

TELEPHONE N°2
111 SHOREHAM.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Wednesday January 28th 1918.

Dear Mummy

Thanks very much for your
letter and please thank Daddy for
his. Poor old Pip: he's going
back to school to-day.

* Yes: thanks: I hope to
be coming up on Friday evening and
"She stoops to conquer" would suit
me, but I can't be certain I
can come.

I've had no flying as we've

had so many crashes lately that
we've practically no machines.

Yesterday I went in ~~into~~ to
Brighton and saw Rosemary. I thought
it a delightful play, and liked
Martin Harvey very much. The
whole company was good, especially
a man, who took Professor Foghorn,
called Barrington (I think they
were all dug out). The weak
point of it was that the
heroine who was supposed to be

very pretty, was, though a good actress, decidedly the reverse. It therefore was rather a strain on the imagination. I should like to have seen Hilda Frevelyan in the part: I think it would have suited her well.

That is about all the news I can think of, save for the delightful and savoury fact that the worms on the aerodrome are beginning to stink horrid!

yes as it leaves me

na nante I will nah know this

helped to have hand

Lots of love



TELEPHONE N2
111 SHOREHAM.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS,

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Th Thursday February 7th 1918

Dear D Mummy.

To the best of the Adjutant's
knowledge I am going to be transferred.
If Daddy can do anything I suggest
Dorset, Ireland if any or Old Sarum.
I don't know of any squadrons
near London.

Yesterday I paid a polite
call on Mr Whitwell who together
with her male belonging is at present

hanging out the Dudley Hotel at Hove.

After a few hours monologue I
succeeding in extricating myself at
the fourth attempt from an extremely
unpleasant position.

It being too late to go
back to mess, I dined in Brighton
and afterwards groped my way
to the Theatre Royal where I saw
London Pride, ~~it struck~~ the piece
that Gerald du Maurier acted in
at Mythenham's a year ago. It struck
me as an excellently devised play but
badly worked out. However it was quite

well acted.

On Monday afternoon, being wet,
I went for a walk. I followed the
Adur valley by Toombes and St. Botolphs
to Bramber and Steyning. At St.
Botolphs I had a look at the
church, the visitor's book of which
is supposed to contain a couplet
by Kipling. However I could find no
book, so I presumed the vicar had
pinched it.

I was handicapped by a nail
coming through my boot, so at Steyning
I climbed the downs and walked

home, getting lost on the way home in
the dark.

Well good-bye now.

Love to Daddy

Tots of Love

Boy

P.S.

I may be ~~also~~ up tomorrow

night with Saturday as well at day.



TELEPHONE N2
111 SHOREHAM.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Sunday 31 January 27th 1918.

Dear Mummy.

Thanks for your last letter
which I found on my arrival. I got
back without any trouble, nor have
I been wanted all day. This afternoon
I meant to walk to Chantaburg
Being, it being a lovely day;
but rather foolishly I asked my
instructor-first if he could take

me up. He said about four. So I only
had a short walk, and then of
course he couldn't take me up.

I'll write to Daddy tomorrow

Lots of love

Boy

TELEPHONE N2
III SHOREHAM.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Stanley James 20th Dec 1918

Dear Mummy

As the Adjutant has
gone away on this day of all days

I cannot let you know about

Tomorrow. I hope to wire in

the morning

Much love

Boy



TELEPHONE N2
111 SHOREHAM.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.

Wed. Feb. 6th 1918

Dear Mummy

Just a line to say am writing
tomorrow, as I hope by then to
know more about my transfer -
to be or not to be, so to speak.
There's no news.

Please send down that
big box, so I can send ~~on~~ away
things I don't want. Love to Daddy.
Lots of love

Boy

TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.



26 Squadron.
ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NARBOROUGH,
SWAFFHAM.

Monday February 18th. 1918.

Dear Mummy

Thanks awfully for your letter, for your book,
your birthday card, and for your flying gloves
(to be). Pips sent me a steel reflector mirror,
which will do for brushing my hair with at present,
and will act as a sort of useful mascot, together
with Sir Dighton's scarf, when I fly in France.
On the other hand my other mascots, such as my black
cat and your pig, though of great moral value,
will be what is technically termed immobile resistance.

The adjutant, encouraged by a distressing black

of modesty on my part gave a birthday present of two days leave (to be).

Therefore I hope to be with you on Tuesday, tomorrow night by 6.10., and to ~~see~~ see Uncle Leslie. Let there be a hot bath for me. Also please reserve two seats for Wednesday night (failing that Thursday night) at the New, where we will wipe out last Tuesday's disgrace.

~~My~~ My dear Mummy, that poetry! Still as you say, you weren't feeling very well yesterday!

I was very touched by the little history of my early career! Fortunately I'm a fairly quick reader and it only took me ~~for~~ about four hours!

Well good bye now.

Hope to see you tomorrow.

lots of love
Boy

P.S.



Delightful
My love to
TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.


ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NARBOROUGH,
SWAFFHAM.

Wednesday February 27th. 1918.

Dear Mummy

Thanks awfully for the splendid flying gloves you sent me and for your letter of to-day. Your other letter has never arrived, so if there was any news in it I'd like to hear, please repeat it. Thank Daddy very much for his letter.

On Sunday afternoon I biked to East Rudham, the direct way - about 15 miles - over pretty bad roads. I had tea with Sir Stan and his wife, who struck me as a most delightful couple.

At about a quarter to six I set out home, by way of Hillington and East Gayton at their advice, and though it was longer and somewhat against a strong wind, I got into mess just in time after two hours hard riding. Despite a very hot bath afternoon dinner, the next two days I felt pretty limp. Yesterday evening therefore I took a strong dose of salts. This morning, therefore, the spirit of God fell upon the authorities and they decided — Lord knows why after all these years, but far be it from me that I should question the workings of providence — that I should fly. And fly I did, and very ill it

made me feel too! Also after lunch, I waited two hours and lo! and behold I got another flight. I don't know how long this beautiful state of affairs will continue, I only hope I shall be feeling better tomorrow and that it will go on long enough for me to go Solo.

My instructor, whose name is Tolkenen, seems a very decent fellow.

On Monday night a most peculiar thing happened. I had just fallen asleep when I was awoken by the entry of the mess sergeant and an officer, a new arrival whom he apparently wanted to put in my room.

I said the usual things one says when one is woken up, and then welcomed my very unwelcome guest.

and advised him to get something to eat at the mess. I then took out a book and read while the batman laid out his bed and things. After some time he had not returned so I turned out my light by an ingenious chain of string and nails and went to sleep. When I woke up in the morning there was no sign of ~~my~~ the other fellow, nor of his bed or his kit. I asked my batman where he had gone to but he was as surprised as me. I have not been able to trace the mystery!

I have been reading one of Barrie's books, the Little Minister. I think it is more delightful than the Little White Bird. There's a delicious girl, Babbie, in it, who make me scream with laughter! That book, has supported the opinion Dear Brutus gave me, that Barrie is one of the great men of all time.

TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NARBOROUGH,
SWAFFHAM.

Wednesday ~~14~~ 15 March 1918

Dear Mummy

Thanks very much for the watch and for your letter, and please thank Daddy for his: also for the letter from Uncle Leslie via his Excellency. Truly I ~~am~~ had just finished writing to the former to thank him for ~~the~~ Allen Quartermain, when I got it. I ~~was~~

I have been swapped from ~~to~~ Lieutenant to Captain ~~and Holmes~~; but this week he is away at Gosport on a course there. The only other piece of news is that

yesterday morning Sir Alan Manby rang me up and asked me to ~~so~~ like over to Sandringham that afternoon. I accepted and got away at 2.30, reaching West Newton at 3.30. Here I found Sir Alan and Lady Manby and their daughter and son in law, the doctor. Sir Alan and I motored to York Cottage, and he showed me over the house, a delightful place. Then we walked through the beautiful gardens to Sandringham which he showed me, including Daddy's old room and your old furniture which is now in his flat. Then we drove through Dersingham and he pointed out my birthplace. I think one could set up a toll gate with sixpence admission at the bottom of the Hill.

TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NARBOROUGH,
SWAFFHAM.

Then we went back to tea and soon after
sir Alan left I biked back to NARBOROUGH.

It is just possible (Captain Holmes being away)
~~that~~ but not likely that I might turn up on
Saturday night ~~to~~ for Sunday. Should I
wire to that effect try and get seats at once
~~to~~ in the following order. (for Saturday night).

- I. Drury Lane. (H. Tronatore).
- II. St James. (Valentine).
- III. Globe. (Love in a Cottage).
- IV. Savoy. (Nothing but the truth).
- V. St Martins. (Sleeping Partners) - Seymour Hicks
- VI. Playhouse. (Yellow Ticket).
- VII. Duke of York's. (Thirteenth Chair).
- VIII. Ambassadors. (Little Brother).

and the Old Vic. ~~use~~ using your own discretion - a bit

better than you did over Brewster's Millions) as to where
 you put it in order. If you fail absolutely in all of
 these, get me one seat - two if you'd like to come
 but - I don't think you would - at any revue or
 musical comedy (save Tannet's or The Chin Chaw) as
 I'm ~~longer~~ amusing myself by writing the words and
 lyrics of a musical comedy - and I am handicapped
 by knowing nothing about the stagecraft - for instance
~~what~~ whether several people may talk at once etc - of
 such things. I am weaving the plot - what there is of it -
 round the Philosopher King. Still all this is just
 so you may be ready in case I do come, which is very
 unlikely.

My love to Daddy
 Much love from Boy

Please send Mrs. S.
 of Philosopher King
 in the
 if you got it.

P.S.

Please give me any advice you may have to offer about
 the musical comedy - the comedy is the hard part!!!

TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NARBOROUGH,
SWAFFHAM.Friday February 22nd. 1918

Dear Mummy.

Thankyou very much for your letter which I
got on my arrival here! Everything went off smoothly.
I bought Trilby and read it part of it in the train.
It does not ~~shd~~ ~~shd~~ strike me as a great book,
but it is a very charming and very original story.

I am going to see Sir Alan Manby
tomorrow, I think.

There's no other news.

My love to Daddy, Uncle John
and Aunt Dolly.

Much love
from

Ray

TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NARBOROUGH,
SWAFFHAM.Wednesday March 20th 1918.

Dear Mummy

Thank you very much for your letter and please thank Paddy for his. Since Sunday I had done no flying owing to the weather ~~since this Sunday~~ till this morning when I had twenty minutes with Captain Holmes. Again this evening I had another flight with him and he ~~would~~ was pleased and would have sent me up solo then had it not been so misty. If it is fine tomorrow, he says he will send me off. I hope before breakfast.

I've just been reading a most delightful book: Maurice Maeterlinck's blue bird. It is very well translated. The scene with the joys is one of the

most beautiful things I remember to have read. Also the graveyard scene.

My ~~plot~~ musical comedy is not going well at present. I'm all ready to get away when once I've finished the first scene. There, however, as the charwoman said when asked for a reference: "You 'as me". It ~~is~~ has to be futile and pointless enough to prevent late comers missing any of the plot - a sort of hors d'oeuvre in no way essential to the rest of the meal - and yet pleasant and witty enough to impress whoever reads it so that he will have sufficient patience to go on and read the rest.

I'm also trying to write some short stories about

the training of R.F.C. pilots, and some poems on the Air Force. I enclose you one of the latter. If you are satisfied with it, I will carry on with the other, and then I should like to have a shot to get it published.

The new Air Force Bill will so far as I can make out rob me of 36 £ a year, and force me to equip myself at my own expense with a perfectly hideous uniform. Worse still, I shall, unless the war goes on another four years; ^{have} to remain in the Air Force for four more years: that is to say to chuck up all chance of getting a start in other profession - and then unless I can procure a permanent commission in the force in the meantime, be unceremoniously

checked out. Good old Northcliffe government!

I'll send my washing home as soon as I can
get away from camp into the village.

about leave; if I go solo tomorrow I'll
apply for forty eight hours on Friday, and wire
you the result on Friday or Saturday. I have
heard nothing further from Frank Whitwell as yet.

My love to Daddy

- Much love

Yours

Reg.

TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NARBOROUGH,
SWAFFHAM.Thursday March 28th 1918.

Dear Mummy

Just a line to ~~say~~ tell you about my journey.

Yesterday was a general wash out-day for the wing, so I didn't score much. I consequently found several of our fellows in the train. After a very jolty journey, taking as long as from ~~St~~ Euston to Holyhead I reached Lynn. Here I slept at the Temperance Hotel near the station.

I might as well have come by the later train as it was
too dull for flying.

Lots of love

Boy

TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NARBOROUGH,
SWAFFHAM.

Thursday March 2nd 1918.

Dear Mummy

Just a line to say that I went off solo, thank goodness, quite safely this morning. This evening I went up again, stayed up a long time, flew to Kings Lynn, to Sandringham, then came down ~~to~~ at West Newton to wave to Sir Allan Manby's son in law and daughter, thence to East Rudham where I flew over Sir Allan Manby, to the delight of the inhabitants and thence home again. There I landed, and then went up again to practise a few simple stunts. So I've done nearly two hours solo today. My love to Daddy.

Much love

Boy



ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

26.T.S.

Harborough. Suffolk. Norfolk.

Saturday April. 20th. 1918.

Dear Mummy

Just a line to say that the weather has improved, we've been flying vigorously, and that provided the weather holds good, and things go on well, I shall be at Mincombe on Tuesday.

Tell Philip he's a silly mug, and ask him how I can be expected to catch the 5.50 P.M. from Waterloo on Monday, if my train doesn't get into Liverpool Street

Till 6.10!

My love to all
Much love

Boys /

TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.



26.T.S.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NARBOROUGH,
SWAFFHAM.

Dear Mummy

My further impressions of Narborough & in the daylight have only added to my disgust of the place. The only advantage is that one's billets are on the aerodrome which is handy. Beyond that there's nothing to be said for the place.

I've just got your little letter for which many thanks. I can't say of my impression of this part of the world corresponds with yours. It's perfectly beastly.

I'm in the Squadron Pool - that is to say the waiting list. From what I hear that may mean months

without flying. Rather than that I shall resign my commission.

I cannot stand wasting time in England much longer, while my friends are all going out to France. I'm fairly patient, but there is a limit. The last three months have been absolutely wasted, and I've no wish that the next three should be so in this awful place.

Also even when flying does come, I do not want to fly the machines they have here.*

Therefore please do what you can for a transfer to Oxford and Bristol Fighters.

This afternoon I biked along a very muddy road to Swaffham, a quaint little country town, about ~~two~~ six miles away, only to find it early closing day. So I biked back and made a few purchases in Stationery at Marlborough post office.

The aerodrome is about two miles ~~west~~ south ~~west~~ of the railway on the Donham road.

My love to Daddy
Much love from
Box

* Also there's a chance that if I don't fly again soon, I shall be incapable of doing so at all.

TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NARBOROUGH,
SWAFFHAM.

~~Sunday~~
Friday. 8 March. 22nd 1918.

Dear Mummy

Do not know yet about next week. Nothing from Whitwell. Thanks for letter. Poor Costa has been killed. I'm awfully sorry; he was one of the best; ~~the~~ two ~~second~~ of the three best friends we made in the R.F.C. have been killed now, and I'm not certain about the third. I wrote to his mother, as I thought I ought to, saying how sorry I was.

Only done 40 minutes flying to-day, as most of our buses have been smashed. Love to Daddy Mollie & Box.

TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NARBOROUGH,
SWAFFHAM.

Friday March 1st 1918.

Dear Mummy

Just a line to say I think it most improbable
I shall come tomorrow. Its a pity as its in afraid the last chance.
Should I write to early tomorrow mornig however make it
A Valentine first: other order as before.
Thanks for play is better.
Love to Daddy
Much love

By
/

TELEPHONE 220 LYNN.



ROYAL FLYING CORPS,
NARBOROUGH,
SWAFFHAM.

Dear Mum

Please send box for washing. also a
dear pair of pyjamas

By

P.S.

Weather bad for flying to-day.

Telephone. No 2 East Rudham.

EAST RUDHAM,
NORFOLK.

(Telegraph & Railway. East Rudham.)

March 10th

Dear Mrs Bryant -

Thank you so much
for your letter - we are
only too pleased if we
can in any way give
you any pleasure -
we are too far off I fear
to be much of him -

but she will always be
welcome - he is such a
nice boy and we all
love him so much -
and we think him
very much like you both -
at first he reminded
us most of Mr. Bryant

and then I'm especially
when he is speaking —
I fear he finds Harbrough
very dull — It is very nice
to have Wm to hear us —
but there seems no chance
of our having Percy and
his wife home in these
terrible times — I wonder

if you were much disturbed
by the raid. it must be
awful. and I do feel for
all your London people —
With kindest love always
Yours very sincerely
Lotte Mauby —