

Please thank Gert.  
for the elastic  
8.  
Winchester House.

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Swausea.

March. 16<sup>th</sup> - 1902

AD3/5/9

My dear Mother

Thank you very much  
for your kind letter (evidently  
no extra charge for advice)

I daresay it is a great deal  
better than I deserve. you told  
me to tell you all that happened  
well :- I hadn't done a Latin

Exercise I should have done so I got  
a crib from another boy (I don't now  
see that there is anything so very dreadful  
in that). & instead of altering it a bit

(2)  
I like the silly fool that I was copied  
it down word for word. so that I  
was found out (another boy had done  
at the same time that same thing & had a caning) &  
reported to Owen (nobody would have  
dreamt of reporting such a trivial  
thing in Dr. Turpin's time) who imagining  
that I was not strong or something  
let me off the caning & gave me  
Wednesday aft. P.D. & jolly good lecture  
wherein he said that I hadn't been  
doing so well of late & that would talk  
to Dr. Sam. & if I would improve  
he would let me keep on with the  
same style of school if not I must  
go back to the ordinary routine. I tell  
Mrs L. she interviews Owen & she  
jaws & he jaws (for he's welsh) & they

both jaw. (Mrs L. imagines that I haven't  
been doing much drawing, how could I  
when there's no outdoor work to be  
done & I couldn't think any imaginative  
thing?) & they both decide that I  
shall go back to ordinary school.  
(mind you after Owen has said I needn't  
yet). So that put me in a huff  
& I swore I wouldn't do a scrap  
of work (although I have done some)  
& I got into a sort of don't care  
way & got fooling & P.D. while in  
P.D. I get 'insubordinate' as the  
serjeant calls it (only he makes use  
of an aspirate) & let my tongue  
wag freely (which makes him uneasy  
as he is often half seas over & turns  
up late for drill & topples about) much  
to the delight of the other boys.  
He threatens to report me. but contents

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himself with putting me in for 1 or 2  
more P.D.s. as the case may be, so the  
P.D.s accumulate. The other day down  
in Chemistry the fellows started  
kicking about & stamping etc (we  
always ~~had~~ have a lark with Ash  
the Chem. master who is comparatively  
new & speaks funny, short sighted etc  
& has no control over the boys at all)  
So he put the whole form in for P.D  
34. So that in P.D. there were 42 boys  
which was too much altogether for 1  
serjeant. So there was a fine old  
shindy even though Owen was  
walking about the play ground  
the whole time (if it had been Dr. Turpin  
nobody would have done anything hardly  
although he wasn't half so strict ~~and~~ +  
hardly cared at all. The serjeant  
shoved about a doz of us down (me among  
them) for P.D. next evening as being  
the means of instigating a lot of row.

5. Spikes

The next evening I was walt so we had P.D. in the corridor about 30 boys. We all started kicking up a shindy so that the sergeant lost his temper & singling out some half doz. boys (me among the lot) whom he had noticed & had old grievancies against for we were no worse than the majority of the rest. He marched us down to Owen who he summoned from his house & was naturally in dence of a rath. & reported us He said that we were too many to come or else he would do it, so that we must take P.D. every evening & wed. & Sat. aft.s. until the sergeant lets us off (this happened <sup>last</sup> on Friday evening so that now I'm looked for a good spell). This riled up ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> awfully & I openly derided his orders & wouldn't obey besides calling him an <sup>old</sup> sneak to his face, so seeing that he could

⑥ not do anything with me he sent down me down to detention where of course I was all right + did some of my home lessons. While the sergeant had taken us down to Owen he had appointed several of the bigger boys to keep the rest in order but of course that was absurd. + when we came back the whole corridor was covered with crumpled up chalk + everyone was everywhere, ramping up + down + yelling + making as much row as they could. So ends my school's adventures up to the present. I must say it's more entertaining + exciting than the ordinary way of acting while at school. But I will see if I can't mend a little at any rate but the old drill sergeant is something 'huffle' + the boys got into a habit ~~of~~ of hooting him now after drill. He is often so drunk that when he attempts to show us how to turn properly on the heels

or any exercise + nearly always topples half-over + has to do it half a doz times before he can do it properly. --- Mrs L. + I have just had a talk since I wrote the last 2 or 3 lines. + She + I have made a compromise that if she sees Owen + tries to get back into the old school work I will reform + try + not get so many P.D's + if Owen won't let me go back I will keep as good as I can. but of course + expect I shall have to work off those P.D's that I'm in for. Also I have decided to stay on here at this school, so that Mrs L says you needn't come down to see me though of course I should like

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to see you apart from what has  
been going on lately but as Elton's  
kids are here there is no room to put  
you up & as it would be too much  
for you to come up & back again  
in one day (besides I shouldn't be  
able to see enough of you) you would  
have to stay at some hotel of somewhere  
which would be very inconvenient  
as the only good hotel, The Metropole  
is a good way off right in the  
midst of one of the filthiest, busiest,  
streets in Swansea besides having  
a railway near. We have Beetle  
here again as Mrs Chadborn & Lil  
have gone to Paignton in Devon  
(late Porthcawl)  
at Miss Gray's nursing home

(10)

as Lib. is very unwell lately I took  
 Beetle for a run with me on Brownie  
 as Elton is still in bed. Poor Beet  
 has got woefully fat & can't run  
 at all hardly. Brownie went awfully  
 well & was rather spritely which  
 is rather unusual for her <sup>she</sup> as is one  
 of those calm sort of beasties  
 when I took her on the links  
 she went rather springy sort of  
 style (see fig 11) ~~but~~ but  
 I was taking life easy & not  
 holding particularly fast with my knees  
 which was very foolish of me. & when  
 I let her go a bit, she bucked up  
 off all feet at once <sup>(see fig 12)</sup> & I went up  
 quite 9" of her back but not

being circus rider I didn't come <sup>(11)</sup>  
 down exactly in the centre where  
 I left her. (see fig 12) & so I was  
 not in at all a desirable a position  
 with the gee going at a very  
 fair center & me stuck on one flank  
 & what was worse I couldn't right  
 myself again so I had perforce  
 to drop off while I was falling (for  
 thought travels fast at such moments)  
 I was in great fear lest my feet  
 were not free from the stirrups  
 however they were & I bounced on the  
 ground like a foot ball or more still  
 like a Ping Pong ball, However I  
 bounced on my feet again without  
 any bones broken though if my  
 head had not been so thick I  
 might at least have had a headache



(12)

anyway I didn't so that was all right  
& already there were a couple of men  
<sup>were</sup> running after the mare whom Beet was  
still following I suppose having never  
noticed my having fallen off. but  
the old gee didn't run far for after  
a bit she began to feel a bit strange  
& stopping allowed one of the men  
to approach & mount her which when  
he did he trotted her quietly back  
to me, & I mounted & pursued my  
way leaping & bounding over the bunkers  
as if nothing had happened though  
I felt ~~very~~ jolly small ~~for~~  
several personages witnessed the

scene from the mumbles road. It  
was entirely my own fault as the same  
thing has happened before & didn't in the  
least discompose me I should have held  
tighter. Give my love to all at home, tell  
Dad I'll live to beat him at Bic racing yet  
your very loving & to be a better  
son  
Brian