occasion of a constant facetiousness, but they never dared to go too far, they felt I was rather dangerous. I only once caught one of them scratching up a pair of hearts conjoined with Dick's initials and mine in the bathroom. I pushed him into the bath and turned the taps on. He told the others and they got hold of a manuscript notebook of mine that I had left on the table with some other books in the Monitor's Room. It had poems and bits of essays and things in it and they annotated it critically in blue chalk and all signed their initials except the House Captain who would have nothing to do with it and thought it rather low. I was simply furious when I found it and made a speech. I said that I wanted a signed apology from all the annotators. I said if I was not given the apology within an hour I would choose one of them as solely responsible and punish him. I said I would now have a bath and the first Monitor I met after my bath I would knock down.

Whether by accident or whether because he thought his position made him secure, the first Monitor I met was the Head Monitor and I did knock him down. It was the time of the House preparation which only the Monitors were free not to attend, but a junior happened to pass on the way to the lavatory just as this happened so it could not be hushed up, so the House Master sent for me. The House Master was an excitable elderly man who had some difficulty in controlling his spittle when he got angry. He made me sit down in a chair in his study, then he stood over me clenching his fists and said in his high falsetto voice, "Do you realise you have done a very brutal action?" His mouth was bubbling. I was as angry as he was and jumped up and put myself in a posture of defence, so he dropped his fists. Then I said I would do the same thing to anyone who, after scribbling facetious remarks on my private
Wednesday was Wednesday when the married officers who usually dined at home were expected to attend and the Band were to play behind a curtain. In the intervals the regimental harper gave solos—Welsh melodies picked out rather uncertainly on a hand-karp. When it was over the Bandmaster was invited to the senior officers' table for his complimentary glass of light or vintage. When he was gone and the junior officers had retired the foot went round and round and the conversation, at first very formal, became rambling and intimate. Once I remember that Senior Major laid it down axiomatically that every so-called sportsman had at one time or another committed a sin against sportsmanship. He cross-examined each of his neighbours in turn, putting them on their honour to tell the truth. One of them, blushing, admitted that he had once shot pheasants two days before the 1st August—"I was my
last chance before I rejoined the battalion in India."

Arthur when a public-schoolboy and old enough to
know better had killed a sitting pheasant with a
stone. The next one had gone out with a
poecher — in his Sandhurst days — and crumbled
poison-tongue into a hunt-stream. An
scandalous application

came from a major, who was
a gentleman-farmer that his had been overrun
with foxes

— one year and the
headquarters of the nearest hunt fifty miles away


She protect leg hen-coops with a gun. Finally

it was the duty of the battalion medical officer to be

the question was put to a captain. "Aha."

The said "Well, once a friend asked me to put

ten bob for him on a horse in the Lincolnshire

couldn't find my footmaker in time."

I forgot the ten bob."

At this one of the

punts, an officer in the Royal Scots, said:

Kings Own Scottish Borderers became suddenly excited. I

jumped up and lent on the table with screaming posts.
"And was not the name of the horse Strategos? And will you not pay me my ten shillings now immediately?"
The most unusual charge that was against the Regimental Goat-major (a corporal) was first framed as 'lèse-majesté' but this was later reduced to 'Impertinence to an Officer,' in that he at Wuxham—on such and such a date—did prostitute the Royal Goat, being the gift of His Majesty the Colonel-in-Chief from His Royal Highness at Windsor, by offering his odd-survives to—Esq., farmer and goat breeder of Wuxham.

The goat-major pleaded that he was sorry for the goat, to which he was much attached. He was reduced to the ranks and the charge of the goat given to a less tender-hearted soldier.
Can some of the details in Ch. VIII be taken out, and the chapter reduced by about 50% and then be incorporated with Ch. VII.
Notes on UP TO YESTERDAY.

We think there is very little to which exception can be taken, although of course it is impossible to give any definite assurance on the point in view of the wide interpretation potentially attaching to Lord Cockburn's definition of the word "obscene".

From this point of view, possibly it would be safer to delete the passage commencing at the bottom of page 151 and running to the greater part of page 152, and also to modify the wording of the incident at the foot of page 203.

We agree that the sentence struck through in pencil on page 63 should be deleted.

Page 28. No doubt you refer to the Headmaster incident. If so, any action taken would presumably be on the grounds of libel, and justification would be a complete answer to such an action.

Pages 29 and 83. We do not think there is any occasion for deletion or modification.

Page 96. We presume that Williams is a disguised name. Otherwise the passage might be actionable.

Page 173. We see no objection.

In general you will appreciate that if, for any reason, action were to be taken under Lord Campbell's Act, Counsel for the Prosecution would have no difficulty in pointing to particular passages as having a tendency to corrupt persons whose minds are open to immoral influences, but this, as you are no doubt aware, would apply to most of the works published to-day, and in our view, the manuscript under review is definitely less provocative than ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, the popularity of which precludes the likelihood of any action being taken against Mr. Graves' work.
Undoubtedly the most important point which arises for consideration is the reproduction of private letters which Mr. Graves has received, including the large number written by Mr. Siegfried Sassoon.

You are doubtless aware that under the Copyright Act the copyright of letters remains vested in the writer or his personal representative, and in our view it is accordingly essential that Mr. Graves should obtain consent to publication in each case.

Page 216. We think it might be desirable to modify the wording of the paragraph which we have indicated with a line in the margin.

Page 268. Similar remarks apply.

Page 324. As Mr. Becker is now dead this seems to be harmless.

Page 352. The allusion to the club secretary might be actionable. He might perhaps be described as "a club official".

We have given particular attention to the other pages to which you refer us, but in our judgment, subject to the remarks in our previous letter, nothing in them calls for modification.
French map showing the Cambria-Cumidee-Vernelles trench sector in the summer of 1915. Each square-side measures 500 yards and is ticked off into fifty-yard units. Only the German trench-system is shown in detail; a broken pencil-line marks the approximate course of the British front trench. The mine-craters appear as stars in No Man's Land. The brickstitches appear as minute squares on the German line; those held by the British are not marked. The intended line of advance of the 19th Brigade on Sept 25th is shown in pencil on this map which was carried on that day.
four years we were together. There were a number of familiar food and drink names in the school-list in my time and I suppose that each of them to survive the war are partners now in their fathers' firms. Three scholars have made names for themselves — Richard Hughes as a B.B.C. playwright, Richard Goodwin as an actor of old-man parts, Vincent Selipman as author of a pseudo-fanciful life of Venusius, Cyril Hartmann as an authority on historical French scandals, and my brother Charles as 30 Acky gossip-writer on the middle page of The Daily Mail. Occasionally I see another name or two in the newspapers.

There was one the other day — Mr... who was in the news for escaping from a private asylum.

* "Why," said the cobbler, "what should I do? Will you have me to go in the King's wars and to be killed for my labour?"

"What, kneave," said Skelton, "art thou a coward, having so great bones?"

"No," said the cobbler, "I am not afraid; it is good to sleep in a whole-skin."
I am pleased to see how well Siegfried Sassoon has escaped from the false position in which he left himself at the end of his last book. It will be remembered that the Memoirs of a Foxhunting Man was written anonymously—though he was forced to admit authorship only soon after publication—and that it was about two-thirds an autobiography and one third a novel of social satire. To be free to satirise the fox-hunter effectively—himself of course in an early aspect—he had to conceal his former or subsequent acquaintance with anything in life except 'Regnardism', so be omitted.
for instance any mention of his self-education and growth of social conscience, as a poet, a process that ran concurrently with his self-education as a 'Regnardist'. When therefore 'George Sherston', this single-strand reason of the author, joined the Flintshire or (Royal Welsh) Fusiliers in France in 1915 and served with them for a few chapters it was a great disappointment to me. These records of an apprenticeship to trench-warfare showed the inadequacy of the puppet-author, and the only saving of himself from here acting as P.G. Wodehouse's hero by [illegible] ingenuous laying claim to being his own butler to do justice to the real author's experiences.
The fact was that the poet in Siegfried Sassoon began to dominate the reigns of T.S. Eliot as soon as he arrived in France. In my own autobiography, *Goodbye to All That*, I made a point of writing about my brother. Further, whose story touched with mine at several critical points, as straightforwardly as I could. It was a sort of protest against his romantic distortion of good historical material.

This made him angry, so angry indeed that he held up the first issue of the book when it was ready.
being distributed, by insisting on the excision omission of a poem of his which I had published without strict respect for the Copyright Law. Later he wrote to me that the violence of my book had been a Zeppelin bomb to the restrained and delicately written sequel that he was planning.

If, as seems probable, it was my bomb that stirred the inadequate 'Skelton' bearing Siegfried Sassoon no course but to write unrestrained autobiography, I think that I deserve
a literary D.T.C.

It is still, unfortunately, George Sherston
who is supposed to be writing and with the same (rather thin) dislike of names—
'Birdie Hansfield' for Birdie Hansfield,
'Markington' for H. W. Ranshaw and so on—but the distinction has disappeared.
There are no composite characters here as in the previous book, no
presence of authorial infirmities, no least shirking of unpalatable Truth: it is Sassoon himself, writing this time
and writing just as well as he knows how.

The price that I am asked to pay for
my violence — and I pay with an
unconcealed pain — is to appear as
'David Blombeck', and to have my much
more said about my prologue knobby
face with its crooked nose, my unsoldierlike
appearance in uniform, my tactlessness,
absent-mindedness, bumptiousness, fidgeting, my
habit of getting people's backs up and
my 'nose on the react' than my
importance as a character in the book.

If what shall say let me say that
really justifies. For Siegfried Sassoon
is a hero — his courage, aloofness,
savage,

London rapes, his leaness, his springy 7
walk, his nocturnal habits, his love
of the wilderness, his curious yellow
eyes that hate meeting anyone on
his fatal attraction that permeates 
insides) all proclaim it. 

And the

futility of this portrait of me; for the

lion is as cattish as he is kingly.

There is only one other character

whom I can trust with great sincerity,
and that is Sassoon himself - first
Sassoon the military hero, then
Sassoon the pacifist crusader.

And since he was a notoriously
successful and bloody fighting man (as
well as a notoriously courageous pacifist, he has had to be particularly nasty about himself to make it quite clear that he is not really boasting. His self-satiric humility hurts himself, and one passage at least, does others an injustice: he is describing the Hindenburg and tells French pilots how a company of the Fust Cameroonians ran away from a captured position, alleging a bomb shortage. He mocks his own hysterical egotistical heroism in retrieving the situation with a handful of Welshmen and a large quantity of bombs which, let us say, the Cameroonians had short-
sight had overlooked; and in continuing to kill Germans even after being severely wounded in the neck or shoulder. The
chastisement of the passage does an injustice to admirable
the Cameronian corporal who also occurs in it. That he stayed behind in the trench, alone, dedicating himself to a
stricter ideal of military behaviour than his comrades and officers seem to have held, suggests an egotism of
sentimentality exceeding even Sherston. Sassoon, by the way, does not mention being recommended to the
Victoria Cross on this occasion, nor bring it on the point that "no awards will be granted for an operation which ended unsuccessfully" — for the Cameronians, almost immediately after, discovered another bomb shortage and used once more.

The last chapter concerns Shenton Sesson the pacifist. When home on sick leave he suddenly realized the futility of the war and with the moral support of "Thornton Tynnell" (Ston Butcher's Russell) "Darlington"
(H.W. Messingham) and "an R.P." (Ruppleton. He present Post-Master General) tried to call public attention to it by refusing to fight for it. He invited the authorities to a court-martial for mutiny. He tells how "David Bromley", who agreed about the mutiny, nevertheless decided to side-track his plans, refusing to let him, in his shattered nervous condition, make a mark of himself to no purpose; how I swore that I had consulted the War Office authorities and had been informed that no publicity would be given to the protest.
and that if he persisted he would be put, not into the witness-box but into a padded room of an asylum. He believes that I lied and that, in effect, I would have done the same for me.

Let me state that David Cromblech did not lie, except to present an unofficial though authoritative hint as an official warning. I had satisfied myself by discreet enquiries that the authorities could not afford to confine a man of his magnificent
War record, for fear of the anti-war publicity that it would cause, and that his neurasthenic condition—complicated at the time by actual hallucinations—would be justifying him and obtuse help to him in representing him as a mental case. If I had not found this out, and if I had not been convinced that the protest would not end the war by as much as five minutes even if it came to a constitutional, and if hearing I had not been scared if the padded room myself (for I had to evacuate myself from hospital to deal with the situation or was in an advanced neurasthenic state myself) I would no doubt have signed
my name to the roster alongside his. As it was, I forced him to take a medical board. He was sent to a convalescent home. At this point his book ends. His re-emergence a few months later is reminiscence officially barred to rejoin the battalion in France and to kill incidentally to kill more Germans is material for the next succeeding story. This is another story. It is, let me repeat, indeed a very good book. But even for the fun of an injunction, I find that I cannot make myself angry about it. It might have been assumed that an injunction forbidding me to say anything about it would encourage me to say more. I am not sure if it would really have the effect bounty.

Robert Graves