



Clinging Magic  
a musical fantasy in one act  
by 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieut. AWM Bryant R.F.C.  
in Aid of the Blue Cross

Scene laid in the year of grace 1918  
at Ashly Manor, South Devon

### Dramatis Personae

Sir Gilbert Hawkwood,  
a young Devonshire squire,  
of Elizabethan age, - Mr. P. Bryant

Margaret Hawkwood,  
a twentieth century girl, - Miss Jean McEwin

Jocelyn Hawkwood,  
her youngest sister, - Miss Mary Webbe

Phoebe,  
a fairy, - Miss Penelope Webbe

Stage and acting manager - Mrs Bryant  
Musical Director - Mr P. Bryant

on Friday January 11<sup>th</sup> 1918 at 5.45 P.M.

TELEPHONE N2  
111 SHOREHAM.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Wednesday Jan. 2. 1917.  
1918

Dear Mummy

Just a line to say: home safely -  
or rather to the substitute for same. Nothing

doing. Scored full possible on machine  
gun range to-day. Most of my friends  
are leaving. Many new pupils so  
chances of flying still remote I'd try  
and wrangle a flight, but a Captain  
champion being my instructor I suppose  
I must stick to him. To-day he's  
been conspicuous by his absence.

I shall send you little play  
tomorrow. It's very small; so you could



have addition like Charades.

My idea. Play on night of Friday  
10<sup>th</sup> - if I'm coming, I'll let you know.  
later - beginning about <sup>6 P.M.</sup> 6 P.M., or later if  
possible, so as ~~not~~ to leave Saturday

free. A very small affair.  
My love to Daddy  
Much love

Boys

P.S.

Please give enclosed to Pips.

TELEPHONE NO.  
111 SHOREHAM.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,  
SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Dear Mummy

Thanks very much for your letter. Now I'll tell you all the news. We caught our train from Victoria, ~~and~~ and after changing at Brighton reached Shoreham at half-past five. After waiting an hour we were met by a tender and driven to the aerodrome, about a mile to the west of Shoreham across the river. Then after reporting our arrival at the orderly room etc., we had dinner.

We are billeted about a mile away at Bungalow Town on the beach; two officers to ~~a~~ each <sup>large</sup> room, and a batman to every 6 or 10 officers. The bungalows are very poorly lighted and the washing



arrangements poor. We sleep on our own camp-beds.

The mess itself, largely because there are only about 20 of us at present, is excellent; feeding good, and comfortable accommodation. The great disadvantage is that there is no place one can wash one's hands.

Chances of getting on in flying here are not great. There are only three aeroplanes (Avros: a school machine which is very hard to fly, but once learnt is said to enable one to fly anything straight off) and two instructors ~~to~~. The weather here, owing to sea mists, is hopeless for flying. I have already been up once, but that was only by great luck - a trial trip - and I don't suppose I shall get another flight for ages. That's the awful drawback about this place.

Chances of getting up to London are, as far as I can see, nil. I shall be here probably till

I am ready to get to France.

The programme is.

7-8.30. Early Morning Flying if required.

8.30. Breakfast.

~~9-10~~

9-12.

Lectures.

1.

Lunch.

2-4.

Lectures.

} Flying if required.

4.15.

Tea.

7.

Dinner.

(One may dine out once a week).

The chances of exercise, owing to being quartered away from camp, are very small.

The view from the aerodrome to the downs is very picturesque - though Shoreham itself is not - and the downs would make delightful country to explore with plenty of historical interest, but there is no chance, for when we are free it is pitch-dark.



I am sorry to say that the thermos flask, or rather the interior ~~for~~ portion, which I presume to be the important part was broken in transit.

I'll write again this evening or tomorrow, but I must post early or it won't reach you

tomorrow  
in love to Daddy  
Much love

TELEPHONE N2  
111 SHOREHAM.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Friday January 4<sup>th</sup>. 1917.

Dear Mummy

Just a line to say that,  
like the silly ass I am, I posted  
the play, before I'd finished  
copying out Jean's part, and  
as the original in my possession  
resembles in no respect the finished  
article as sent to you, I'm rather  
helpless. I sent her her part  
as far as the point where

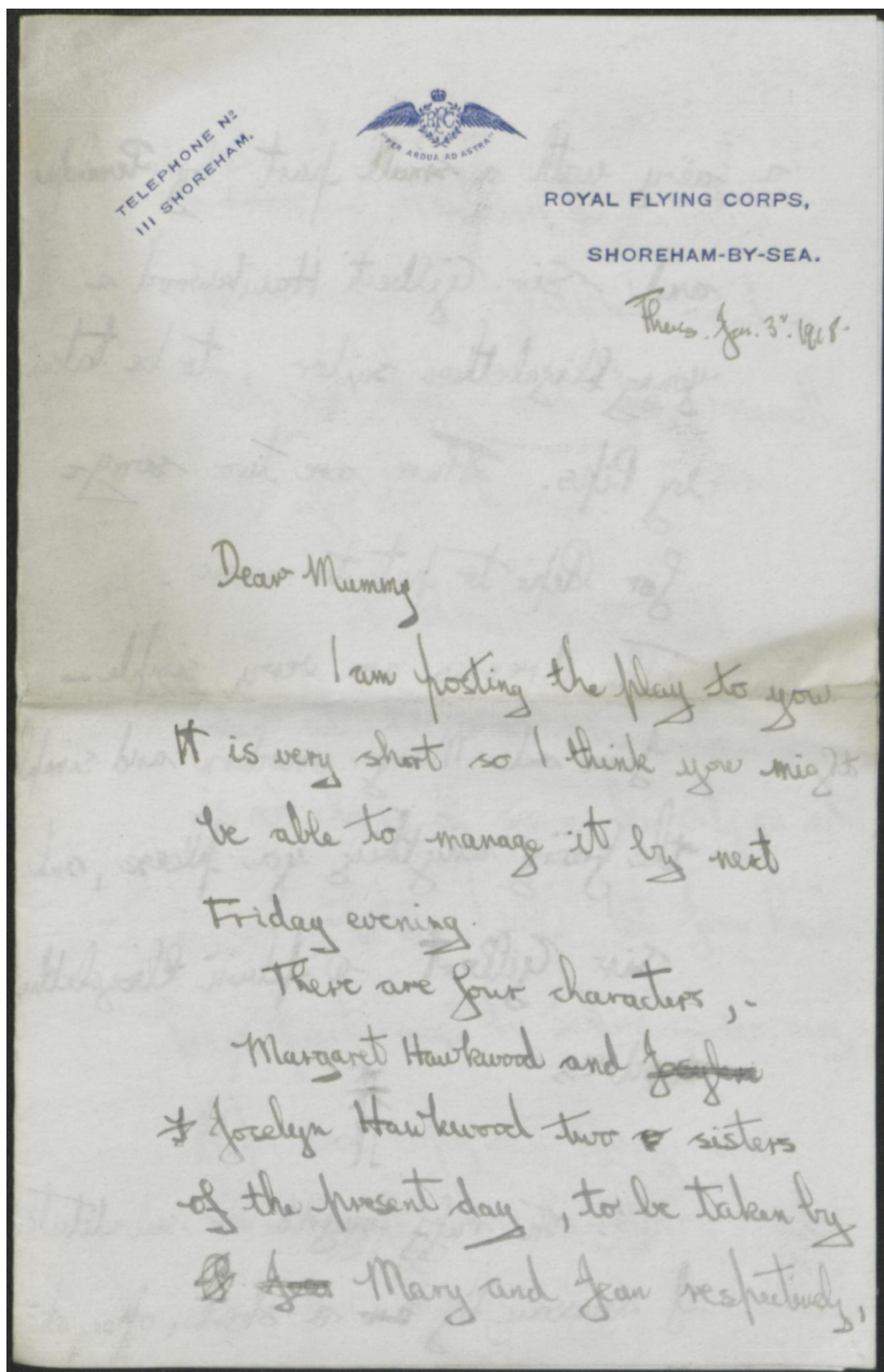


she begins the dream. Could you let  
her have the rest. I will copy out  
Drake and Frolicher for her if  
you decide to have it.

My love to all

Much love

Ry





a Faery with a small part, by Penelope,

and Sir Gilbert Hawkwood, a  
young Elizabethan sailor, to be taken  
by Pips. There are two songs  
for Pips to put to music.

The dresses are very simple -

Jean and Mary, modern and simple,  
the Faery anything you please, and

Sir Gilbert a plain Elizabethan  
dress



The ruff might be substituted  
if necessary by ~~as~~ a shirt, open at

the ~~time~~<sup>week</sup> - remember he is but a  
plain country gentleman - and a  
boy at that - and ~~so~~ passionately  
med for ~~to~~ the sea.

It should last half an  
hour at the most, and there  
is no change of scene, being only one act.

~~Let~~ I will let Jean have  
her part ~~so~~ by Saturday morning;

Rips can copy out Mary's and  
Penelope's (I show him how) and  
can learn his own from the book.



You could have 1<sup>st</sup> rehearsed this  
Saturday.

The staging I leave entirely  
to you, but will do anything I can to  
help.

Much love

Boy

<sup>one verse of</sup>  
I enclose ~~to~~ Pip's song, so he can  
set to work at once. It should go  
with a swing to put life into the  
words which are very hurried, being  
written under difficult circumstances  
against time.  
Now set to work!

TELEPHONE N2  
111 SHOREHAM.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,  
SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Dear Mummy

Here is the play. I have  
made Jean Margaret, and Jocelyn  
Mary. Have underlined Mary's  
part in coloured pencil, so  
that Pipie will not muddle in  
copying out. Show him how.  
Try have first rehearsal at once.  
Read play to actors first and  
explain plot.



Plot as follows.

Margaret <sup>(young)</sup> and Jocelyn <sup>(man)</sup> Hawkwood, two sisters of an old Devonshire family, quarrel slightly over the matter of faeries.

Margaret left alone is reminded by a calendar that three and a half centuries before Francis Drake set out on his expedition round the world. Thinking on the greatness of the Elizabethans she falls asleep and dreams.

that a faery appears to Jocelyn and her bringing an Elizabethan ancestor of theirs who fell asleep, and was spirited away for three and a half centuries by the faeries. He now awakes and is brought to his old home.

The fairy who brings him vanishes.  
 Margaret and Jocelyn <sup>tell him</sup> of the war  
 and at the conclusion of the dream  
 he vanishes to bring back Drake to  
 aid England. Margaret ~~vanishes~~ wakes.

---

If you consider Jean should sing a  
 song, or she wants to very much,  
 let her sing Drake and Folisher  
 either at the point just before she falls  
 asleep or where she wakes up,  
 to end the play.

Mary & Rips each have a song.  
 I've worked very hard, but I'm afraid it's  
 hurried and shows signs of bad workmanship.

Do your best with it.

Much love from Boy.

Chances of flying hopeless!



TELEPHONE N2  
111 SHOREHAM.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,  
SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Wednesday January 9<sup>th</sup> 1917.

Dear ~~to~~ Mummy

Please thank Daddy very much for  
his nice letter and congratulate him on  
his C.B.E.

I am not quite certain, I'm  
afraid, about my being able to see the  
play. In any case I shall do my  
best. There's a chance of ~~being~~ being  
unable to get away.

If I do manage, I may arrive

at five, six or half past six. Try and  
keep the play if you can.

Thanks for letter.

There's no more news next,  
but I will try and write  
definitely tomorrow

Love to all  
Much love

Bye



TELEPHONE N2  
111 SHOREHAM.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Thursday January 10<sup>th</sup> 1918

Dear Mummy

Just a line to say that to  
the best of my knowledge, I will  
be coming tomorrow. I hope to arrive  
about six - maybe before, maybe after.  
Good-luck to your dress rehearsal to-day.

I see Mr. Storrie's son has been  
made Military Governor of Jerusalem.

Just ~~to~~ been having a  
most thrilling game of chess with

the Adjutant

My love to all

Much Love

Ba  
/



TELEPHONE N2  
111 SHOREHAM.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Monday January 14<sup>th</sup> 1916

Dear Mummy

Just a line to say I had  
no trouble about arriving; in fact  
had I only known, I should  
not have come back at all yesterday.

There's no chance of flying that  
I can see; in fact. Things are  
as hopeless as before. We  
really getting the limit.

There's been a general  
down to day who flew over  
yesterday, General Longcroft;

also an important civilian: I think  
a member of the Air Board,  
with a D.S.O. Lieutenant Colonel as  
his aide-de-camp.

I'm going to dine with the  
Trusts this evening and will  
write to Daddy tomorrow and  
tell him all about it.

My love to ~~Mummy~~ Daddy  
and Pip.

Much love  
from  
Boy



"Grey Specks."

by 2nd Lieut. A. W. M. Bryant R.F.C.

Music by Mr. P. Bryant

to be sung as a duet between Sir Gilbert  
and Jocelyn Hawkewood

I Drake and Frobisher, watching, watching  
Over the Western Sea:  
Waiting, wishing; hoping, waiting  
For the days to be:  
Where is the might of Devon gone?  
What means the crowds and the teeming fies?  
But distant specks on horizon steaming,  
Answer, answer, answer, Hark

to be  
sung  
by  
Jocelyn  
Hawkewood  
(Mary Little)

II will not be sung at all

August morn! red, blood-red dawning!  
Dons and Devils again on the track;  
Huns of Deutschland, thirsting, thirsting,  
For England's blood and battle-rack,  
Over the North Sea, dark and dull,  
Coursing the seas from Bergen to Hull  
See the grey specks through the foam,  
Guarding the distant Devon home!

III  
to be sung  
by  
Sir Gilbert  
alone  
(P. Bryant)

Drake and Frobisher, Jellicoe, Beattie,  
 Carry the message from father to son:  
 That only England shall come the triumph  
 When every man has his duty done.  
 Drake and Frobisher knew the watching,  
 The patient waiting for victory.  
 Soon, O Devon, shall come the booming  
 Of victorious guns in the days to be.

IV  
 to be  
 sung in  
 unison  
 by  
 Singellist  
 and  
 Jocelyn  
 Hawkwood

I  
 waiting, waiting, waiting,  
 For the day when  
 where is the night of London?  
 what means the clouds and the storm?  
 (But distant ships are sailing)  
 Answer, answer, answer, the  
 will not be long to wait

II  
 the great hour! the great hour!  
 the great hour! the great hour!  
 the great hour! the great hour!  
 the great hour! the great hour!

III  
 the great hour! the great hour!  
 the great hour! the great hour!  
 the great hour! the great hour!  
 the great hour! the great hour!

IV  
 the great hour! the great hour!  
 the great hour! the great hour!  
 the great hour! the great hour!  
 the great hour! the great hour!



POST OFFICE		TELEGRAPHS.	
Handed in at	Office of Origin and Service Instructions	Words	Charges to pay
B 72 11H32 SHOREHAMBYSEA 9			
TO	= BRYANT 17 LOWER GROSVENOR PCE LDN =		
ALRIGHT KEEP SEATS : 17 :			

Office Stamp  
18  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT  
18 JA  
18  
SWANSEA

1 here at  
1/6



TELEPHONE N2  
111 SHOREHAM.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS,

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Wednesday January 16<sup>th</sup> 1918

Dear Mummy  
Very little news I'm afraid,  
but I'll do my best to write a  
letter of sorts. The earth - the  
part of it anyway is a good.  
Have you sent the coat to  
be cleaned, as I want it  
as soon as possible.

Will you let me know  
what I owe you and I'll  
square things up.



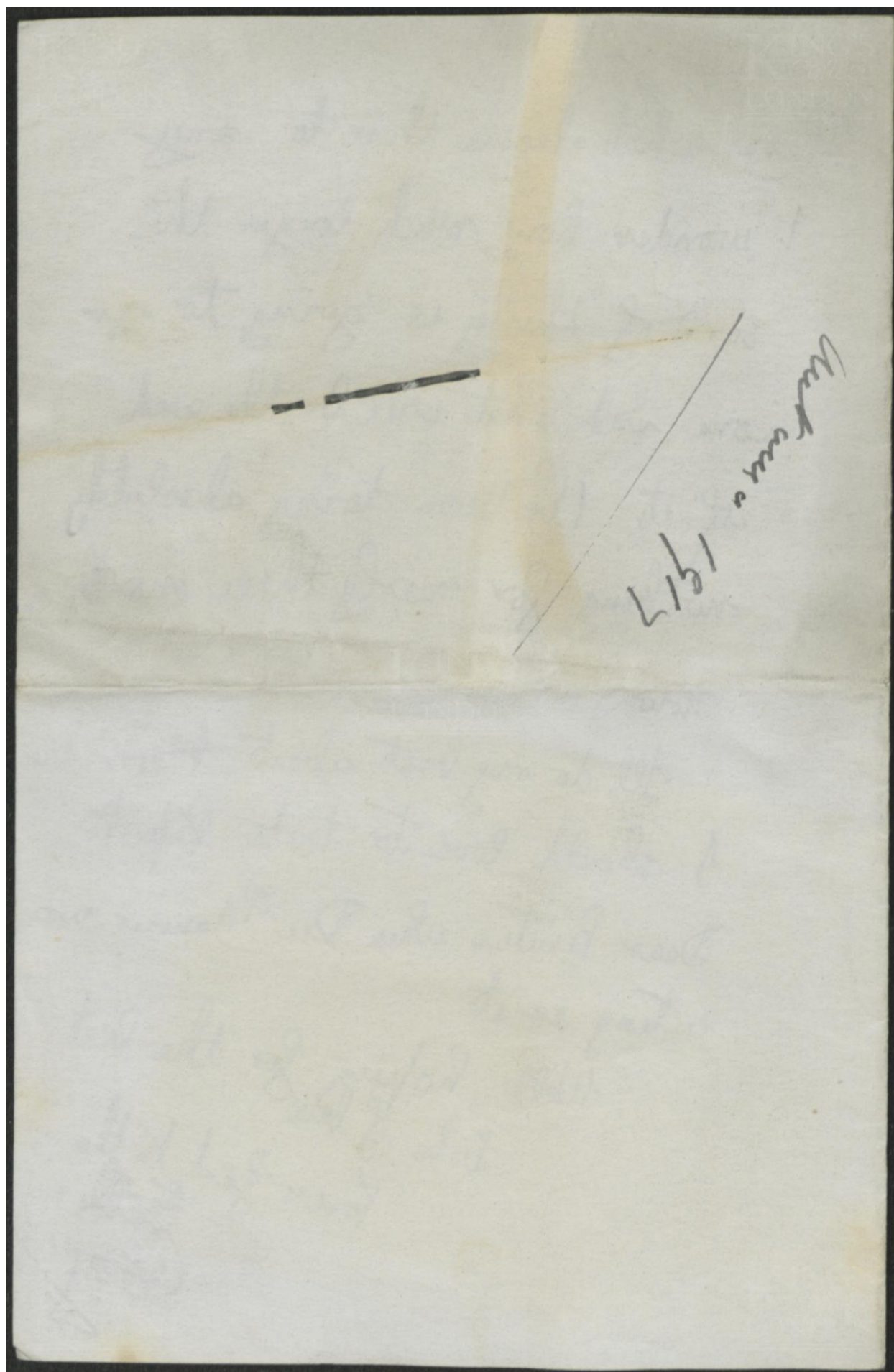
There, what else is there to say.  
I wonder how much longer this  
sort of thing is going to go  
on and what will be the end  
of it. I've been doing absolutely  
nothing for nearly three months.

Now.

I'll do my best about ~~the~~ Friday.  
I should love to take Rife to  
Dear Brutus when De Manner was  
acting in it.

Well, hoping for the best  
lots of love  
Yours fed to the  
teeth!

Boy!





TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS,  
NARBOROUGH,  
SWAFFHAM.

Norfolk.

Dear Mummy

Beastly is not a bad enough word to describe this place. However I'll begin at the beginning. ~~I arrived here~~ After leaving you I watched an extremely uninteresting landscape till we reached Cambridge, when I went to the dining car and had a very vegetarian lunch. From ~~by~~ the train crawled through a miserably flat country in ~~great~~ contrast to which, in Hilare

Bellor's words

"the great hills of the South Country  
Came back into my mind."

It made me feel rather small.

At King's Lynn I changed and  
after a few stations we reached Narborough

I wish we ~~was~~ hadn't. There was a

tender there fetching provisions, so I

had my luggage brought up in it.

The serodrome is, I should say, about  
two miles from the station. A more

Godforsaken hole it would be hard  
to imagine - and if you ~~can~~ can  
do so, I shouldn't try.

There are three squadrons



TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS,  
NARBOROUGH,  
SWAFFHAM.

here. I am billeted in a hut, and  
live in a small room. There is another  
occupant, but he is away. The mess  
is not bad, but overcrowded.

There is no chance of getting  
to London, and as one stays here  
months it's a jolly prospect. Also from  
what I hear, I've not much chance  
of flying yet awhile.

Please ask Daddy to see if  
he can get Colonel Migram to back  
a transfer to Bristol Fighters for at

No. 35 Squadron, Duxford. I think if  
it's possible that would be the best plan.  
Then he could let me know what to  
do at this end. Either that or Handle  
Pages on the plain. I don't want D.H. 4's  
which this squadron eventually leads up  
to at all.

I'll write again tomorrow:

My Love to Daddy  
Much Love from

Boj



N.B.—This Form must accompany any inquiry respecting this Telegram.

**POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.**

WILLIS TOWERS WOODS, Ltd., Lond.

If the Receiver of an Inland Telegram doubts its accuracy, he may have it repeated on payment of half the amount originally paid for its transmission, any fraction of 1d. less than  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. being reckoned as  $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; and if it be found that there was any inaccuracy, the amount paid for repetition will be refunded. Special conditions are applicable to the repetition of Foreign Telegrams.

Office of Origin and Service Instructions.

Charges } s. d.  
to pay }

Handed }  
in at } 11 32 a.m. Received }  
here at } 12.18 p.m.

TO {

Shoreham By Sea  
Bryant 17 Lower  
Grosvonts Race Lane  
Arriving home this evening

N.B.—This Form must accompany any inquiry respecting this Telegram.

**POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.**

Office Stamp.

Office of Origin and Service Instructions.

Charges to pay

Handed in at

Received here at

TO {

Swaffham

Bryant 17 Lower Grosvenor Place Ldn

Take seats tonight if possible

25 MR 18 SWIFT



TELEPHONE N2  
111 SHOREHAM.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Sunday January 20<sup>th</sup>, 1918.

Dear Mummy

Just a line to thank you for  
your letter and for the trouble you  
took in getting seats last Friday.

We've had no roll-call since.

I hope Rip's violent attack  
of scoliosis will not prove fatal.  
By fatal I mean subside in

time to let him go back to Harrow.

I see there is an excellent  
selection at the Old Vic. Midsummer's  
Night Dream, Il Trovatore, Goethe's  
Faust and something else I've forgotten,  
this week.

I hope to come up on Friday  
evening, though I can't be certain. I don't  
know what I shall do with myself  
this dull day.

My love to Peppie  
Much love

By  
/



TELEPHONE N2  
111 SHOREHAM.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Wednesday January 30<sup>th</sup> 1918.

Dear Mummy

No letters from Daddy or you since I left home. No flying either. Despite the fact that I had quite recently reminded my instructor to take me up when he got a machine, he forgot all about it as soon as he got one and took up the first person he could see. That's my luck all over. Now I shall have to finish to wait till he's finished with that pupil. Then something else will happen. At present I get a flight once a fortnight, with no good to me, and an ever increasing

time sheet, whereas really I've no practical instruction at all. It's pretty awful. I shall never get out to France at this rate.

Yesterday evening I went over to Bognor to see Uncle Walter and Aunt Maud.

Aunt Maud's brother, Colonel Hill was there.

After tea I went for a walk with Uncle Walter, who was very interesting as usual.

I left Bognor by the 9.28. getting to bed about 11.30.

By the way Uncle Walter and Aunt Maud are coming up to London for a week in a fortnight's time.



I see you had a fairly extensive air-raid  
the other ~~last~~ night. According to my batman who  
was in London on leave during the occasion,  
all Pimlico is a ~~at~~ smoking mass of  
charred ruins and human flesh, while  
the head-offices of John Bull have  
blown up at last. Altogether a very  
picturesque story.

Colonel ~~at~~ Repington seems to  
be giving it hot to our ramshackle  
government. I wish there was someone  
similar to direct a little stream on that  
glorious institution which directs the air-services.

