

16<sup>th</sup> January 1958.

Plas Nantglyn,

Denbigh.

Dear Von Runicke

The re-reading of "Goodbye to all That" in the revised edition prompts me to write to you for the first time in over 42 years. For your mastery of words brings back most vividly

the memories of those "lost years".

A lot of water has flowed beneath our

respective bridges since that morning you & I

marched back together to Bethune to dump our

kits just before doos. Do you remember telling

me then that you knew who (of the officers) would be killed and wounded next day, & that, when

we got back to our billet, you would write the

names down & put them in a sealed envelope,

which I was not to open until the show was over,



as I was one of the few who would come through untouched? (he forgot to do it!)

When I asked what was going to happen to you, you told me that you would be very badly wounded & reported "Died of wounds", but that you would survive. Thus, you anticipated exactly what did actually happen to you on the Soume.

You may have forgotten all this, but it has made an indelible impression on my mind; and I have often wondered why you did not include it in the book.

Few of us R.W.F. are left who fought at Loos - only you, Ode L Williams who remains in hiding in Jersey ever since he innocently contracted his bigamous marriage, Charles Owen who suffers from the effects of gas & is a very old & failing man, Percy Moody & myself.



LT.-COLONEL J. C. WYNNE-EDWARDS.  
TELEPHONE & TELEGRAMS: NANTGLYN 227.

Plas Nantglyn,

Denbigh.

All the rest have gone, including the Viscount Hill  
(the "Buzz off" whom you so rightly loathed!)

From all accounts you are flourishing.

Indeed, I understand that no visit to Majorca  
is complete without a sight of you! I, too,

flourish in my own small way — chairman of

this & that, respectable, respected (I believe!), but

oh! so staid, so dull, so frightfully boring!

*O mihi praeteritos . . . .*

I don't suppose you will ever visit

Harlech again, or Majorca; but, if we should,

I hope that we can meet, as I should like to

see you very much. Incidentally, our alleged

conversation in the book has always amused



me greatly, for I have spent a large part  
of my life "walking about some hills".

With all good wishes from The Actor

Yours

Copier by name Edwards

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P.S. By the way, I am not a murderer!  
The company storeman - his name was  
Williams - rejoined in a week or 10  
day's time, with his face still plastered  
with mud, and could (or would) not give  
any account of where he had been in  
the meanwhile.

J. W. T.

---



368 Ladbroke Grove

Harrow Road

London W, 10.

26.2.35.

Sir

Most probably you have almost forgotten me, or rather our past adventures in "No man's land". But as Frank (Dick) Richards from whom I recently received a letter says "Well Billy I am pleased you are still in the land of the living" just as you may say, I recently had a book from Paddington library entitled "Good bye to all that" written by you, and I notice (with interest) that you mention me a few times, for it goes to prove that I was not quite a skunk, I mean of course to readers of your book, you of course knew me, and shall I say, knew my value, as your Platoon Sergeant, I may mention that I have got a few pieces of Jerry grenade in my night arm so I shall always remember them, but I like yourself say that "Jerry" was a fighter, as regards the trench they are not in our class, of course



my mind goes back to 1914, when we were without food and wanted water but the French would either take away the rope or bucket to prevent us from getting water from a well, but as you say "It is past" but we cannot forget,

I wonder if I am asking too much when I say could you send me a book written by yourself autographed by you to me (.)?

I am still in the Metropolitan Police, but I am only a Police Constable for I did not go in for promotion.

I have not been to Birmingham (my native town) for some time so I cannot speak of any of the old boys for as you know we had many Birmingham men in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion.

I will close now, hoping to find you and yours in the very best of health wishing you every success.

I am Sir

Your Old Platoon Sergeant  
W. J. Townsend

P.S. I will pay your price for the book W. J. T.



368 Ladbroke Grove  
Harrow Road

London W, 10,  
28-3-35

Sir

I am very pleased to say I received both letter and book quite safe, it is only natural that I shall treasure both, not only from the fact that you were my Platoon Officer, but as a collector in books (whenever possible) by noted people, and in some future date your books will be much sought for by collectors, I don't want you to think that I am making an attempt to flatter you, for as you know I come in contact with all classes of people,

There are two of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Batt, men living on our division, namely - Bill (sergeant) Shearsby, and Corporal Lucas, and as you may guess whenever we meet and chance comes our way we re-fight old battles but we agree that we should fight with Jerry not against him, for we realise what happened in the past and take into consideration how things appear To-day.



I had my usual flutter in the Irish Hospital  
Sweepstake, but as usual, no success,  
I am sending a snap which was taken in Tortobello  
Road North Kensington,  
When I got wounded I was sent to several Hospitals  
until I got to the 3<sup>rd</sup> Rd Fus. from there I was  
sent to Abergele in N. Wales where I became a  
drill instructor on the Chelsea Drill (the Risk  
step) with Brig. Gen. Cuthbertson in Charge  
after which I re-join the 3<sup>rd</sup> ~~Rd~~ Batt, at  
Limerick, my face did not fit; I was sent  
on a Drill course at Templemore, I was there  
2 days, for I proved that some of the instruction  
had passed under my instruction, and I could  
box the best up at drill instruction, The C/O  
said there had been a mistake somewhere  
but I explained there was no mistake  
for an acting Major named K. J. Nicholls, who  
was acting Adjutant at the time, knew that  
I knew of an incident that happened in  
Bunmah in 1908 in which he and another  
officer were involved, I was sent to Kings  
Island near the Shannon, with Bill  
Galloway as R.O., Galloway was an



old 2<sup>nd</sup> Batt man, and Major Dawkin Edwards  
in charge he too formerly belonged to the 2<sup>nd</sup>  
Batt, I was made Mess Caterer on the Island  
and became I was able to give the Sergeants  
full value in rations many wanted to be trans-  
ferred to our mess, which did not suit H, I,  
I was sent to a Labour Corps known as the  
325 P, O, W, (Prisoners of War) I called this  
Labour mob, the Charlie Chaplin Moving Picture  
artists, it was a rag-time lot, and I finished  
at a place called Motterville 20 Kilo the  
other side Rouen, and I can assure you  
I was not sorry when I left them to go  
into Hospital to undergo another operation  
this was after the armistice,  
will close now Sir thanking you very, very,  
much for the book wishing you every  
success.

I am Sir.

Yours Old Platoon Sergeant  
W. Townsend



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Telephone: Museum 4748

Telegrams: Whitmanack, Westcent, London

Whitaker's Peerage,  
6<sup>th</sup> February 1946

Dear Robert Graves

On the strength of our comparative  
intimacy at Osborne many years ago  
I wish to send my sincerest sympathy  
to you in your loss. I can send it  
the more wholeheartedly as I myself  
have experienced a similar bereavement.  
My son a lieutenant in the Fleet Air Arm  
was lost off the coast of Australia in a  
crash early last year - an unexpected  
accident and not as distinguished an  
act as yours. Still I think le Champ  
d'honneur has wide margins.

So I can send my sympathy most sincerely.  
It is a very painful affair, and one is  
apt to forget, like Xenophon, that one's  
sons are mortal.



to revert to personalities, I have on more  
one previous occasion, joined your "fan  
mail" but possibly my letters were overlooked

I have, after serving at home through out this  
war, returned to Civil life and am editing  
this above mentioned work of reference.

which as an address will always find me

I should very much like to hear from  
you again. after all these years.

Remember the Royal Albert Society?

With best wishes and deepest sympathy

Yours

†  
E. F. Pemberton Huntell

(Colt Lodge, Hampshire Bk)  
Editor Whitakers  
Penny

† not "Vernon" manges "Good Bye & All That"  
passim.



4 Winton Rd

Leeson Park Dublin

April 58

Dear Robert Graves I have been reading Good Bye to all that  
is the new edition. It must be years since I read the first  
edition, a few long pages seemed familiar, as if I had read  
it yesterday.

I can tell you something about the Cheyne who was physician  
general to the forces in Ireland: 1820's or thereabouts. It was  
the time that the Cardinal Prince Bishops were performing  
miracles and Sir Philip Crampton and Dr. Cheyne  
(the ~~Pope~~ Podalarus and Machaon of Dublin) were called

upon by the Protestant party, a produced tracts which  
"embodied much curious medical lore to prove that  
the sudden recovery of the persons mentioned by Dr. Doyle  
could be entirely accounted for on natural principles."

(Lapse of Bishop Doyle by W. J. Fitzpatrick Vol 1 p. 246)

The printer has made some mistakes. The Graveses  
appear as the Graves's and the Coopers as the Cooper's.  
Cooper Hill nor Cooper's Hill is the name of the  
Limerick house. It still stands, although my uncle  
Robert left it years ago. I saw his widow (84)



a few days ago, & her recollection is that you stayed  
with them for 3 or 4 days, & she had no memory of your  
Spanish influence (no doubt you refrain from mentioning it  
so as not to cause alarm) - It caught me too in the  
previous autumn, & like you I recognized it on the instant  
for what it was, but I certainly would never have survived  
the journey you made with it.

As to the story of Morris & George Cooper, we can't  
claim descent, alas! My great father, a Tuttle, only took  
the name of Cooper when he inherited Cooper Hill from

a Mrs Cooper whose husband perhaps was a descendant  
of the English & Morris. However, tradition says  
that the Castle on the grounds of Cooper Hill was the  
scene of the murder -

I stayed one night at Red Branch House  
in 1908. No boys about only girls - Susie, &  
Minnie Carriss. I knew all the members

of your father's first family - Percival, my  
favourite, yr. father & stepmother one failure!  
I have not seen Percival now for years, but he



Came to Ireland for Philip's funeral, & I understand  
he still about to write a book.

Your father's father, the Bishop, survived all the  
other bishops of the Establishment, being the last of them with  
the original salary. He had £10,000 a year, but none  
of it came your father's way when he married Jane Cooper.

In the new edition you're left at the passage  
about Aunt Anne's portrait

Forgive me if all this bores you but Arthur  
Lesher said you liked to hear about Ireland.  
We alone of all the Cooper daughters children  
retained the  
"Geographical Connection" J. Stone

Arthur wonders if you have received the new  
edition of the Graduate's work, which he sent to  
you at Christmas.