκὼν ἐκὼν ἥμαρτον, οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι.* I can only hope that, in spite of everything, my friends will once more forgive me.

H. M.

ETON, *January* 30, 1920.

Specially I wish to thank Mr. R. A. Austen-Leigh for his great kindness in reading through the proofs, for invaluable help in placing the letters in the right order, and for the correction of many oversights and errors.

ETON, *March* 15, 1920.

ETON LETTERS

June 1915.

MY DEAR EVELYN,

You can't escape one of these, though I shall see you and your wife to-morrow Hurrah !

I wonder what sort of things you would like to know, and whether you would mind a typed letter ? It is not my own idea, but I don't write as often as I should like, and perhaps just the ordinary things about Eton may be of interest. So here are some of them. The Fourth of June was not the fourth at all : much the best part of it was the telegrams from Old Boys, which afterwards appeared in the *Chronicle*. Since then one School match has been scratched because the Authentics or Quidnuncs could not raise a side. There are rumours of a one-day match with Winchester, but I can't see what use there would be in it, unless each side was allowed to bat for three hours, and whoever made most runs won. Another effort to brighten cricket !

You will be rather amused to hear that we are each to have a respirator, soaked in a solution of washing-soda, hyposulphate of soda, a little glycerine and water ! This is in case of a German raid. I dare say it is quite all right ; but it must seem rather absurd to you that we

should take all these precautions besides being defended by the British Army and Navy! All the hoses which used to be employed to flood the house when we won House fours or School pulling are ready for action, and they leak worse than ever. Since we last won the pulling, three years ago, the winners are no longer soused with water, with heads projecting from the library windows; it's a great pity to give up the old custom, and we shall have to revive it again.

The first strawberry is ripe in the garden to-day. I don't feel quite such a brute as I might in telling you this, because I am not allowed to eat any myself. Moreover, Arthur Cartmell assured me that he had strawberries and cream in the trenches quite six weeks ago.

The French flag which George Fletcher rescued from the Germans, a few days before he died, is hanging in the School Library. I wanted it to be in the ante-chapel, but it looks splendid where it is. Sermon by the Head to-day—no reporters now admitted into Chapel, so I won't act the reporter; but, anyhow, you would all have approved.

At the moment we have one in the VIII (Buxton). He is a little doubtful, but I think will stay; one in second VIII (Gladstone); and the other two are quite good, but I am afraid m'tutors won't quite manage 'to win it again.' There are at least three good House fours, two of which ought to beat us; but, after all, in the old days we achieved the impossible—ask Anthony Bovill! I am afraid our House XI will be moderate. No one talks in the House as much as Dick Gull in old days, or makes as many runs as Harold Sprot and Hubert

Bigge used to do in juniors. And no one is such a nuisance as Jim Peat used to be, though it's the kind of nuisance the absence of which I often regret. Clarence Buxton was here for a few hours on short leave last week, and Arthur Cartmell for long leave. Our long leave is next Sunday, so we hope the Germans will make their effort on Eton then.

A scene in P.R. I had been doing Genesis with Fourth Form, and the men of Shechem had been rude to Dinah, Jacob's daughter. Subsequently, I saw a Remove boy grinning to himself, and asked him why. Very reluctantly he said, 'I am laughing at Jacob being rude to Dinah!' He is a humorous chap, and the names pleased him. On another occasion this same boy, who is rather clumsy, while getting up to ask me for help, stood on the form, overbalanced, and totally disappeared from view on the floor, with the bench on top of him. He rows very hard, and will be a good oar some day, and a first-rate second at the wall. Harris,[1] Frank,[2] and Devonshire[3] are all going strong. Frank would have enlisted, but has a bad rupture, which would entail an operation, and he would not be fit to go for a year. Harris' son is at the Dardanelles.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

October 1915.

MY DEAR EUGENE,

Some of these memories will interest you. I am getting very lazy and shall soon be rather busy, as Confirmation is the last straw which breaks the donkey's

[1] Butler. [2] Footman. [3] Gardener.

back, so will you forgive a typed letter? I am afraid it will look rather like the broadsheets of *The Times*, without their literary merit. Here's a story which may recall Sunday Private to some of you, and I hope that at this distance of time that will not be an unpleasant memory. I asked a boy in A.C. 1 (you remember A.C. always was rather Philistine and illiterate, or rather you will remember that I used most unjustly and insultingly to say so)—well, I asked him whether he preferred the 'Ring and the Book,' which we had read last half, or the Isaiah which we are doing this half? He thought for a moment before answering; 'I liked the stuff best which we did last half, whichever it was.' So, you see, under my able tuition he had failed to distinguish between Isaiah and Browning. Don't tell the Germans. Yesterday the cartoon in *Punch* was Turkey (as Ganymede) being taken up by the German eagle. It really was very funny, for poor old Turkey made a very ungraceful Ganymede. It occurred to me to ask some of the boys who Ganymede was. I tried Army Class first (and first Army Class, too), but Army Class hadn't heard of him. Then I went to a boy in Select Division of C, but he also disappointed me. So I tried my own table, and there I did better, for one of them remembered the name quite well, but he too at the moment could give no account of the gentleman in question. So I said *Benedicto benedicatur* more sadly than usual. Here's a story preached in Chapel, second Sunday of half—therefore by the senior mathematical master; it's a very good story too, at least I like it. A little girl was found by her mother with a Bible and a pair of scissors. 'Fearing that the sacred Word might re-

ceive some injury' (isn't that just the style of a sermon?), the mother asked the child what she wished to do. 'Why,' said the child, 'it says here that the man said to Jesus, "If Thou canst"; he ought to have known better than to say "if" to Jesus. I shall cut out the "if."'

We are going to win House rackets, which we did last three years ago with Jack Bevan and Dick Gull. By the by, I hear that Dick has been doing splendid work, sniping on one occasion a dozen Germans. 'You see,' said my informant, 'he is so small that the Germans couldn't see him.' But it is always the small men who are great. I am afraid the Lower boy XI is not so good as I hoped it would be. All my geese are swans, as perhaps you remember. The Lower boy fives are promising. I played with three of them yesterday. One cut me over hard, about a foot from the ground, but the ball went up off my devoted back, and won him the point. He laughed so much that I was afraid of apoplexy. I have heard from Millington-Drake from Buenos Aires. He wants to be allowed to fight, but the Government having crammed him with so many languages says he is far too precious to risk.

J. Christie has just been here for three days. He was fighting a week ago in France, and then got 'football' leave. He tried to injure himself, or his opponents, playing against the School, but having failed to do so went back to the Front to-day.

There are three in Pop this half—Peake (captain of the Oppidans), Baillie, and Buxton. Baillie is secretary of the Musical Society, as Geoffrey Tower was six years ago. We are also reviving the quartet. We

have not had one since Bowlby's time, when we had two quartets. Bowlby's quartet won, and Tom Bevan's should have been second, but were last, owing to the injustice of the judge. We haven't begun fires yet, and nobody has grumbled audibly, so you see we are becoming very Spartan.

A new boy last week lost (1) a purse, (2) a sweater, (3) glasses, (4) three books, (5) a pair of fives gloves. All have been recovered except the last. You can imagine my increasing amiability when told of these recurring losses. Plenty of dug-outs are here as masters. A new boy asked by his tutor who he was up to, answered (alluding to a gallant veteran), 'I don't know, sir, but he's an obvious Hun.'

Ralph Eastwood is just back from the Dardanelles. He has had a very strenuous time and is quite knocked up, but hopes to be right again in a month or so.

'All the Old Boys at m'tutor's have done so well that it is not an easy thing to do as well as them,' was written to me quite lately by one of the youngest of the Old Boys, just off to the Front.

Le Neve Foster has been ill, I grieve to say, and is giving up his house, as the doctor insists on his taking things easily; he will go on as a master. L. Todd gets a house.

The first set of speeches were dull—we want another Millington-Drake. And now I must go and construe the 'Birds of Aristophanes.'

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

November 1915.

MY DEAR EVELYN,

Here is some more Eton gossip. A Lower boy the other day was very ill in the night, as will happen at times ; he was told by the maid not to go into Early School, but feeling rather better he determined to go, and went. He also started to go into Chapel, but then finally collapsed, and was in bed for three days. I thought it was jolly plucky of him, and I knew you would like to know. It reminds me of another boy at m'tutor's some seven years ago, who was sick (I regret to say) in Early School, went home and felt better, so returned to Early School before the traces of his illness had been removed. That, I think, was the best thing ever done at m'tutor's. He's fighting now, but his name's a secret. Anyone may guess. The name of the successful guesser will appear in the next issue. After all, I suppose Carleton Tufnell's feat in never staying out at all was perhaps the best achievement of the whole lot. I hear Carleton is called 'Noisy.' I suggest Harpocrates. Look him out when you look out Ganymede, and you will find he was the Egyptian god of silence.

Here is another story of a Lower boy. He shouts very loud in talking, so to discourage him I always shout at him. The other day I did this in his room. The result was that all the Lower boys came rushing along, thinking some fag-master was calling them. I chaffed him, and said it was due to his shouting. He, however, insisted it was due to my shout, and added, 'Besides, sir, you have got a cracked voice.' I remonstrated, but he said with genuine surprise, 'Didn't you

know you had a cracked voice, sir? Surely you must have known.' Since then I have been questioning my friends, to find out if my voice is really cracked. I remember in old days it once annoyed the captain of the Oppidans, behind whom I used to sit in Chapel. Anyhow, I was very grateful to the Lower boy. It really would be a great kindness if Old Boys would tell one some of the many faults they noticed.

We have been warned to expect Zeppelins. Some wag suggested that the information came from one of the Headmaster's German friends, but eventually it turned out to have come from an Eton master, whom A. W. W. describes as living in an atmosphere of melodrama. Guess again! I am afraid this letter will be heavily censored, as it deserves, before you get it; but if ever gossip was pardonable, it is in writing to Old Boys. This letter may remind you of a humorous Eton paper which had one paragraph consisting of 'Who said, "Take fifty," etc.?' and ended with, 'Who might have said, "I never wear a hat, and am never late for school"?' Impey is the latest dug-out; he received a wire in his bath yesterday morning, finished his dressing, and came. He is Booker, for Booker has hurt his leg in a fall. We are grieved, but the doctors are delighted, because he injured one leg twelve years ago in a way in which no one had ever done before, and now he has injured the other leg in precisely the same way. I hear John Christie has done splendidly—at the Front—though he is angry if anyone says so; anyhow, this isn't gossip, but truth.

Long Leave is on Saturday. The boys are hoping the Zeppelins won't arrive during their absence. I

am ashamed to say I have no desire to sample a Zeppelin.

Dick Gull was here this week, also Charles Goodford, who has also done very well indeed. Some people say the best football players make the best soldiers. I dare say it is true; but the odd thing is that the boys who were not good at football are as brave as the bravest in the fight. A Conduct as usual is preaching, next Sunday, to an audience probably of some dozen boys. I always think it is one of our triumphs in rudeness to invite the Conducts to preach on these solitary occasions. The other thing I object to is the boys resting their heads on the pew in front during the sermon, 'in reverend dream,' as I dare say some of you did. But there are many things that irritate crabbed age. Fires have only begun to-day, so you see we are getting very Spartan. Just think how you would have grumbled five or ten or fifteen years ago! I have just heard from Gordon McMinnies: he is flying, and hopes shortly to descend on Agar's plough. He has lately obliterated some hedges at Folkestone and is busy repairing his machine. I have also heard from Harold Sprot, who is slowly recovering from his wound of last March. He can now walk two miles, and weighs nearly fifteen stone.

It's Long Leave to-morrow, and all the House are going. I remember when leave of this kind, involving a general exodus, was first started nine years ago. I met the old Provost (Hornby), who said to me, 'Thank goodness, you are still here!' I inquired 'Why?' and he said he was appalled at the solitude. It is very jolly to look out of the window and watch the mulberry leaves falling, and know that there is no Sunday Private,

and no reason for getting up till the day is nicely warmed. Perhaps I shall do that on Sunday, and I get off four Sunday Privates, and the boys only get off one. I am engaged in a heated correspondence with Michael Bland about desks on Sunday. Do you remember, any of you, a masters' match when George Lyttelton was keeper of the field against the masters? In those days the masters were not very strong, and so had to resort to the tactics of veterans to stave off defeat. After the match George Lyttelton protested about something—I dare say quite rightly—but Michael Bland engaged him at once in discussion, and George could not get in a word edgeways. Afterwards, some master said to Michael Bland, 'Well, what did you say to him?' This was the answer: 'I don't remember exactly what I said to him, but my impression is he didn't have the best of it.' Which seemed likely to us who knew Michael. But Michael is very kind to me; indeed he always has been, ever since he was kindness itself, and took my house, some nine or ten years ago, for a month. Lower boy ties begin this week, after leave. There's been no passage football yet. There's no Old Boy, of course, with all of you out there.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

Just a few scraps—instead of a letter—forgive me. Maurice played very finely in our House tie.

Eton gossip. The quartets were a great success, chiefly owing to the fact that Lloyd came to judge.

He had a great reception—as he always did, you remember — and gesticulated and harangued more delightfully than ever. We didn't win; in fact, we were in a position which rarely excites envy, some way down the list.

The next thing to look forward to is Founder's Day, on Monday! Think of it! a long lie two days running, and no Latin prose or unseen to correct on Monday. The E.C.O.T.C. go to Didcot on that day to help in manual work, such as moving trucks and waggons.

We had an obscure lesson from Isaiah this morning, in Chapel, which begins, 'Oracle of the beasts of the south.' It does not become any more intelligible as it progresses, and was not improved by one of the Conducts reading Media as Medea; however, no one noticed it; otherwise there has been nothing noteworthy in Chapel, nor indeed in School, except the introduction of a mouse in a neighbouring classroom. The mouse has made good his or her escape. We have got through first ties and are rather doubtful about second ties, as we have drawn R. H. de Montmorency's, who won the Lower boy the year before this. We are in the semi-final of Lower boy fives, but shall get no further. Cheney has got his School field and wall. He made a magnificent volley into good Calx on St. Andrew's Day, which won the match. Jack Bevan was here a fortnight ago, also Hugh Bowlby and Arthur Cartmell about a week before. H. E. Platt about the same time, and Harry Brierly a week ago. Winterton and Albert Gladstone are both at Gallipoli. 'It's a man's life,' the former writes. Here we grumble if the water

isn't hot in the morning—but I dare say that if a Zeppelin turned up the boys would be quite cheerful. One Old Boy wrote to me shortly before he was killed in trying to save a drummer boy: '*Χαῖρε καὶ νίκα* is the right spirit, and trust in God.' Fleetwood Thorne once said, 'There are no better fellows in the world than my contemporaries at Eton.' It was very true of them all, and most of all of himself.

We went into Early School this morning in fine weather. At 8.10 it began to pour, and at 8.20 the doors of all schoolrooms were thronged with hungry people who feared 'to launch away.' Personally, I ran faster and farther than I have for years, risking collisions at Keate's Lane corner, and passing one or two boys who had dropped their books. To drop a book in a puddle on a rainy day is the last straw. At breakfast it was so dark that we could not see to carve our herrings, and you know the result of missing the backbone! At lunch there was a disaster. Enter someone bearing sixteen to twenty plates: the lowest of these was unfortunately cracked, and parted, one half remaining in each hand, and all the other plates slipped through and crashed on the floor—like the sound of the sea breaking on a western beach! otherwise the day has been dull. I had an inspiration in pupil room. A Lower boy was more than usually clouded, so I said to him, 'Will you run to Athens and back in thirty minutes.' He did so, with two changes and a bath, in the required time, and in the process light broke in on dark places, and he became fairly intelligent.

I still think Rayner-Wood's will win the House cup, though they only just beat Wells' yesterday by a rouge!

Wells' were supposed to be a bad side, but, as we have good cause to know, they never are !

Sheepshanks was back from the Front last Sunday. He is younger than ever, in spite of his D.S.O. A preparatory schoolmaster, lately retired, is coming here next half. He has tried three times to enlist as a private, and has been three times refused. He is an uncle of Billy Congreve.

Cuvelier leaves this half, I am sorry to say. I have always thought him perfectly delightful. Don't you remember, when he came to boys' breakfast once a week, how difficult we used to find it to talk French, and how perfectly charming he was ! And then his bow to Mrs. d'Almaine when he left the room ! It would be jolly to do those things naturally, as the best Frenchmen can.

We had the names read out in Chapel to-day of all those who have fallen since last Founder's Day. I think it is a splendid custom, and the Head read very well indeed. Also the French flag which George Fletcher rescued was hung in the ante-chapel after the evening service. There was some question of hanging it in the College Hall, but I have no doubt that the ante-chapel was the right place. You know he crept out at night, climbed a tree close to the German trenches, where the flag was hanging, took it down and brought it safely back.

Founder's Day, and it is sunny and fine ! But, alas, there is no Founder's Day fives festival, as all the Upper boys have gone to Didcot. I had pupil room after ten, with rather unwilling boys, who rightly claimed Founder's Day as a *non-dies*, and since then I have played a little fives with three boys in Remove.

There is a great wreath of red roses round the Founder's statue in Chapel, of which I always suspect H. E. L. My sister has gone to Burnham Beeches with two Lower boys; but the old pony is now very old indeed, and I am doubtful if they will get there. Jack flourishes; but you don't all know Jack. Some of you know Fitz best, and some go back to the days of Teucer.

The Head preached yesterday. The only thing I remember which he said was, 'There is no joy like the pain of self-sacrifice.' I thought it fine, and I expect it is true, but you Old Boys will know.

At lunch one of the Lower boys was twenty-five minutes late; he had gone for a run to Queen's Eyot and home by Dorney. I was rather pleased by his energy, so he has only got to write a little Latin prayer to the Founder asking to be forgiven. Sonnets are still in force, but the only time I set one to a Lower boy he wrote six pages of broad-rule under the impression that a sonnet was anything more than sixty lines.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

Christmas 1915.

MY DEAR EVELYN,

Thank you for your splendid letter, which came to-day. I had heard you were wounded and refused to go to hospital, but were forced to do so. Just like you! Why didn't I discover you, the whole of you, when you were here? I did not realise you had the

captain of the boats, and the captain of the XI, and keeper of School field inside you.

The half is over, and I want to write you a Christmas letter. I have just seen a very cheering sight—a boy of mine, aged fifteen, eating an egg. You don't see anything cheering in that? Well, just three days ago he was given up by the doctors—a bad case of peritonitis. It was the last day of the half, and you can imagine how I felt. He was always cheerful and gloriously plucky himself, and so were his parents, and that helped to pull him through. He is not quite out of danger yet, but his temperature was normal this morning, and he was eating an egg, or rather was being fed. I told him on Thursday, soon after he had got over his collapse, that he had passed in both extra books in Trials (many of you never did that in all your lives), and he thought a moment, and then whispered, 'What a fluke!' On the night before his collapse, when he was very bad, the first question he asked me was, 'Who won the House match?' Incidentally, he is just fifteen, and six feet tall. His father is the colonel who, with General Gough, resigned two years ago rather than fight against Ulster, and returned to Ireland with the Government's guarantee that they were not to be employed against Ulster in his pocket. '*Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.*'

Now as to other news. I was wrong—I am always wrong — about the House match. Lubbock's beat Rayner-Wood's rather easily in the final, and had the best of it all the time. The concert was not quite so good as usual, but almost all the boys went. There

were only five at prayers, which is a record. I heard from an old pupil the other day, who is getting on for forty. He reminded me of several good stories. W. D. once said to him : 'You would make a better job of it sitting up all night with a sick cow than construing Theocritus,' and he added, 'W. D. was quite right.' A junior master, however, as he reminds me, was even more emphatic. He said to him, 'You are only fit to be a yokel who leans over a gate all day long and spits.' Both masters were right in the main, for my pupil has farmed for fifteen years in Kent, and he says, 'I have looked over many gates in that time, and have not infrequently spat.'

The punctual flood has been knocking at the door as usual. Last night it was in the wild garden, but a frosty night has checked it and made it go down. This morning the sun is shining brightly, and I have just declined reluctantly to play fives. Just think if I was to meet H. E. L. as I was going down to play fives on Sunday ! I should never dare to look him in the face again. That reminds me, C. H. K. M. has been setting a general paper for specialists. He has taken no end of trouble about it, and Luxmoore has helped him. The result is such questions as, 'Give examples of architecture from five centuries at Eton. How many oaks are there in the playing-fields ? Where does the stream which flows past Mr. de Havilland's into South Meadow rise ? On which side ought you to pass the Founder's statue ? ' When I asked H. E. L. the answer to the last question, he said very gravely, 'You must know that you have to keep your left arm to the Founder. Everyone knows that.' I ventured to ask him 'Why ? ' and he would

not tell me the reason, but he was 'content to know the fact.'

Then at boys' dinner we discussed it, and I said I thought the reason must be that the Founder must not be bothered to turn his head, whereas if you passed him on your right hand he would have to look round. And then arose a controversy as to which way the Founder does look. Is it towards the School office, or Chapel staircase at the other end? We could come to no agreement: those who were oftenest on Tardy book thought that he looked towards School office; but the more blameless boys, with myself among them, held the other view. And I haven't decided the question yet; I always mean to look when I go into Chapel, but I always forget. Passage football began the last week of the half, and proved very attractive; so much so, that some boys played it all the afternoon instead of going down to watch the final. The House played a wall match, the last day but one, against Brinton's. Prodigies of valour and some free fights occurred, as no one knew what the walls were allowed to do in the way of fists, but no one actually scored.

The last of the chrysanthemums have been picked in the greenhouse, and we are waiting hopefully for the first of the azaleas. The wallflowers are beginning to have an encouraging look, and the tops of the crocus are above the mould, though they won't move much for six weeks. The Head began reading over in a sombre way. Some boys continued talking, so he said that if the talking did not cease he would keep the School back a day. Such a prospect produced a silence which might be heard. I have a boy now in the House, whose name

nothing will induce me to reveal, who has only passed trials once and is now in middle division. He is an excellent chap, hence his impunity, and he will join you at the Front before long, unless you rejoin him, as, please goodness, you will, rather quickly here. I cannot bring you to Eton for Christmas, so I have tried to send something of the sights and sounds of Eton out to you. At any rate, I will not fail to pray a happy Christmas for you all, and many, many happy New Years.

P.S.—The Founder looks towards Lower School Passage. I have just been to see.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

January 1916.

MY DEAR ALBERT,

It is difficult to escape from the Old Boys. Thus I bought the *Daily Sketch*, by accident or mistake, this morning, and find photos of Capt. R. K. Leatham, D.S.O., and Lieut. A. R. Backus, 'the Eton oarsman who has gained the Military Cross.' It is not easy to write about Eton, which I left two days ago, in the holidays, but at least I received a p.c. from Harris this morning to say that the flood had risen 9 inches in the night, and the garden is almost covered. Three days ago I was in College Hall for a children's party, four to six—I don't mean the age of the children, though that was about the age of most of them, but the time. It was a very pretty sight. Miss Molly Evans (H. E. L.'s niece) was presiding over a large bath filled with water,

dark blue and golden by use of chemicals (ask Eggar or Porter), and on the water were floating a number of walnut shells with lighted wicks in each. Each belonged to one of the children, and the winner was the one whose flame went out last. Old grandfathers, like E. D. Stone, the father of E. W. Stone, and the Vice-Provost, were sitting in arm-chairs by the great fireplaces and watching their grandchildren. By the dais a band of children marshalled by Mrs. Cornish were moving like a Greek chorus and singing a Christmas carol. Elsewhere the Vicar of Eton and myself were presiding at a game played with an air-balloon over a string by two opposing parties of children. The Vicar and I had all the fun, but a little Belgian refugee girl on my side was most successful in breaking the air-balloons. Since then I have been to Eton once, and the floods have subsided. And now it is the eighteenth of January, and Eton begins again to-morrow. And during the holidays there have been constant letters to *The Times*, advocating the substitution of science for classics, so my occupation will be gone. Todd is the new House master, I think I told you, and Cuvelier has left ; otherwise no change. The changes one notices most in the country are girls largely taking the place of postmen and ticket collectors, and also of schoolmasters in preparatory schools. They certainly are more pleasant to the eye, and they do the work quite as effectively and as sensibly. Also there are no tramps and beggars. I never see anyone drunk, though a man who sat next to me in a bus yesterday, and asserted that he never made a mistake and that I was obviously a naval man, might be suspected of being no friend to teetotallers. All the same, I fancy we do

spend a vast deal too much in drink, and I am all in favour of *The Spectator's* cry of 'Down glasses during the War'; applying, of course, only to those at home. I think we at home ought to do something to show we do understand a little, however little, of what war means to those at the Front. We do want an outward, visible sign of a change of heart. Forgive this sermonising.

There is a big, sausage-like airship that sails over Seaford daily. It goes very slowly, and would be most easy to hit. What other purpose it serves I can't imagine, except that everyone runs out and waves something to it, and once one of the occupants was seen to wave back!

That last sentence was a violent change of subject. Let me go back to 'down glasses,' for us, mind, not you. I went to a small meeting on the subject, and sat between violent teetotallers. They talked behind me to each other, interposing such sentences as 'Thank God, I am a fanatic!' when the speaker of the moment was urging moderation. I appealed to them to be silent, in vain; so foolishly and characteristically I lost my temper, and made a speech expressing my dislike for teetotallers. Of course I feel none, and indeed respect and honour them, but irritation makes me say anything, and I regret it afterwards.

Well, Eton has begun again, and John Christie is here, invalided temporarily, so he wants to be a master again (just like him) till he gets well. Incidentally, that proves what a very soft job ours is at Eton. The familiar people are all here—Marsden towering above us all, and making all arrangements for running the School; Gaffney at the office, though suffering from

lumbago ; R. S. Kindersley (a grandfather, but far the most energetic of us all), E. L. V., and H. B. and H. Br.

Hugh Bowlby is coming down on Saturday, and I have written to challenge the keepers. The last time Hugh and I played was four years ago, when we were beaten by John Bevan and his partner fairly soundly ; indeed, we managed to get 0 in one game. The question is, can we get less than 0 this time ? I hope Rusty Eastwood will be here soon, he has promised to come ; by the by, his brother is coming to m'tutor's next half. Hugo Cartmell has been home and left again, but, alas, I never saw him. We are trying to economise here ; I very nearly had the 'B' holiday task dictated instead of being printed, but discovered we should only save 8*s.* 6*d.*, so I have acquiesced in the printing. Somebody suggested black ties instead of white, but the outrage (if it was an outrage) was suppressed. Only one boy came back late last night, and his excuse was accepted by the Headmaster, so you will realise that our manners have grown milder. On the other hand, the captain of the Oppidans came back a day too early. I am finishing this while the boys are doing 'Julius Cæsar' for holiday task. The last question is (for those who wish to pass only), 'Show in any way you like that you have read the play.' I heard a good story from *Life*, the American *Punch*, yesterday. The Devil remonstrates with the Kaiser, and says, 'Why do you go on calling me God ? You must know I don't like it.' There are three of m'tutor's up to me in B1. That has happened twice before in the history of the House. Arthur Cartmell will remember, and Millington-Drake. And there is

still one boy at m'tutor's in third form. That will appeal to several of you. There are also four in Pop. That will appeal to Eastwood, M. Drake, Grenville, Gull. Once we had seven. Do you remember? And the photograph in what I believe is described as Fourth of June dress? And Impey's scathing comments, and my dejection? I think what I really disliked was the seven top hats in a row. But then, I admit, billicocks would be worse.

Here are two Eton stories. A. W. W., to interest D. 5, set a question: Write a sentence to show you understand what the phrase 'a fool's paradise' means One modest and virtuous member of the division wrote as an answer, 'This schoolroom is a fool's paradise!'

The other is a translation of '*Exanimari metuentes patruae verbera linguae*,' shown up in 'D' last Trials It really means (forgive me), 'To be half dead from fear of the lashes of an uncle's tongue'; for apparently among the Romans uncles were more free with criticism than tips of half a sovereign. The boy translated it, 'It is a fearful thing (*metuentes*) to be examined in (*exanimari*) the words (*verbera*) of one's native language (*patruae linguae*)'—startlingly good sense and convincingly true. I have to go to the Slough Police Court to-day. The last time I went in Impey's company, in 1895, and we were both fined a sovereign. Better luck this time.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR

February 1916.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

Here are some more scraps. Another anecdote from Whitworth's division. 'Please, sir, you mayn't have *quin* with the indicative, may you?' 'No.' 'Not even if you are in Sixth Form, may you?' This growing respect for Sixth Form is emphasised by the way in which they do the goose-step coming into Chapel. It is far the stateliest procession you ever saw, and Heaven knows how long they take to get to their places! When arrived there, they remain immersed in prayer, while the rest of the congregation rise and stand. It's very impressive, but wrong. We had a delightful sermon two weeks ago from someone whose name I have forgotten, but I remember the text: 'The conies are a feeble folk, yet they have their dwelling in the rock. The locusts have no king, yet they go forth by bands. The ants are a little people, yet they lay by food in summer. The lizard walketh on her hands, yet she is in king's palaces.' The moral of verse 1 is the Rock of Ages; of verse 2, the need of unity; of verse 3, forethought; 4, the kingdom is for all—even the humble lizard is in the king's palaces. A very fine sermon.

A great storm two days ago. One elm nearly wrecked sheep's bridge. Three big elms are down in the playing-fields, three more in the masters' field, and one opposite R. S. de H.'s was busy pulling up the pavement, and was with difficulty restrained by a party of men with ropes, who tied it up to other trees, while it swayed to and fro and tossed them off their feet. It wanted apparently to wreck R. S. de H.'s house, or the music school opposite, but it was prevented just in time. This

morning musical practice in Chapel, which lasts ten minutes after service. All masters except those in desk bolt, the others stay and help or hinder, according as they are musical or the reverse. I was in desk myself, and thought Basil Johnson (dear old Lloyd's successor) was admirable. How altogether delightful Lloyd used to be on such occasions. Can't you see him gesticulating from the organ loft?

Headlam was staying out, and George Lyttelton had lost his spectacles, so one aged and one middle-aged master (H. M. and C. H. K. M.) played against the School, and were soundly beaten in the darkness of a February evening, lighted only by the rays of an enterprising moon. Two collegers were first and second in the mile, the junior mile was won by Pitman, who has only just come to Eton, in only a few seconds slower time. The House sports were yesterday, and it didn't snow or rain, which is sufficiently remarkable. They ended with a tug-of-war between dry-bobs and wet-bobs (three a side), in which the dry-bobs were second. Do you remember the School tug-of-war, when Eastwood led the dry-bobs and M. Drake the wet-bobs? The latter eventually triumphed after a desperate struggle by 2 to 1, and that evening Drake, while explaining to Eastwood how it was that the wet-bobs won, in tilting back his chair pulled over all the tea things on to himself and emerged, still talking, from the debris. Rusty was here a week ago. He had a pretty bad time when he first got back from the Dardanelles, but is now not far from well again, or at least he says he is. Billy Congreve was here with his bride-to-be; both Bowlbys, Tom Bevan, H. C. Platt and wife and heir, Brierly, Tom

and Clarence Buxton, Arthur Cartmell, Majolier. Ralph Eastwood hadn't been here for years. He had never seen the plaster horses at the entrance to m'tutor's passage with the 'please protect these' notice, which has been loyally responded to in spite of Dick Gull's prediction that they would all be covered with scribbled names! C. M. Wells has come down into Remove, as the Head's division is almost full of specialists. George Lyttelton takes Army Class. E. L. V. takes Remove. H. B. takes middle division. The dug-outs are terribly efficient, and put the rest of us to shame. We have had verses about the fallen elms—that, I suppose, was inevitable. We have also had verses about the elephant, the dodo, Joan of Arc, and the rhinoceros. It is snowing very hard at the moment, and to-morrow is a field-day. The wind has blown a number of tiles off the roof, and several old men with a ladder have appeared in the garden and ascend and descend, like the angels in Jacob's dream. They are very pleasant old men, and love to talk.

We have nearly reached Long Leave. Everyone goes nowadays. In the old days there were often some half a dozen left, and we used to go long bicycling rides to Beaconsfield and such places. Some of you will remember. And on Saturday evening we used to play the game of throwing cards into a hat, at which I was easily best. That detail you will have forgotten. The hymns are very dull in Chapel now. I wish one of you would write to the E.C.C. and remonstrate. The *Chronicle* tends to be rather dull, unless some controversy rages on the last page. We have four pairs in for the House fives. One might get into the semi-final.

One might best be described as a 'What-ho!' pair. In the junior fives we might get into the final, but could not possibly win. One of my pupils (guess which) wrote to me to say that we ought to be well Zeppelined to wake us up! So I should like you to know that the School clock no longer strikes between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M., because of Zeppelins! That shows you convincingly, I hope, the extent of our daily peril. Also there are now no lights in the streets, so you have got to go about squeaking or grunting at night, just to show others that you are there. Collisions with a boy who is late for extras are very unpleasant. The Shakespeare Society reads on undismayed, and finished 'Julius Caesar' last night. Boxing goes on vigorously, too, but ju-jitzu (I always forget how to spell it) is off for the moment. Hugh Cartmell was the last exponent of the art at m'tutor's. Edward Majolier notices no change in Eton except that Hare and I have grown older! But he didn't realise that the clock had given up striking. There was to have been a racket match to-day, but the roof of the court is all blocked with snow, and the court is pitch dark, so you can realise that we have had 'some' snow. There is a great deal of snowballing going on in the fields: no other activities are possible. The usual notice came round this morning to say that snowballing is forbidden in School yard, New Schools, and all the precincts of the College. There is a lecture to-morrow on 'Economy in War Time,' by Harold Cox, instead of Sunday Private. The Lower boys have just come back from shooting on the miniature range. One of them has established a record by failing to score a single point. There was no holiday

down for March 1. However, that has been restored to us, on condition that the boats proceed as usual up the river. It won't be much of a pleasure trip, for if it thaws the river will be flooded, and if it doesn't it will be Arctic and no mistake. However, the scandal of 'March 1, St. David, whole schoolday,' has been avoided. The wallflowers on the garden wall are blooming in spite of discouragement; the crocuses have disappeared in the snow; the daffodils had just begun to open, but have thought better of it. And yet the birds sing on! They really are extraordinarily stupid, or astonishingly brave, and I think it's the latter. There are the usual complaints that the water is never warm on the top passage. This is the formula. 'I had a cold bath this morning, sir; wasn't it plucky of me?' 'Quite right.' 'I only had it because I couldn't help it; the water was stone cold.' The Provost is apparently a good deal better, and has fierce controversies with Broadbent on points of Latinity. There is no one staying out at m'tutor's (*absit omen*), but a boy in another House played fives with me on Thursday and Saturday, staying out the intermediate day, which happens to be Friday, as you will remember. There is a huge snowman in Weston's yard, with a face like the Hermes of Praxiteles; he is also wearing a cap and gown. Who says we don't teach culture?

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

Procession of boats just starting off. I played fives with Maurice yesterday—rather a 'What-ho!' game, but great fun. I long for a game with you.

March 1916.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

Long Leave is over, and papers for Trials are being set, and Extra Books are on Thursday, so you see the half is getting on. There was a concert on Saturday, and on Thursday the boys were given the choice between school and attending an explanatory lecture on the music by Basil Johnson (Lloyd's successor). Two boys in my division preferred a French school to the lecture, but the time was then changed to one of my schools, and one of the boys cried out, in eagerness, that he would rather go to the lecture. I was rather hurt, but afterwards he explained that he couldn't face construing the whole lesson to his division master, and I had to admit that he was wise.

A delightful sermon yesterday by a dear, elderly man, who told little intimate stories about his own life. Most of the boys were delighted, but a very few (there always are some asses) laughed at him, instead of laughing with him, so that my unrighteous soul was filled with wrath. On the whole, the boys behave much better than they used to do, but the east end of Chapel still has a godless tendency. We had a debate, on Saturday, on Classics and a Modern Education, and to my surprise everyone voted for classics, except two. Even the Army Class was sound on the superiority of a classical education to its own! They had the same debate in School Pop, and classics only triumphed by one vote. Do you remember long ago, when Somerville's joined us in a similar debate? All m'tutor's

spoke against classics, and all Somerville's in favour of them; and I really forget which side was the most numerous, but I am sure I have misrepresented the facts.

I hear that Robert Bagnell is getting over his very bad wounds, but I haven't seen him though he is in some London hospital, which I can't as yet discover. Geoffrey Tower is engaged to be married, and meanwhile has arrived in Egypt. Getting there was so perilous that at times he regretted the trenches he had left in France. I don't wonder The sea is quite bad enough, apart from submarines. Collegers are winning all the races. Tatham and Pittar were first and second in the half-mile. The same two won the mile. Harris is still young at sixty-five or more; has a cold bath daily, and arrives at the House (from Slough) before 6 A.M. A pipe has burst in the garden, and some elderly men came to look at it. Meanwhile a more important pipe burst in someone else's house, so the elderly men were summoned away, and my pipe remains unmended. Frank has been rejected three times, because of some rupture which would be dangerous, but his fourth attempt to enlist seems likely to be successful. It's longer than usual since we had a fine day. I set my division an English essay to-day: 'What makes a gentleman?' One of them said, 'At Eton a gentleman is considerate in fagging.' I repeated this at my table, and that aroused many recollections, especially of Jim Peat sitting in the library with his chair tilted back, calling the names of boys, and finally selecting someone to pick up from the floor the book which he had dropped. So you see the good you do lives after you, and is faith-

fully remembered. To be just I must acknowledge that we were quite as bad in College in my time, and on reflection I really do not think any one of the Old Boys was quite so tiresome as I used to be. Jim Peat will deny this indignantly; but then, you see, he can't really know. By the by, I forgot another sentence in the essay; it was this: '"When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" The man who wrote this thought that Adam was no gentleman, in the ordinary sense of the term, because he was not a nobleman. But he was wrong. Adam was no gentleman, not because he was not Lord Adam, but because he gave his wife away in the matter of the apple.' That was written by a boy now at m'tutor's. Pretty good, I think. Also there are quite ten boys taking both Extra Books! So Arthur Lawson Johnston will see that the example which he set was not thrown away.

I have just been to a lecture by the Headmaster on the Melanesian Mission. You remember the mission by allusions in Chapel to Selwyn and Patteson, always with their full Christian names. Otherwise it leaves you rather cold. Well, this lecture was very interesting and amusing. The earliest missionaries were heard, it appears, with attention, but the main interest displayed was in the size of their noses and their waists. These were constantly measured by members of the audience with blades of grass, or strings of grass, in the case of their waists, and these pieces of grass were passed from hand to hand with shouts of merriment. It would seem very odd to us if the scene took place in Chapel, boys running up and down the pulpit steps; but most of our views are influenced by convention. There

was a pleasant ripple of laughter while the Head was telling this, which is as delightful as a blatant shout is odious.

Have you ever heard this? Question: 'Who were the Pharisees?' Answer: 'The Pharisees were a very mean people. Our Lord once took up a penny and said, Whose subscription is this?' The old Lower master told me this story; if I could imitate his voice by letter you would laugh at the story as much as I did. Here is another story which he told me. 'Who was Perkin Warbeck?' Answer: 'Some people say that he was the son of a prince, but others say that he was the son of quite respectable parents.' If only I could give the old Lower master's voice! Anyhow, the contrast between a prince and quite respectable parents is lovely!

Spring at last to-day, and a lovely day for the steeple-chase. Someone told me 150 juniors were in for it, which probably wasn't true, but certainly there seemed no end to them. The ploughs were very heavy, and several boys arrived running with bare feet, having left their shoes and socks in some sticky ditch. One took a sommersault into School jump, which I have never seen done or spelt before. I hope I have got it right. I am ashamed to say I can't remember the names of the winners; but, alas! no one did anything at m'tutor's. The floods are coming up again, and the garden is all under water; but it is getting used to it, and no longer complains. I suppose it is not nearly so bad as the trenches, and one doesn't have to spend the day and night in it. What a holiday you Old Boys will have earned when the war is over! I like to think of that.

We had 'Onward, Christian Soldiers!' in Chapel yesterday, the third anniversary of Oates' death, by his mother's special request. The Head gave out a little notice to that effect just before the Litany. The same boy mentioned him in his essay. This is what he said: 'He went out into the blizzard because he could not live, and wished to give his friends a better chance. He was a gentleman, because when he knew he was being brave he did not say, "I'm a hero, and I am going to die for you," but merely remarked he was going out for a bit, and left the rest to their imagination. A gentleman is what we all hope to be.' The keepers beat Harrow this afternoon, 3 games to 0. Harry Brace is engaged to be married. I hope all of you will be before long. It's the best thing I can wish you, as many of you have proved. The old Lower master would disagree very violently.

I am grieved to say the old L.M. is very ill, suddenly; otherwise it has been a real good half. Summer to-day. A week ago a blizzard wrecked the playing-fields.

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

Naval Camp.
April 1916.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

You will have heard long ago that the old Lower master died. His funeral was on the day after the boys went away, and Chapel was very full. Ainger wrote of him, in the *E.C.C.*, that he died young at

seventy-seven; and, indeed, that is very true, for up to the last he was always watching games with delight, and maintaining his humorous paradoxes with all the eagerness of a boy. And since that I can give you no Eton news, only the humours of a Y.M.C.A., where I have been this last fortnight. Soon after I came the leader of the hut fell ill, and went, so I had to take his place. In a very short period I reduced the accounts to chaos, and was busy making things worse when at 10.5 P.M. a man exactly like Dyer turned up, who has proved to be no less kind-hearted. He is also a mathematician of sorts, so he has put the accounts to rights; while I lecture on the most absurd things—e.g. the way Pheidippides brought to Athens the news of Marathon. This is a naval camp, and the sailors are rather like children, only more easily amused. They are mostly delightful, as you would expect of sailors. I taught them the word '*angelos*, a messenger,' and made one of them run into the hut. When first he was sighted every one had to call out '*angelos*,' and then as he came nearer a few were supposed to recognise him and call out 'Pheidippides,' or rather Fy-dippy-des (that's the best way to spell the name, recalling Dippy Wormald). Eventually everyone shouted 'Pheidippides' (about 300 of them), and the messenger rushed in and said 'Kirity Nikohmen' (that's the way I had to spell it), and then fell down dead. This evoked shouts of enthusiasm. Do you remember Harold Sprot when first confronted with 'Kirity Nikohmen'? There's a dear old admiral who presides over the place, and reads the lessons on Sunday. He's not exactly a scholar, and reads 'Thyatira' and 'Laodicea' in a way all his own.

He spent some time reconnoitring 'Thyatira,' and the pause was most impressive. (Who was it in Speeches came to a stop in Tennyson's 'Ulysses,' and when he resumed, after much prompting, the line after all was 'How dull it is to pause'?) Well, eventually the admiral decided on 'Fyattyra,' with the penultimate short; over 'Laodicea' he hesitated so long that I got quite nervous, but eventually it was something like 'Laodichia.' No end of ladies come in the afternoon and evening to help; they work nobly, and the men oddly enough prefer them to two elderly masters. The sham Dyer is, of course, also a schoolmaster. Roden Buxton turned up this afternoon—he's the sailor brother; he was told that I was having tea with the admiral and was duly impressed. You will have heard that E. L. is giving up at Christmas. The boys are sorry to a man, or rather to a boy. I am personally very sorry indeed; for I think that, in spite of a few 'blazing indiscretions,' he is one of the very best men alive, and though perhaps not supremely good in any of a headmaster's duties, such as preaching, teaching, or organisation, by sheer force of character he wins the affection (I know) and (I think) the respect of all the boys. Whatever one begins to write about, one always ends with Eton. I think 'Xenophon' will become quite interesting to Remove; the arrival of the 10,000 at Trapezus (Trebizond) will mean something to them now that the Russians have taken it. Also the Euphrates and Tigris will have a new significance. It is funny that it should be possible to interest sailors here in Marathon and Salamis, but perhaps it is only the novelty of unfamiliar names.

My fellow-labourer here was arrested the other day and taken to prison. He asked some patrol the name of two ships while walking on the sea-wall, and then sat down and wrote a letter. The patrol went away and returned with a policeman, who arrested him, and took him off on the charge of sketching ships of war. All his correspondence was examined, and finally he was dismissed. The real reason is that he looks rather like a German, and was therefore quite naturally taken for a German spy. By the by, if you didn't know Dyer, you have missed knowing the kindest-hearted man in the world. (I mean the real Dyer, but it's true of my imitation Dyer here.) There's generally a gramophone and piano being played simultaneously in this hut, so I am becoming extremely musical. The piano has lost one note owing to relentlessly vigorous players; my only regret is that it hasn't lost them all. I am going to desert this place on Wednesday, and spend a week of undiluted sloth before Eton begins again. They have turned off the electric light, so I can't see to write any more

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

May 1916.

MY DEAR GEOFFREY,

You will like to hear that the pulling is over, and that m'tutor's have won it again. I think the best race I ever saw was when Chanler and Tower won, in 1910; but the heat this year, when Buxton and Gladstone won, was very nearly as good. They had centre station, and got the lead soon after railway bridge, but they were

hunted up to the Ryepeck by the second pair, who overlapped by half a length at the turn. Our pair got round first, and led by one and a half lengths till sand-banks, where they took a good turn, and led by two lengths for the rest of the way. It was a desperate race from first to last, and both pairs showed splendid pluck. The final we were expected to win, as our heat was nearly a minute the fastest, but we had the Windsor station and the wind was very bad. I was much relieved to see that just before railway bridge we were only one length behind, and at the railway bridge the Eton and centre pair collided and lost quite four lengths. There was no race after that. At the Ryepeck we were five lengths to the good, and we won very easily by a good deal more than five. It wasn't a satisfactory race; but, honestly, I think we must have won anyhow, and at least we were quite blameless. So now, for the first time, there are four School pulling cups at m'tutor's—the two we won outright three years ago, and these.

Lots of Old Boys have been down, thank goodness! Clarence Buxton turned up last night in time to cheer us. Arthur Cartmell was here playing fives a week ago, and cut his tutor over harder than anyone else ever did. We had a glorious game (Michael Impey interned in Holland, but on short leave, was the third, and a young Kinnaird the fourth). We all played vilely, with bloodshot eyes and streaming brows (my goodness, it was hot!), and we all felt it was the best game we had ever played. Micky Lawrence was here two weeks ago, and with Headlam beat the keepers easily. Dick Gull about the same time, not wholly silent; Jim Peat fresh from three weeks on the square, to teach him

how to walk, after many months of fighting in France. He and I were both delighted. You remember that in Horace 'Punishment with trailing feet has rarely failed to catch the criminal,' but this time it was the criminal who had the trailing feet. I am afraid Horace doesn't appeal to all of you, but Henry Platt loved him. You saw that he had been killed 'suddenly, at the height of happiness,' aged thirty-one. He would hate to be praised, but if ever a soldier or civilian deserved it, Henry did. 'Just say "He tried!"' was his epitaph for himself. He did indeed, and I am very certain he is trying still, in some happy hunting-ground or on outpost duty in heaven. One can thank God for the thought of him. Hugh Bowlby was here much earlier; I found him at the dentist's—you remember Peat's friend, a really good sort, who still shakes hands with his elbow in the air at the angle which used to be fashionable. Then Fred Menzies-Jones came for a few hours, looking as strong as a horse (Dick Gull would say as Apollo Belvidere, and Gerald Messervy as the victory of Samothrace), and very soon going to the Front—only a year ago almost an invalid and quite an artist, but a sturdy soldier now.

Jack Bevan, too, was here, and left with Dick Gull for Windsor races. Unfortunately, neither was wearing a brown billycock, so I am afraid they may have felt rather out of it. It was ripping for us to see them, even though they hadn't got the right kind of hat.

Reggie Heywood Savage was here too, and the Eton Mission had a record week in consequence.

You will be sorry to hear that one good Eton custom is in abeyance. There was no water poured from the

windows after the pulling yesterday. '*O tempora! O mores!*' Guess who said that, and then construe it. There was a good innovation in Chapel last Sunday. Part of the will of King Henry VI was read aloud at the service. I thought it was an excellent plan. It was full of quaint phrases, all of which I have forgotten, though I tried to remember them to tell you. Then Hornby (grandson of the Provost), who married Le Neve Foster's sister, preached a very simple and beautiful sermon. It was only twelve minutes, and everyone was sorry when he stopped talking, ending with, 'Remember that Charles Kingsley, when asked to tell the secret of his happiness in life, replied "I had a Friend."' The point of the sermon was that the same Friend was willing to be ours.

The Lower master, Rawlins, had a nasty accident ten days ago. His motor charged a traction engine unsuccessfully. I am glad to say he is all right again now, except that he still wears a linen diadem to conceal the wounds on his forehead. The juniors have won their first two matches somehow. Their opponents were weak, but we rose to the occasion and nearly managed to be beaten. Luckily, not quite. Our first junior four is third on the river, but does not expect to stay there. It probably expects to go up, but the balance of expert opinion is decidedly in favour of its going down. There are five cygnets in the garden, or rather there were, but one died of heat apoplexy in the night, and was sent to Hill, for the Museum, to be stuffed. It has since been declined—a wholly unmerited insult. The mulberry trees are almost fully in leaf, so Devonshire says there is to be no more frost Harris for once

is ill, and I have sent him to the sea. He hopes to be back again on Thursday. Frank, having tried four times for the army and failed, goes next week to make munitions. Drill still goes on for five minutes, most after twelves, on the lawn. (How Ivan Sprot would have loved it, and what a splendid model he would have been !) But it does not equal the drills of five or six summers ago, after prayers, in the rain. Ralph White came and talked to us two Sundays ago about the Eton Mission, and recalled the old days, and the Old Boys who went there pretty often, not merely to escape Sunday Private, or merely to take a Sunday school. I think we ought to be certain of two in the VIII, and a third not very far off. We don't know where to get a bow for the House four. Will any one of you come and row ? Some of you almost might still be here in ordinary times. As to the XI, Baillie is playing to-day *v.* Coldstream Guards, and I thought Cheney would have played ; but I was wrong, as one is sometimes, you know.

Please goodness, the House flourishes. The six new boys (two of them brothers of Old Boys) seem very happy, and are most friendly to their tutor. And they don't dislike pupil-room quite as much, or at least not quite so obviously, as some of you. Clarence Buxton came round the House with me, and guessed 'Rusty' at once when told to assign a name to a new boy, and he was right. Geoffrey Madan has been slightly wounded in trying to relieve Kut. He is in hospital in India, and wrote most cheerfully. He charged the Turks, quoting Pindar (you know he thinks in Greek, and it came quite natural to him), and the Turks refused

to wait and hear the end of the ode—so who says Greek is no use ?

No one has grumbled very much at the change of time, though lock-up is really at 6.30 now ! The early mornings are ripping, and to-morrow is a whole holiday ! I sometimes think our hardships here are not so very great after all, but if you were still here most of you would disagree with me. Now, please, don't think this is a letter you must answer. It's the real merit in these letters that they need no answer, and you needn't even read them unless you like, only I hope you will.

Always yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

June 1916.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

I have just come back from a memorial service to H. E. Platt. I wonder how many of you knew how many-sided he was, and how splendid every way. These lines which he wrote are very characteristic :

ON SINCERE PRAISE

The surly brute, the bully, and the cad,
He's not done well out here—he's done damn bad !
The poor, weak fool men thought so insincere,
Who says, ' Yes, please ! ' he's not done bad out here :
He may not push himself, it's not his line,
But when our chance comes to us, yours and mine,
I think the man we'd choose to pull us through
Might be this one we so despised. Don't you ?

Then again :

Gentlemen all ! here's what I lately read :
' Our officers are beardless boys, the old ones dead.'
Isn't it awful ? Bah ! the silly rot !
The empty drivel of a drunken sot
Would have more sense than this poor donkey's bray ;
Besides, who wants a beard here, anyway ?
I bought a horse once with a great big head :
' Lonely without a cart,' a kind friend said.
But when they saw him jump—' O damn his head,
What price 250 for that quadruped ? '
With horses, so with men—not head or tail
Or chest, not even beard, shall aught avail :
No one of these, but by a thing apart
We shall win thro' at last, a willing heart.

Since I last wrote Arthur Austen-Cartmell has been killed. ' The best fellow who ever trod,' was said of him by a rather older Old Boy, but one who knew. Of the House cricket XI who were in for the final in 1912, six have been killed—George Davies, Oliver and Chris Lawrence, Wendover, Arthur Cartmell, and John Grahame Stewart, and most of the others have been wounded. Platt's poem ends with :

In all my life the greatest honour yet
Is to have been with you, the pals I've met :
When we shake hands at parting, oh, my friends,
Surely this war shall make us some amends !
Peace welds a handshake to a friendship fond,
But ours shall surely be a stronger bond.

The Head preached last Sunday. Unfortunately, we had had the Athanasian Creed (which fighting hard

for life still clings to the service once a year), so it struck twelve almost before he had started. Under such circumstances the Angel Gabriel would have had no chance. What he said came to this : 'We dislike an individual who is a snob, and it is as possible for a nation to be a snob as it is for an individual.' It's all perfectly true. We at home keep on saying, 'There's no nation like the English' (perfectly true, by the way) ; but, after all, we should dislike an individual who said it, or even thought it, of himself. However, the boys rather mistrust the Head's sermons, though they are fonder of him than ever, now that he is going !

Virtutem incolumem odimus, sublatam ex oculis quaerimus invidi. Forgive me. I put that in for the sake of Gordon McMinnies, who only remembers one Latin quotation, which is '*Nunc est bibendum.*' He brought that in with great effect at an O.E. dinner. Incidentally, he is also going to be married—the best news of all. *Credite non experto.* I am really becoming a bore, and 'Dullness is a Disease' was the subject of the last essay I set to my division.

Someone told me, but I don't vouch for the truth of it—anyhow, true or not, it will amuse you—that the selected candidates for the head-mastership are Alington, David (of Rugby), Vaughan (not E. L. V., I regret to say) of Wellington, Lowry, Ramsay, and some science master of Leatherhead, or elsewhere (I honestly can't remember). I have no hesitation in telling you all this, because I have no reason to believe it is true or untrue. I was told it, that is all I will guarantee. I have just been to hear a speech by Lord Hugh Cecil, on the

coming mission by the Church of England (of which I have only heard in sermons) of repentance and hope. The Head introduced him, and was very tired and gave us, well—a sermon. Lord Hugh Cecil was wonderful. I had never heard him before. It was like watching the Head bat after coming from third Lower Sixpenny. I can't tell you what he said (just like me), except that for most people 'national repentance' meant sorrow for the sins of others, whereas each person, as in time of snow, should only clear his own doorstep; and 'hope' meant for most people the expectation of introducing their own pet reform, whether total abstinence, or abolition of sermons, or smoking, or any other abolition; whereas it ought to mean the confident assurance that when each person had cleared his own doorstep, some jolly good thing would happen for the nation, something unlooked for, incalculable, small in its beginning perhaps, but with great and enduring results. The E.C.O.T.C. is just coming back from a Thursday field-day, and I am not even running out to line the streets. Jack, my dog, had a great fight on the towing-path a week ago with a big black retriever. I had only my hands and feet with which to interfere. For five minutes I plied the latter, till they ached and I panted. Finally, I helped Jack to push the retriever into the river. Jack's face was a sorry sight, and if you ask him to tell you about it he reconstructs the whole scene with much whining and excitement—it's extraordinarily amusing to hear him. The last time I interfered in a dog fight was in the playing-fields on Sunday. I struck with a stick, missed both dogs, fell over myself on to them,

lost my top hat in the struggle, and afforded infinite amusement to the onlookers.

Long Leave next Sunday. Vinning down to preach as usual—an old, invariable, undeserved insult. We have won six juniors so far, and lost one. We should be likelier to win House fours (having three in the VIII) if we had a bow, but we haven't one of any kind. The one we had broke his finger hitting a friend on the head. In a House match we played Broke's (as usual), and were about equal till our ninth man went in, made the worst shot in front of the wicket, and then the worst one behind it, I have ever seen, and then made 61 in a few minutes and not out. The rest of the side contributed about 80 altogether. 'Pompilia' is going very strong at Sunday Private, though she has twenty wounds (at least four mortal); and no one wants her to die. 'In Memoriam' is rather a failure, and indeed (if I may whisper it) it isn't a very good poem after all. The *E.C.C.* this week couples 'Eric, or Little by Little,' with 'Tom Brown,' which is surely splendid, isn't it? (I haven't read it for years.) 'Eric' is good reading, if read out by one who appreciates to two or three chosen auditors. The sentimental parts (it's all pretty bad) are drowned in shouts of laughter. 'Eric' was given to me by my godmother when I went to school, in the hope that I might turn out like Eric.

June 1916.

MY DEAR ALBERT,

William has been doing quite well. I heard him read last night in Cloisters—Shakespeare Society. He was the fool in 'King Lear,' and he was very good. His voice is delightful, so are his looks.

It is time for some more *nugae*—you see Latin is not yet excluded from the curriculum. No Headmaster yet appointed ; the main interest here has been whether one of the candidates would go up for his *viva* by the G. B. in a top hat or a billycock. C. M. W. said to me yesterday, in a tone of relief, 'He went in a top hat.'

You saw we won both races at Henley. M'tutor's had three in the VIII and the cox of the second VIII. I am hopeful, but not confident, about House fours. There are at least four other possible fours, and one with three members of the first and second VIII, and a remarkably good bow besides. Our bow, unlike his uncle, Arthur Lawson Johnston, never listens to anything said by his tutor or his coach, in P.R. or elsewhere, but smiles amiably and dreams.

Here is a classical problem. A Lower boy showed up this morning the following Latin sentence : '*Docui te qui regis centientem.*' What English sentence was he trying to translate ? Think : the answer is, I have taught you that rule a hundred times. 'He thought he knew that *qui* was the Latin for "that"' ; '*regis*' is good for the noun 'rule,' and so is '*centientem*' as the accusative of *centies*. The question arose the other day whether Michael Bland, who is a terror in desk, really enjoyed it and loved setting punishments. The boys all thought he did. My view was that he disliked

it, but that it was his job, and that he liked doing his job well. I afterwards consulted Michael, and he said my interpretation was right.

We have had sad losses this week. Charlie Egerton Green, captain of the House and games two years ago, of whom Crabtree (at whose school he was) writes to me, 'I think he was the nicest boy we ever had here'; Charlie Goodford, who was simply splendid during his fifteen months at the Front; Major Knott, whom few of you will remember at Eton, but many may have heard of since as doing splendidly—he helped to win our colours, 'in the dim consulship of James,' some fifteen years ago. Harry Macnaghten is reported 'Missing: believed killed.' He was the first into a German trench (which is pretty good, as you will remember he was very slow at Eton), but it was full of Germans, and he was wounded in one or both legs by a machine-gun; only a few men followed him into the trench. That is all that is known; he may be a prisoner with the Germans. Among their eighteen officers there were seventeen casualties. We had the 'Marseillaise' to-day in Chapel—July 14, France's day—and after a little hesitation everyone stood up, as for 'God save the King.' That was obviously right. We missed Lloyd on the Winchester match day. Do you remember how he used to blend the 'Carmen' and the 'Dulce domum' together, in his own inimitable way? Things are late this year: the limes have not yet begun to smell, as they usually do, about the time of Lords. Personally, I wish they would postpone their annual odours till the holidays.

The house opposite was to have been pulled down,

but that costs money, so it has got a new lease of life and it is to be inhabited by Macindoe and Mrs. Macindoe (Miss Broadbent once) next half. By the by, there is a class for learning Russian started. It is out of School, but five boy enthusiasts and Le Neve Foster are attending it. I think it does them all vast credit. I forget who takes the class, but it is one of the new masters. I am not sure whether I told you that we are in for the final of junior cricket. We have never been in the final before. We are not expected to win, but 'you never can tell.' It is hard to believe that the Head will have gone by Christmas: it seems to me only yesterday when we all expected F. H. R. to be chosen, and the wire said it was E. L.

Wells is doing 'The Ring and the Book' for Sunday Private, which seems to me very unlike him; but one never knows anything about anyone else. I imagined that Wells talked a great deal of cricket shop, but I have heard quite by accident that he never asks any boy in his House what runs he has made, and never knows. I asked another master, the other day, whether a boy in his House was in Pop, and he said quite honestly that he didn't know, but that he was certainly in stick-ups! I do know that the master in question is dearly loved in his House. We have won a cup of whose existence I did not know—the racket handicap cup. Perhaps one of you may have won it before; anyhow, it has been going for thirty-five years. Someone seems to have gone off with the stand, just as my pupils do with my books.

July 16th. So Cyril Alington is to be Head. I entirely approve The boys are now deeply distressed

at the thought of the Head leaving, and resent anyone else in his place. 'There is nobody like the Head, and never can be.' By the by, I bicycled yesterday to the Bells of Ouseley, with another boy, to see our House four, whom Adie took there for the long row, which some of you remember so well. Just before Old Windsor locks, we came upon a little water party having tea. It consisted of the Head, his daughter, and six Greek beginners, whom the Head, with his invincible modesty, has been teaching this half. We joined them at tea (I and the boy who was with me), and enjoyed ourselves immensely. The six small boys were not too shy even in the Head's presence, and were amazed to find that he was better than they were at rounders !

We have got two tiny junior fours started, as in the old days. I shall never forget the race between two of them in 1907, the night after we had won House fours. Millington Drake officiated as starter, resplendent in Leander colours ; it was his last night at Eton. His tutor looked on and heard two little boys (about six or seven years old) say, 'That's Mr. Macnaghten ; he teaches his boys to row !' Afterwards the two little boys settled to have House fours on the bank—one was to be Macnaghten's, and the other Broke's ; but they both wanted to be the same House four, so the game broke down. Leaving breakfasts have been stopped. They cost about 5*s.* a head, and then there was the photograph—a wanton waste of money. The boys were indignant, as in duty bound, at first, but very soon came round to the view that the Head was perfectly right—so that's all right !

Maurice Buxton is president of School Pop next

half. He is the first at m'tutor's to hold that office. Final of junior cricket to-morrow, and House fours promise well; so things go well here, too, by land and sea.

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR

Y.M.C.A.
Bramshott Camp,
Hindhead.
August 1916.

MY DEAR ALBERT,

Thanks awfully for writing, but remember these scraps need no answer. The Canadians are here; they seem splendid fellows. I think you have the worst time of all in Mesopotamia, as flies and heat are worse than Huns.

History repeats itself, or it does not. Anyhow, we lost the House fours this year by 3 feet, and in 1907, when also we had three in the VIII, we lost by 2 feet. But circumstances were different. On that occasion we expected to win too easily, and so we just lost; on this occasion the gods interfered against us. The day before the heats Buxton was in bed with a temperature over 100; on the morning of the final Peake also was in bed with a swollen face, from toothache, and was only just allowed to row. So that under the circumstances we did jolly well to make so good a race of it, and there's nothing to regret. The two boats were never clear. We led at Sandbanks by three-quarters of a length; at

the railway bridge they led by half a length. Then we were level in the last few yards, and no one knew who had won. The boys all rowed with splendid pluck and determination, and bow—the weak spot—rowed capitally, as his uncle, Arthur Lawson-Johnson, rowed twelve years ago. We won the wet-bob cup for the tenth time, so that is a greater triumph than House fours. The boys have all gone away (August 3). On the last afternoon we all played rounders (those not in the E.C.O.T.C.), and then had picnic tea in the garden. It was great fun. Do you remember the races we sometimes had on the last day, and how exhausting they were? Somebody produced a camera and we were all photographed, with one or two stray people who turned up. Somebody in Trials swallowed one of those clips for fastening papers; it produced great excitement and the doctors were sent for, and the boy in question X-rayed; finally, they came to the conclusion that it was not a very wholesome form of diet, but might be disregarded. I have one boy at the Sanatorium (I remember going to tell E. Millington-Drake at the Sanatorium the result of the House fours, fifteen or sixteen years ago). The Head preached on Sunday, and told some boy (during the sermon) not to lounge. 'I must ask a boy there to sit up,' he said very quietly, and stray people up and down Chapel sat bolt upright. The Army Class (as usual, you will remember) were specially uninterested, also the east end of Chapel, which is not particularly God-fearing. I think we have got nearly as many cups as in 1912 (forgive my vulgarity). We ought also to have had a racket (for double rackets), but the racket and its owner have gone to Sandhurst.

F. H. R. is now Vice-Provost ; he was inducted in *stallum dignitatis suae* (which sounds very like dog-Latin) on Sunday week. A. B. R. is Lower master in his place, and his reading of the lessons is approved of by the Lower boys. W. Hope-Jones has joined the artillery ; he has a mother and a wife and two little children depending upon him, so I think he is something of a hero. Besides I think so, independently of this, for other reasons. Jack Egerton Green was here for the fours ; Harold Sprot and Jim Peat were expected, but did not arrive after all. Gordon Lawson-Johnson was down in the afternoon, with his wife. We really did rather well last half. We had eleven in for the School certificates, which I am sure is easily a record for any House, and we won the pulling, the aquatic cup, and junior cricket cup. Peake, who rowed two in House fours, has this moment gone off to camp : the doctor would not let him go before, till his face was reduced to ordinary dimensions. I expect it will be pretty hot on Salisbury Plain, but cool compared with France, Arctic compared to Mesopotamia, and Ant-arctic compared to Southern Egypt. Here the mul-berries have not begun to ripen ; I have picked them before now at the end of July. The roses have been wonderful, but they want the electric lights of that evening four or five years ago, on George Davies' birthday, when we had the Barrie play. I don't envy the new Headmaster : everyone will write to him and say that what is taught is useless, and that Eton succeeds in spite of what she teaches. Everyone supports this paradox ; very few are found to suggest that the educa-tion may be partly responsible (as well as chapel and the

playing-fields and the river) for the good results. I had a letter from Bryan Cooper at Salonika, where he had found a copy of 'Sunningwell,' by the Vice-Provost (Cornish). He was delighted with the book, so I sent the letter to Cornish, who is very weak and failing at Englefield Green. I think it is sure to gladden him. I have thoughts of going to bathe in Luxmoore's garden at 10 P.M., if it's a starry night. You choose your own star, reflected in the water, and jump into it. This has been a very beautiful summer half; the boys are very good, and don't even grumble at the abolishing of button-holes—they look much quieter and more pleasing in consequence. The extra hour of light has been lovely in the evening, and so far the Zeppelins have not spoilt the night; and all the time, but specially the last four weeks, you have been in the thick of it out there. We owe you a debt which to so many can never be paid at all, and adequately to none.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR

Bramswell Camp,
Lipwell,
Surrey,
September 1916.

MY DEAR ALBERT,

This is not from Eton, but you get a glimpse or two of the playing-fields and Chapel as you read.

I met a Canadian officer in the post-office a day or two ago; he was bubbling over with excitement, so I

ventured to say 'Good morning!' Then he broke out: 'This is a glorious country! I have never seen anything like it!' He told me he and five other subalterns had motored through Surrey and Sussex the day before. They had reached England the evening before that. I congratulated him on being the first Canadian whom I had ever heard praising anything outside Canada. He laughed, and said: 'Look at the wire I am sending my sister.' I looked and read, 'Happier than ever.' Of course the retort is obvious. 'Are we downhearted?' 'No; but you jolly soon will be.' I don't know: anyhow, it did me good to see anyone so happy. It's quite different from the Nonconformist heartiness which prevails in the Y.M.C.A., though secretly I nourish much respect for that. I like the Canadians; they are a real good sort. A few of them were rather rude the first night, perhaps not unnaturally, as they found nothing to eat in their huts and precious little in the Y.M.C.A. However, they are now convinced we mean well, and they are ever so friendly. I watched them doing physical drill the other day, and tried to take part. Some of you will remember my efforts on the lawn, and won't be surprised to hear that they provoked friendly laughter. Here I have a real soft job. I am attached to the recreation room in the hospital, and play draughts, chess, bagatelle, billiards, etc. In the afternoon I take out parties of wounded to tea. The Selwyns are two miles away, and they have been awfully good in welcoming my invasion. Booker should be in the neighbourhood, but after organising the voting for a Canadian election, which was held in camp here, he has fled. The wounded

here are a splendid cheerful crowd. One boy of twenty-three (he looks seventeen) comes from Colnbrook, four miles from Eton; he has lost a leg, and has twenty-one wounds besides. He is as cheerful as Cyril Alington, and is a constant source of delight. (I remember that I used to disbelieve the statement of Suetonius that Caesar had twenty-three wounds, only one of which was mortal; but there is no doubt this boy is very much alive, and rarely fails to beat me at draughts.) I haven't any Eton news. One of the boys at m'tutor's is still (August 25) at the Sanatorium, with a very slight temperature which refuses to go down. I don't remember very many of you at the Sanatorium, but Harry Brace spent one June there; those who have been really ill always saw it through at m'tutor's house. Hoare in 1903 (I think), and C. R. Grenville in 1906.

There's a picture of the new Headmaster in the *Daily Sketch* to-day. I expect by this time E. L. is popular at the Front, or more popular, anyhow. I think at Eton he is as popular as Warre was in 1905. An odd scene happened in the Y.M.C.A. ten days ago. Enter a Canadian private, who said to me, 'I know your face.' He went on, 'What's that tie, anyhow?' I told him, and he shouted '*Floreat Etona!* I was at J. P. Carter's.' 'Who was your tutor?' I said. 'Why, Macnaghten,' he answered. As a matter of fact, he was only my pupil for a half, as he never emerged from Remove, and while in Fourth Form Brinton was his tutor. He was not brilliant at Eton, but he has enlisted in his fortieth year, and went off to France

that afternoon. He was doing very well in Canada, but felt he had to come. An American preacher of some fame, Sherwood Eddy, came to preach in our hut. He had a large audience, who began to melt away while a white-haired gentleman was introducing Eddy quite inaudibly at great length. I was on the outskirts, and kept driving back the stragglers with the assurance that it wasn't Eddy who was speaking, and that Eddy was going to be quite good. Well, he was quite good, most direct in speech about drunkenness and immorality, but without offence. The men liked him immensely. Besides, he was very clever—e.g. he said suddenly: 'Coppers are commoner than gold to-day, but I've a gold 10*s.* here which I will give to anyone who asks for it.' Uneasy stir among the audience, many obviously eager to ask, but not liking to do so for fear of some trick. At last one man does ask, and gets it. Then Eddy draws his moral: Salvation is offered, but A hesitates, B is not sure it is meant for him, C looks round to see what others are doing. So on through the alphabet, till Z has faith, and asks, and gets! How would it do in Chapel? It would be a long time before anyone left his place, walked up Chapel, climbed the pulpit stairs, and claimed the 10*s.* These huts are the places for experiments; Chapel is too dignified. The staff of our Y.M.C.A. hut consists of—(1) A missionary, a good chap, waiting here by Government orders till Persia is safer; (2) a boy about nineteen, who might say, like the boot-boy to Lord Fitzwilliam forty years ago, in answer to the question, 'Well, my boy, who are you, and what is your work?' 'I

am the boy who does all the work that's done in this house; and who the devil are you?' (3) the cook, a fair-haired, delicate young man, about twenty-three, called Mary (we haven't seen an egg since I have been here, and that's three weeks); (4) a very good-hearted and large woman of about thirty years, who gets on excellently with the boys; (5) myself. There is no bath in the establishment, and a wasp nest at the back door is stimulating and unrestful. All except (5) work with conscientious fervour, and look upon (5) as a freak. In the hospital there are all sorts—men who have been for months in Gallipoli and France, and men who have injured themselves learning to drill. One man has been here for months, having twisted and wrenched and dislocated his knee, as the result of tripping in a small hole in one of his early drills. He is much worse than a man who was shot through the neck a few weeks ago. Many ladies come to entertain the wounded soldiers—all amiable, some rather entertaining in their goodwill. Yesterday I took out a small party of eight (soldiers, not ladies). We were having tea on the grass when a little girl aged five came up to us and said, 'Good evening, wounded soldiers!' and kissed us all. I was included, as you see, under false pretences. Oddly enough in this hospital of 500 there are no cliques; all the men are entirely friendly—though, of course, their social position differs immensely. Wounded men are extraordinarily like good little children, and if you ask them out they say, 'I must go and ask nurse'; and then, 'Just as you think, nurse.' Nurse thinks it will be good for them, or otherwise; either way they acquiesce most obediently. I must say the nurses are

wonderful. They richly deserve, not only a vote of thanks, but *the* vote as well, if they want it. I have just got 'Alice in Wonderland.' I thought it might amuse the wounded. It opens at the mad tea-party, and I can see Chris Lawrence and Jack Bevan and Fred Hills; and who was Alice? Was it Arthur Cartmell or George Baillie Hamilton, on one Old Boys' match day, five or six years ago? Now, this letter goes to Eton to be typed in the School office, so that will remind you of all sorts of pleasant things, and Gaffney in all his glory (he is doing his job better than ever, I can tell you), and all sorts of unpleasant things, such as tardy book and lines innumerable (how distant it all appears!), and R. S. de H. and C. H. K. M. loitering very slowly down Keate's Lane, and then of the new boys coming on September 20, for the first time, to Eton, as you did five or ten or twenty years ago; and then you can think of the geraniums almost crowded out of the tubs by the daisies in our alley, which always used to last till the Old Boys' day, when they were replaced by diverse bushes, which haven't got any names to speak of. And to me the past is nearer than the present, so that I remember the races of 1907 and 1908, and the two cricket finals not less well than the matches of six weeks ago. We had the origin of the Marathon race in this room a week ago, and a friend of mine was Pheidippides, and the soldiers shouted '*Tis esty?*' (Who is it?), till the wiser few shouted 'Pheidippides!' and he ran in and shouted what was meant to be *χαίρετε νικῶμεν*, and crashed down at my feet (the same scene last holidays). It was noble of my friend, for the floor is hard and very dusty.

I hope Mesopotamia is less damnable. Someone suggested it was, in *The Times*, but then he hadn't been there.

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

October 1916.

MY DEAR HENRY,

My letter is long overdue, but you know how difficult it is to get going at the beginning of the half. There are four new boys—two of them, Davies and Baldwin, have had brothers before them ; one, Bowman, is the son of an old pupil, and the fourth is really new. You may have read the account of House fours by E. L. C.—a wonderfully realistic account, which it was more than good of him to write. Some of you will remember that he first taught m'tutor's to row. Up came H. B. to me in Chambers, and wanted to know the author of ' that dithyrambic account of House fours.' ' It can't,' he said, ' be Churchill (though Henry Marten says it is, recognising the style), because E. L. C. is a good French scholar, and would never have written *à l'outrance* instead of *à outrance*, the correct form, as everyone knows.' Well, I did not know, but I have just received a note from E. L. C., saying, ' I want some printer's blood for altering in type *à outrance*, which is the only French form, to *à l'outrance*, which is a solecism, after I had seen the right expression safely printed in the proof.' So I took the note out of my

pocket and handed it to H. B. The story is characteristic of both, because nothing escapes H. B.'s searching eye or Churchill's scrupulous carefulness. A new feature in Chapel is that the Vice-Provost and the Headmaster have each been given a pair of candles, and they both read the lessons on Sunday. There are many new masters, mostly clergymen. They look effective. The House has lost terribly since I last wrote. Micky Lawrence, Carleton Tufnell, Charlie Hills, and Geoffrey Weldon. The last of these was captain in Michaelmas, 1902, and most of you came after that. The others are well known, dearly known, to many of you. It is perfectly splendid to read what has been written of them. Charlie Hills was handicapped here by overgrowth, and for quite a year was allowed to play no games. Then he broke his collar-bone twice in one half, the second time in that disastrous match against Heygate's. He has done quite splendidly in the war. Dick Gull was here two days ago, and Jack Bevan to-day; they are the only two left of the XI of 1912. And a better set of fellows than those nine—or shall I say those eleven?—never trod, and there are some very eager small boys of 12½ to-day who, please goodness, will tread in their steps. Their enthusiasm for fives is boundless. This afternoon I had to play three games, passing from one to the other, and I hope some day we shall win School fives again. The best game I ever remember was with Thurstan Holland Hibbert against Harold Sprot and Gibson. But games with Lower boys are very delightful still. The School has swollen again to over 1000, and that, I think, is due to the fame which the Old Boys have won for the School,

in spite of the Greek and Latin which they were taught, and the science and modern languages which they didn't all learn. Did I tell you that m'tutor's won eight School certificates, which is easily a record for any House? College got twelve, and all the other Houses got eighteen between them—an average of less than one per House. Geoffrey Headlam has got a black moustache, which I can't induce him to cut off; no one else has made any such change in his personal appearance. Speeches as usual to-day. Divisions were let out late, and a large crowd came in after the first event. I thought them, for a wonder, rather dull. I usually enjoy them hugely.

Hope-Jones, my old pupil, is just off to the Front: he leaves here a mother, a wife, and two children. I am sure he will do splendidly, and pray he may return safe. I hoped Maurice Buxton would have played goals for the School yesterday, but my hopes were dupes. We have got a big House XI, but we don't back up or go hard enough—in fact, we play as eleven boys, and not as one. Why is it m'tutor's don't do better at football? We have not often done ourselves full justice on the football field. And yet there is no joy like that of a run down goal, and no thrill such as comes from a charge when you get the ball kicked full into you, and you find that it didn't hurt much, or even if it did, you touch a rouge. I remember Jim Peat touching a rouge; but that rouge wasn't given, and it lost us the match, and he has never forgiven the umpire—the very best umpire at Eton—who is the Lower master to-day! And I remember Chris Lawrence in tears after the match (I met him and talked to him in m'tutor's passage) because

we hadn't won. I hope we may win the under 14½ this year, as our captain will be playing for the third year, and is not near fourteen yet. I sometimes feel ashamed of this gossip, and I hardly dare to read it over. I wonder if A. B. R. will preach in Lower Chapel. Perhaps ladies will preach, as I understand they are beginning to do elsewhere. Why not? Some day you will wonder at the convention which kept them out of the pulpit so long. And all because St. Paul asserted that Adam was born before Eve! I have begun the 'Apology' again for Private. I shall never forget that Billy Barber loved it, and once when he was playing for the XI, and I was sitting on a bench as a spectator, he came and sat beside me and told me he was frightfully keen to know whether 'the old man got off or not.' I had to break it to him that he didn't, and I fear that spoilt his innings. I am in first desk, and am engaged in a vain struggle to make the boys all get up together 'when the clergy are under the organ.' You remember how they get up here and there, and you would be shocked to see how slovenly it looks, and used in your time to look! It is curious how little Eton changes. In many ways you will agree that it is a good thing, though one of you thinks that we should be all the better for a Zeppelin or two! There's a field-day to Gerrard's Cross to-day. I don't know how m'tutor's section is progressing. They all say it is far the best in the Company, and you will remember saying the same. The odd thing is that it doesn't seem very much to matter (perish the thought!) how efficient or otherwise you were here. Hugh Bowlby, M.C., was not a brilliant Volunteer in the old days, nor was Jim Peat absolutely the

best ! No grumbling yet about fires ; they used to begin on October 11. Do you remember ? That's not a question.

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

November 1916.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

I expect and hope you are in England to-day. Still, this shall go to France to greet you there.

November is here, and the mornings are getting dark ; but one gets the sunrise from the end of m'tutor's passage going into Early School. We have had the National Mission here, in the shape of Burrows, an Oxford Don of some repute, though unfortunately an Old Harrovian ! There were voluntary services on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings at nine, for three-quarters of an hour. His addresses were admirable, and Chapel was almost full. He was unconventional and conversational—e.g. he read us a letter from the Front, to the following effect : ' People say that Christians are apt to be weakly people : undoubtedly Christianity does appeal to the weak, but your strong religious man is the toughest devil afloat.' That is as true as it is forcible. He also told us the story (an old one) of seventeen officers crossing together, and one kneeling down amid sarcastic remarks from the rest, till one officer (the only one who had ever been to the Front) remarked, ' A fortnight hence you fellows will

be damned glad to be saying your prayers.' I wonder if the word 'damned' has ever been said loud in Chapel before, though I dare say it has been not infrequently muttered when a late-comer treads on the toes of another in passing to his seat. (A poor reflection, forgive it !) Yesterday Chitty read a prayer of his own composing in Lower Chapel. Immediately after it was finished a Lower boy had a fit, and one other boy retired in a fainting condition. To-day, after his prayer, two boys fainted; so Chitty is thinking of retiring on the strength of his achievement. George Chitty is very humorous, as some of you may remember.

The masters drew with the School after a good match; only one of the masters' side was under thirty, and most of them between forty and fifty. Goodhart (aged fifty) was as wonderful as ever, charging with his shirt loose and waving, like the centaur who is trampling on the Lapith in the Headmaster's room. Geoffrey Madan was here on Sunday; Brierly on Tuesday and Wednesday; Ralph Eastwood on Wednesday. Geoffrey Madan nearly recovered from his desperate illness in India; the other two most flourishing, though Rusty probably weighs less than when he played for his tutor's short behind in his first or second football half, and knocked over Guy Senhouse (for the Old Boys), in the stately and portly days before the war. Very few of you remember Harry Pollak, who was killed ten days ago. There was no more devoted lover of Eton, though when here he hardly had a friend. In the intervening fourteen years, though he never came to Eton, he never failed to take in the *E.C.C.*, and his last letter arrived here a week after he had been killed,

breathing love and devotion to the School where he had not been happy. I think he deserves a place not far below Billy Congreve. Isn't it glorious that Billy should have got the V.C. after all? I believe he earned it not once, but many times. His wife was here last Sunday, just after she heard the news. Jack has been busy fighting like the rest of you (but only some of you know Jack, the successor to Fitz and Tencer). I am sorry to say he often selects the smallest dogs, but he has definitely conquered E. L. V.'s dog, who is just about his own size.

I really think the Head is very wonderful. I believe he has stayed on this half simply for the sake of the National Mission, because he hoped to be able to commend it to the boys, and he has done so, though he has taken a back seat himself, with his own invincible modesty. The first of November (All Saints' Day) was a *non-dies* for the first time in history, and there was a Communion Service (in memory of those who had fallen). I am sure this was the Head's idea. The leaves have not yet turned in the playing-fields, and refuse to come off, though gales have been blowing. The trenches must be like the playing-fields when the punctual flood is at its worst. Channon and Bevan have both preached in Upper Chapel, with what success I can't say, as I wasn't there. The first Sunday I was entertaining the lecturer of the previous night; and the second Sunday I spent (just like me) in searching ($1\frac{3}{4}$ hours) for a letter, and not finding it after all. Next Sunday is Long Leave (November 11), and I hope to get this letter posted then. When sending my last letter I contrived, with the help of the Lower boys, to put all the letters into

the wrong envelopes, and they all had to be opened again and re-fastened. Oh the waste of time and temper! This Saturday (November 4) would have been the Old Boy in other days. And we should probably have been rehearsing the mad tea-party from 'Alice in Wonderland,' and I should have been selecting my biggest stick-up collar for the Mad Hatter, and lending my fur coat (I always think it preposterous that I should have a fur coat) to the Dormouse!

A very delightful boy in A.C. 1, sitting opposite me to-day, said at breakfast: 'Don't you think we might have some decent preacher? We have had Eton masters the last four Sundays.' He went on to say that Catullus's poem on the dead sparrow nearly made him sick, so you see that Philistinism is not quite extinct. Incidentally, he is one of the best boys who have ever been in the House. Colonel Elliot-Cooper was here to-day. It seems only yesterday that he was playing post for the House, and rowing bow in the famous race which we lost by 2 feet. Eton is more like Eton than ever, except that the masters don't quarrel so much as they did. '*Lenit albescens animos capillus.*' Now that is perfectly simple, and don't pretend you can't construe it. The Lower boys still walk to the half-way gates, but to-day they were allowed to walk round the cloisters, as it poured in torrents, and Lower boys who go into Chapel soaking are apt to stay out the next day. And Carleton Tufnell never stayed out once in five years. The E.C.O.T.C. have gone to Newbury to-day. It's wet and windy, so I don't envy them; still, it's better than doing nothing at all. For myself, I go to bed early and get up when I must. Lately it has been

pleasant from one's bed to see the 'rooks blown about the skies' and the last red leaf falling (though, in fact, the leaves have hardly turned), and the sunbeam madly striking on tower and tree! You see, I have been reading 'In Memoriam.' And now I must set the Latin Extra Book (did you go in for Extra Books, I wonder?). So good-bye for a little while.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

December 22, 1916.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

The half is over to-day, and my letter is late. There is lots to tell you. School concert last night was memorable. The Head made a gallant speech of thanks for the gift which the School gave him, a silver casket with two cheques from O.E.'s and present Etonians. Not a trace of sentiment, thank goodness, but plenty of humour. He even told the story about a presentation made to Keate, when in all the great gathering there was not a single fellow who had not been whipped by him. The Head disclaimed any such achievement, but said he was responsible for the opening of sixteen windows in Chapel, which had been shut for 450 years. Perhaps that doesn't appeal to you; but a few years ago I escorted a boy who was fainting out of evening Sunday Chapel into the open air, and when I returned after two minutes' absence I found the atmosphere of Chapel so pestilential that I almost had to be escorted out of it myself! The School was in a state of tension, owing to their deep regret that the Head is leaving; but

he talked in his usual cheery voice, and never gave the slightest excuse for emotion. Someone said to me that when the Lytteltons left the hall, at the end of the concert, they 'seemed to be carried along by a wave of love and sorrow, which made tears impossible.' Forgive me for quoting this. It was the same when the Head preached his farewell sermon on Sunday. It was a noble, manly sermon, without a trace of any weak sentiment. It was quite as good as the sermon of another Headmaster eleven years ago, when he said, 'The time has come for me to shoulder my pack and go.' Warre, as you know, was regarded as a kind of divinity, because he gave the wisest of wise judgments from his Olympian study. This Head has gone his own quite different way, constantly taking part in the debates in Pop, constantly seeing the boys individually. To-night, the last night of the half, he is going over the divinity paper with each boy in his division, giving ten minutes to each. His class of Greek beginners (it seems to me a fine thing that he should take them) went up town together (or does one say 'down town'?) to Dyson's, in Windsor, and there about a dozen of them (aged thirteen to fourteen) disputed with each other at the top of their voices what the present should be. They finally bought a very delightful little clock, with the words 'From the Greek beginners' engraved upon it. I think Eton's Headmasters have the finest faces possible, in their different ways. Hornby looked an ideal gentleman (I should like to use the Greek word, but I am afraid it can't be typed); Warre filled one with confidence, and filled the pulpit as no one else has ever filled it; E. L. (I heard a stranger lady say in Chapel)

has the most beautiful face in the world (sounds rather rot, but it happens to be true); and Cyril Alington is delightfully boyish. He might have been chosen instead of Sophocles to dance in honour of Salamis if he had happened to live in that age. C. A. A. will be intensely popular. It is creditable to the boys that at the moment they resent the thought of his coming, because he is supplanting the Head. A boy in Sixth Form burst into my room on Sunday furious with indignation because the Lower master did not look sorry when he marched in after the Head in the procession the last Sunday of the half!

Lubbock's beat Brinton's in the final for the House match. Rayner-Wood's won Lower boy football, Lower boy fives, and under 14½. We were in for the final of the last event, but got beaten by 7 to 0. The day before we had beaten Hill's by 10 to 0, after playing a draw with them the day before, so we were full of hope. The small boys played gallantly, but were not quite good enough. After the second match with Hill's one of them said to me quite simply, 'I was determined to win,' in answer to another who had said he had not expected to win. He said, 'I was determined to win!' quite softly to himself, without any sort of swagger. Passage football is going on at the moment: it's a splendid institution, much better than billiards. Dempster has been able to take the boys in physical drill this half. There's a bar now in our drill-room (I don't mean for drinks, but for walking on and turning round and round). I love to see the boys practising, and, strange to say—at least some of you will think it strange—they are very keen. Clarence Buxton and Hugh Bowlby were

here for the concert last night; Ralph Eastwood the day before. Maurice Buxton sang the first verse of the 'Vale'—jolly well too, some of you will be most unreasonably surprised to hear. I had a compliment paid to me a week ago. A boy said to his tutor: 'Don't you think Mr. Macnaghten has the nicest voice you ever heard?' The tutor had his own views on the subject, and at first thought the boy must be jesting. When he found the boy was serious, he was so upset that he wrote off at once to tell me. The only other comment I have heard on my own voice was that of an Eton lady, who said to a friend, after I had sat behind her in Chapel, 'Mr. Macnaghten has a very funny voice, if you can call it a voice at all.' There is very little feeling of animosity in the House matches nowadays. A great contrast to the past. The Head told me this story about the past. The captain of the games at Miss Evans', renowned for football, and a boy of very genuine piety, on leaving, addressed his House as follows: 'I don't know if any of you fellows will get into Pop, but if you do, I want you to promise me that you will always blackball any fellow at Warre's' (the rival House). Not a bad legacy of hatred for a pious boy! Thank goodness, the shortest day is past, for Eton is not at its best in a December fog. We saved £16 for the hospitals by the boys confining themselves to four fires a week. They grumbled at first, but they settled it for themselves, and then accused me of having settled it. H. E. L. is as wonderful as ever. The Founder had his usual wreath of red roses on Founder's Day, doubtless thanks to H. E. L. Eton is beautiful in hoar frost, as one goes into Early School, and Eton

is quite unchanged, only perhaps a little more serious, thanks to the Head's wonderful example. Some people run down Eton and abuse the Head, but I don't think they are as right as they think. That's *Litotes* (a strange creature which constantly comes into the notes of Greek authors), and it means expressing yourself with great self-restraint. Eton is the same (thanks to you); or, if a little better, thanks again to you and the Head.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

January 1917.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

This is a holiday letter, so you must forgive if it is dull. I am writing from Chandler's Ford, six miles from Winchester, where I am teaching Serbian boys English, with doubtful success. I tell them stories of David and the Philistine, Odysseus and the Cyclops, Athens and the Parthenon, and then they repeat them to me, with startling results. One thing I have learnt is that the way to enter Winchester is by the Southampton Road, through St. Cross. It's a revelation of quiet mediæval beauty. Most people only know the School buildings, and meads, and St. Catherine's Hill in the distance; but you don't get the proper introduction unless you come to the School by way of St. Cross. It is only a mile from Winchester, and most of you have never been there. I think Eton should be approached for the first time from Boveney, in the summer holidays. Perhaps a bathe at Boveney might be best, by way of purification, and then would come the view of the

Castle from Athens and Upper Hope to Hester's shed (and then you might tell your grandson how you drew level there for the first time in the race). I fancy there is only one class in Serbia, but some of these Serbian boys might almost come to Eton without much alteration. Gordon McMinnies and others among you are wondering whether C. A. A. will throw the classics overboard. Well, I was reading over an old *Punch* this morning—not so very old, September 27, 1916—and I thought I would like to quote two verses without giving any view of my own :

Spite of the anti-Classicists' arraigning,
  Spite of the ink so petulantly spilt,
Not by exact laboratory training,
  Not by the test-tube character is built.

Only in fields of emulous endeavour,
  Fired by the teaching of the famous dead,
Public School boys, who play the game for ever,
  Grow into teachers and inspire the led.

Yesterday I bicycled into the New Forest. It was a wonderful sunny day, and the roads were very lonely and quiet ; bicycling was a joy in itself, and not merely a means of getting there. I got into the heart of the forest, and had lunch (brown bread and butter and cheese, which I brought with me) on a heap of stones by the roadside in the sun. I hoped that someone would come by and say, 'Seen better days?' and with a clear conscience I should have answered, 'Never!' Perhaps you have read that in the autobiography of a tramp ; anyhow, it was not less true of me. There was only one contretemps. I went to see an old Eton friend

at Burley, and left at 4.30 to catch the train at Brockenhurst, giving myself an hour for seven miles. Well, I arrived at 5.20, only to find that my train no longer existed, and that the 5.10 train had just left the station. But even that turned out for the best, for I found a pleasant inn, and one does find 'the warmest welcome at an inn' now and then. So I stayed there till seven, and had a second tea. And I rode home without a light by moonlight. It is one of the times when you feel you are perfectly right to do wrong; for what is the use of a vulgar little illumination on your bicycle when there is that great illumination gratis in the sky? And I went into a cottage by the roadside at 8.30 to ask the way, and a very delightful couple came out and gave me contradictory advice which, for all their goodwill, served only to obscure the situation. However, I reflected that it did not really matter which way I went 'on such a night.' And that reminds me that the holiday task is the 'Merchant of Venice,' and you remember Lorenzo and Jessica outvying each other with 'In such a night . . .' I love that bit.

We kept the Serbian Christmas yesterday I think it is the way of the Greek Church. They sang songs, and I made an enormous tea. Their National Anthem is particularly doleful, and reminds me of the only specimen of ancient Greek music which I have ever heard. The French excavated it at Delphi, and I heard it played at Athens. The theatre was crammed full, and I offered £1 for a place in my desperation. Eventually, they let me in for a paper drachma, which was better, for in those days 45 paper drachmæ made a pound.

This morning there was a rebellion, as the Serbian boys refused to work the day after Christmas. It was a real rebellion, and has not ended yet, but only one rebel (at 6 P.M.) is still holding out. I wished all success to the rebellion, because I should have got off School. As it was, I had to teach a diminished and most unwilling class. I told them that rebellions were comparatively rare at Eton (none in my experience, which went back to 1874), and I am afraid they think very poorly of the school in consequence. The end of it all is that the rebel is going to France, and as he is very nearly twenty, perhaps it is as well. To-day I bicycled to Romsey, about seven miles. There is a wonderful abbey, about the same date as St. Bartholomew's in London—300 years before Eton Chapel. One modern window is interesting, because it is dedicated to the inventor of collapsible boats, who lived at Romsey as vicar for thirty years (I think his name is Berthon), and it gives the picture of such a boat. Hursley, where Keble lived, is not far from here: hundreds of people go to see the church—not for the sake of Keble's Christian year, but to see a stained-glass window with a most realistic representation of Job, when his boils were at their worst. Each boil is a work of art. I am thinking of bribing the Serbian boys to go and smash it. Then I might have the chance of appearing in the *Daily Mirror* as inset in a large picture of the Serbians, or of Job, the man of boils. This morning I told my Serbian boys the story of the painter who tried all day to paint the foam on the nostrils of a tired horse, and at last flung his sponge at the horse's head, and the sponge hit the horse's nose and produced exactly the desired

result. Well, I drew a horse on the blackboard, and threw a duster and hit the nose, and I also produced exactly the desired result, for the duster scattered the chalk into the most realistic foam. So, much to my surprise, I proved the story true. Do you remember the ode which begins 'Persicos odi puer apparatus' (the last word is accusative plural). If so, you will see how a scientific man blundered who talked about the apparatuses in the different laboratories, and added by way of apology for 'apparatuses,' 'Perhaps it would be more correct grammatically to say "the apparati."' I am not sure that the Serbians always understand my stories, for when I asked them this morning to write out a story I told them about Christ and his disciples, one of them produced it fairly well, except that he always wrote Cyclops instead of disciples. This seemed to me, but not to him, to make an appreciable difference. I am going for ten days' leave on Saturday before Eton begins again; it's rather like your leave, 'with a difference'!—on reflection, so big a difference that the likeness vanishes. It never rains or freezes here (which it does alternate days) without my thinking very meanly of my own comfortable self, and just the opposite of all of you.

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

February 1917.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

A story of a new boy. 'Sir,' he said to me, his second Sunday, 'I had awful good luck to-day.' 'What was it?' I asked. 'Why,' he said, 'I forgot

all about afternoon Chapel, and suddenly remembered when I was up in Windsor at five minutes to five. But I was lucky enough to find a taxi, and drove down and got into Chapel with one minute to spare!' You know, of course, unless you have forgotten, that all carriages are forbidden on Sundays, even to boys with their people down. It shows how easy it is to break rules undetected, if you have a good conscience! Fancy this small boy alighting unchallenged, and passing into evening Chapel with the others!

C. A. A. has made a splendid start, and has not only won the affection of the boys, but has conciliated (a far harder task) his most cantankerous assistant masters. Even Commination Service was a success, partly due to the novelty of his reading it from the pulpit. He also preached, but very shortly. You remember how the Commination Service goes on and on. Well, the boys remained on their knees for minutes after the Litany, by way of pointing out that the service really was over, and that they were making their final prayer; but of course it was no use, and the Conduct broke in with hymn 195 (or whatever it was), and then we had the usual ante-Communion Service. The distress on the boys' faces was very humorous to a cynic in the stalls.

Steeplechase on Monday; 139 entries for the junior, which must, I think, be a record. We have got a dark horse, but I fear he is too dark

Trial eights to-morrow week.

We had a fire in the House last night, which caused some excitement but did little damage. Everyone turned up with a pail of water, but the fire-extinguishers

were quite forgotten until I turned up with one—of course, too late. It would have been a grand opportunity to discover if a fire-extinguisher is merely decorative or actually useful.

The finish of the junior steeplechase was a wonderful sight. There were about fifty of them in the last field at the same time; our dark horse fell ill on the morning of the race, so could not start!

The Headmaster preached on Sunday about Jacob and Esau. You must have heard many sermons on the same subject. He made out that God was justified in 'hating Esau and loving Jacob,' but I wasn't personally convinced. But all the same, the boys liked it very much. He said that Esau was all right at twenty, but might have become rather a bore at thirty-five, when his scores grew smaller and his boasts more emphatic. It seems to me that Jacob has the qualities which, on the whole, the Jews admired, just as Odysseus had the qualities which found most favour with the Greeks, and I always used to tell you that Odysseus was like Riki-tiki-tavi in Kipling's story—he was always poking his nose in everywhere—as, e.g., in the Cyclops' cave, and always managing to get out of his difficulties by his own resourcefulness. The best remark on the sermon was made by Jan Crace, who said to me that 'Esau would never have seen a vision, whatever he had had for a pillow.'

The latest news is that the master of the Beagles is going to have a colour, because the next master is colourless, and it is thought that the hares or the beagles or the boys could not respect him if they knew that he went down to look on at a School match in a scug cap.

When I heard this, I regret to say that I used words unworthy of a pious man, as the boy did in a Remove Latin prose, who went into Chapel in a new hat, came out rather late, and found that all the best hats (N.B. *optimus quisque*) had long since disappeared. After all, I suppose it is not unlikely that we shall eat the beagles, and then what will become of the cap? I forgot if I told you that we had our House sports, and it did not snow.

The wet-bobs won the tug-of-war (eight a side), but when the whole House joined in neither side had much advantage, and it had to end in a draw, or we should have missed boys' dinner. By the by, our latest economy is a new scarf, introduced by E. L. C., which costs 5*s.*; it is rather a comely article, so everybody rushed to get one, including the great and good in Pop. The shops were sold out at once, and about £200 was spent! My dame (to her lasting credit) characteristically refused to give any orders for these scarves, so m'tutor's is the only House which does not possess them.

You will be interested to hear that the total profits of School stores (1904–1916) have been £6100: all of this has been devoted to School objects, mostly games, so we owe a great debt to Lionel Ford, who was chiefly responsible for starting them. You remember how Mr. Powell, who was ejected from a very profitable monopoly by School stores, insisted on sowing his strip of Mesopotamia with corn, thereby spoiling the cricket and football ground. That hatchet is buried now, and the whole ground is ours again. M'tutor's have now two fives courts at the new courts, which is a sign of

m'tutor's advanced years, for no one else has two except J. H. M. Hare.

Another piece of news about the Head. He started addresses every week to the boys who were confirmed last half; they are voluntary, and yet the large majority of boys go. I think this shows how extraordinarily interesting he is; for boys don't like turning out at 8.45 P.M. to be talked to about their souls or bodies.

The heats for half-mile and the cricket ball were this morning: it was snowing, and horribly cold. There were three spectators, and of these Mr. Broadbent was one. He takes more interest in all that concerns the School than ever, though at last he has given up fives. I went to hear a pupil of mine read an essay on Sheridan last night, at Mr. Ramsay's Essay Society; I think that and the Shakespeare Society (run by H. E. L.) are two of the best things in the School, and reflect endless credit on their respective presidents (A. B. R. and H. E. L.). 'There never can have been a time,' writes to me an Old Boy, not undistinguished, for he helped to win many House fours and rowed in the 'Varsity VIII, 'when the classics were more wanted, unless we intend as a nation to embrace commercialism and militarism without reservation.' He goes on to say, 'I easily remember and enjoy what classics I did learn at Eton, and all my engineering work has gone out of my head.'

German measles just started, and recall many memories of some of you!

On reflection, you will think the science specialist quoted above was making fun of me, but he wasn't.

We are doing the Greek anthology for Private—it's priceless, one on a man who kept a tame partridge:

a cat bit off its head, but he saved the rest of the body, and prays that the earth may lie heavy upon it, lest the cat should drag out the remains. Then follows : 'This little stone, good Sabinus, is the memorial of our great friendship : ever will I yearn for thee ; and thou, if it is permitted among the dead, drink not of the water of Lethe as far as concerns me.'

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

March 1917.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

The Easter half is over. Conybeare's have won House fives, and Brinton's most of the races. It has snowed or rained or frozen most of the time, and we have ended with an epidemic of jaundice and German measles. I looked over Fourth Form divinity. The following I thought a gem : '"God be merciful unto me a sinner" was said by the man who ran up a sycamore tree.' It was indeed a perilous feat, and reminds me of the elder Powell, who when waiting for me in my Remove division outside the old racket courts used to run up the wall with astonishing skill. Jack had a terrific fight with the Brocas dog on Sunday week—unfortunately I was there, and a crowd of 100 soon gathered ; no one, however, helped except Vinning, the Conduct, who was splendid, and one Eton boy, who rushed into a public-house, provided himself with a pot of pepper, and handed it to me. This eventually parted the combatants ! The fight lasted about four minutes, and was silent and horrible. Jack nearly, but not quite,

lost his eyes, and the other dog was beaten, but saved from much punishment by his thick hair. Half-way through, a lunatic rushed out of his house brandishing a huge broom—this he brought down on the black dog, and the broom broke in half. He then rushed away and reappeared with a sledge-hammer, but did not succeed in striking a blow with this. We won the junior rackets, and had second and third in junior hurdles, but otherwise we were not conspicuous. Our fives collapsed because Martin Holland got jaundice, and we had to scratch. The Head quoted as the best epitaph in the world, 'He trod an open but unfrequented path of glory.' I think it means he did what anyone might have done, but what few have done. Whenever I am told that any epitaph is the best, or indeed that anything is the best, I at once cudgel my brains (such is my perversity) to think of something better. My sister says the Epictetus epitaph is better: 'Lame, poor as Irus, limping as I trod, I, Epictetus, was the friend of God'; and I agree. I remember once in Chapel S. A. D took as his text, 'Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone'; and added, 'Surely the most terrible text in the Bible.' The master next to me in the stalls, now Headmaster of Tonbridge, confided to me afterwards that he heard no more of the sermon, but was busy in thought collecting a long list of far more terrible texts. I have just seen the Headmaster of Eton. He says that it occurred to him this morning as he was dressing, that he was the happiest man in the world. I asked if the thought came to him before his cold bath, or after. He admitted that he was still in bed. A certain number of boys got off Trials to dig, for potato planting.

At first they rejoiced, but after a time they came to sympathise with the grumbling land-labourer, although our boys only had to dig for three and a half hours daily. For myself, after one effort of three-quarters of an hour, I was able to understand better what the man in the parable meant who confessed 'I cannot dig,' and I have had lumbago ever since. Geoffrey Headlam is joining the Coldstream Guards. He has made himself extraordinarily essential to the School, and I cannot think of anyone who will be more missed. The boys admire him intensely, and he sympathises with every form of intellectual and physical pursuit, except perhaps soldiering. Of the others there is nothing fresh to say. Conybeare continues injuring himself in one way or another (you know that to 'Conybeare' yourself means to smash yourself in some way), and remains indomitably cheerful. This half he has broken a blood-vessel in his knee (which is said to be a unique feat); he has had blood-poisoning, so that he could not wear a collar, and as far as I know he has not missed a school.

I am going off to Lancing to-day to help there. They go on for another week, and Henry Bowlby, the Headmaster, is away; so I am going to do odd jobs. I don't mind making a fool of myself at a place where I am not known, and, do what one will, it is difficult to be found out in a week. It is a lovely place, and it is rather difficult not to feel well there; the last time I was there I had my solitary flight in the air. My adventures in many years have been sadly few: I expect five minutes of your life would easily hold them all. This morning I have bicycled up to Princess Christian's

home to see a boy with jaundice. I have met A. W. W. on a white horse in the High Street; I have passed H. E. L.'s sister and Mrs. A. W. W. I have been round the rooms with Roe, and cursed (not too audibly) to find two pictures broken in the library, and on the wall of one room, in large letters, the boy's name and those of six friends. That is the usual sort of first day of the holidays. Also I have been into School Library, in search of books, and found nothing that I wanted, and presently I shall go down to lunch and rejoice that I need not be in time, and that I need not set sonnets to those who are late. I had a letter from an old pupil this morning in Palestine; he still retains two books, and one of them is the 'Agamemnon' which the night before one of my present pupils was abusing, but the other was reading it under a sandhill not so far from Gaza! Present Etonians prefer Guy Boothby. Perhaps Dick Gull does still; and yet I don't know. I remember his discovery of Dickens six years ago, with Micky Lawrence as director of his studies. That was a great year at m'tutor's. Do you know the story of the little girl who asked if God made the tadpoles, and being assured that it was so, smiled sympathetically and said, 'Funny God!'—i.e. full of fun, full of humour?

Always yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

April 1917.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

Where was I? Oh yes, in Lancing. I have been to Eton one day since then, but as m'tutor's was swept and garnished, and it was snowing, I went to

E. L. V. at Willowbrook, and was made shamefully comfortable. Since then few incidents. One Friday, at 10.25, I realised that the service to celebrate America's entry into the war took place at 11.15 at St. Paul's that morning. I was some six or seven miles away, but I got to the Deanery somehow, through a great crowd and a cordon of police—Inge, the Dean, was of course in the Cathedral ; but somehow I managed to get in at 11.15, just before the King came. St. Paul's seems at times rather a dreary place—and perhaps you have seldom been there. That day it was alive : full from end to end with a great crowd who gave it a meaning ; and above the crowd, just beyond the dome, hung the two great tell-tale flags, side by side, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. Then, at the end, they had the great American war hymn, written by Julia Howe in their Civil War, which begins, 'Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord,' and ends, 'As He died to make men holy, let us die to make them free, As God is marching on.' It thrilled me ; I hope and believe it doesn't bore you. Besides that, I went to a meeting on Women's Suffrage. Mrs. Despard, Lord French's sister, took the chair, and an M.P. spoke ; but the women, you won't (or will you ?) be surprised to hear, made much the best speeches. I also went to a theosophist meeting, because I wanted to learn something about theosophy. A woman, 'clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful,' spoke for an hour and a half, and I was greatly impressed by the audience, who never stirred or made a sound all that time. The woman spoke well, but was not inspired. It's a very interesting religion, and I greatly admire their central doctrine

(though I rarely, if ever, imitate it), which seems to me to be unselfishness. Practically, it produces the same results as the Boy Scouts' movement, though the theosophist philosophers would probably resent this comparison. What else have I done? Not much; but I have read 'Europe Unbound,' by L. March Phillips, and it seems to me almost the greatest book written on the war. Long ago he wrote a book called 'In the Desert,' which made Algeria and Tunisia intelligible to me, when I went there. I loved the book, and have read and re-read it. Another great book by him is the 'Works of Man,' which makes me understand what architecture means, and how the different forms of architecture express inevitably and inexorably the characters of the different nations who created them. This last book seems to me a master-work, and he has the vision of a true seer. The moment I had finished the book I could not help writing to the author to thank him for having written it, and sent the letter to his publisher, to be forwarded. And three days after I got a letter from the publisher to say that the author had died three months ago. You can guess from what a height of hope I was hurled. My sister has been actively employed in milking cows, cleaning out the stalls of cows, and planting potatoes. The cow appears to be rather an eventful creature if unadroitly milked. My own holidays have been wickedly restful, and at this moment I am sitting on the beach, under the lee of a breakwater, writing in the sun. Three girls are bathing from the beach, a soldier recovering from sciatica is having a sun-bath, and a small child is throwing pebbles alarmingly close to myself.

Most of you don't know the Greek anthology well, some of you not at all. It's a wonderful book, and took 1700 years to write. It is an epitome of all life, containing, e.g., epitaphs on warriors, dogs, grasshoppers, scenes from country life and city life, epigrams on statues, peasants, politicians, good runners and bad runners, lifeboats and the stars! Demodocus, for instance, kept a tame grasshopper, which sent him to sleep by the whirring of its wings—one day it died, and he gave it a little grave.

The grasshopper speaks:

Demodocus slept soundly, thanks to me,
Of silver sounds the wingéd minister,
And, thanks to him, this little grave you see,
Close to Oropus, holds his grasshopper.

Another on a Maltese watch-dog:

Guard to Eumelus, very true and dear,
Was this white dog from Malta, says the stone;
Bull was his name when here; now far from here
Down the still ways of Night his bark has gone.

Don't you see Fitz, some of you, barking down the still ways of night? Do you remember the day when he joined the beagles in pursuit of a hare, and narrowly escaped the hare's fate at the hand, or rather at the mouth, of the beagles? By the by, the beagles are dispersed at the homes of different boys till the end of the war.

Again, this on Charmus, who was last in a race—only six ran, but Charmus was seventh, because a friend

ran alongside to cheer him on, and came in before Charmus.

It is addressed to a certain Zoilus :

'Twas in Arcadia : six were in the race,
And Charmus, strange but true, won seventh place.
Not seventh ? Yes ; an ulstered friend outran
Poor Charmus, shouting, ' Keep it up, old man ! '
So he was seventh. Give him five more friends—
Not seventh, Zoilus, but twelfth he ends !

Here's one on a pen ; the pen speaks :

I was a common reed, a thing of naught,
No pleasant apple-tree, no fruitful vine.
They gave me lips just parted : I was taught
To sip black drops and know the muses nine !
Since then, whene'er I drink, a marvel's wrought,
No voice have I, yet every word is mine.

I don't think I told you much about Lancing. It stands alone on the downs, and so has all the chances for promoting health and simplicity. No chance for top hats there ! The chapel stands like a huge sentinel in front of the school. It was seventy years in building, Early English style, and like Eton only consists of a choir. Some day it is to be finished : I don't think it can be wished that Eton Chapel ever should be finished. Our fragment is quite perfect. Lancing Chapel is rather bigger, and very much higher. The school consists of great quads and cloisters ; I think cloisters are always overrated. Eton cloisters are rather a cold and cheerless place for two-thirds of the year, though very pleasant to come into some hot July day. The boys don't wear hats at Lancing, but when they pass

a master they take their hands out of their pockets ; it is done quite simply and naturally, and it has a good deal to be said for it. Besides, it is always done completely ; whereas the hat-touching at Eton is very often a very sketchy kind of performance. On the last day of the half they have a rag concert. Masters and boys act together, with perfect simplicity, and the masters don't lose authority or dignity because of it. It's more like a great family than is possible at Eton, for there are only 299 boys at Lancing. Every now and then I have a fear that I told you all this in my last letter. Here's another epigram on a minor poet, who was a real terror while living, and has now died. (I am afraid I ought to take warning by this myself.) The poet's name was Eutychides.

Good folk below, make haste and go, Eutychides is coming,
With heavy load of song and ode ; he'll set your Hades humming.
For ' burn,' said he, ' twelve lyres with me, and burn, I charge you, plenty
Of coffers filled with songs I trilled, not less than five-and-twenty.'
Living, one flees Eutychides : what dying means, you see now ;
The man you knew fills Hades too, and where is one to flee now ?

Now the morning has gone, and the other people have all left the beach, and I am off to lunch. Forgive me for being such a lazy scoundrel. If only I could give you the sights and sounds of an English beach, this letter would not have been written in vain. Three days ago I sat on a fallen tree among wild daffodils,

which were waving on every side, almost as far as one could see, in an English wood, and I should love you to have seen that too. And, please goodness, some day, and many days, you will. Why can't one put the sparkling of the sea and the dancing of daffodils into words and send them to you?

Always yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

May 1917.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

If you had come into m'tutor's a week ago, you would have seen on the door this notice: 'No boy from any other House may come in here, for fear of infection.' We had a sudden outbreak of tonsillitis which affected half the House, and we were all put in quarantine for thirty-six hours. Most of the boys thought it rather fun, as there was no early school; but we lost a good deal eventually, as neither of our fours were allowed to race in Bumping races, and Peake, after winning his heat in the Pulling, was unable to row in the final. So we lost that too! Meanwhile measles have come into the School, but so far we have escaped. Otherwise the half has been glorious. I have never seen anything like the blossom or the weather. Eton has been at its very best. We have started by winning three juniors, partly because the measles selected the captain of our most formidable opponents as a victim. Meanwhile, the average of intellect is not rising. A boy in 'D' being asked to explain 'the Church was in a chaotic state,' wrote down, 'It means the Church was full of Roman Catholics.' Another boy in the same

division asked 'What does in-tri-gu mean in "Oman"?' —the word was 'intrigue.' However, as many more boys than ever before are eager to come to Eton, it is possible that some Third Formers may fail in the future; this, however, would have excluded Styve Chanler in the past, and almost all the provost's sons, most of whom eventually rose to the majesty of Sixth Formdom! There has been a great revolution in Army Class. It was possible for a boy to get into A.C.I. four halves after he had been a Lower boy: as the result he sat in Chapel next to Division II. Now the genius of Marsden has altered this, and boys sit where they would have sat (a thing imagination boggles at!) if they had remained in the ordinary part of the School. As a result many in A.C. 1 found themselves driven to take a lower place, much to their own annoyance and the delight of their friends.

Harold Sprot was at lunch to-day. He has to choose the Sandhurst cricket eleven, which is a pretty difficult job, as there are 1000 to choose from, and he has to reconcile the conflicting claims of Giggleswick's first eleven, and second Upper at Eton! I have begun to fulfil an old dream of mine, to sleep out on the roof outside my bathroom. If I had done this in old days I should have intercepted Colonel Elliot-Cooper starting to bathe at six on Sunday, and Major Billy Congreve, V.C., starting for a bird-nesting expedition in the very small hours of a May morning, eleven or twelve years ago. I did a great stroke of genius yesterday. I was construing with my division, and the door was wide open, a somewhat unruly division opposite was coming into School, and I noticed one boy looking specially heroic

and pointing to his tail pockets rather proudly—these appeared to me to contain something contraband in the way of a mouse; so I rushed from my room, seized him before he crossed the threshold of his own schoolroom, and made him produce from his pockets a bulky alarum timed to go off in school. I told him to come to my schoolroom immediately afterwards. He proved to be rather a delightful person, so I gave him the choice between Georgic I at lock-up the next day, or (if his tutor approved and he preferred) to be caned by the captain of the House! After some hesitation, which made me think very highly of his House captain, he said he would choose the caning; of course, I knew he would, if he wasn't a rotter. The story is not finished yet. I brought back the alarum to my division, who rejoiced in my successful raid, and I put it away in the lowest drawer on the right-hand side, where the boys put any good exercises they have done, in case I shall send them up for good. This was not very provident of me, for next day, while I was construing with my division, the beastly thing became noisy in the drawer. Fortunately I thought it was the original winding-up which had set it off, so I only said: 'Hallo! the beastly thing has gone off twelve hours too late!' and we just went on construing. After School the two most virtuous boys in the division stayed behind to tell me, with some blushes and not a little pride, that they had wound up the alarum again, as they could not resist the temptation. I could only apologise for being so dull as not to have thought of that! I shall tell them to-morrow that I shall leave the alarum there, and they may wind it up as often as they like! Anyhow, it is better than

a gramophone, which, as some of you remember, I never could endure !

I had a great letter from Styve Chanler, ending, 'Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !' after America's entry into the war. He has not written, he says, to any Eton friends for a year, because he simply did not know what to say ! (Also he was always, if you remember, an extremely indifferent letter-writer.)

I have taken to a new diet—did I tell you ? It consists of nothing but uncooked vegetables and fruit. To-night I am dining with the Head, and shall go taking my viands with me ! It is a strange experience to practise all the freaks which once I was the first to deride. E. L. is preaching in Chapel to-morrow, the first time since he left. The potatoes are just rising on the lawn, and every pear-tree and apple-tree has made me realise what Christina Rossetti meant when she said, 'My heart is like an apple-tree whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit.' Also we have a strawberry patch on the drive where there used to be bushes ; that's quite an experiment, but it promises to be rather successful. The chestnut in the garden has had to sacrifice two large boughs, in order not to interfere with the potato patch, and the old elder tree, under which we used to have pupil-room in the summer in old days, has been grubbed up by the roots. That mound where it stood was originally just an old rubbish-heap, and the soil is composed of old plates, sardine tins, jars of tooth-paste, and other such pleasant memorials of Old Eton Houses. Where does 'a rose-red city, half as old as Time,' come from ? It was set in Sunday Questions, and refers to Damascus ; but I can't think

who wrote it. It seems to me jolly good. But I am bound to add Damascus was not rose-red when I went there. And talking of paradises, it was nowhere near so paradisal as Eton this May. The leaves of the mulberry-trees are just out to-day, which ought to mean there is to be no more frost this spring. The Hebrews used to divine 'by a sound of going in the mulberry-trees'—we find ours equally prophetic in the matter of the weather. War must have been a romantic thing when you listened to the whispers of mulberry-trees, and chose your men for a night-raid by noticing whether they lay down on their stomachs to drink. And going to sleep and waking at Eton, where I am half-ashamed of being, is very wonderful, with white-starry clematis close to you, and behind the chestnut in flower, and the stars above. Culture again, forgive your tutor: he will be talking.

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR

P.S.—Wrong as usual: the rose-red city was not Damascus.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

After tonsillitis enter measles, which have now robbed us of nearly half our junior. 300 cases in the School, but no one much the worse for it, except the hard-worked dames and the School office, where Gaffney is still equal to all emergencies. Henley is June 27. First VIII rows *v.* Shrewsbury, and second VIII *v.* Beaumont. Yesterday Lawson Johnston, a nephew of Arthur's, stroked the first VIII, but I am afraid he is to return to stroke the second VIII. Any-

how, his uncle was ninth man, so I hope he may be too. We have two playing for the second XI to-day—Martin Holland and Davies; but I haven't much hopes of either being in the first. Why is it everyone is so bored with cricket at Eton? I believe we ought to have House matches all through the half—they would be as popular as the junior cricket matches. The Head flourishes. Let me give you a proof. On Fridays he lectures, or preaches, or talks (what you will), for thirty minutes, at 8.50 P.M., on difficulties in Christianity, and he particularly asked no one to come except those who really wished to do so; and ever so many boys come, more than 100 certainly, and they increase weekly. His preaching on Sunday is wonderful. Last Sunday on the text, 'Love one another,' he said: 'Love does not mean that you must like other people—e.g. clergymen in the East End don't like drunkards, wife-beaters, etc., among whom their time is chiefly spent: no, love is willingness to accept responsibility for other people, whether you like them or not. Love does not shrink from inflicting pain; love is to do your duty by other people. Dante, in the depths of hell—which, by the way, is ice and not fire—saw one whom he knew to be living in Florence; but he was assured that it was a reality and no dream, because the man, having no love in his heart, was dead.' I thought this very simple and true; perhaps you won't disagree. I liked, too, this definition of courage which I came across the other day: 'Courage is the realisation of the love of God.' Courage, of course, is not the same as brute courage. A brute animal or a brute man cannot be brave, only fearless and ferocious. Some of you have read the

'Laches'! We had a children's tea-party yesterday—it was great fun. Most of the Eton children. Three Alington girls, who are like little princesses; Booker's children, who are very delightful—'if possible, more beautiful than their father,' is their father's verdict; Stones, Channons, Chittys, McNeiles—all very pleasant children. Tea out on the mound in the wild garden; then hide-and-seek. John Booker and I found a great place among the rushes, behind a big bush, from which we looked at the searchers, unseen, though only two feet away, and shared the fearful joy of rabbits, when sportsmen pass them by and never guess how many eyes are watching them. There were no disasters, and no one actually cried; though a small Eggar was very pugnacious, and played hide-and-seek in the same spirit in which his brother used to lead the ram in a rouge. Lord Lytton and Jack Talbot, who left about 1894 and 1890 respectively, were arguing the other night about Eton education: both condemned it, but for precisely opposite reasons, so we just left them to fight it out. Both argued splendidly, and neither was silenced or convinced. Indeed, I think I only once remember a boy (never a man) admitting that he was convinced by any one. To-day is Henley; I believe both our opponents are rather good, but I have little doubt we shall win as usual. (*P.S.*—Both won.) Lawson Johnston (nephew of Arthur) strokes the second VIII. Peake rows sixth in the VIII. We have a dim chance of winning the Lower boy pulling. I can't remember if a pair from m'tutor's have ever won this. Individuals, of course, often have. We have won the novice pulling pretty often. Andrew Thorne and Dru Wormald set

the example. I have forfeited my bedroom to make room for measles, but as I much prefer sleeping outside I have been a gainer. In five weeks I have only twice been rained on, and then only a few drops.

What fun the races on the river are! I don't mean great races, like House fours; they are sometimes agonising—but such races as Lower boy sculling. You have your 'half-monkey and half-child' on the river, and on the bank two or three Lower boy supporters doubled-up with laughter, and shouting 'Well-rowed,' 'You are only a length behind,' when the other boats are invisible, or else a graver group of elder boys really encouraging in earnest. I believe in the river as the best possible education, and I say this as the keenest of dry-bobs, though far from a good performer with bat or ball. I simply don't understand how they get on without a river at other schools. It is all very fine for those who are born in the purple, and get into the first game by native right, but it is not much of a catch for the common herd to play in refuse games. Do you know the epigram on Nicon's nose? Menippus is the name of the friend who had often made fun of it.

Menippus, Nicon's hawk-like nose is near,
Though he himself is still far off, 'tis clear:
He's coming, though—let's wait. Himself you'll find,
If that's his nose, at most a mile behind.
Yes, here's the herald nose; climb yonder height
With me, the man himself will be in sight.

Here is another, rather amusing, on 'cross purposes':

Two litigants, as deaf as any stone,
Before a judge far deafer came to sue.

'You owe me five months' rent,' said number one.
'I ground the corn by night,' said number two.
Then the judge stared at them and said: 'Have done!
She is your mother: keep her, both of you.'

Another, on a man who wore an amulet to counteract the effect of his particularly deadly doctor. However, it was no use, for

Diophantus, dreaming, sees
Doctor-man Hermogenes.
Diophantus wakes no more,
Though an amulet he wore.

This on the grave of a dead mother, named Amazonia:

Why linger by my grave? why idly weep?
Nothing have I, though dead, to make me sad.
Dear husband, cease to mourn; dear children, keep
The thought of Amazonia, and be glad.

On the boy Cleoetus:

Here lies the boy Cleoetus: look and sigh,
'He was so fair, he was so young to die.'

The miser and the mouse:

Asklepiades, the miser, sat at home, and spied a mouse.
'Mouse,' said he, 'I love you dearly, but what seek you in my house?'
Sweetly smiled the mouse, and answered: 'You have here no cause for dread.
In your house I seek no dinner. Friend, I only ask a bed.'

George Baillie-Hamilton (now Lord Haddington) has just got the M.C., as the result of a noble raid which inflicted plenty of loss on the Germans, besides returning

with prisoners and invaluable information. So there's a piece of real good news from the Front. And here (forgive the bathos) we won the Lower boy pulling yesterday. Thornycroft stroke; Johnstone bow, a brother of Jack Johnstone, whom so many of you remember and no one ever failed to like; and Boase cox—all at m'tutor's. Also we won the junior I wrote about. Scores—Todd's, 62 and 109; ours, 16 and 170 for five wickets. I went last night to another of the Head's lectures explaining difficulties in Christianity, and the audience was bigger than ever. Chapel nearly half-full, on a wet evening, at 8.50!

I was rather amused by reading in 'Donald Hankey' that the latest song in the trenches is:

> What's the use of worrying?
> It never was worth while.
> Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
> And smile, smile, smile!

I have written the lines down in the margin of my Horace to illustrate 'et amara lento Temperet risu,' 'a quiet smile.' A Sunday Question which interested me last Sunday was, 'Why is St. John Baptist's Day on June 24th?' The answer is, because of the text, 'He must increase, and I must decrease.' Therefore, St. John Apostle when the days begin to lengthen, and St. John Baptist when they begin to shorten. Do you remember the indignant preacher who asked in Chapel, 'Do your masters still set you Sunday Questions on Urim and Thummim?' Personally, I think it is a very interesting question. I believe they settled that Urim meant 'yes' and Thummim 'no'; then they shut their eyes

and chose one of the two stones. If it was Urim they knew the answer was 'yes'; if Thummim, 'no'; and they always put simple questions which could be answered by 'yes' or 'no.' Talk of barristers always talking shop! I know one schoolmaster who is far worse!

Always yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

June 1917.

MY DEAR HUGH,

Isn't it strange, the invincible ignorance of some boys? Here is one who begins an essay on 'What would Hannibal have thought of Modern Warfare?' with the solemn announcement that Hannibal was a French general. The boy is in Remove, and I thought at first it was a slip, but it wasn't—he really meant it. His next shot was 'a Roman general,' and then I gave it up! On the other hand, this same boy has purchased Gordon McMinnies' admirable book on flying, which he understood at the first glance, and said to me, 'This book would teach you how to fly in two hours.' That is a pretty high compliment, and it shows my Remove boy has brains. I am quite sure his tutor would not master a book on flying in two years. Encouraged by the 'French general,' I asked another boy, who is very bad at his book, but knows all that is to be known about trains and engineering, the same question. He was more wary in his answers, and contented himself with 'Hannibal fought in France.' Yes, I said, and after that? 'In Persia,' he replied, with enthusiasm and growing confidence, so I suppose he mixed him up with

Alexander. Anyhow, we left it at that. I went yesterday for my first real bicycle ride to Dropmore. I wonder if any of you remember the azaleas and rhododendrons there? Trees thirty feet high, and sweet-scented beyond belief. I never get tired of Burnham Beeches, though I haven't had tea there for years. I used to love the expeditions there, and those below the Bells of Ousley. Oh the teas and the cherries! 'So white, so bright the days that were before.'

I never enjoyed Speeches quite so much as on this 4th of June. Even the boys who spoke badly and acted worse looked so modest and delightful that you would not have had them otherwise. Gorgo and Praxinoe were simply perfect, the Critic as entertaining as ever, and Michael Davies as Sneer one of the very best performances I have ever seen. The French piece from Molière quite funny, and none the worse because the accent of two out of the three left everything to be desired, and the third, by the by, had nothing to say. Upper School was full, but not crowded; it was all domestic, the soul of Eton, and not much of the world, which is usually so intrusive on our festival days. I fancy we have quite a good XI; two of m'tutor's are playing, Holland Martin and Boden, and both might stay; Davies plays for the second XI, chiefly because he can't resolve to seem keen on cricket, and for the XI absorption, real or apparent, is a *sine qua non.*

Weeds grow apace in the potato-patches, and yesterday we had a notice in Chambers to say that the boys in some Houses must not allow their potatoes to be ruined for want of a little trouble. The result that evening was seen, when the boys of one House were watched

staggering under bundles of yellow weeds, and potato plants reappeared on the surface again. M'tutor's did not win the section cup; they were not even in the final. The best that can be said is that they did much better than might have been expected, and that is not the highest praise. We had a good sermon last Sunday (with a collection) from one who knew the facts about sailors. He was no orator, but, like Antony, showed us the wounds and bade them speak, and the result was a record collection. He told us, *inter alia*, of one man of seventy-two who had been torpedoed seven times, and had just signed on for the eighth ship; and of a food ship which struggled through to port in spite of submarines and a hurricane, and the food was safe; but the youngest of the crew, a boy of sixteen, had his back smashed in the hurricane, and was brought home a cripple for life. E. L., the Headmaster of most of you, preached to-day; he looked as noble as ever. I can't say I found the sermon interesting, but he had to preach on the Melanesian Mission—a subject which it is possible, though wrong, to view with apathy. There was one in the stalls who endured agonies struggling against sleep—don't you know how it hurts when at last you fall forward, and wake with a start and an awkward jerk of the neck? To-day we had a lecture in the boys' library for each first set of Private. The subject was the education of the working classes, and the lecturer, who had begun as one of them, was enthusiastic and convincing. He started by saying that it was obviously better to work than not to work; that a man who built a wall or dug a trench was of more use to society than a man who lived for his own amuse-

ment, and this we were constrained to admit. Then he went on to say that if you had to choose between labourers and professors, it would be a surprise to everyone except the professors themselves if they had the preference. And then he told us of working men who educated themselves at the end of their long day's work; of essay clubs in which working men rose at midnight to get the quietest hours for essay writing, and went to bed again at two; and much else besides he told which was probably true and certainly humorous, and which made the enthusiasm of an Eton division to learn appear not so very excessive after all. By the by, the old, 'foolish outrage' of stopping keyholes has begun again. This morning, when I went into School at 6.45, I found the caretaker of the schoolrooms hard at work extracting small pebbles from the neighbouring keyhole. I expect for this diversion the Lower boys will have to pay very dearly. Also there is some anxiety felt by the Upper boys on the subject of smoking. By the Head's new scheme, if a boy smokes in any House, every boy in that House library has to do a Georgic. What happens to the actual offender I don't know! Anyhow, it seems to me a brilliant idea, and there is a sporting chance that it may stop smoking at Eton. The Upper boys are rightly made responsible, and certainly they can put an end to smoking if they wish, and no one else can. And it really is absurd to say that smoking does no harm in a school. If harmless in itself, which I don't admit, it generally leads to worse harm. And this I say, in spite of the fact that I dare say many of you, and I know some of you, smoked at Eton. Boys have taken to climbing trees again, as in the days of Tom Brown.

I confiscated a rope ladder the other day, because I understand that smokers now prefer trees to the butts! Otherwise I think climbing trees rather a good occupation, especially if the alternative is staying in your room on a hot summer afternoon. Do you remember Billy Congreve's midnight excursion to Ditton? By the by, that reminds me of Geoffrey Tower, who was married a few days ago to a granddaughter of the late Master of Trinity. And that reminds me of the Master's sermon, years ago in Chapel, when H. E. L. helped him into the pulpit, and no one even smiled. And of his splendid quotation from Horace, 'Again I ask, and I call earth and sea to witness, "Quae caret ora cruore vestro?"'

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

July 1917.

MY DEAR HUGO,

The half is nearly over; next Sunday is the last. The river is full of House fours, and the playing-fields are nearly empty. We were beaten in second ties by Cattley's; they have now beaten Lubbock's, who were perhaps the favourites. We had a good game with Cattley's, each made about 100 in first innings; then they made 200, and we 150. But these things are, or ought to be, wr tten in the *Eton College Chronicles*. A tutor the other day described one of his pupils, who is up at R. S. K., as suffering from shell-shock! Some of you in past years at Eton may have had a similar experience. R. S. K. is more strenuous than ever, and when any member of his House four stays out, he takes

the place of the absentee and coaches into the bargain. He really is the king of men. The Shakespeare Society gave a reading in Cloisters on Thursday, under the presidency of H. E. L. Cloisters, though rather poor as cloisters, can look very delightful between nine and ten on a summer evening, with just three or four electric lights, and the boy actors going up and down the steps of the hall on to a little stage by Cloister pump. (H. E. L. reading the stage directions all through.) Then two nights afterwards there was music in the Cloisters, and that in its own way was quite delightful, so simple and unaffected. The audience, as in the Odyssey, 'held by the spell in the shadowy halls.' I think the three best House fours (but I speak as a fool and ignoramus) are de Havilland's, Conybeare's, and m'tutor's. The same three were in for the final last year. De Havilland's are certainly the favourites, as they have two in the VIII and the two winners of novice pulling. Conybeare's are the strongest; and what shall I say of m'tutor's? Anyhow, they have great traditions behind them; the traditions which you made or inherited and handed on. Yesterday we raced a scratch crew—stroke, W. Gladstone; 3, Clarence Buxton; 2, Maurice Buxton; bow, Ellison—the sort of four which might well win at Henley. I never realised before what a difference absence of rhythm could make, for the scratch was beaten. After a week's practice they would row right away from us at once. Clarence Buxton, back on leave, on Saturday rowed in a pair, and a four, or rather several fours; bathed in every imaginable place, chiefly Boveney and H. E. L.'s garden, and on looking back pronounced it the happiest day of his life. It did us a

world of good to see him and hear him. I finished Caponsacchi's speech in Sunday Private yesterday: whenever I read it, I wonder if Browning isn't Shakespeare come back to life again. The passage where he imagines the meeting between Guido and Judas Iscariot is the most terrific thing I know; and yet no single ranting word. And more wonderful still is the end, where the priest allows himself to think what might have been if he had met Pompilia, and he himself had been unfettered by the priest's vow. There can be no harm, he says, in such imaginings Just as a poor scholar may imagine himself to be one of the heroes of whom he is reading in Plutarch, and fancies himself Cæsar and the ruler of the world, and then awakes from his dream and goes back contentedly to the everyday, undistinguished life. 'So I,' says the priest, 'come back from such imaginings of married life with Pompilia to my life as a priest, content.' And then no sooner has he said 'content' than the sense of all that he has missed overwhelms him, and he ends with the bitter, lamentable cry, 'O great, just, good God! miserable me!' If you have never read 'The Ring and the Book,' you have (bar Shakespeare) the greatest thing in English literature waiting for you to enjoy. Forgive me for being so enthusiastic. Here is a cynical epitaph by way of contrast from the Greek:

> Aged sixty, I lie here, from Tarsus city,
> Unwed: my father married—more's the pity.

Here is a ludicrous thing which happened the other day. Three Lower boys walking up town. One took out his knife and began to play with it; another of the

three snatched at it, and had a huge hole in his own hand. He returned, all bloody and expecting to die, to his dame, who was the reverse of sympathetic, and sent him into Chapel at once. Lower boys are very absurd, but very delightful. Here is a contrast between Lower and Upper Chapel. A Lower boy: 'Do come to Lower Chapel to-morrow afternoon, sir!' 'Why?' 'It's awful fun; there is a psalm of seventy-three verses!' Overheard on the way to Upper Chapel: 'Another beastly psalm of seventy-three verses this evening.' My Lower boys say that I am to tell you that a boot has been stuck on the lightning-conductor on the top of School library. What ought to be done with the offender? Should he be made to climb up again and take it down? or should his House master be held responsible and have to do it? or will one of you get leave from the Front to remove this staring and unsightly object? or shall we wait for a German aeroplane?

Work has been resumed in pupil room, and there has been silence for ten minutes; and a Lower boy, 'stung with the splendour of a sudden thought,' has just asked me, 'Sir, did you ever smoke when you were at Eton?'

'The answer to your question,' I said, 'is in the negative,' and for once in my life I have a clear conscience. Harold Sprot was here examining a week ago —no, not examining in the first hundred examination, but for the proficiency certificate. He tells me he was asked the other day whether he fought at Tel-el-Kebir (1881), so you see he is growing up quite nicely. Dick Gull was married a week ago. I was not asked, so I have a grievance; however, Dick will get

this letter, so I hope the grievance will come home to its author. Lord's on Agar's plough was quite good fun this year. I am ashamed to say I never enjoyed the genuine thing in town.

A boy in the first hundred examination has just brought me his paper. Q. 1 : 'Where is Philippi?' Tutor : 'Well, what did you say?' Boy : 'I just said it was in Asia Minor.' In defence of this he pleaded, 'I knew it was the same as Cæsarea.' This left me gasping, but on reflection there was a Cæsarea Philippi. We have got one XXII, one Lower club, two Upper sixpenny ; we must do better next year. We were beaten by Wells's in the semi-final of the junior, and eventually they won the whole thing. And I write about these things while the Russians are retreating in Galicia. If Eton is 'the greatest place in the world,' as one of you lately wrote to me, perhaps you can find something to plead in defence of my utter lack of any sense of proportion ; and, in any case, you don't want to hear my views about the war.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

DEAR MRS. EVELYN,

I believe it is about August 24th, but I rarely know the day of the week, or of the month. I am at the American Y.M.C.A. I came out of idle curiosity, but I am glad to have come. We had about 5000 of them here, and they are a fine set of typical Americans. Many of them have no standard except size—e.g. 'Your biggest engine would go inside our smallest tender.'

They talk incessantly of U.S.A., and always boastfully. I found the plan was to concede all they claimed, and much more—e.g. 'America is the biggest country, and the best; the American men are the bravest, and the women the most beautiful; you are all of you richer and cleverer and nobler than any of us in England.' Then most of them laugh and become sensible. One said: 'You must forgive us, we are only blowing off steam.' There is a committee of five Americans who run this Y.M.C.A. One is an athlete, captain of the Harvard football XI, a huge boy, good to look upon, religious and boisterous—something like what Michael Furse was at Eton. Another, 6 ft. 5 in., was reading at Edinburgh, with a view to taking Orders—most capable and most modest, one of the nicest fellows I have ever met. Then there is a boisterous missionary, who is very effective in talking to the men, in and out of season, about their souls. They love him, and call him 'Daddy.' He is always hearty, placards large notices, such as 'O boys, good-night service at 8.30 to-night; tell the other boys to come along, and we will have a "Bang-up" good time.' He comes in to breakfast singing, 'I am glad I've got religion in my heart,' or 'It's good to be with Jesus, Hallelujah!' but his influence is great and good. Still, he is as ignorant of most things as he is dogmatic about all; America is first in his eyes, the rest nowhere, and I sometimes find him rather difficult. I keep silence as a rule, but there was one exception. According to him, the Americans took Vimy Ridge, for 'the Canadian Expeditionary Force is chiefly made up of Americans.' 'An American friend,' he said, 'serving with the Canadians, told me

that he was detailed for a risky raid with thirty-four others, nominally Canadians, and thirty of them turned out to be Americans. What do you think of that?' 'I am surprised,' I answered, 'that your friend said only thirty Americans. I should have expected him to say thirty-four.' I was all wrong, I know. Silence is golden, but an outburst of anger is sweeter than honey down the throat; ask Homer. Naturally, I felt ashamed; but oddly enough so did he, and we have become great friends. Besides, I admire him greatly. Think how difficult it is to talk to a stranger, and make him happier. Well, this man can. He goes up to everyone, whistling a vulgar hymn-tune, calls him brother, asks him about his mother, and makes the flippant serious, turns the discontented grumblers into cheerful helpers, and softens the hardened blasphemer. By the by, whatever view you take of swearing, the language of these soldiers is unbelievable and unbearable. I know an O.E. who was at Gallipoli, colonel of Australian troops, who has habitually sworn himself for many years—a very grim warrior, five times wounded, decorated, etc.—and he told me that the only thing which got upon his nerves was, not the guns at Gallipoli or in Flanders, but the language of his men. It is like the rain this August: one doesn't mind it for a week or ten days, but when it goes on and on, you cease to smile, and it gets upon your nerves and maddens you. Some officers swear from an idea of good-fellowship, not to seem stand-off. I am convinced this is all wrong, and, anyhow, impolitic. The only justification for an 'Upper class' is that they have a higher standard of manners—for, as a business proposition, they have

paid from £200 to £250 yearly at Eton to acquire it. Said the Lycians, in Homer, 'Our leaders have a rare time in peace, and drink choice wine and have the first place at banquets, but they prove, too, that they are excellent in fighting, and deserve their privileges.' Our Tommies, I know, can say the same of excellence in fighting about their officers. I think, if all is to be well, they will not stop there, but will say admiringly that their leaders are excellent, not only in fight, but also in speech. Forgive me.

By the by, the American march through London was the greatest possible success. My friends were rather lukewarm when they started, but came back saying they had had 'a royal welcome,' 'The day of their lives,' very deeply and genuinely impressed. Many shows are futile, this show was an inspiration, and they all sent home glowing accounts to America. I only hope the censor won't expunge all the enthusiasm. I went to Eton about a week ago to fetch some photographs. I found Hare there, and lunched with him. I heard that Tom Cattley and E. L. Vaughan were also there. The mulberries were mouldy from much rain—a great disappointment after four hours in the train, though it is not much more than thirty miles to Eton. By the by, I never told you that we were second in the House fours, about three lengths behind R. S. de H., and three lengths in front of Conybeare's. The same three as last year, the same stations, and the same result. The best crew won : we did very well to be second Camp was far from dry. It rained the whole of the first five days, but the professional grumblers are now in the Coldstream Guards, or majors with M.C.

after their names, so the grumbling rather fell through. By the by, the Americans did not grumble, because they knew, of course, that it always rained in England ; and when I said that May, June, and July had been fine, they only laughed compassionately. Many of them were University men, a few only were ignorant. One of them, when asked if he had read 'Romeo and Juliet,' answered : 'I have read some of Romeo's books, but never came across Juliet.' He thought they were both living authors, and ventured half a lie (you see, he did not claim to have read Juliet) to bluff us.

Twenty years ago I was on the Thames, about this time, on a very hot afternoon. A launch passed us. Under the awning were three men lunching, of the tribe of Issachar, I think, and certainly in top hats tilted back, and frock coats. Their faces shone. They were doing themselves well : a footman was pouring out champagne. As a picture they were unpleasant. Here's a contrast, called 'Summer Sailing,' from the Greek anthology :

A bed of rushes on the stern, 'tis there I dream of lying,
While on the awning overhead the merry spray is beating,
And stones are placed to force a flame, and heat the pan for frying ;
And I can hear the bubbles burst with empty noise of greeting.
A servant's there to mind the meat, and I to watch him bringing
For table just a common plank, a sail for table cover ;
And I to play at pitch and toss, and hear a sailor singing—
Last week the dream came true for me, of simple life the lover.

Yours very sincerely,
EVELYN'S TUTOR

September 1917.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

Two holiday scenes. The first is the night of Monday, August 27th. It is blowing a gale, and there is a great rain. We are in camp, and wade through mud. I don't undress, because I have faced the probability of our tent collapsing. Towards morning other tents collapse, and the occupants, who are starting early next morning for France, wander disconsolately seeking refuge; finally they take shelter in the biggest Y.M.C.A. tent, which promptly collapses, and they creep out after a narrow escape from being crushed by the piano, which tottered for a few seconds at an angle of 45 before it finally decided to fall head over heels. Meanwhile, the tent-pegs of my own tent are giving, and I cling to the tent-pole for an hour or so—like Saul, in Browning's poem, when he leans against the tent-pole, 'stark and dumb'—and finally rush out to seek a wooden hammer in the dark and the rain. Eventually I found two, dealt some wild blows not quite ineffectually, and roused inextinguishable laughter in an American friend, who, while engaged on a like errand, came upon me dishevelled and panting, with my hammers, one in either hand. Well, the dawn came at last, much wished for, and we started serving coffee to the departing Americans. Most of them had been washed out of their tents, or else the tents had collapsed, and yet they were starting off quite cheerfully, more or less drenched, for France. To me this seems the extreme of discomfort; but I have no doubt that to you, who have spent many nights in the trenches, it will seem a very pleasant and restful

night I realised that, at the time when my gloom was greatest, and was able to laugh at myself About nine next morning, when the Americans had gone, I fled back to Eton, where I arrived, unwashed, unshaved, rather wet, and very muddy, about 1.30 I spent the rest of the day in great content. Now for a different scene. About ten days afterwards I was helping to gather fruit not far from Salisbury, on the edge of the New Forest. I never realised fully the opulence of an English garden before. It was exactly like the seventh idyll of Theocritus: 'Apples kept tumbling at our sides, and pears at our feet; the branches of the plum-trees, laden with plums, were bowed to the ground: all things were fragrant of the rich, rich summer and the early autumn.' It was a golden September day, and I don't think I ever enjoyed myself so much. Also, incidentally, it was the only time in my life when I have ever had as many nectarines as I could eat—but what a brute I am to be telling you this! My earnest wish is that this time next year you may be all enjoying the same experience in the English garden which you like best, wherever it may be. It was great fun digging up potatoes, which I did for a couple of mornings. Unfortunately, I spiked an incredible number, and added one more to the list of perfectly simple things which I do incredibly badly. The New Forest is a lovely place for bicycling—and in my old age I prefer bicycling to anything else. Once I caught myself unawares saying aloud, half-unconsciously, 'Oh! I am happy!' But then, again, came the thought that I was a scug. We spent three days with the Alingtons, near Hungerford, or Savernake, or Marlborough. You see, we can be

definite, instead of saying somewhere in England. The house is five miles from a station, and about equally distant from all those three places.

The Head was in great form. One evening he sang Gilbert and Sullivan for one and a half hours, without a moment's pause. I have never known anyone with such a memory. Lord Macaulay wasn't in it. Broadbent has just been there. H. E. L. was expected ; several Eton boys were there, or coming. It is a real home of peace, very simple and beautiful. R. S. K. was cutting down trees in Savernake, close by, but I missed him. Inquiries for a very tall man, oddly enough, proved futile. Now I am at Seaford, and I am writing on a balcony, within fifty yards of the sea. I have brought a bicycle, and have been exploring. Yesterday I was at Friston, where there is a lovely little church, with a fourteenth-century wooden roof. From there I wandered to Friston Manor, part of which was built in 1500, and part a great deal earlier. There was only a caretaker in the house, and she showed me all over it. It belongs to a Major Maitland, who has a son at Eton. It's a perfectly ripping house, and no one has lived there since the war began. Consequently, everything has run wild in the garden—the lawn-tennis court is a jungle ; and all things help to make it seem more 'old-world' than ever. What pleased me most is a conviction which came to me that this is the scene of Rudyard Kipling's story, 'They.' He came to the house, in a Sussex valley, down a steep hill, among elm trees, and as far as I remember the whole description answers to this place. I must read the story again, when I get back to Eton, to make quite certain.

I am going to bicycle over to Lancing, to see if Hugh Bowlby is there. He is one of our veterans, well on in his third year of active service. Nowadays one can't go through Newhaven, so I have to ride down the Ouse Valley towards Lewes, turn off at South Ease, and then ride to Telscomb, a little village lost among the hills. You get to it by a road; but there is no road out of it, and you simply ride over the downs till you join the Brighton Road again, about two miles from Rottingdean. Eton begins again to-day week. There are only three leaving m'tutor's, and three coming. Scrutton, a younger brother of Furse; Debenham, the son of an old Cambridge friend; and the third, Erskine, was on the list for college, but is coming to m'tutor's. (I have just descried my sister in the sea, bathing. There is rather a nipping air this morning, so I am glad to be on shore myself; also Gollan's father has just gone past, exercising his dog before breakfast. We stay at a humbler 'pub' next door—Gollan will remember!) I hear there are about 1060 boys at Eton next half, which will be easily a record. So, I suppose, the country isn't stone-broke, after all. That reminds me of Booker. A pension scheme was introduced some years ago at Eton. The first two, and for a time the only two, included were E. W. Stone and P. Broke. Said Booker: 'The pension scheme only applies to two masters, and they are stone-broke.'

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

Eton has been looking its best. The creeper is all shades of green and red, and has almost covered the whole house; the chestnuts have nearly ceased rattling to the ground; the boys are beginning to grumble for fires; bathing and boating have just ceased; the days of golden haze, when the gossamer is all over the ground, are past, and the winds are out at night, busy breaking branches and snatching the few apples that have been overlooked on the trees; finally, preachers in Sunday sermons are beginning to refer to Confirmation—and all these things show that we are nearly half-way through October. There are a great many new masters, partly because of the rise in numbers; in Lower Chapel boys sit in the gallery, on both sides of the organ, and the seats in Upper Chapel are more crowded and uncomfortable than they were even in your time. Last Sunday the preacher was something of a freak, but a delightful freak. He was preaching for the Zulu Mission, and addressed himself almost exclusively to the East End, which was, and is, the home of the ungodly. He was like a child speaking to children and telling them stories—mostly very funny—about the natives; the boys laughed, but softly and pleasantly, as they used to do at Arthur Benson's lectures on 'Alice in Wonderland,' and all the while the West End, college, and the choir, and divisions 2, 3, 4, and 5 could not hear a word, and were lost in wonder as to what it was all about Lower Chapel, with its School choir in cassocks, and its astonishing advance in singing, is

very popular on Sunday evenings, making, says a friend, 'a frontal attack on the emotions'; still, the irreverence of old days can't have been really fortifying, and was undeniably very ugly, whereas the present service is very beautiful. A few nights ago we received the appointed signal for an air-raid by the electric light dying down three times; everyone went down to the lower floor, as arranged, someone played the pianola in the drawing-room, and after half an hour we went back to bed. You will see that, so far, our perils have not been very great. On the other hand, some bold spirits among the Lower boys have filled a master's keyhole with paper, and a fearful edict has been issued that the whole division shall do 200 lines every half-holiday till the offenders surrender themselves. Oddly enough, the victims are themselves rather pleased, as they are the centre of interest: the tutors who have to get them through their other work, which falls into hopeless arrears, take a much more gloomy view of the situation. You will see in the *E.C.C.* that the first set of speeches were above the average—that is quite true, partly because there were two representatives from m'tutor's, or, if you like, in spite of them. The prompter is immensely tall, so his promptings pass unheard over the heads of the speakers. In one instance he was so far oblivious of his duty as to lose the place. Unfortunately, at this moment the speaker broke down, and the prompter came very slowly to his rescue with a line which he had already said. You can imagine the whispered dialogue: 'I've said that, you fool!' and the 'Which is the line you want?' and then, 'I tell you I have forgotten it, you infernal fool!' I won't

answer for the exact words, but I will for the looks exchanged.

We have a fair House XI, and ought to get through two or three ties. Broke's (now A. W. W.'s) ought to win, and Brinton's are nearly as good. However, Lubbock's won last year, favoured by fortune, and so may again. The Lower boys are eagerly discussing what sort of shorts they will wear if they win for the third time running! We have got a good Lower boy, and might with luck get into the final.

I always think the result of the Lower boy is rather a fluke. We were in for the final once, with Rusty Eastwood, Ivan Sprot, Tom Bevan, and the two Grevilles in the XI; also Billy Congreve, Geoffrey Tower, and Henry Bowlby. I think I could remember the others if I tried. Thank goodness, most of these survive, but all the 1913 House four are gone. William Hope-Jones is back on leave, after a year's absence. Sheepshanks was playing fives a week ago. Charlie Greville, D.S.O., is, I hope, shooting partridges at the moment, being lately released from hospital; and Harold Farquhar is being married. Jack, successor to Fitz and Teucer, is flourishing; he made great friends with Eggs, the Head's dog, but subsequently fought him. Eggs, being intelligent, went straight off to the Vet. of his own accord, and explained what had happened. Jack bit off Eggs' collar, which subsequently disappeared; but I don't think Jack ate it, as he has been very well ever since. The Head preached a 'fable' sermon in Lower Chapel two Sundays ago: it was mostly a dialogue between himself and a match. Matches are very expensive now, so he was not at all surprised that they should

give themselves airs, and not altogether astonished to hear one talk. The point of the match's remarks was that matches are very like boys. All matches look the same, but so do boys till you know them, and there is all the difference between a good match and one which won't light. The wood of the match answers to the boy's body and mind, but the all-important part is the divine spark in boys and matches. There's one great end to a life's match, when the match is struck ; will there be a rush of glorious flame, or will it sputter and go out ? Some matches (and boys) just sputter and go out, when the 'burning moment breaks.' By this time the Head was getting used to match language, and he was privileged to hear the 'marching song of the matches,' stirring poetry in five verses, which, alas, I cannot quote. Finally, the Head wished to test the courage of the match, to whom he had been talking, so told him that he proposed to light the fire, and should he strike the spokesman match, or one of the others ? 'By all means strike me,' said the match, and he made a gallant, glorious flame before he expired. By the by, part of the marching song of the matches is in praise of roughness and hard things. 'You can't strike on anything smooth, you know.' The Lower boys loved the sermon, and I thought you might like to hear a faint echo of it. We are vainly trying to raise a singing quartette ; but no one can ever sing at m'tutor's, though Fleetwood's and Ivan's voices were often raised in song. 'As for our harps, we hung them up, because we were bored with them.' Have you forgotten how Fleety emphasised the 'bored' ? Now I am off to do the Apology in French with an Army Class Private. Even their Philistinism thaws a little under the Socratic spell.

I did it long ago with Elliott, Cooper, Middleton, Boxall, Bovill, Brace, Barber, Sprot. I wonder whether they have forgotten! Anyhow, this time it is rather a success, or at least I like to think so. But perhaps it is as well one does not overhear the comments made, as Booker once overheard a pupil saying, 'I can stand the muck we do on Sunday, but I can't stand this Latin prose Private.' 'Muck' is good. There's a padded railing seat in our House library this half, round the fire. The boys love it, but I was an ass to put it there, because it is sure to make you sick if you sit for ten minutes with your back to the fire. All the same, it's very comfortable. It's no longer a case of one boy, one fire, and I think 'Keep the home fires burning' is rather a wasteful precept, if applied to those at home. However, Eton is much the same as you left it, thank goodness, and thanks to you. *P.S.*—Gaffney is more awe-inspiring than ever!

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

P.S.—I was wrong, as usual, about the scene of 'They.'

November 1917.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

It is a whole holiday, so 'of course it is raining; it always does rain on whole holidays.' The E.C.O.T.C. are fighting over again the retreat from Mons (on ground beyond Slough, which is supposed to be the most faithful representation of the Flanders mud), together with Coldstream Guards, Harrow, and some other schools. The Lower boys are in pupil room after Chapel, entirely cheerful, as is the way of Lower boys, and I am begin-

ning this letter amid a fire of questions, such as 'Is *stat* "short"?' 'Why isn't *collega* in my dictionary?' This last question roused my wrath. 'It is in your dictionary, you blazing ass.' But it wasn't, after all, only a note in an out-of-the-way place, which said (just like the dictionary), 'For words beginning *coll.* see *conl.*' Consequently we have to look out *conlega*, an obviously absurd word. There are sixteen pairs left in for the Lower boy fives, of which three are from m'tutor's. We have drawn a bye in the first round of Lower boy football. My Lower boys have explained this to themselves (and me) to mean that the keeper of the field (who, of course, has nothing to do with the drawing of the Lower boy ties) thinks we are likely to win the whole thing. You will see that Lower boys still draw conclusions as unreasonable and as optimistic as they have always done. You will be amused to hear that the Head has had a fortnight's unpopularity. It arose in this way. Someone, as an *obiter dictum*, said the Head was disingenuous, thinking it a fine phrase for nothing in particular. The phrase caught on, and those who knew its meaning invented a story that the Head had suggested that boys who had leave from home might smoke in camp, never really intending that his proposal should be carried out. I happened to know that the Head was entirely in earnest about his proposal, because I had disliked the idea intensely, had remonstrated with the Head at least as strenuously as became an assistant master, and had found him adamant. Anyhow, for about a fortnight, wherever three or four boys were gathered together above middle division, in passages, at street corners, at the fives courts, or in School yard,

they were quite sure to be discussing the disingenuousness of the Head. Luckily some of the boys always keep their heads and their sense of humour, and these extracted huge merriment from the whole comedy. The history specialists, in particular, were so much pained at the Head's disingenuousness, that they bound themselves by a solemn covenant not to smile at any remark of his in a history school, which he takes; but the Head was so astonishingly amusing that they forgot their sworn compact and were dissolved in speechless laughter. Afterwards, they were patriotic enough to tell the story against themselves. You will remember that Osbert Peake always maintained that there was something to be said for history specialists, in spite of the fact that the only occasion on which I was called upon to take them, and fortified myself for the ordeal by taking Jack to school, the inspired dog began the proceedings by getting up, looking them in the face, yawning, and being sick! The retreat from Mons was a great success: unfortunately m'tutor's section was captured in its entirety, but not before they had ambushed two troopers, whose horses were so startled by an unexpected volley that they very nearly unhorsed their riders.

Headmasters have been preaching to us lately—(1) Henry Bowlby, of Lancing, who was delightful as always, but rather too scholarly for the boys; (2) Lionel Ford, of Harrow, whom some boys thought 'good, but commonplace.' I thought him only good. I find I have reached the period in life when one becomes interesting, if interesting at all, merely because of one's memory of things antediluvian or pre-Adamite. Certainly the boys of 1870–1880 were very different from

the present generation. I remember well as a Lower boy going early into Chapel on Sunday to feast my eyes on the immense patterns, about four squares to one leg, of the trousers worn by the swells of those days Sponge-bags compared to the creations of those days are as the moon to the sun, or water to wine. We stared at them in amazement. On the other hand, the rules about the dress of Pop were much less rigid then than now. Personally, I should like one dress for all, masters and boys. When I came here, no master would have dared to go into Chambers in a short coat. Broadbent and I hung on to tail coats till 1914, when, finding my example was only a deterrent to others, I sadly surrendered.

A very wise boy said to me the other day, 'No good Headmaster can always be popular,' and remembering the fierce opposition to Warre when he first became Head, and how E. L. was abused and disliked three years ago, remembering, also, how popular they both became, I could not help agreeing with him. Here I am interrupted by a small boy bringing a ticket with 'throwing a dart in School.' Inquiry has revealed the fact that it was throwing it back, and not throwing it in the first instance. The original offender confessed his fault, but the master said that not having observed him he would not punish him, but must punish the offender whom he had detected in the act. Was the master wrong or right? This would be the Old Boy Saturday were it not for the Germans—'the best day in the year,' as Arthur Lawson Johnston used to call it. The Old Boys we see now are only those from Sandhurst or on rare occasions those who are back on

leave. Every now and then, as one draws the curtains here and settles down for the evening, I imagine, however faintly and far away, what it must be like to fight year after year, under conditions which to me are unimaginable. Meanwhile, all goes on as usual here, though I confess the Lower boys surprise me. About four of them get up every Sunday morning at seven and walk to the half-way gates. Not to get it over, because they repeat the performance in the afternoon. A few boys run away to enlist, about four altogether this half. I should respect them much for this, only they have a way of turning out to be criminals trying to escape from justice. Last week a boy was reported to a House master as having vanished : his bed had not been slept in ! The House master hurried off before Chapel to send wires, but met the boy going into Chapel quite unconcernedly. The boy happens to be one of the best boys in the School. It turned out that he had been impressed by a sermon about 'all doing our share,' and had come to the conclusion that the least he could do was to make his own bed. He got up very early and made it admirably, then went out for a walk before Early School, and this was the simple truth, though stranger than fiction. This morning (November 11th) the Bishop of Lichfield spoke to the Upper boys (instead of Sunday Private) on the aims of the Labour party. He was very simple, and very good. The Head thanked him in a speech of two minutes, brilliantly : you know how difficult a job it is. He said the solution lay with Christianity, which must not be excluded from business and industry, though some people tried to exclude it, and he quoted the eighteenth-century duchess who

remonstrated with John Wesley on his preaching, and said it was a shocking thing that religion should invade the sanctities of private life. He referred to the presence of three bishops in Eton that morning, and quoted Gilbert: 'And bishops with their shovel hats were plentiful as tabby cats.' Finally, he said that most of us were dissatisfied with the present social conditions, and to those who were satisfied he would quote Cromwell's words, 'Consider, I pray you, by the mercies of Christ, that it is possible you are mistaken.' Eggs (his dog) was under the table, from which the Head spoke, and wagged his tail attentively and approvingly.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

December 1917.

MY DEAR HUGO,

This letter must be my Christmas-card to all of you, chiefly to tell you how the half has ended. But, indeed, I don't yet know. Only I can tell you the good news that we are in for the final of the football cup, against Lubbock's, and we play this afternoon. It has really been rather wonderful, for we were supposed to be not much use—indeed, we tossed up with two other Houses as to which of us should draw a bye in the first round. Luckily we won; then we beat Conybeare's in second ties by 9 points to 0, but we had still not found our feet; then we beat R. S. de H. by 3 to 0, after a very fine game; and on Saturday we beat Whitworth's (they were Broke's last year) by 5 to 3, after a splendid game—one of the best games I have ever seen in the field. Last year they beat us

5 to 0, I think, and only one of their XI has left, and at least four of ours. It was the most creditable football game the House has ever played. I will tell you to-day's result later on. Also we are in for the final of the under 14½, which is to be played to-morrow; our prospects there are not very hopeful, but it is jolly good to have got into the final—the fourth time in six years. Those under 14½ games are glorious fun; both sides score freely, and play is always up and down the field; whereas in a House match the result is often 1 point to 0, after extra time has been played, and there is a great deal too much kicking out, which gains ground but is not the game. John Cheney was here on Saturday, and made all the difference to us. Forrest, from R.A.M.C., was the only other Old Boy. I hope for Clarence Buxton (who was married three days ago) and Ralph Eastwood this afternoon. What a lot about football! I must say a word about fives, because we have won the Lower boy fives, which we have not done since Norman Barber and Thurstan Holland Hibbert won it in 1903 or thereabouts. We have twice been in for the final, with Ivan Sprot and Tom Bevan in the year following, and John Cheney and Charlie Dawson Greene, about four or five years ago. We hoped to have won the Lower boy single rackets, but got beaten in the final. Correspondence about the beagles still continues, though I believe they have definitely ceased for the duration of the war—very rightly, it seems to me; for how can it be justifiable for the boys to spend £400 on a sport which is not a necessity, at such a time as this? And why supply the English Bolshevists with stones to throw against the School? Meanwhile, the

Athletic Committee are very wisely considering what shall take the place of the beagles next half. There are plenty of possibilities, which they met to discuss in pupil room yesterday (the first time it has been so honoured), under the presidency of Peake. There were thirteen boys confirmed in the House, which, I think, is more than ever before, except perhaps the first year we started in 1899. The Head preached splendidly yesterday, on John the Baptist—' "He that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." Why? Is it not enough "boldly to rebuke vice, constantly speak the truth, and patiently suffer if need be," as the Collect tells us John the Baptist did? No; Christianity is more than that—it is adventurous, unreasonable, dangerous. How so? It is common sense to say, if you have got two coats, give your second-best to the man who has none, but Christianity is gloriously unreasonable. It says, "If a man will take away thy cloak, let him have thy coat also." A wild paradox. Yes, but consider. It is just what happens in the beginning of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." The convict behaves with cruel ingratitude to the bishop who sheltered him, and steals the silver Communion candlesticks, and when he is arrested the bishop not only refuses to prosecute him, saying, "I gave him the candlesticks," but also gives him the one piece of silver plate still left to him, which the convict had overlooked in his haste. And something higher than common sense tells us that the bishop was right, and that the wild paradox will prove in the end to have been the better way.' Does this bore you? I don't think so, but it is only an imperfect recollection of the sermon.

The Lower master's choir in Lower Chapel is a glorious success. In the Confirmation Service they came into Chapel, and during all that long time, while the bishop was laying his hands upon the boys, they sang very softly familiar hymns and anthems, especially Wesley's 'Make Thy way plain before my face.' You will retort, perhaps, 'A frontal attack upon the emotions.' Possibly, but better than boredom and wandering thoughts. Music, at any rate, makes one feel good, and sometimes, perhaps, it leads to action. Anyhow, the School concert is to-night. I have heard from Geoffrey Headlam in France. His own account of himself is, 'I am a completely hopeless officer, and know nothing.' The same day I saw Clarence Buxton, and his account was: 'Headlam is perfectly splendid; he keeps the whole battalion in glorious spirits.' The next day William Gladstone turned up here, straight from France. He says, 'Mr. Headlam is up to me for bombing, or map-reading, or bayonet practice' (I have forgotten which), 'and just a year ago I was up to him at Eton!' Rather humorous, isn't it, especially as Geoffrey Headlam goes on, 'My five days' beard was pretty grey,' whereas William Gladstone has only recently begun to shave. (He must forgive me if that isn't true.) By the by, William Gladstone turned up just after our match with Whitworth's. When I told him the result his only comment was 'Rot!' It was rather an unexpected victory, you see.

December 18.—Well, we did not win either match, but the boys did their very best, and I am proud of them, and so I know are you. In the House match, playing with the wind, Lubbock's scored 1 rouge and

a shot goal in the first half-hour. After change we had all the best of it, and scored 1 rouge after ten minutes, and another shortly before the end. They let us walk this without an effort, because they would still have 1 point in hand; and, of course, out of a rouge bully we might have scored another rouge or a shot goal. They were quite justified in doing as they did, but I think it rather spoils the game if you go in for such refinements. There were only two minutes more to play, so they won by 4 to 3. Everyone thought m'tutor's played magnificently in the second half. We tried to do the impossible, and we very nearly did it. In the under $14\frac{1}{2}$, which we first won under Maurice Buxton's captaincy, we lost by 5 points to 9, after an excellent game. Winning is only half the prize: to try as the boys have tried is, if not the same as victory, a far better thing. Forgive the schoolmaster. I believe it, and know it to be true, and so do you.

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

Hackney Wick, *January* 1, 1918.

MY DEAREST HUGO,

It is New Year's Day, and I want to begin a letter. The address will remind you of Eton, and some of you of Hackney Wick, in the days when we used to come here and play football or cricket, and even row on the canal against the Eton Mission boys. We generally suffered defeat, but not always; once at least we won, with Eastwood, Sprot, and Greville, by 5 to 3, but our opponents were so diminutive that being

unable to get round or through us once or twice (this is a solemn fact) one of them ran between Eastwood's legs. You remember the days when Eton House was full of clergymen ; well, of course, there are none here now, only an occasional non-Etonian volunteer. Ralph White is all alone as missioner, with his wife, a sister of E. W. Stone's. However, he is very cheerful, and just does the best he can ; he is gloriously unmethodical, almost as bad as I am, generally forgets weddings and funerals, and is loved by the people in spite of all or, rather, because of all. I came here for no good motive, but I thought that in my spare moments I might be of some slight use ; however, I am soon going away, without having been of any real use whatever. I get up about nine, and the rest of the day is not much more energetic. I have, however, railed, not without effect, at the length of the services—the evening service took nearly an hour and three-quarters. I have got it reduced by a quarter of an hour. I set a good example myself. The first lesson, which I was told to read, was about forty verses, mostly unintelligible, from Isaiah. I reduced it to thirteen ! Last Sunday I was entrusted with the Infants Sunday school (an infant, apparently, is from four to eight years old), and I had to explain the journey of Joseph and Mary from Nazareth to Bethlehem, and the birth of Christ in the manger. There were about seventy infants, and I selected a Joseph and a Mary, and we started from the far end of an enormous room, which was Nazareth. Then we stopped at different places on the way, and I told the other children what Joseph and Mary were saying to each other. When we reached the other children, that

was Jerusalem. They were all to talk to each other, to represent the hum of a great city, but I couldn't get them to talk (yet an Eton division will always talk, whether asked to do so or otherwise). Joseph and Mary walked about Jerusalem a little and looked at the temple, but Mary was very tired, and they had to get to Bethlehem, still five miles away. When they got to Bethlehem it was dark, and they couldn't find the inn; and when they found it, the innkeeper (one of the infants) and those inside the inn (other infants) kept calling out, 'No room for you! No room, no room for you!'

Then the angels (other infants) kept singing, very sadly, 'No room for them; no room in the inn for them.'

Next, the shepherds (three more infants) are watching their sheep (more infants), and an angel (the biggest infant) says, 'Be not afraid,' and tells them who is born. And six other infants get up and say, 'Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace and goodwill to men.' So the angel leads the shepherds to the manger (there was a manger all prepared with straw in the room), but before the shepherds arrived many other animals had entered the manger. First, we want a bird. An infant clamours to be the bird. 'Very well; will you be a finch or a robin redbreast?' The infant whispers very low, 'A robin redbreast.' 'Very well, robin redbreast, go and kneel before the Child.' Then we want a dog, and a girl clamours to be the dog. The dog's name, it appears, is Jim. Then a cat—this time a boy. I could not make out the cat's name, but I think it was Nim. Then two sheep, which have gone on in front of the others; the calves, and so on. Joseph protests

against so many visitors, but Mary insists 'Room in the manger—room in the manger for all.' And then the shepherds come in, escorted by the angel, and there are ever so many infants kneeling now, and each makes his own noise—a bark, or a mew, or a twitter, or a bleat—and I enjoyed it all awfully; and forgive me if I have bored you overmuch. It all came so naturally, without an effort. And it was quite ludicrous enough not to be sentimental. That was my success. Now for my failure, or one of my many failures. There is a factory here, of course, and about 5000 are employed. On Sunday night, or rather on Monday morning at 12.30 A.M. one shift feeds, and at about 1 A.M. many of them stray into a recreation room, where some unfortunate person (myself last Sunday) tries to start some form of service. Of course, the great essential is to be 'hearty,' and I am about as 'hearty' as Geoffrey Headlam at Early School, when he had neuralgia. I told them one or two stories, which I thought interesting, and they didn't; I induced them to choose one or two hymns; I quoted to them as much as I remembered of Brinton's brother's poem, which begins:

> Jesus, whose lot with us was cast,
> Who saw it out from first to last—
> Carpenter, vagabond, felon, Jew.
>
> . . . .
>
> Would I could have, and keep, and feel
> That heart of love, that spirit of steel.
> I would not to Thy bosom fly,
> To hide there, till the storms go by.
> If you are like the Man you were,
> You'd turn in scorn from such a prayer.

Flog me and spur me, set me straight
To some vile job I scorn and hate.
Do you but keep me, hope or none,
Cheerful and staunch, till all is done;
And at the last gasp, quick to lend
One effort more to help a friend.

And it ends :

Then you'll come by,
The Captain of our company,
Call me out, look me up and down,
And pass me through, without a frown,
With half a smile, and never a word,
And so I shall have met my Lord.

The very best, I think, though much misquoted by me, from memory. Well, my listeners lay about the room on two chairs a-piece, in groups of five or six ; but when the bell sounded at 1.25 for resuming work I cannot possibly tell you how relieved I was that it was over, and how ashamed I was of the way in which I had bungled everything. Come to think of it, they were quite right not to be interested. If I had been with them daily, and had got to know them, there would have been some excuse for me; but as it was they probably regarded me much as Stalky regarded the M.P. who addressed the boys, and ended by taking out of his pocket a Union Jack and waving it. 'This,' you will remember, Stalky said to the Beetle with conviction, 'this is the Gadarene swine.'

I have had so many jolly letters about the success of the House, and I need not tell you that I loved them. One says : 'I assure you that it was quite the most

exciting bit of news that I've received for ages—in fact, it has cheered me up tremendously.' We love to hear that, and I am very sure that your thoughts and wishes help us more than you guess.

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

January 1918.

MY DEAR HUGO,

Where was I? Oh yes, in London. I ended with two capital days. First lunch with Inge, 'the gloomy Dean' of St. Paul's. I found him most interesting, but not very practical He hates democracy and loathes Kaiserdom, but desires somebody like the Roman Senate to govern us, or some one person like Plato's philosopher-king. I would sooner be one of a democracy who misgovern themselves than under the yoke of Marcus Aurelius even. I wonder if you remember my Limerick about Marcus Aurelius and Aphrodite :

I next introduce Aphrodite,
Whose charm was resistlessly mighty,
One glance of her eye
Could make Socrates shy,
And Marcus Aurelius flighty.

I induced Sidney Evans to draw me a picture of Marcus Aurelius in these circumstances. It was very funny (I wish I could reproduce it), but he could not quite manage Socrates looking shy! Forgive this digression from the Dean and politics. I heard William Temple, son of the last Archbishop (who succeeded Lionel Ford

as Headmaster of Repton). His idea is to make the Church more free and independent of the State, with or without Disestablishment. William Temple is a fine fellow, who has given up the best London living, worth £2000 a year, to devote himself to this 'Life and Liberty' movement. Then I lunched at Brooks's, where Charles James Fox used to lose thousands (once £10,000) in a night, and then retire towards dawn, 'after the best amusement but one in the world' (i.e. losing at gambling; the best is, of course, winning), to console himself with reading the Odyssey for the hundredth time, or was it the thousandth? Then I went to the City Temple and heard Miss Maude Royden preach. I am not sure I have got her name right; anyhow, she preaches weekly at the City Temple, and got into trouble for baptising infants. I don't expect the infants were any the worse. She looks modest and sensible. She was also eloquent; but there wasn't much stuff in the sermon, though she preached for three-quarters of an hour. I was taught by a severe lesson not to be late for church. I arrived at 6.10 instead of 6, and found I had missed my favourite anthem, Wesley's 'Lead me, Lord, in Thy righteousness; make Thy way plain before my face.' The choir were about twenty-four in number—women, wearing college caps and gowns; but the voices of the boys in Lower Chapel choir are far more attractive. Late the same evening I burst in upon the late Headmaster, his wife and daughter, in Chester Square. He is acting curate (just like his incurable modesty) to someone half his age. He was as gloriously cheery as ever, and even more like parchment in complexion.

No scheme of rationing can get half as low as his modest requirements. Was it about Alfred Tennyson that someone said to the then Prime Minister, 'If Alfred Tennyson is not given a pension, and you are asked why, at the day of judgment you will certainly be damned!' It seems to me that someone ought certainly to be damned if Edward Lyttelton is not given some appointment where his glorious gifts of character (there is no better Christian living) can have full scope. He always means to do the right thing, and even if (like most women) he occasionally does it in the wrong way, he is less of a snob than anyone else in the world. Faint praise? I don't mean it to be such.

Then, the next day, I went to hear Lowes Dickinson speak on Internationalism. He began with cheap sneers at the Public Schools, where the 'education only serves to make boys muddle-headed,' and football teaches 'the wrong spirit of fierce competition, in which to win is everything.' And I had just been looking on at House matches, played in ideally the right spirit, in which there was no sting in defeat, but only a deep satisfaction in the thought that the boys had done their very best, and had played a chivalrous or (if you prefer it) a sporting game all through. I meant to tell Mr. Lowes Dickinson, at the end, what I thought of his lecture, but fortunately, not for him but for me (as I should certainly have disgraced myself), I had to catch a train.

After that I went with my sister to a little house, lent to us on the skirts of the New Forest. Our orchard opened on to a great common sloping westward, surrounded on two sides by the forest. I will put it into rhyme for you. A girl who stayed in the house

said once, 'I feel nearer to God on the common than anywhere else.'

MY COMMON

Stands south and east the forest,
  My common lies between;
Thatched cottages to northward
  Look south across the green.
The spirit of the woodland
  Inhabits there unseen.

A single glade to eastward
  Lets in the first of light.
My common, sloping westward,
  At eventide is bright—
Goats, little pigs, and children
  Are there from morn to night.

There's gladness on the common
  The children's eyes attest,
The secret of my common
  Their wisdom has expressed,
'God's nearest on the common'—
  The children's word is best.

One day I bicycled to Salisbury; another day from Salisbury to Stonehenge; and the last day to Burley, in the heart of the forest. What a day it was! The roads frosty, but not too slippery, only just enough side-slips to remind me that I was still on earth, and the low-level sun in my face all the morning. I found my friend whom I went to see (captain of the games at R. A. H. Mitchell's in '88, or thereabouts) in bed, to get rid of a cold, and the room full of sunshine, and

another old friend. And then I wandered back by another way, avoiding Ringwood, by a road which plunged through streams in the water meadows, with little bridges for walkers and bicyclists. And now I am at Brighton, and go to Seaford to-morrow for four or five days, and then the half begins again. The boys have promised to read me essays of their own, for Sunday Private, next half. Will they keep their promise? Some will, of course, and I am hopeful about all, but then (thank goodness!) I always was an optimist. I will tell you all about it some other day.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

February 1918.

MY DEAR HUGO,

Another letter is overdue, as I judge by the moon's monthly course and the recommencement of air-raids. Hugh Bowlby and Harry Brierly have both been here, and Jim Neville is expected on Tuesday. There has been a great deal of fives, and a little digging for potatoes. Jack has given the police some trouble, and his tutor even more. It happened thus. When out with my brother, the first Sunday of the half, he met a lady dog near the Sanatorium, and subsequently went out by himself (a thing he has never done before) for three evenings running. Now, in these days no dog is allowed out, except under proper control, for fear of sheep being worried, and consequently I found a summons on my table. For the same day C. M. Wells and J. Crace were also summoned, and last, but not least, the captain of the School. Their offence was

even worse—a light showing in a window : 'illegality of light,' the *E.C.C.* calls it, in a very funny poem written by Michael Davies, captain of m'tutor's, who is one of the editors. I hope you liked, in the same poem, 'unregulated tress' for *passi capilli*, and 'obverted palms' for *manibus supinis*. (*E.C.C.*, Feb. 14.) Well, I was the only one who faced my judges, including R. S. de H., in the police-court at Slough. (The others wrote letters acknowledging their fault, and were fined each a pound.) I was in School at 11 A.M., and defending myself with breathless but unavailing eagerness at 11.25. (The last time I was in the police-court I drove, with Impey ; this time, from economy, I bicycled.) Eventually, after some discussion, I was fined 5*s.* ; I regret to say that one of my judges is said to have whispered to his assessors on the Bench, 'Make it a pound.' Anyhow, my speech, like those of Pericles, left a sting in the minds of the judges, for after sentence passed I ventured to suggest that it would be better not only for the fined, but possibly also for the finers, if the atmosphere of the room could be made less intolerable by opening some windows. One of the Bench was startled into exclaiming, 'By Jove, he is quite right !' (no, not R. S. de H.), and I left the court to the music of the grating sound of the opening of many windows. And now, would you like to hear the last effort of my pupil room ? '*Ho futo*,' written down as the Latin equivalent for 'this being so.' And the boy was convinced it was all right. *Ho*, he explained, was the ablative of *hoc* ; and *futo*, agreeing with it, ablative of perf. part. passive of *sum*. For if *futus* is not the perf. part. passive of *sum*, what is ? And I could not tell him. As to the

House, still three in Sixth Form, four in Pop, two rowing in trial eights, and Peake, of course, coaching the light-blue oars—eight pairs in for House fives (but this was an accident, and we tried to get it changed to six, but failed), one in for the final of the mile to-morrow. I think we have a fair chance of winning junior fives, and might possibly be in the final for House fives; but we can't win unless the gods interfere. Practically everyone in the House is keen, and that will suffice. Meanwhile an Old Boy, Neville Elliott-Cooper, D.S.O., M.C., has won the V.C. He is wounded and a prisoner in Germany; but he says he is being well looked after, in a cheerful letter dictated to his mother. He played post for us in the final of 1906, and rowed bow of the House four, which lost by a foot, in 1907.

We had a strange preacher last Sunday. First, he preached for thirty-two minutes. Stop-watches, of course, will make mistakes, but all watches are agreed on this point. Next, when the coughing was loud—and it was, alas, very loud—he stopped and waited, and then went back a sentence. He was deliberate and composed, and this exasperated the coughers, who did their very best (or their very worst) to silence him. But he talked on and on triumphantly. And when it was all over, to emphasise his triumph over a prostrate congregation, he gave us four extra collects from the pulpit, before the blessing. When all's said (it was at last), it served the coughers jolly well right.

Here is another division anecdote. Boys in the lowest 'D' division are learning a lesson in School. Says one: 'Please, sir, it doesn't give *quare* in my dictionary.' Division master: 'Nonsense; bring the

dictionary here.' And, after all, there is no *quare* in the dictionary, for the boy has been using an English-Latin dictionary, under the impression that it is a Latin-English, which argues an imperfect acquaintance with both languages.

The shorts controversy is still raging. You haven't heard of it? Well, the question is, whether a House which has won the House cup three times running should be allowed to have shorts of a special colour, as, e.g., Miss Evans and Somerville's used to have?

The Athletic Committee have, I believe, 'answered the question in the negative' (a vile phrase!); but it is not quite simple, because a previous athletic committee made the rule rather recently, and the House that selected black shorts three years ago is unwilling to relinquish them. I believe the decision is to rest with the Head; but it is not true that he has asked for an addition to his salary on the ground of his sphere of duties being enlarged. The best of it is, as far as m'tutor's is concerned, that we were offered black shorts some seven years ago, when Scrutton was captain of the boats, and wisely and soberly refused the privilege. So now we look down from sun-lit heights at the dusty struggle in the plains below. Personally, I think a special brand of shorts is an odious privilege, and I hope it will disappear; or should we petition for a special kind of stick-up collar if we have five in Sixth Form next half? or row in shorter or longer shorts because we won House fours for five years in succession?

We have had essays by the boys at Sunday Private this half, after a long interval. So far: 'Compensation and Retribution,' 'The Catacombs,' 'De Quincey's Con-

fessions,' 'Savonarola.' To come: 'Gordon,' 'Edgar Allen Poe,' 'The Celts,' 'Eton Buildings,' and others. The essays last about twenty-five minutes, and are followed (if possible) by a discussion, which too often means only some rather laboured tutorial remarks. But the boys love the essay, and actually arrive at Sunday Private in good time and good spirits. Three nights ago the School was awoken by the sound of firing on the Slough Road; many woke and rose, thinking 'the raid has come at last.' The gunfire lasted about an hour, but the police report assured us next day that our gunners had shown *trop de zêle*, for 'at the time of the firing there were no enemy aircraft over these islands.' Personally, I never woke. Forgive me once again.

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

March 1918.

MY DEAR HUGO,

Trials are looming very close; summer-time, which means getting up at 5.30, begins in a week, and I am finishing my second week in desk. Unfortunately, m'tutor's are still behindhand in their share of digging on Mesopotamia, and the boys spend some of the enthusiasm, which should be spent on digging, in planning a scarecrow. To this I reasonably object, as calling undesirable attention to the fact that we have been somewhat dilatory, if not slack. A few boys who have been in for the Army examination are allowed to dig instead of Trials; but I don't think it is really much of a catch, because they have to dig for the same amount of time,

and answering or failing to answer questions is far less exhausting than manual labour. There's the cricket ball to-morrow, which Davies may win. Earl, K.S., is said to jump 5 ft. 6 in. with ease, and he also puts the weight an incredible distance. Why is it, I ask again, m'tutor's are never any use at the sports? Osbert Peake is here to-day. Captain Harold Sprot comes to examine (not in classics) on Tuesday, and also to play fives: Old Boys have been very scarce. R.M.C. are not allowed to motor, and cannot bring themselves to bicycle. Arthur Heygate is leaving after the summer, I grieve to say; the Bursar goes this half. I hate the effacing of the old familiar landmarks. But the greatest change of all is the sudden dearth of fives balls. In an ordinary game boys have to play with 'blackguards,' which are sold at School stores for a penny apiece, rather a come down from our ancient lavish lordliness. Now we play with a ball till it has grown all fuzzy and every seam is split. One gets used to anything. Fancy how some of you would have grumbled six years ago—though not, of course, Maurice Buxton or Jack Paine—if you had been condemned to four meatless days a week, or if you had had to share a fire between three of you! Have you read the *Eton Review*? It is the organ of the new Political Society at Eton. It is rather a praiseworthy society I think, and consist of boys who really do care about politics and social reforms. Their paper is ambitious, containing articles by Bernard Shaw, Lord Haldane, etc. When Bernard Shaw misses fire he does it pretty completely, and that is certainly the case in his article on dress at Eton. But the contributions of the boys themselves are very creditable, though

naturally not wildly interesting. The Head continues to be miraculously tactful. I wish you could see him at a masters' meeting. The masters as a body are, of course, frankly impossible, though individually (perhaps you will dispute this) they are all right; but the Head keeps us all in a good temper and shepherds us according to his will.

Races are now run on Timbralls—a great advantage, because we don't have so far to go. In Agar's Plough all that lies on the other side of the path has been given up to its original use, and promises to break out into corn.

Davies major won the cricket ball after twelve, with 97 yards, and Sheldon won the semi-final of junior rackets. The School messenger—our well-beloved Fusee—is getting well, I am most thankful to say. I saw him a week ago in bed; he has had a very bad time, but, thank goodness, has just pulled through. Captain Hope-Jones is back on leave, and spends his time wheeling a perambulator all over Windsor Park, or digging on a potato-patch. 'Age cannot wither him nor custom stale his infinite'—activity. How we get on without him I can't imagine. Then Geoffrey Headlam reappeared in Chapel this morning, rather thin, but otherwise unaltered, which is as it should be.

By the by, Blakiston is not going to leave Eton after all, which is a very good thing for us. I think the doctor forbade it, on grounds of health; anyhow, to us the gain is great.

The boys had a Prussian lecture yesterday afternoon on the duty of hating the enemy. The lecturer is an O.E., and I believe the gentlest, best, and bravest of men; but if report is true, the lecture was very much otherwise.

I thought the doctrine of hate was exploded. It certainly whelmed the Germans with ridicule, as eventually, in spite of their thick skins, they discovered. Why take up a discredited and discreditable weapon of offence? Of course I can't judge. I have not seen, or even heard, what you have seen and heard; but the boys are not easily put off by un-Christian doctrines, and I think many were really disgusted yesterday. There is an article in the *Cornhill* of February on 'Eton Revisited,' by Gilbert Frankin. It is very welcome and refreshing to those who have always believed in the public schools. The only thing that wasn't perfect was the allusion to dear old Harris, with a 'saturnine face'; but the author himself assures me (I have never doubted it) that he shared the admiration that all generations at m'tutor's have felt for Harris. Indeed, however, the Old Boys may have varied in their view of m'tutor's, and very rightly too; they have always, even more rightly, been unanimous in acclaiming the excellence of Harris and Frank. Personally, I think that what Tacitus said of Agricola is true of Harris, '*Nihil metus in vultu: gratia oris supererat.*' Forgive me for translating: 'There was nothing irritable in his face; its usual expression was benign.' The original continues: 'He was well-proportioned rather than imposing,' which also suits. Frank, as you know, is serving under the shadow of Mt. 'Limpus.' A few lines further on in the 'Aricola' come the words: '*Quantum ad gloriam, longissimum aevum peregit?*' What better or other words could be chosen for Neville Elliott-Cooper, who died (V.C., D.S.O., M.C.) in Germany from his wounds, a prisoner? Very certainly no length of days could have added to

his glory. When I try to sing in Chapel now I am liable to receive a note from Broadbent, reminding me that I am rushing in where angels fear to tread, and that at least I might be silent in the verses given to trebles only; or if I must sing, that I should try falsetto. All this, of course, expressed in Latin verse, and followed by another note (again in Latin verse) to say that he apologised for finding fault with another when he himself, as he had afterwards discovered, had forgotten to put on a white tie, and therefore had gone into Chapel inadequately dressed. Have you read some short stories by Gerald Cornish called 'Beneath the Surface'? I like them very much, especially 'A Visit,' which is the shortest of all, only four pages. It tells how Maecenas forgot his worries during a week-end with our old friend Horace at the Sabine farm. Last Sunday's essay at Sunday Private was on Florence, by Roger Stenhouse. He gave us a very delightful half-hour in the most beautiful of all cities. What do you say?—Oxford? Athens? Siena? Edinburgh? No, I think I am right; but I am very seldom right nowadays.

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

April 2, 1918.

MY DEAR HUGO,

So sorry the last letter was full of misprints, some obvious, e.g., (1) Gilbert Frankin should be Gilbert Frankau, and Aricola, Agricola. Later on comes: 'However, the Old Boys may have varied in their view of m'tutor's, and very rightly too; they have always, even more rightly, been unanimous in acclaiming the excellence

of Harris and Frank.' But the Old Boys have never varied in their view of m'tutor's, but of m'tutor, which is a very different thing. M'tutor's appeared in the proof. I corrected it to m'tutor, and then m'tutor's reappeared perversely and unluckily in the copies. Which of you guessed the right reading and made the obvious correction? Majolier, of course, for he was in the Select; but who else?

To-day is Easter Sunday. The Head has been wonderful. He has preached in Chapel twelve sermons in eight days, most of them at voluntary services. And the services have been crowded. Listen. On Good Friday we had ordinary Chapel from 10.40 to 12; then a voluntary service from 2 to 3, which was to consist of short addresses and a few hymns. I should not have been surprised if there had been four boys present. Forty would have been a very optimistic forecast. There were, I should say, not less than 400. To-day at Holy Communion, at 8 A.M., there was not a vacant place in Chapel, and the service lasted till 9.15. So, you see, the Head has made us feel a little, and understand.

School sports were yesterday. It poured. The high jump was immense fun. Several boys were expected to clear 5 ft. 3 in., and very likely more. Some talked of 5 ft. 6 in. Junior high jump had been won some days before with 5 ft. 1 in. Well, the ground was so sopping that nobody could stand. Only two competitors cleared the first jump, 4 ft. 6 in. Some just slipped and never rose at all, some fell flat. It was like a scene at a pantomime.

Page Phillips (H.M.) was second in School quarter; otherwise we took a back seat. Wet-bobs won the tug-

of-war, as usual, though much inferior in weight; the first pull was the longest I remember, the second lasted a few seconds. Peake (H.M.) and MacEwen (H.M.) tugged for the wet-bobs. We lost the final of the junior rackets, which I hoped we were to win. In House fives we lost, by 3 close games to 0, to the eventual winners (Kindersley's). We are in for the final of junior fives, and ought to win, but lately our pair have not been playing well. I can't remember whether a pair at m'tutor's have ever won junior fives. Norman Barber and Jim Peat won with aliens. I am sorry to say that for the first time this year we had no House sports. You remember they were always an effort, and it generally snowed on the day chosen. Still, it's the right principle and I always ended by enjoying them. The first I remember were on South Meadow, when we were in the White House, and James was captain of the games. The daffodils, 'which come before the swallow dares,' have been very good in the wild garden; but many of them have been rooted up to make room for small potato patches. We did not dare to use the whole field, because, when we had dug it, at once the flood would have come and swept earth and potatoes down to Datchet. 'A few small patches,' we hope the flood will think, 'are hardly worth my while.' By the by, I haven't mentioned that Boden was in for the final of double rackets, and will be senior keeper after the summer. So we hope, and not in the distant future, to win House rackets again. School fives were won by Bevan and Hill-Wood for the second time. I am very sorry that Worcester did not win, for he is easily the best player in the School, and has been senior keeper for two years.

The standard of fives has been very high, perhaps higher than ever. Jack Bevan's year? I am not sure. Well, we won junior fives, 3 games to 0; and the half is over, and I am digging for potatoes, and have unearthed a record crop of weeds. I try and dig for six hours, and the rest of the day I lie prone or supine and sleep and ache. Harris dug nine hours yesterday on his plot, and had his cold bath at five this morning as usual; so he makes me feel very small. Here is a story—a true story—from Palestine. British General to British sentry: 'Which is the way to the Mount of Olives?' B.s.: 'I don't know, sir; I have never heard of it.' B.G.: 'You don't know! How long have you been here?' B.s.: 'Eight days, sir.' Then with a sudden inspiration: 'Is it a public-house?' Very funny, especially when told by H. E. L., but also rather sad.

The concert was a great success. Goodhart's music delightful as usual; and when conducting he bowed and smiled more enchantingly than ever!

The Head has gone to his country-seat, and the Lower master to Osborne, to learn what is to be learnt there. As, however, the authorities are said now to prefer public-school boys to those who have been at Osborne, the visit is not, on the face of it, very opportune. But I have learnt by long experience that the Lower master is always right.

There is a sort of daily chambers on Mesopotamia, where the superfluous masters meet to dig. Old stagers like A. C. A. and H. B. come to look on and encourage. By the by, I knew there was something I wanted to tell you. Here it is. I have a boy in my House who has only twice passed Trials, and has been here nearly

three years. At ordinary books he is useless, but he loves trains and can make anything with his hands. He is also the most angelically good-natured boy I have ever known. Well, Remove were told to write an essay about their private schools, and he wrote: 'The headmaster of my private school was a very kind man. He used to let me clean his bicycle.' Do you know a more pathetic story?

Harald Peake and Roger Senhouse, sad to say, are both leaving this half. One of them was considered essential for singing 'The Vale,' and both profess to be unable to sing. Eventually Roger was compelled to sing. Amongst other things he had a bad sore throat, but he sang with exceeding goodwill, and it was a great success.

These letters are full of Eton, but don't think us quite self-absorbed, even though (truth will out) we are. Anyhow, you set us a noble example of exactly the opposite, for you are very often thinking of Eton, and longing for her, and to satisfy that longing is the only object of these letters. Jack was routed by a cat yesterday, and is rather ashamed of himself; but he is longing to bark you welcome, and he says the dog who charged at Marathon was an ancestor of his own. No, it was Fitz who ran with the beagles.

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

April 21, 1918.

MY DEAR HUGO,

Still at Eton, and still (such petty cares vex little minds) anxious about floods. Three days ago the flood

peered over the edges of the garden and felt its way towards the potato patches; then came two drier days, and the water went down nine inches, and then yesterday the rain began again, with snow, a deadlier enemy, in the night, and rain and sleet are still unceasing. All the same, when one wakes in the morning there is always the sound of rustling wings, and the brave birds start to sing at 6 A.M. whatever the weather. Last time I wrote I quoted the daffodils, who 'come before the swallow dares,' but on the whole the birds are bravest, for the flowers do shut up in the rain. Witness the daisies. A. A. Somerville prevailed on me, the last two days, to help him finish digging some man's allotment who has lost his arm in the war. A. A. S. had done much more than half of it before he called in my aid, and while we were together he dug quite two to my one. Anyhow, we finished the patch, and I enjoyed lunch more than ever, which is saying a good deal. While we dug we talked of old times. We are both getting on, you see, and (strictly in confidence) used to quarrel a great deal; for, after all, Somerville is an Irishman, as good-hearted and quick-tempered as his kith and kin, and I am the most cantankerous and unprogressive of Englishmen.

And then, you see, he was the champion of Army Class, and swung his shillelagh at the classical masters and the classics, and, as you know, I was always a narrow-minded fanatic, and so ceaseless strifes used to rage. But middle age (old age?) grows mellower, and we talked over the old quarrels with laughter, and smiled at the old bitterness. The Englishman in our case was always, I know, far more to blame than the Irishman, but we have outlived the former strifes, and have become firm

friends. And I thought as I walked home, 'might it not be so with England and Ireland too?'

There is no Eton news to give you, because Eton is more silent and lonely than I ever remember it. Churchill and Byrne bicycle every day to Queen's Eyot, and dig and plant potatoes; Michael Bland is either helping Brinton to do the same on Mesopotamia, or else goes with a throng of children to Burnham Beeches, where all the birds are his friends, and are glad at his coming. Some of the Boy Scouts, inspired by E. L. Vaughan, who is a scout-master, and most efficient, though very lame and not very far from sixty-five, have been digging close to me. I admire them intensely; they stick to it for hours together, and talk and laugh as cheerfully as if they were playing fives. I grieve to say George Greville has been killed after $3\frac{1}{2}$ years of war. He was when here, and I am sure continued always, most lovable, and so quaint in the things he said. 'Elevate me, major,' once came from the heart of the bully, when as post he was being crushed to earth, and Charles Greville was backing him up. I don't know why that reminds me of Millington Drake's 'Well done, the old firm,' after a long rouge bully, which C. M. Wells's failed to convert to a goal. Then on a later day, in an Old Boy match, 'The defence is denuded,' which meant that short and long behinds had been passed, and that only 'goals' was left. Both John Cheney and Charlie Dawson-Greene have been wounded, pretty badly (the latter has pneumonia as well), but both are doing well, and I hope to see John to-morrow. Only three months ago he helped us, more than I can say, by his presence at the ante-final, and his boundless enthu-

siasm. We should have won the final if he had been there. Andrew Thorne writes, 'We are going to play the field game on Friday, Germans permitting.' He has been fighting all the time since August 1914, and no one can count how long ago that was, and he has only once stayed out, and that was after football. By the by, R. S. Kindersley is staying out for the first time in his life, and has had a slight operation; but even this was in the holidays, and he hopes to be all right before next half begins. So he won't have missed a School, and never has. Only Carleton Tufnell has the same record. By the by, the Provost is retiring, as I dare say you know. I am sorry, for though he is now sadly infirm and can do nothing, I should like him to have been here to the end. I wonder if any old Etonian has ever done so much for Eton. I never cared for his preaching, and I don't think he was inspiring as a teacher; but he is a very great man, and he has always loved Eton more than anything or anyone in the world, not excluding himself. The old garden wall on which I am looking out as I write is now covered with wallflower, but the herbaceous border has gone. It came home to me last Thursday that vegetables must take first place, and garden flowers be nowhere for a while, so Devonshire and I set to work and destroyed as ruthlessly as the Germans. Poor Devonshire! Every now and then he said as he uprooted a favourite, 'I planted that fourteen or sixteen or eighteen years ago.' The night-watcher has just retired, as she is over seventy, and being almost absolutely blind is more of a danger to the house than a protection against fire. She has been most faithful and dutiful for fifteen years, and I owe her a great deal for watching so loyally while

I securely slept. She looked more like a gnome than a woman (if gnomes are ever feminine), and you hardly know her by sight, for she arrived at 9.30 and left at 6.30 ; but she is a real trump, and if she had been beautiful (I admit she is very far from that) might have been called the angel with the lamp (only it wasn't a lamp but a candle, and very dangerous at that) instead of the night-hag ! I wish, much more than I can say, I had been half as dutiful myself. Anyhow, she won't be, like the Provost, another landmark gone, because her existence was confined to the dark hours of night. The School messenger is up and about again, I am glad to say, but looks very thin. I remember him quite rotund in the old days, when Greek was still compulsory ! Have you ever used a dibber ? It's a long pole with which you make holes in the ground for the potatoes to occupy. Well, we left ours *in situ* the other day, so as not to have the trouble of taking it home, after covering it lightly with earth, and then forgot all about it, and went on with our digging. When the dibber was wanted, then too late we remembered, and had to dig it up again. But we had forgotten the exact place, and dug and dug furiously, angry and ashamed.

> But she was more than usual calm,
> She did not say a single damn.

So wrote Majorie Fleming at the age of six of a turkey whose chicks had been killed. Oh that she could have said the same of us ! But there is the luncheon bell.

> Seared is, of course, my heart ; but unsubdued
> Is and shall be my appetite for food.

Do you remember how often you were late for lunch—I mean for dinner. And then those sonnets!

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

May 1918.

MY DEAR HUGO,

We have been back a fortnight; the chestnut is in blossom, and Juniors have begun. We won our first match *v.* Kindersley's by an innings and ten runs, more thanks to them than to us. A future archbishop has preached in College Chapel, otherwise than well we thought, but perhaps we are spoilt by the Headmaster. Half Oppidan Sixth Form are at m'tutor's, so that is another of our records, forgive me. We once had seven in Pop; we won the House fours five years running, and the aquatic cup ten years in all. Anything else? Only that I ought to have held my tongue.

Ralph White is leaving the Eton Mission. He has proved that a man may smile and smile and be not a villain, but one of the very best. His study at Hackney Wick is a scene of worse disorder than my own here. He frequently forgot to marry the living and bury the dead; he had unconscionably long services, and preached immeasurable sermons; but he was loved by all the population of Hackney Wick, and that is a very good test. He is going to a country living, because for the moment he is quite worn out. Life is not easier to one who is unmethodical, as I know to my cost.

There are twenty-two dry-bobs and twenty wet-bobs in the House, so we keep pretty faithfully to the old average. Adie still coaches us, I am glad to say,

as Charlie Gladstone is far away—but a good deal nearer than he was, it is good to think, for he has exchanged Germany for Holland, and oh the difference, by all accounts! The fourth of June is to be held on the first this year, as that is the nearest Saturday, and O.E.'s can't be produced on any other day. As you were! Speeches are on the fourth, after all.

This half there are no fives balls, and no jam. Still the boys do play fives, I am glad to say, procuring balls by hook or crook, and we are very far from starving. Personally, I have never been so well fed as now, when we are all, to some extent, vegetarians, and much the better for it. The sensible boys take rather longer over their meals, and the less sensible do—well, as you used to do.

The pulling was yesterday. MacEwen and Thorny-croft, each with an alien partner, represented m'tutor's. Unfortunately they met in the heat. MacEwen won his heat quite easily, and the final less easily yesterday. So 'm'tutor's have won it again.' The time was 18.50, which is not fast, but (1) the boys are a year younger than they used to be; (2) Earl, MacEwen's partner, broke his wrist in the high jump at the end of last half, so they have only had a fortnight for practising. Also yesterday, after the heat, Earl put his foot through a hole in rafts and cut his knee so badly that it was feared he would bleed to death in the race! However, the bandage held, and nothing untoward happened. The bumping races are next week, and we hope to make a bump or two, if all goes well. Last year a sudden sickness interfered and sent us down four places. It is eighteen years ago since Lawson

Johnston stroked our first junior four, and we made four bumps, but we have never reached the head of the river.

Speeches are just beginning, but somehow they hardly seem as important to-day, when we have five in Sixth Form, as in the days when we rarely had a couple.

The VIII starts this afternoon. Two of m'tutor's are rowing in it ; but whether they will keep their places I least of all can tell. Two also played for the XI on Upper Club in the first XII *v.* XVI. They are not very hopeful themselves, and besides are far from enthusiastic about cricket. Why is it that hardly anyone at Eton ever does want to play cricket—at least after he has ceased to be a junior ? Is it the fault of the boys or the masters ? If the latter, are they not keen enough ?

To-day the mulberry leaves have made up their nervous minds that there are to be no more frosts ; the clematis is all over the front of the house, and to sit and watch it all is much more than good enough for me. And what of the boys ? Well, I will quote to you a few lines of a letter written to me lately by an elder boy in another House. Why he came to write doesn't matter. I do not think he would mind my quoting it, because no one could guess who he is. And don't think that I quote it in pride : indeed, I think very poorly of myself, but I do want you, who are proud of the House and helped to make it, to know that it is still what you would wish it to be. This is what he says : ' I think it is simply wonderful the number of fellows who have done well either in work or play ' [at m'tutor's]. ' As far as I can make out there are about fifteen who would be in any ordinary House

library. And besides that, they are all so nice.' Once again, don't think it is offensive for me to quote this. I do so, in large measure, out of gratitude to you. And I can't help being sure that you will love to hear it. Also Jack has been doing his part (you remember Jack, who succeeded Fitz), for he found no less than seven cricket balls on one afternoon, all of which are sold for the benefit of the Eton Mission, at prices varying from *1s. 6d.* to *6d.* We are sent to bed at 9.45 this half, instead of ten. The boys grumbled, as in duty bound, but it is really a great advantage, for every little helps, and they don't get too much sleep ; the only weak point is that I generally forget to turn off the electric light till long after ten. Electric light always reminds me of the occasion, some seventeen years ago, when I offered to put electric light into the rooms, and the boys voted for keeping candles instead. You can't be surprised that they prefer 10 to 9.45 ! Sixth Form, however, tried a new method of the goose-step, or rather not the step but the arm was affected. Instead of the swinging arm, arms, from the funny-bone to the hand, were carried at right angles to the body—a very martial innovation, but the new custom roused the disapproval of the master in desk, and only lasted one day. *Venit, visus est, victus est.* What else can I tell you of the things you would care to know ? The Critic reappears in Speeches, so does the ' man sat upon the rock ' (Edgar Allen Poe), and (I hope) Calverley's parody of 'The Ring and the Book.' By the by, I am reading ' Pompilia ' again for Private, and next half my first set are to read me essays, each one of them taking one book of the Bible as his subject. Oh, if only it should succeed !

Then I should walk on air indeed. Did you really hate Sunday Private as much as you said? 'Yes, quite!' I can hear one of you say; only, alas, he was killed in July 1916. Do you know I once had a pupil who used to come to Sunday Private after he had left, when he revisited Eton? You don't believe it? All right, as you like. Bathing has begun, anyhow; but the captain of the House and games has not yet passed. There is not much more than five years between the eldest and youngest in the House, but it might be five centuries. But then, the captain of the House is older and wiser than his tutor. Not saying much? Well, it's all there is to say of the first three weeks of the half.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

July 30, 1918.

MY DEAR ALBERT,

The half is over, and there is no camp. Flu made it impossible, and very lucky it was, because St. Swithin rained, and there has been rain ever since. R. S. de H.'s won the House fours, College second, Rayner-Wood's third. College beat us in the heat: this is the second time since 1905 we have not been in the final, and it serves me jolly well right for boasting. Also R. S. de H. has justified himself triumphantly, for coached by him his House four won with ease. Yet the prophets thought College sure of victory. You will see we won the cricket cup. You ought to know that fortune was very kind to us, and flu dealt our chief opponents resistless blows. The final was most exciting. We won by four wickets, but even when we had

tied, I did not feel sure of victory. We were a very weak batting side, but Davies and Clutterbuck bowled magnificently. Heygate has left, I am sorry to say: no one has done more work for the School, and he became more genial daily up to the end. I can't help thinking of the trees (in Jotham's fable) crowning the bramble. I believe the trees were right. For the bramble, when crowned, set to work and made a hedge round fig-tree and cedar and olive. It is true the bramble was rather prickly even to his friends inside the hedge (and A. C. G. H. had a sharp tongue at times), but the bramble made himself a hedge to protect others, and that is just what A. C. G. H. has done. He has been on every committee, and managed with admirable wisdom an enormous amount of business both for the School and the town. And he has done innumerable kindnesses, and has never done a stupid thing. About eight years ago his House was unpopular, and he himself not much liked, but everyone has come to like and trust him, and I doubt if there is anyone who will be more missed. Chitty succeeds him in a House. He has had a long time to wait, and he will make an admirable House master. Any news of other masters? Well, the Head broke his little finger playing cricket, but it seemed to make no difference to him at all: he did more work than ever, and preached as usual next day. 'The privilege of drinking beer at tap has been withdrawn.' Now don't clamour and proclaim a strike, but listen. If it is possible for a boy to get drunk in tap (and undoubtedly it is), then surely measures must be taken to prevent this. It is not fair on the School or the parents to allow a system under which even isolated cases of boys getting

drunk do occur. But apart from this, has not beer at tap become an anachronism? It has been given up in most Houses because the boys no longer drank it: the majority of boys are teetotallers, and are slightly (most people will admit) the better for being so. That being so, is it right for the authorities to sanction a practice which encourages boys to drink beer? I don't think anyone would now maintain that boys are better for drinking beer at odd hours! And some people, especially parents, do think that boys are much the worse for it. But then says someone, 'I would rather see Eton free than Eton sober.' Yes, if it must be one alternative or the other; but don't you think that freedom, when it means license, is very close to anarchy. I believe in all the freedom that is possible, but there are times when freedom must submit to rule. I have myself been a blind upholder of the old ways. Did you ever hear of 'bever'? Up to 1886 any colleger might go into Hall between 5 and 5.30 on half-holidays, in the summer half, and drink as much beer as he liked. He might also take with him an Oppidan friend. The thing was clearly indefensible, and yet in 1886 I tried to defend it, and was one of the loudest in my protests when the custom was abolished. So if anyone takes the perverse view now I can't help sympathising, having always taken the perverse view myself. Isn't it strange that the summer half generally ends in wind and rain? The moment the boys leave, one gets the first touch of autumn; leaves fall, and weeds grow apace. And Jack becomes uneasy and suspicious, because he feels that at any moment we may be going away and he will be left alone. Harris and Devonshire are still doing

the lion's share of work here, and are more valuable than ever. No servant can be replaced nowadays, and these two, I think, would always have been irreplaceable. They never stay out and never grumble, though the tutor sets them a bad example. Then just think of the difficulty for the cook, when the House is on rations. It is very hard to vary the food, and very hot in the kitchen, and next half there will be increasing difficulties in coal and gas and electric light. But what trifles these things must seem to those who are bearing real hardships. Geoffrey Headlam has been back on sick leave, a slight operation necessary. It was very good to see him at the House match, for of all things Etonian he has been, and, please goodness, long will be so large a part. A brief sight of William Gladstone one afternoon on the river-bank, and he seemed never to have left at all. John Cheney is well again, thank goodness. Jim Peat was here the other day, still a good way from being fit, but cheerful, and cheering to his tutor. Gaffney's portrait is to be painted, I am glad to say: no one does more for Eton, not even Hugh Marsden. Everyone regards Gaffney with friendliness chastened by awe, except the Lower boys, who feel no awe for anyone. Ralph Eastwood was here the last day of the half, back unexpectedly from the Front. He has changed very little in eleven years, except that he looks even more soldierly than he did in 1907. Do you remember how for a brief period, thanks to Ivan Sprot and Ralph, we were really a good section in the E.C.O.T.C.? We have never been military since then, though the two Lawrences set a splendid example, only on inspection day Oliver Lawrence made some blunders,

which destroyed our chance of winning, though no one was ever more dutiful, more keen, and more admirable than Oliver. Curiously enough, the same thing happened this year in another House. H. H. Law, the hardest trier and perhaps the best fellow in the School, made blunders on the half-company competition day, which lost his half-company the cup. But I do realise at last that winning does not matter. I used to say so, but I never understood. An Old Boy writes to me asking how we are to keep the qualities in which O.E.'s are unsurpassed, and yet raise the intellectual standard. 'I was astonished to find what a tremendous gap there is between the intellectual standard of the average Public School boys and that of the average Frenchman or Russian. I find that Frenchmen and Russians are ever so much more eager to learn than English Public School boys. I believe they are more intelligent and less narrow-minded.' He finds a possible solution in 'Why should not Greece and Rome be taught without Latin and Greek?' This Old Boy has taught me much. I spend a good many odd moments with Dempster, who is one of the pillars of the School. My excuse is sciatica, but I go to be refreshed in body and mind! R. S. Kindersley has been very seedy all the half, but he is slowly recovering, and I trust will be back again next half. 'I never spare myself,' he once said to me, and no one ever spoke a truer word. Did I tell you that Geoffrey Tower and his bride were here a month ago? It was lovely to see him showing Eton to her, and I hope some day the same good fortune will befall you all.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

September 1, 1918.

MY DEAR HUGO,

You must forgive me for not writing. I have been enjoying mild sciatica these holidays, and have done absolutely nothing. First, I went to Harrogate, where I stayed at the Queen Hotel. One day returning to the hotel I was catching up four unknown people in front of me, when I heard a woman on a bench say to her friend, 'Those are the aristocracy. They stay at the Queen Hotel.' In these Bolshevist days I thought I could not let the statement pass without protest, so I stayed and argued the point, as regards myself at any rate. I pointed to my clothes, and said they were not aristocratic; but they stuck to their point, and repeated that if I was staying at the Queen I must be an aristocrat. They were quite friendly, but firm. On August 4th I had a curious day. It was the day set apart for prayer, so I went at 10.15 for morning service; it was to end before 11, however we were adjured not to go out till the end of the service, and finally we did not escape till 12.45. I was furious with the cleric, who was the author of this outrage, until I heard that he had four sons fighting, one of whom has the V.C. and another the D.S.O. In the evening we went to an undenominational service in the Opera House. It's the town theatre, and bigger than many London theatres. At 8.15 up went the curtain, and ten clergymen, of different denominations, were disclosed sitting in a row on ten chairs. They looked much funnier than anything I have ever seen on the stage, but they were much in earnest, and all went well. We had four splendid hymns, a few

words from some of the ten, and it was all over in three-quarters of an hour. A great contrast to the morning. There were three O.E.'s at the hotel, more or less contemporaries of mine, and after dinner we always sat outside and talked Eton shop from 8.30 to 9.30. One of them, who knew what he was talking about, told me some extraordinary facts about Eton in 1878. He was in the House which was afterwards Daman's, and eventually was pulled down to make room for the School hall. It was six storeys high, and there were no night closets upstairs. The closets were on the basement. He assured me (1) that when they had measles they had to come down from the top floor to the basement for the ordinary needs of nature; (2) that no difference was ever made in their food however ill they were, except that naturally it was lukewarm before it reached the top of the house. He also assured me that no one ever died while he was in the house, in spite of this Spartan regime. Add to this there were no baths in the house, and no one ever had a bath except in his basin. This all sounds fabulous, but I believe it to be the truth, for my informant was level-headed, a real good chap, and a most loyal O.E. He gave me his word that he was not exaggerating, but telling the simple truth, and at last I believed him entirely. I expect the Eton regime was fairly barbarous in the 'seventies. After all, m'tutor's was far from being up to modern requirements when we came to it in 1899. After Harrogate, I came to Ireland. It's rather a business getting here, because permission from the police is required, and a photograph of yourself attached to the police-permission to show that it is really you. I got

three photographs of myself for 1*s.* 6*d.* at Harrogate, so it wasn't ruinous. When I got here I met Dobbs. I had last seen him at Eton on his potato patch, about July 27th, gathering vegetables for Mrs. Hope-Jones. They are trying to get recruits in Ireland for the W.A.A.C.'s, a most unlovely name for a very lovely form of service. I was induced to be chairman of a meeting held last night at Bushmills, a small town of some 900 persons, famous (or infamous) for a whisky distillery, and for nothing else at all. Some thirty W.A.A.C.'s gave an entertainment, and did it jolly well; also the woman-leader spoke splendidly. I think the movement is admirable. It is not only that these women release men to fight, but they do the job (as waitresses, cooks, etc.) in France and England infinitely better than the men whom they replace. It all seems to me just right. They are true auxiliaries, and they are as necessary as the legions. Only it ought to be run by women's women, and not by men's women. Dame Furse at the head of the Wrens is simply admirable, but there is always a danger that women may be appointed to high places in this kind of movement, because they get on well with men. And the object is not to make flirtation easy, but to get on with the war. The women ought to be true comrades, and the majority of them are anxious to be; there are some rotters, of course, but not many. I wonder if that is true of the other sex. I am inclined to think that the best women now are more like Shakespeare's women than they have ever been since his time. You remember how many heroines of the plays wore boys' clothes, as they do now; but the resemblance is not only external—it's a sameness of spirit.

Shakespeare's women are true auxiliaries, true helpers; they don't wish to oust the men, but they back them up and see them through. And they are perfectly outspoken, call a spade a spade with remarkable frankness. They have known and seen everything, and yet keep all the charm of womanhood.

We have been reading a good deal of Shakespeare these holidays, after dinner, some half a dozen of us. I am sure it is better than talking, and far better than bridge. Do see to it that there is a Shakespeare theatre in London, before you die, at popular prices. It should keep in touch with the schools, and the holiday task should always be a play which the boys can see. Or shall you abolish holiday task? It is sad to think of the Provost having retired. He is trying to find a house at Slough, because he wants to be able to reach the playing-fields in his Bath-chair. He is rather a sad sight now, with all the infirmities of old age; but I am sure no one has ever loved Eton more, and perhaps no one has ever done so much for the School. Dr. Monty James, his successor, is the most learned Etonian living, but he is more than that. And he has a noble presence, and will add to the dignity of Eton wherever he presides. He is just a year younger than me, and he is the only Provost of Eton who has also been Provost of Kings'. Some day you will hear him lecture at Eton on the Cathedrals of England, or you will hear him speak in Hall when you are the guests of the evening on Founder's Day. He is delightfully humorous, apart from all his learning. He is not in Orders, so probably he won't preach in Chapel, but he has preached in some cathedrals since the war began. I am writing within fifty yards

of the Atlantic, and the foam often covers the windows. There's nothing 'like ocean on a western beach,' not even 'the surge and thunder of the Odyssey.'

Yours affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

October 9, 1918.

MY DEAREST HUGO,

Wednesday, October 9th, a whole holiday for the Provost's installation, and it is raining: 'it always rains on whole holidays,' you remember. The actual ceremony was memorable, worthy of Eton. Imagine the whole School in School Yard, masters wearing gowns and hoods (except, I regret to say, your tutor and C. M. Wells, who apparently have never possessed a hood). Punctually at 10.30 the Provost enters, after knocking inaudibly at the closed door. We all hoped to have heard his knock; but if you come to think of it, perhaps it would have been rather too theatrical, too much like the stage. You know how effective it is there, when everyone's feelings are tense, and then come three loud knocks at the castle gate. That's impressive, ominous, great. But this wasn't a tragedy, only an installation. Anyhow, everyone rose to the height of a great occasion, though there is generally one at least in a thousand who plays the ass in some uncalled-for way. Wrangham, captain of the School, read a Latin address with astonishing clearness. The Head, though rather inaudible, looked delightful. The Provost did not read his answer, he spoke it, and it was a great speech, with a very touching allusion to the old Provost in his new house (opposite Brinton's,

formerly Donaldson's), less than a quarter of a mile away. Finally, Baillie-Hamilton (H.M.), captain of the Oppidans, called for three cheers for the Provost, and went down the steps leading to the north door without turning his back on the Provost, quite naturally and gracefully. Not a difficult feat? Try it next time you are here and judge for yourselves. The service in Chapel afterwards was wonderful. The choirs of both Chapels were present; noble Latin hymn, music by A. M. G. and words by the Lower master: no sermon, so that we got out of Chapel at 11.55, everyone feeling that he had something to remember, like Wordsworth's daffodils. One O.E. said to me it was the best thing he had ever seen in his life. I had a jolly letter from Frank, our footman, whom you all remember so well, from Salonika, this morning. 'We had some sports near us the other day,' he says, 'and the band played the Eton boating song, which made me long to see the old place in which I spent many, many happy days.' As to the House fours he adds (you know for the second time in thirteen years we failed to reach the final): 'The House four must have been a great surprise for everyone, because it was always sure to get into the final. I can just see Mr. Millington Drake on the bank, if he had been there, kicking himself!' As to House news, we have four in the Sixth Form, the first three and the last. In Pop one less than the famous 'We are seven' photograph, about which I said so many things, all most hopelessly wrong. And so I will say nothing now. 'He will be talking' has so often, so much too often, been true of me. I sometimes think one tends to become a little less foolish with years, but I am not oversure. Unhappily

Michael Davies has to leave after St. Andrew's Day to go to Bushey, so we have no chance of the House cup, unless a plague falls on other Houses and spares us. Sunday Private? My first set read me papers, and I listen. The first two papers on 'The Song of Solomon' and 'The Book of Job' have both been a glorious success, and made me feel very proud and very humble.

There are only eleven Lower boys, and they are not much use at football, so we have only won a single Lower boy match so far. A cup has been given for the second sines, which is an admirable innovation. Hitherto there has been the Lower boy cup, and the House cup, but in the middle years there has been no stimulus just when boys need it most. E. L. V., as usual, has rushed to the rescue and has presented a cup. Our losses this half in the war have been very, very sad. 'Frank Gull,' writes one of you, 'was the whitest man I ever met.' And on September 27th William Gladstone was killed. 'Everyone in the House loved him,' I was told last night The last time I saw him was early in July. It was a glorious day on the river-bank, and he was the best thing of all. He was killed instantaneously, so that he did not suffer. He was only twenty years old; out there, I believe, and here, I know, 'the beloved captain' still. I like B.1 better than ever, and they really do excellent work. Let me illustrate. I set a Sunday question about 2 Kings ix. (the Jehu chapter). The question was, 'Show the special merit in the telling of the story.' One boy, an Oppidan, a coming athlete, wrote: 'The dramatic events in this chapter are gloriously told. . . . There is life and meaning in that cloud of dust; there is no weakness in the man who drives that pace, his purpose

is fixed.' The best of you could hardly have bettered that when you were at Eton, in spite of 'By Gad, when I was a lad!' Another boy did a wonderful pentameter, and one which will appeal to you, and may it soon come true, a version of 'And the weary may go home.' '*Ire domum fessis contigit; ire domum.*'

Doesn't the sound of it haunt you? And who says boys have no sense of humour? Why, one of my division when asked to pick out the most delightful verse in 2 Kings vi. 29, chose, 'So we boiled my son, and did eat him: and I said unto her on the next day, Give thy son that we may eat him: and she hath hid her son.' Well, I underlined the passage in his Sunday Questions, and sent him to get them signed by his tutor, C. H. K. M., adding only by way of comment, 'Does this boy get enough to eat?' C. H. K. M.'s comment was, 'He looks like it.' Now the boy is a very fat boy. Who says masters have no sense of humour? Jack is more faithful than ever. He came with me to 5 o'clock School, but at 5.40 he was bored to desperation, so I let him out. Five minutes afterwards I came out with the crowd, and forgot about Jack. At 8.30, after Private, I whistled for him, but he was not in the House; so I went to Warre Schools on the chance, and found him in the road, outside my schoolroom, still waiting for me. And he fairly went mad when I called. Casabianca isn't in it. Half one of the mulberry trees has fallen; there was, indeed, 'a sound of going in the mulberry trees.' It awoke some of us at 6 A.M., and it has made a sad gap in the garden. We are all in bed at 9.45, and the passages are lit by night-lights to save electric light, and there is very little coal, and the boys don't grumble at all. And Colin Mackenzie,

1st Scots Guards, is, please goodness, getting better, and his colonel said he did very well indeed. Whereas C. M. Wells once said of Fowler, the hero of the Eton match, and otherwise one of the best, 'He's not a bad fellow at all.' It means the same thing, whichever way you express it. How wise is the President of U.S.A., 'No armistice till they have evacuated France and Belgium.' *Chairete, Nikate.* There's a difficulty about typing it in Greek. The second word is indicative, not imperative, now.

Yours affectionately,

YOUR TUTOR.

November 1918.

DEAREST HUGO,

Saturday evening, and we are still waiting to hear that Germany has accepted the terms. There is not much excitement, not that we are indifferent, but we can hardly realise that it is true that the consummation is here at last. If the news comes to-morrow we shall have a whole holiday on Monday, and that will give us time to think what it all means. Some of you will remember the day in the summer half of 1902, when we heard that peace was signed; there were poor scenes in the streets, and more than enough riot at Eton. But I think it will be very different now.

Anthony Bovill was down here this afternoon: for those of you who, like him, have been in it for four full years the thought of peace at last, which you have won, must be an almost overwhelming joy. During the war every visit to Eton was all too likely to be the

last, but now there is no thought of good-bye. You can enjoy everything restfully, and even wonder whether you will be energetic enough to play Eton football again this year, and the next and the next. I know the feeling (which I have very seldom had the right to feel) of having deserved three or four weeks of rest, but what a wonderful prospect for all of you. *Hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.* And the next line but one in Calverley's English, 'And nestle on the pillow of our dreams.' Ernie Messervy has gone since I last wrote—outwardly an incorrigible pessimist, but as true and strong as steel. No one left a more vivid impression. Can't you see him kicking his famous goal in School field, one minute before time? Can't you hear him reading in a Job Private about the pelican in the wilderness, looking over his spectacles at his tutor with the quaintest expression of gloom, but ever ready to break into a smile? And then his criticism of the Samothracian victory. 'I thought it ugly in Paris, and uglier still here: why, the thing hasn't even got a head!' But, 'Dear Victory of Samothrace, heed not the taunts Messervy flings.' If we ever have an Old Boy again, the survivors will be terribly few, and Gerald and Ernie Messervy will be not the least part of our loss. Eton itself is unaltered and unalterable in the main. It is quite true that the boys do think more than their predecessors, that intellectual success is prized more highly than it was, that a successful athlete is by no means sure of Pop, that a hard worker is more likely to be respected than despised—in short, that we have learnt as well as forgotten something. But Eton is unchanged. The boys are as keen as they were about their games

(they are probably now discussing our chances in junior rackets or second sines, or comparing their scores in shooting for the House cup yesterday at the miniature range); they respond better than ever to any appeal made to them, they are better friends than ever of the masters, and they run the House as much as ever they did with the House master looking on. And the place is as beautiful as ever, though the mulberry leaves are all fallen to-day after last night's frost, and there is not much left upon the elms. Weston's Yard and School Yard make an incomparable pair of courts, and m'tutor's, though mostly built of third-rate brick, has been clothed with the beauty of the creeper, which is now everywhere. The daisies and geraniums in the alley will soon give place to shrubs, which, you will remember, fill a gap from November to May. The English essay this year was on 'The Greatest of the Arts'—an admirable subject, as everyone can support the claims of his own special art. My captain wrote on the art of leadership, which obviously wasn't intended by 'the greatest of the arts,' but there is something to be said for taking that view. There were nearly twenty competitors, three from m'tutor's—a great contrast to last half, when no one in the Shakespeare Society competed for the Shakespeare medal. Essays for Sunday Private read by boys have all been a great success, one of the best by Oliver Bowlby, on St. John's Gospel (no, it was not written by his father); to-morrow's, on the Psalms, by a comparatively unknown adventurer. Not much athletic news at present. We are in for the final of House rackets, which Dick Gull and Jack Bevan won some six years ago: we ought to win junior double rackets: we have a

respectable pair in for Lower boy fives: we hope to reach the final of the House cup, but I won't tell you all my dreams. The Provost reads lessons daily in Chapel from Ecclesiasticus, which is rather a good change. I don't suppose any Provost before has taken so large a share in Eton life. He takes a part every week at the Shakespeare Society, and sees a great deal of the boys in other ways. The Head is as versatile, as efficient, and as tactful as ever. I simply can't imagine him ever doing a stupid thing. You might think he was too clever to be good, but it is not so. I think Eton has been supremely happy in her Headmasters. The warriors are all back again, playing. Headlam's XI *v.* the School to-day. Christie played short, and Headlam goals, and Cattley long, which they said looked like asking for trouble. Goodhart, aged fifty, was post.

I wrote so far last night. Now it is Sunday morning, and I have heard that the Kaiser has abdicated. I was coming from Chapel, and met Booker and his wife coming from St. John's Church, at the entrance to our alley, and that's where I heard the great news. There were half a dozen boys with me, so the news soon spread through the House: one boy heard it (he told me) while he was tying his tie, and another not till he came down to breakfast. Can he have been late for prayers? I shall always remember the spot where I heard the news. I think of the Kaiser henceforth as '*tristissimus hominum*,' which was what Pliny called Tiberius. I don't want anything to happen to him. His punishment is great enough already. Indeed, no one could add to it. He would be very fortunate if he were shot by some revolutionary. Most of us make mistakes that are merci-

fully forgotten; but fancy having said, 'Peace will come the day I choose,' or 'You will be back in your homes before the fall of the leaves,' or 'My avenging sword,' and the rest of it, and now to be face to face with the issues of it all. 'The Kaiser's entourage is simply poisonous, but the Kaiser himself is a gentleman.' War has made him a worse man, because he has thrown himself heart and soul into a bad cause, but at least we can leave him alone, and perhaps among you those who have lost most and given most in the war can be almost sorry for him. Anyhow, we have been in deadly peril —*propiusque fuere periclo queis superare datum.* To-day it is a joy to think over those moments of supreme peril, after the fall of Namur, the first and the second battles of Ypres, the failure at the Dardanelles, the unrestricted submarine warfare, March 1918, and to try and be thankful, not only to God, but to all of you who have been fighting for the world's cause; and, above all, to the many among you who have freely given your lives. Armistice signed. *Non dies* to-morrow. For you *ultima palma, quies.*

Yours gratefully and affectionately,
YOUR TUTOR.

Postscript—After Lecturing in Belgium and France

December 1918.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

I have been to France, lecturing to the troops, and should like to record my impressions in letter form, so here they are. When Geoffrey Headlam asked me,

one day towards the end of November, whether I would go as a lecturer, there could be only one answer, and on December 22 I went. We travelled in luxury to Folkestone, in comfort (oddly enough) crossing the Channel; then quite otherwise, but it was great fun. We slept at the officers' club at Boulogne, and were told to be at the station at 4.30 next morning. We were there, but the train wasn't. Eventually, when it arrived, it was nearly a quarter of a mile long, and crowded from end to end. By good luck I found a place at last in the luggage-van, with more than thirty fellow-passengers, and much luggage of sorts. I recall best one specially charitable civilian, who at every stop pulled each fresh applicant into the van, repeating '*Pas de mauvais sang*,' for the benefit of those who protested that there was no more room. You can't see well from a luggage-van, but we caught glimpses of the abomination of desolation through the open door. Armentières was a mere skeleton, and there's a grim irony in the fact that the station bears the name ENTIERES, for the first three letters of the name have been destroyed. We were at Lille within twenty-five hours of leaving London, which we thought rather good; but Charlie Fletcher got there in four hours—just like him; he flew.

At Lille I slept in a room which a German doctor had vacated six weeks before. He had been *très comme il faut*, they said—indeed, he had shed tears at leaving. This struck me as showing lack of humour, even for a German, but I dare say he wouldn't see it. I was off early next morning. On the outskirts of Lille I passed Bridgeman, late captain of the Oppidans, who

very promptly and kindly went back to the chateau of the lecturers, and applied for me to lecture to his people —ought I to say, his crowd? I should have liked to have seen Tournai, but my chauffeur wouldn't wait: we had to see Ath (where there is nothing to be seen), as the motor broke down. It was splendid to be at Mons, the beginning and the end of things—or was the end at Havre, six miles north of Mons, as I was told afterwards? 'Here,' said a curé, 'at 11 A.M. on November 11 a German officer sprang to his feet, shouting "The war is over," and fell, shot through the heart.' And he added, 'He had only himself to blame, for he was a minute and a half before the right time.' I dare say it's not true: many things out there have already 'won their way to the fabulous,' and, anyhow, I believe that firing in some places went on till 4 P.M. Charleroi, as we passed through it, looked large and dull. A few miles farther I reached my destination; here, as always everywhere, I received a most hospitable welcome, and my hosts put me at my ease at once. I suppose I must often have been in the way, but never once was I allowed to feel it. Everyone seemed to want to talk. One officer showed me a report he had just received of his boy, aged nine, from his school in Paris. 'He treats,' it said, 'all observations with irony and contempt, and spends his time fighting.' The boy's own account was that he was peaceful, but that he had fought five French boys who accused him of having killed Joan of Arc. Here's another story, at the expense of Winchester. A parent had sent in his boy's name for entry a fortnight too late. In the reply his attention was called to this, but he was also asked to notice a

regulation to the effect that if the parent was killed in the war, the rule about the exact date of entry would be relaxed! The parent had not taken the hint. I lectured on 'Greek Fairyland, by one who had lived in it.' I think it might have been worse. The next day I was at Wavre, where I met with just the same kindness in a small mess in which no one had risen above the rank of captain. We discussed everything in heaven and earth, including prophecy, miracles, drunkenness, and venereal disease. What I gathered from most soldiers was briefly this: Drunkenness is the root of most evil; seven times out of ten venereal disease is contracted by men under the influence of drink. Canada has gone dry since the war; but the Canadians, during the war, have learnt to drink. Previously about one in ten drank whisky, now about one in ten does not. What will happen when Canada gets her young men back again? Ask the young men, and they will tell you that they are going to change the laws which have been made in their absence, without their consent. Ask the elder men, and they will tell you that such threats signify nothing, that the women will not allow their good work to be undone, and that those who talk so loud to-day when they get back and see the good effects of 'dryness' will change their tone and acquiesce. Another point: what of the effect of the rum ration in the war? I gathered that most soldiers approve of it, if given at the right time—i.e. after work, and not before it. Men need to feel warm and comfortable sometimes, and there's no easier way—the reaction comes during sleep and doesn't matter.

Is rum given before going over the top? That

wasn't the way, I was told, of the best imperial regiments. But, please goodness, the war is over now. Is 'down glasses' only for the duration of the war? One finds, I suppose, such evidence as one wishes to find, but I confess I was amazed, as well as delighted, to hear generals (who were not teetotallers) say that we ought to follow Canada's example. You will say, 'Must there be no cakes and wine because you are virtuous?' It's gout not virtue with me; but I'm sure 'no alcohol' would lead to an immeasurable increase of general happiness, at the cost of some loss of pleasure, perhaps in certain cases a great deal of pleasure.

January 1919.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

I have been to Louvain. Baedeker calls it a dull town; I can't think why. Personally, I loved it. By some lucky chance I saw it under the guidance of a Belgian artist, Monsieur Faut, who knows it all by heart, and loves it with all his heart. Well, he took me into the Church of St. Gertrude, where the carving of the wooden stalls is more beautiful than anything of the kind which I have ever seen. (See your own land first; there's some good carving in Cornwall.) There's an annunciation in wood, which is as good as Lippo Lippi's picture: you feel it must have been just so. St. Pierre, the great church opposite the Hotel de Ville, has suffered a good deal, but has been in no sense destroyed. Of the famous library (to which I have promised my 'Aristotle,' which I never read) only the skeleton is left. Most of the damage was done in

the long street leading from the station to the Hotel de Ville. Many of the houses are still ruinous, and a grim particular story of murder or violence clings to most of these ; many more have been utterly destroyed. The best part of Louvain, according to my artist friend, is the Béguinage ; and it was here we spent most of our time. It's the very home of peace. There are court-yards which have suffered no change for three hundred years ; the waters of the Dhyl seem to be present every-where. Here, to those who are lucky enough to be guided as I was, Louvain, like Siena, opens not her gates, but her heart. Well, I went back by train, in a carriage full of Belgians, who talked openly, not suspect-ing the presence of an Englishman. One of them had two English soldiers billeted on him, and, to my horror, he seemed to find them less considerate than the German private who had been their predecessor. Apparently this man, when he came in late, had taken off his boots for fear of waking the child ; whereas the English Tommies had been known to play the gramophone at 10.30 P.M. After a time I broke in, and found the Belgian most frank and friendly. He took back nothing, but merely observed that different nations had different ways, and that the English liked sitting up late, while the Belgians liked going to bed early. Also, in the present case, the difficulty (which explained everything) was that the Tommies could speak no French, and he no English. I tried to find out something about the German occu-pation. He said that, personally, he had nothing to complain of. What difference, then, had the victory of the Allies made ? He answered at once, with certain conviction : ' C'était la nuit : c'est le jour.'

The next day I was in Brussels; there for four years they had known the meaning of captivity, and in the joy of deliverance they were still 'like unto those that dream.' They were full of affection for every Englishman, and I felt embarrassed by the gratitude, which I, of course, had done nothing to deserve. I am sure that in January 1919 Brussels was the happiest city in the world. There was plenty to see—the Edith Cavell Memorial; German guns by hundreds; above all, the 15-inch gun which bombarded Dunkirk; the detestable Wiertz Gallery, with its horrors and peep-shows; the incomparable Grande Place. But it was in the stations of the small towns that I best realised the immensity of German effort, the pains taken to ensure victory. The sidings were still crowded with trucks full of German material. Guns, of course. I counted at least 100 at Court-St.-Etienne, a small station five miles from Wavre; hundreds of cartridge cases for the great shells, all made of brass; sticks of cordite innumerable; great heaps of shells. It's a wonderful sight to see the flotsam and jetsam of that receding tide. No wonder the nation that has made this gigantic effort is exhausted. Do you remember the omen of the fours at Henley in 1914, when the Germans who had been leading all the way stopped dead-beat, a hundred yards from the finish?

January 1919.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

Back again at Lille after a fortnight's absence, and have just been to La Bassée in the company of an officer who has spent many months in those trenches.

What struck me most was the German observation post —famous, I believe, for the skill with which it was camouflaged: built of reinforced concrete, and practically uninjured. We tried to get up, for the sake of the view. The summit is just higher than any of the surrounding buildings, but quite unostentatious, and so disguised as to dispel at once any suspicion of its real use. But there was barbed wire all round the base. We walked delicately, for fear of delay fuses, and eventually gave it up. Not far off were the brickfields. There are about a dozen stacks altogether, each the size of a cottage, four of which were held by us and the rest by the Germans. Less imposing, certainly, than the pyramids, but they have looked down on far more fighting. Well, we walked along the front line of British trenches, where the duck-boards are still lying, and tried to realise what it must have been to sit on that firing-step behind the mud barrier and the sandbags. It was hopeless then, but I understood a little better before we left. Later on we passed a tree. 'Look at it,' said our officer-guide. Well, we looked; it was ragged, but so were the other trees. 'No difference,' I said. But there was, for it was made of steel. The original tree had been sketched, removed, and replaced at night by this. The new edition was hollow, and held a periscope which overlooked the neighbouring German craters. I don't know if the Germans discovered the secret of the tree, but I doubt if I could distinguish it from its neighbours even now. Soon after that we left. It was now four—time to be off, and raining; once more I passed the trenches, and this time I dimly realised. It was chilly; the landscape was sombre, night was

coming on, and I was going back to a fire and tea. You had all felt the same chill, many had looked on the same landscape, had awaited the coming of night, had rested in those trenches, or watched on that firing-step the whole night through. You had done this many times every month, and when your turn came to go back and rest, had exchanged the trenches, not for comfortable billets, but for miserable huts well within the range of the larger guns. Yet you had stuck it out. And from such trenches one of you had written, 'We must just keep on keeping on!' As I left La Bassée that evening, with the cold rain falling, I was a little nearer to understanding than I had ever been before.

January 1919.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,

Next morning I was taken to D. U. Moore's church He wasn't there, but the church was full of English officers and soldiers. I wanted to hear him, because he was splendid, heartening and inspiriting everyone at Lille during those four long years. Later I went into the Church of Saint Maurice, which has many aisles and a forest of pillars. One notice in this church delighted me: 'Heures assignées à chaque rue de la Paroisse et pendant lesquelles on priera tout particulièrement pour les soldats vivants défunts ou prisonniers de la rue designée.' I can understand people coming to church to hear prayers offered for those who from the same street, their own street, have gone to the front. There's a fine statue in the town representing Pasteur, with the famous serum in his hand, and a woman carry-

ing a child whose hands are outstretched towards the great physician.

Next day I motored to Bridgeman's quarters, twenty miles from Lille, and lectured on 'Culture *v.* Kultur.' Once I had a whole regiment for audience, and they listened for an hour. I only hope they enjoyed it half as much as I did. I never got to Germany, but I heard much about the Germans from some who had been in Germany, and many more who hadn't. To our officers the German is the Boche, to the men he is Fritz or Jerry. And these names are not without effect or significance. It is easy to hate the Boche, because the very name is ugly; it is almost impossible to hate a man while you call him Fritz or Jerry. The officers have a wider view of the methods and aims of Prussia: these they hate, and Boche expresses their sentiments. The men only realise that the individual German is a good soldier, probably with a wife and children, just a little absurd in his behaviour, especially when he is crying 'Kamerad!' but they like him all the better for being rather laughable, and call him Fritz or Jerry in accordance with their feelings. I have heard a good deal of the impenitent arrogance of Germany in welcoming her returning troops and acclaiming them as unbeaten. It seems to me to have been the right thing to do. Of course the Armistice saved Germany from defeat and capitulation. But right up to the Armistice there was hardly a symptom of demoralisation, and the men left behind with machine-guns to delay our advance fought to the death. And we don't think the worse of the Romans for meeting Varro with thanks because he had not despaired of the State. Iron discipline did pretty

well in the war. But something else did better ; the bond of sympathy which is stronger than iron, a sense of fellowship, of camaraderie, of brotherhood, which will outlast the war, or the war will have been fought in vain.

'Everyone helps everyone else in France : one wouldn't think of doing it in England,' was said to me during the crossing from Boulogne. But we shall come to that in England also, if we are true to England. Union is a stronger force than that of supermen. Of all the blunders which Germany made, perhaps the most absurd was her adoption of Shakespeare—the conversion of England's poet into a German superman. Puck might say with conviction : 'Lord ! what fools these Germans be !' Why, the essence of Shakespeare is sympathy. And if we are worthy to be Shakespeare's fellow-countrymen, we must one and all, men and women of every class, learn sympathy from him, and unlearn hatred, if it is really true (which I doubt) that our unhappy divisions have taught us to hate one another Can we go further still and forgive our enemies, from whom we might learn so much, acknowledging that their cottages are lit by electric light, and that there is not only a piano but music in almost every German home ? Ask Shakespeare, and he will answer :

> They being penitent

[That, of course, is an important point.]

> The purpose of my anger doth extend
> Not a frown further.

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