



With fondest love,
Trev.



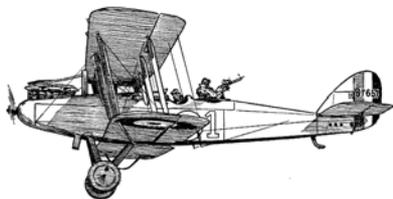
WITH FONDEST LOVE,
TREV.

THE LETTERS HOME

OF

LT. E. TREVOR EVANS,
R.F.C., R.A.F.

1917 - 1919





Norah,
Marjorie
and
Trevor Evans



Marjorie and Trevor on their
10th birthday - 23rd May 1908



WITH FONDEST LOVE, TREV.

Letters Home by Trevor Evans, Royal Flying Corps and Royal Air Force

Transcribed and edited by Chris Myers, 2004
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FRIENDS IN THE GREAT WAR with Marjorie's captions



(Unknown)



Billy Horner, Oswestry 1916



(Unknown)



J.M. Wilkie, 44th Canadians



"Yours with love, Reg. xxx"



Allan Barnett taken in Margaret's garden, October 1916



Royal Welsh Fusiliers leaving Prestatyn for Oswestry, September 1916..... Carl Roberts, Ernie Williams and Billy Kenyon (Capt.)



Clark Williams taken at the Cadet School, Bath, June 1917



Horrie (*Boughey*) – taken in our garden, January 1916

INTRODUCTION

On 24th March 1894 John George Evans and Annie Jane Williams were married at St. David's Church, Liverpool. The marriage certificate indicates that they were both 27 years of age although other documentation suggests that Annie was three years younger than this. They had a daughter, Norah Gertrude, who was born on 16th February 1895 and then on 23rd May 1898 twins, Marjorie and Edward Trevor.

In early 1915 the family were living at "Thoresby", 18, Dudley Road, New Brighton. Trevor had by then left Wallasey Grammar School which he had attended from January 1909 until 21st December 1914 and was apprenticed to a firm of General Merchants, R. Singlehurst & Co. Ltd. His father was a Shipping Manager with Furness, Withy & Co. Ltd. The occupation of the two daughters at that time is unclear. Marjorie had already gained the nickname Mickie or Mick by which she was known for the rest of her long life. Family legend suggests that this was given to her by her father following a successful persecution of the local rodent population: "Mickie the Mouser". "Thinnie" appears to have been used also in contrast to the occasional, even less flattering use of "Fattie" as a form of address to Norah.

The family was obviously a close-knit one. Each member was an inveterate letter-writer in times of separation and during 1917 and 1918, whilst Trevor was serving King and Country, the amount of correspondence exchanged was considerable. Due to the diligence of the mother and the two sisters, the majority of Trevor's letters from this period survive; they amount to approximately 250 letters and postcards, mainly to his mother and to Marjorie, but also many to his father and Norah. Trevor was at the same time writing regularly to several other friends and relatives and thus his output must have been enormous. Only one or two of these other letters survive. Few of the letters from home to which Trevor was replying seem to have survived either although there are a number from the period July 1918 to February 1919. Short quotations from a few of these have been included to provide a flavour of the correspondence which Trevor was receiving and some background information. Of Trevor's own letters the earliest are desultory communications, written even though he was working only just across the Mersey in the Royal Liver Building. But when Trevor was finally called up in January 1917, a flow of letters started which continued, uninterrupted except for periods of leave, until his demobilisation over two years later in 1919.

All of Trevor's letters have been transcribed on the following pages. No attempt to edit, in the sense of omitting some letters and abbreviating others, has been made. The aim has been to make Trevor's thoughts and experiences and personality more accessible to later generations of his family than would otherwise have been the case; and to paint a picture of what life was like in those times, day in, day out, the banal side by side with the heroic. It was felt that a faithful transcription of every word would best express this.

From time to time some additional comment has been inserted to clarify references and illustrate time and place. Any such comment is in italics to differentiate from Trevor's own words which are invariably expressed in regular script; and it is mainly included within the body of the text rather than as a footnote or an appendix. If it is found intrusive by the reader, or uninteresting, it is easily skipped. The illustrations which are also included come in many cases from Trevor's and Marjorie's own albums. There is also a large appendix. This includes mainly the reminiscences, written fifty years later, of one of Trevor's comrades during his second visit to the Western Front from August 1918. There is within these pages much detail of life within the squadron and of operations in which Trevor participated. They represent a useful complement to Trevor's own descriptions and comments which were often written only hours after the event and which for a variety of obvious reasons tended to be briefer and more selective. Again, these pages together with the other background and additional information contained within the appendix may be

delved into or ignored, depending on the reader's personal interests. (These additional pages are excluded from the online version for reasons of copyright)

Where a letter is still enclosed within its original envelope, or the communication is a postcard or telegram, the addressee is shown at the beginning of the letter, again in italics. Many of the earlier letters were written in pencil but almost all remain very legible, thanks to Trevor's clear, rounded script, a legacy no doubt of the copperplate exercises of extreme youth. Also notable is the accuracy of the letters: he obviously made a habit of reading them through before sending and as a result few obvious mistakes occur. His own punctuation has been retained.

Regrettably within the additional comment and appendix some breaches of copyright will have occurred. The editor excuses himself in this regard by reflecting that the most of this material was originally intended for publication within the family only and is in any case intended for non-commercial use alone; and by expressing his grateful acknowledgement to the writers, artists and photographers, fragments of whose work have been used in this, the online version of the document. More specific acknowledgement is made in the Bibliography section at the end of the work.

Finally, the most grateful acknowledgement of all is due to the family members who have granted an outsider the privilege of reading and working on these precious family records.

Now let Trevor speak for himself from within the new Royal Liver Building, across the Mersey and almost 90 years. The war which was only going to last until Christmas is already in its fifth month, it is New Year's Day 1915 and Trevor is 16 years of age and in the first few days of his working life.....

Chris Myers
Admaston, Shropshire

August 2004/March 2008



To Miss M. Evans, 18 Dudley Road, New Brighton

R. Singlehurst & Co. Ltd.,
Liverpool.

January 1st 1915

My dear Mick,

I have just come in from a nice lunch, and have time to write a short letter to you. I believe we're going to see Dick Whittington and his cat at the Winter Gardens. It is very good, so I am told by Jenkins. There are two other gentlemen, out of our office, going to the Winters tonight.

Have you found my collar-stud yet? I hope you have had an enjoyable Christmastide, I have.

With fond love, Trevor

R. Singlehurst & Co. Ltd.,
333, Royal Liver Building,
Liverpool.

October 2nd 1915

Dear Mick,

I propose to take you to the pictures this evening, which do you think you would like to go to. To my mind the Queen's are by far the best but the situation is rather remote. Next comes the Royal or the Electric, I think the Royal is the nicer of the two, but I'll leave it for you to decide. You notice that I have not mentioned the Lyceum because it is always crowded out and in order to get a seat you have to stand in a queue for about half an hour.

With love from your sweet brother, Trev.

The cinemas which Trevor mentions are unlikely to have been in New Brighton which only gained its first major cinema, the Court, in 1912, followed by the Tivoli in 1914. They will have been the main Liverpool cinemas of the day.

New Brighton was the brainchild of an Everton builder, James Atherton, who had started to develop the area in the 1830s as a summer resort for Liverpool residents. By the beginning of the 20th century it was a leading resort with facilities to match. The Winter Gardens were situated in the Tower complex which occupied 35 acres and included a large ball-room. The tower itself lasted from 1897 to 1919 and was taller than that of Blackpool. It is shown on the right in a view from Vale Park.



In 1869 R. Singlehurst & Co. Ltd. who had traded sailing ships for many years to northern Brazil, founded the Red Cross Line. This was in direct competition to Alfred Booth & Co., but in 1870 agreement was reached to share the trade, a fortnightly service being introduced. In 1897 the Red Cross Iquitos Steamship Co. Ltd., was formed by Singlehurst and a direct service from Liverpool to Iquitos, Peru was introduced for the first time. In 1901 the Singlehurst family decided to withdraw from operating their own fleet. The two companies amalgamated under the name of The Booth Steamship Co. (1901) Ltd. Trevor is apprenticed to this company, described in 1915 as "General Merchants".

Undated letter, probably late January 1916

Chester

Friday even.

My dear Mother,

I arrived at Chester at 11 and have been here all day. The commanding officer at the Castle said he could not issue me a warrant as I should have had an official paper or rather a letter from the Inns of Court saying I was accepted. However he wired to my regiment - what? and received a reply at 5.0 saying that I had been accepted. I just missed the 5.12 train from here so put up at a commercial hotel close to the station and will travel by the 8.30 train in the morning due in Euston at 2.20 so I think it will connect with the Liverpool train at Crewe.

I would have returned home for the night only I have got to go from here (Chester) to London. The next train to London is 11.5 arriving about 4.0 in the morning so was I right to stay here overnight? They are charging me 4/- (20p) for bed and breakfast - isn't it lovely. I got 3/3 (16p) given to me at the castle but I do not know what for. I suppose a day's pay and an allowance for meals.

Please give my contract (enclosed) to Mick to look after for me, she is to take it to the town hall (Mr Burnley). I should like a line from you, mother dear, to 9 Endsleigh Street where I hope to be until Monday morn.

With love to all,

Trev.

Trevor is 17, four months short of his 18th birthday. No explanation survives as to why he is engaged at such an early age in the process of joining the Army. But the war is impinging on the lives of all his generation, and his own friends and those of his sisters are increasingly appearing in uniform. Here for example is Horace "Horrie" Boughey (b. New Brighton ca.1896) outside the front gate of "Thoresby" in January 1916.



A letter, undated, but probably late January 1916.

Private E. T. Evans,
Y.M.C.A. O.T.C. Club,
Berkhamsted,
Hertfordshire

Dear Father,

.....There were only 12 recruits came up on Monday and we were sent off to a hall very similar to the old St. James Church Hall where we made our beds and retired. At 10.15 the sergeant came in and called the roll and afterwards found that his bed clothes were missing. One of the new chaps had taken them. You would have roared if you had seen him pulled out of his warm bed and told to make

the Sergeant's. The chaps down here are a very decent lot on the whole. One that came down with us had had a commission in the Navy but could not afford to keep it up. Another had come from New York to enlist and so on.

I have just come in from afternoon parade. We were drilling from 2.0 till 4.0 without coats on and my hands are so numb so please excuse my writing dad. I find the work hard but I am feeling absolutely A1. The uniforms issued to us are anything but "class". You see we have to have long trousers turned over at the knee. Our first parade in the morning is at 7.0 for breakfast (a bit different to 8.15) so we get up at 6.0 then wash and shave in cold water. After breakfast, which is very good, we commence by drilling in huge fields, snow-covered and go on throughout the day to 4.0. We get two intervals in the morning, one half-an-hour to get coffee which we need (at our own expense) and then an hour at lunchtime 1.0. They give us only bread and cheese and water so of course we have to go to the Y.M.C.A. and get some food. The whole crowd of us go as a matter of course as we are so hungry.

In the afternoon again we get a half-hour break to go and get coffee or Oxo. We are off at 4.0 but have a lecture. Then we have a fine dinner at 7.0 at night.

I sent my civvies home and trust they have arrived. Will you ask mother to send me my largest old waistcoat and a pair of khaki gloves. I am wanting these badly, also my shaving brush.

I have to ask you to send me money dad. The expense on joining is terrific together with things we have to buy ourselves

Subscription fee	1- 1- 0	(£1.05)
Cleaning outfit for rifle	2 - 0	(10p)
Buttons	3 - 6	(18p)
Dubbin and laces for Boots	6d	(2.5p)
Regimental Cane	1 - 6	(7.5p)

There are other small things I have to get but the above are necessary and urgent. We are very unfortunate as the uniforms in at present have the brass button on and we have to have the I.O.C. buttons put on our two tunics and great coat at our own expense. If you please send me 30/- (£1.50) by return I shall be very thankful but all letters etc must be sent to Private Evans, D Company, I.O.C. O.T.C., Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire. The Y.M.C.A. have now said they are unable to receive letters etc so this cancels the first few lines of my letter.

I am to be inoculated on Friday and to stay in bed Saturday and Sunday.

Well dad I hope all is well at home and that you are not worrying over business.

With love to all, Trev.

Within this letter is the first of several hints that Trevor is well aware of the impact of the war on Liverpool's overseas trading activities and on his father's firm, Furness, Withy & Co. in particular..

Postcard from 19 Victoria Road, Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire

February 9th 1916

My dear Mother,

I am glad to say I am now at the above house with a friend. We have a bedroom with two beds in and it is very clean and quite decent. Such a change to our old quarters.

Please address everything there.

I was inoculated today and am not feeling at all well. We get two days off so I will stay in bed until better.

Have only received one postcard from Norah so far. Am wanting my things stated in previous letters.

Much love, Trev.

A fragment of a letter

..... I had some revolver shooting this morning. A captain asked six of us if we would care to have a shoot and I did it just for experience. I managed to get on the target at 15 yards but not very near the bull. It is my first time and a revolver is very difficult to steady at arm's length.

Will you please send me some more tea and cocoa tablets (Ayrton's) as my billet pal has a stove (methylated spirits) and we can make a cup just when we like.

Well mother dear I must close, hoping you are all well at home.

With fondest love, Trev.

PS I can read your scribble (as you call it) quite easily. Trev.

YMCA
22 Gossom End,
Berkhamstead

February 26th 1916

Dear Dad,

I trust you arrived home quite safely at last night. What was the journey like? Were you very tired when you got home?

I sent the wire off to mother which she received alright, I presume, and then went off to the Waldorf and have posted your vest. I then proceeded to Herne Hill and found Ruth and Doris at home. I spent an hour and a quarter with them, having a nice supper there. I arrived at Euston again in good time (9 o'clock) for the 9.20 and the first I.O.C. chap I met was D'Arcy, the gent who shares the same billet.

There were a lot of our chaps returning by the same train and we had "some" fun on the journey. I had to hand in my pass at the station and arrived at billets at 10.45.

There seems something doing in the Royal Flying Corps. They asked for men between 19 and 25 and of course I gave in my name. If selected we may go very shortly to a Flying Cadet School.

Must close now as I am in a hurry for lecture. With fond love, Trev.

The Waldorf Hotel, situated in the Aldwych and seen here on the left of the picture, is mentioned regularly throughout the correspondence and was opened in 1908, eight years previously. Its architect was Alexander Marshall MacKenzie of Aberdeen. He introduced some of the most modern hotel design features such as a high bathroom to bedroom ratio, bedside electric lights, telephones in every room and its own telephone exchange. The public rooms include at this time a Billiards Room, a Ladies' Drawing Room with the very latest in musical boxes and a large pile of metal discs to while away the time, whilst the gentlemen drink in their bar called the Smoking Room. It was here that the stage door Johnnies from the nearby legal chambers used to gather in happier times before going to collect the "Gaiety Girls" from the new Gaiety Theatre opposite.



The name chosen for the hotel seemed to imply there was Astor money involved and rumours to this effect persisted for many years. In fact, the name seems simply to be one the owners picked because it had a ring of money about it, for at that time William Waldorf Astor, who had just become a naturalised British subject, was the richest man in the world. Astor was later lost on the Titanic, the ship whose ballroom was inspired by the Palm Court at the Waldorf.

Meanwhile the battle of Verdun is raging and the Germans are making significant advances into the French positions.

Y.M.C.A.
22 Gossom End,
Berkhamsted

February 27th 1916

Dear Mother,

I received your nice letter on Sunday morning also the cake from Father which is fine.

No doubt dad has told you a lot of news. I had a very happy time with him on the Saturday and Sunday.

At present I am not very well having a thick cold and a cough but I am hoping for better weather when I will get quite well again.

I managed to spend a little time with the Evans after seeing dad home and when I returned home to bed my last words were "well this is the end of a perfect day" and it really was.

I am hoping to get a weekend to come home when Stan comes otherwise I understand dad is going to bring you up to see me. I am longing to see you again and would like it to be at home.

Did Father receive his vest that he left at the Waldorf? I had it posted on to him.

I am rather pleased with myself at present and will tell you why. Yesterday we were asked if any or rather what men between 19 and 25 were desirous of obtaining commissions in the Royal Flying Corps and of course I was one of the first to give in my name. Today we were interviewed (60 of us) by the Commanding Officer (Colonel Sinclair-Thompson) and were classed A or B. I am very glad to say I was marked A and so there may be a chance of my having some flying. Most probably I will be sent to Oxford to a Cadet Flying School after a month's time.

The R.F.C. is reckoned a fine "stunt" here. In case you do not know what a "stunt" is - it is something good - something worth trying for. Many older men wish they were young enough to join so I hope I will be successful.

Well mother dear I must close as I am ready for bed. Please ask Norah and Mick to write more often even if only a postcard keeping me in touch with all the news.

With fondest love, Trev.

It is unclear why Trevor's military career seems to have been suspended at this point. Perhaps recruitment for the R.F.C. was phased and he was put on some form of reserve list. Perhaps it was decided that he was still too young. By the summer he is firmly back in civilian life although presumably not having severed all military associations as he has been since May 1915 a member of the 1st New Brighton Cadet Corps where he has attained the rank of Corporal. And on June 21st 1916 he submits an application to join the Royal Naval Air Service. His father has sought and obtained support for this application from elsewhere in the shipping industry. Some of this correspondence survives. Trevor is invited to attend an interview at the Air Department of the Admiralty on 18th July. No evidence of the outcome remains and we have to assume that he has not been selected.

On March 2nd the Government announces compulsory military service for all single men between the ages of 18 and 41.

To Miss M. Evans, at "One Ash" Private Hotel, Gloddaeth Street, Llandudno.

R. Singlehurst & Co. Ltd.,
333, Royal Liver Building,
Liverpool.

23rd August 1916

Dear Mick,

During a lull in the business I'm taking the opportunity to drop you a line.

I have no doubt you're having a fine holiday as you have not even had time to write to me. The weather is quite class here and I trust you are having nice weather for bathing, walking up and down the pier etc like the last time I was there with you. We had a fine time, didn't we? I wish I was with you now. You remember when I took you to the Pierrot show at the end of the pier one afternoon and how we laughed at the few inside and the people staring in (and getting the show for nothing) outside. Are the niggers still there and the man with the birds or have they joined the army. To me it seems like yesterday when we went into that little hut on the top of the hill and saw a panorama of

the surrounding country on a table.

Please write a long letter and tell me what you are all doing. Thank mother for her letter which I received and I trust father has got his suit ere this, which Aunty Amy kindly packed up and sent him.

I called round to see Aunty last night and after a talk we went to the Tivoli. The house is quite in order and Mr Lucas came and did the garden yesterday.

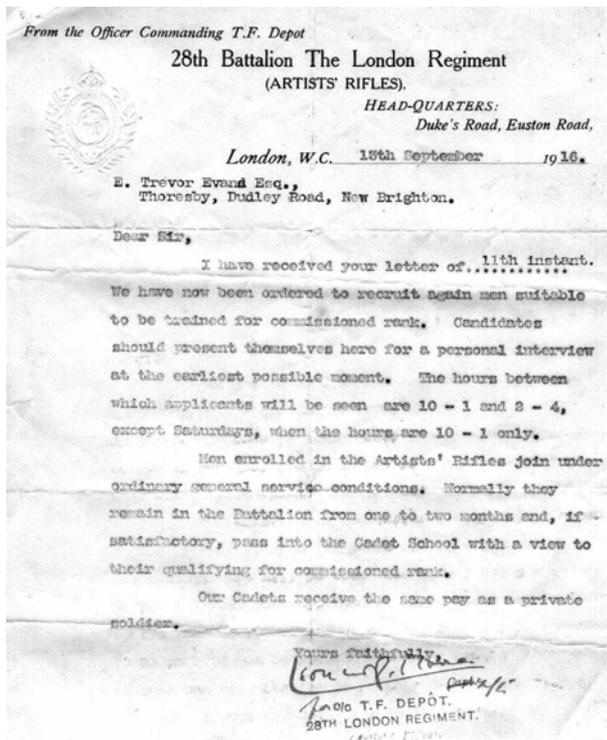
By this post I am sending on to you a letter (at least a postcard) for you and a letter for Norah which came this morning. I go to our house each morning to see that everything is all right and see if there are any letters and I get the Daily Mail and go down to the boat with it under my arm like a knut (tell father this). Kathleen goes up to the house each day and waters the plants in the greenhouse so everything is in order.

Please give my love to all (including Dixie) and trusting you are all well and having a good time, I will say goodbye. With fond love, Trevor

P S Who have you met there, anyone I know?

“Knut” is an alternative spelling of “nut”, a slang word used at the time to describe a showy young man.

The camera obscura which Trevor and Mickie saw was originally built in 1859. It was located above Happy Valley on the Great Orme and lasted until 1966 when it was destroyed by fire as a result of vandalism. It was subsequently replaced and remains one of Llandudno’s tourist attractions. The picture of it on the right, together with its then proprietor, dates from 25 years earlier than the twins’ visit. The One Ash Hotel survives intact and is still in business. Pierrot shows remained a popular seaside attraction in such resorts as Llandudno and New Brighton, certainly into the 1930s. It appears from this letter that Trevor is living elsewhere, either temporarily or permanently.



By this time, the Battle of Jutland has been fought and that of the Somme is continuing, neither of them bringing the success which has been hoped for and each of them involving heavy loss of life.

Trevor’s desire to serve seems to be undimmed by whatever disappointment he has had earlier in the year and in the previous month. No personal correspondence survives to indicate the precise course of events but one formal letter does provide evidence of his continuing efforts. There is no confirmation that the interview took place, nor any hint of its outcome except the fact that Trevor is presumably destined to spend the autumn and part of the winter of 1916/1917 at home. But as the wars of attrition continue, on the western and eastern fronts, in Italy, in the Balkans, in Greece, in the Middle East, in the Atlantic and even over the skies of England, and 1916 passes into 1917, Trevor is once again about to don uniform.

Postcard postmarked 22nd January, 1917

Dear Mother,

I have been accepted in the Inns of Court O.T.C. but have not to report until Feb.5th. I should be returning home tomorrow (Tuesday). Trev.

Please excuse this hurried and dirty postcard. Love to all. Trev.

The Inns of Court Officer Training Corps is based in Berkhamsted throughout the war. It was originally part of the London Territorial Force and consists mainly, although clearly not exclusively, of men connected with the law courts. By the end of the war around 14,000 men will have passed through the Corps with over 11,000 gaining commissions. Three Victoria Crosses will have been awarded besides numerous other decorations. A total of 2,147 men will lose their lives and be commemorated on a memorial on Berkhamsted Common.

Postcard from 38 Winterbrook Road, London

February 4th 1917

My dear Mother,

I arrived in London at 2.45 yesterday and after some tea went to the above address but Doris was not there.

Today I have been to see Aunty Lizzie who is quite well and thanks you for your gift. She does not like the photographs of Mick a bit.

As you will see I am at the Evans again tonight. I was invited for tea. They wish to be remembered to you all. It is very cold here today and the ground is covered with snow. I suppose you have all been to Church today. I am looking forward to my khaki uniform tomorrow.

Love to all, Trev.

Auntie Lizzie is the sister of Trevor's mother.

Chancery Lane P O.

February 5th 1917.

Dear Father,

After reporting this morning I have been kept until now (2 o'clock). I have to report again at 3 o'clock when I think we will proceed to Euston en route for Berkhamsted.

This morning I had breakfast with a ripping subaltern. He was going to the palace to be decorated with the Military Cross.

Have had a fine weekend. Love to all, Trev.

Postcard from Y.M.C.A. Hut, Berkhamsted.

February 5th 1917

Dear Norah,

I arrived here at 5.30 with a dozen other chaps and were shown our sleeping quarters which are in a large hall. The sergeant-major says we have all to train for Infantry commissions so the R.F.C. is out of it. At 7 o'clock we had dinner and who should I meet but Rowbotham. He is in the same company. I fancy he has been put back to the ranks, not being able to pass his exam on the Cadet School. An officer has informed us that we shall only have one chance now. I have started off well. I am mess orderly for my section tomorrow I presume because I have been in the cadets. Please tell mother to send my things (also a shaving brush) to Private E. T. Evans, D Company, Inns of C. O.T.C., Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire.

Love to all, Trev.

The name of Harold Rowbotham occurs from time to time in the letters. He was a fellow pupil of Trevor's at the Grammar School and is obviously known to the rest of the family. He will survive the war as will Endersbee who is mentioned in the following letter.

To 18 Dudley Road.

Y.M.C.A.
D Company, I.O.C.O.T.C.
Berkhamsted, Herts

8/2/17

Dear Mick,

I have just received a p.c. from Norah but have not received my parcel yet from mother. I also want in it one of my old waistcoats and a pair of khaki gloves. What sort of the time did you have the other night when Endersbee came round for his last night. Do write and tell me.

I'm hoping to get into billets in a week's time. In the same one as Rowbotham.

Is the snow still on the ground at New Brighton? It is five inches thick here so I should be glad when you can send me the muffler. I am in most need of it and a waistcoat.

Have you seen Norman, tell him I'm writing to him.

At present the chaps are going through the O.T.C. quickly. My course will most probably be one month's squad drill, one month in the Company and then three months in the Cadet School. I fear I shall end up in Infantry though I am making a good shot for the R.F.C.

Well Mick tell them all at home I long to hear from them as often as poss. even be it a p.c. Give my best to mother, father and Norah and accept same yourself from

Your loving brother, Trev.

PS Am in a hurry to catch post.

"Norman" is probably Norman McKinlay, another contemporary from the same neighbourhood.

19 Victoria Road, Berkhamsted

February 10th 1917

My dear Mother,

Thanks for the parcel and letter enclosed which I received this morning. Have you received my parcel of civvies yet? I sent it last Tuesday. You did not send me any socks which I am most in need of. We are supposed to wear two pairs at a time but I think one pair of the knitted ones will do. I've only the two pairs of green ones and those I had on a week so please send me as many as possible. I also want a waistcoat or a cardigan to wear under my tunic. It is so cold here that my feet are cold with the two pairs of socks on. If Harry or one of my friends want to write you know to give the above address.

I love to receive letters from you mother and please tell the girls to write also and tell me all news.

I have not felt at all well today after the inoculation business and we are to be done again and vaccinated in the next 10 days.

We are going to have the sitting room in our billet. It will cost us five shillings a week (25p). The woman will do our washing and give us meals if we want but of course would charge for everything. It is going to be expensive down here.

Well mum I must close now to go for dinner (7 o'clock). It is half a mile at least to headquarters.

Give my best love to Father and the girls, accept the same yourself mother dear, Trev.

Letter with letterhead missing

February 11th 1917

My dear Mother,

The object of this letter is to wish you a very happy birthday. I trust you are well and that you will have a very happy day. It seems a pity that I will not be home but I hope to spend many another with you.

I went to Church this morn and this afternoon I have been to tea at the Y.M.C.A.. It is a fine place, we have services, concerts etc and I spend most of my spare time there.

Will you please thank father and Marjorie for their nice letters.

I have still lot of people to write to that I promised but I will drop you a line as often as possible. Have you been to Church? Has the doctor a new assistant yet?

Well mother, again sending you my best wishes.

With fond love, Trev.

Postcard from 19 Victoria Road, Berkhamsted

14th February 1917

My dear Mother,

How did you enjoy your birthday? Did you get my letter? Thanks for the nice parcel and letter. I got the letter that you sent to Endsleigh Street. I have got over my first inoculation now. Yes there is a delivery of letters on a Sunday and I shall be glad to hear from you.

I have just come in from the day's work and I am going to a lecture tonight. We have dinner every night at 7 o'clock and then we are free. We have very little time to ourselves so you must please excuse scribbled letters and mistakes occasionally. We have some fine concerts at night in the Y.M.C.A. for soldiers only. It is a fine Y.M.C.A. that we have here. We get food and drink and can also write there. Would you please send me as many pairs of socks as poss. We really need a lot as ours get wet and dirty quickly and we use two pairs at a time.

With fond love, Trev.

19 Victoria Road, Berkhamsted

Sunday 18th February, 1917.

My dear Mother,

Thanks for your nice letter which I received with joy this morning. Do write as often as you can. The socks that were sent and the gym shoes are fine.

The chap that shares the billet is quite nice. He is the same age as me and from what I can gather is from a good home. He was one of the recruits that came up on the Monday with me.

Our landlady is quite nice but it is costing us a lot for the sitting room but I think that it is worth it as it is essential we have a room to study and clean our equipment in.

I have got over my first dose of inoculation which was on my chest - right hand side - also the vaccination (on the left arm) but am not looking forward to the second dose tomorrow which is three times as bad - 75% germs (inoculation) but we get 48 hours E.D. (excused duties).

It was Church Parade this morning and by gum you should have seen us 700 strong with a band in front. I can tell you it is "some corps". Tell dad their VTC band isn't in it.

Of course it is our own band and it plays selections each Friday night in the recreation room with a khaki audience.

A large percentage of men in the corps are elderly and are certainly not very class to look at. There a lot of men being "washed out" during the different stages of the O.T.C. The best crowd of course are in the Cadet School and they never parade with us.



I've had my photo taken with my great coat on and will be ready next Saturday when I hope Father will be down.

The uniforms dished out (excuse the phrase) to us are really very little class. They are not as good as the average Tommie's but they are only supposed to last us two months. I hope when I see you all again it will be in a smart uniform. I will let you have a photo to judge for yourself the outward appearance, that is with my coat on, but neither the pants, tunic or great coat match in colour.

You made me laugh about what intervals we have in the six-mile run on Saturday afternoon. We have to go the whole way in as quick time as possible. It is a race across the country.

We have an alarm clock that wakens us every week day at 5.45 for 7.0 parade and 7.0 on Sunday for 9.0 parade. In the army we always have to be on parade at least five minutes before time.

I am keeping quite fit except for a bad cough but three-quarters of the chaps have coughs owing to the bad weather.

I have been late for parade one morning so far but will try not to repeat it.

The Y.M.C.A. is a ripping place. We get a good breakfast in the morning and dinner at night at the Company mess and for all other meals we go to the Y.M.C.A. and buy ourselves. There are nice lectures (I do not mean military) and concerts (on Saturday night) when we are free. They get London artists for the concerts.

On Sunday afternoon we have tea (known as the 8d tea) all together and then an address and a hymn afterwards. It is a fine place and we can go any time to read or write. I think I have written to you on Y.M.C.A. paper. I mean the paper with Y.M.C.A. in red along the top, well, that is supplied to us free.

Well mother dear I could tell you a lot about my doings and a lot that would make you laugh but I will keep it for other letters.

Tell Aunty Amy I am going to write in the next day or so if you see her please.
.....(remainder of letter is missing)

Trevor's inoculation is likely to have been an anti-typhoid one.



19 Victoria Road, Berkhamsted

February 20th 1917

Dear Mick,

I must thank you for your two last letters. I am always very pleased to hear from you so do write whenever you can. My chest is very painful today after my second inoculation. I should have liked to

be with you at the Court. Did you have nice seats? You need not be anxious to know much about the chap in my billet. I do not think you would be struck as he is a country chap. I had no say in who I should like to share billets with as we are put in alphabetical order. Are you having a good time in your holiday time from the hospital? Has anything exciting happened since I left New Brighton? Is Father writing to tell me what time to meet him at the station here?

With fond love, Trev.

Marjorie has clearly qualified as some type of nurse by this time.

22 Gossom End, Berkhamsted

1st March, 1917

My dear Mother,

Tonight things were as they should be. I came home to billets to find three letters, one from my father, mother and sister.

I must first thank you for trouble caused over obtaining cardigan. Should it not fit when it comes I will return it to you.

My cough is a little better but I have a thick cold so will go to the chemist and get a bottle of Scotto Emulsion as you suggest. Did you have a nice quiet weekend with Auntie Alice? I suppose as usual Aunty enjoyed herself?

I have just come in from the day's drill and have to write up some lecture notes and then go down to headquarters for dinner. After dinner at 8 o'clock we are going on night operations until 9.30 and then we are free. Will you ask Norah for the number of Len's house in Rufford Road as I wish to drop him a line.

Yes I would be very fortunate if I were sent to a flying school. The next step is we chaps selected by the Commanding Officer will be interviewed by a Flying Officer. I will let you know as soon as it comes off.

Norah tells me Endersbee is going to a flying school. Do you know where at? Oxford or Reading.

Will you ask Norah if she wishes me to send her just the ordinary Inns of Court hat badge (black) or does she want it made into a brooch. There is also a coloured badge which is very nice.

Two of the recruits to join with me have been transferred to the Queen's Westminsters today. I understand they were not quite up to the mark. One of them was the chap who shared my old billet.

Well mother dear I have no more news for you but in your next letter please answer all my questions. Of course I will drop a line home as often as I can but should I miss a day or so you will know I have not had a minute.

With fondest love to all, Trev.

PS I asked Norah and Mick to send me their photos.

Postcard from 22 Gossom End, Berkhamsted.

2nd March, 1917

My dear Mother,

I am sending you these few lines which I trust you will receive on Sunday when I hope to get your letter. I have just come home from an eight-mile march with full pack and I have to change now to go the six-mile run – “some run”.

The cardigan you sent is fine and warm but just a little long so I turn it up. When (?) I get officer's uniform it will just be the right length.

I suppose you will be going to Church tomorrow? Of course we get a Church Parade. Are you coming down to see me next weekend? You must let me know soon so that I can book you a room. If you are coming ask dad if I should try for leave to come to London with you on the Sunday as before.

Now it is time for me to go. With fondest love, Trev.

Postcard from 22 Gossoms End, Berkhamsted

2nd March, 1917

Dear Norah,

Thanks for your letter. I have just come from hearing our orchestra. We have an orchestra and it is fine, also a band. I had to leave when it played (Cavalleria Rusticana) it made me think of home and Mick on the violin but they did play it fine. I should be glad of your photo and Mick's for my sitting room. Do you want me to send you our hat badge as it is or made into a brooch. The chap in my billet is very nice indeed - 23 but married. He lives at Dulwich. There is no development in the R.F.C. yet but I hope there will be soon. Yes I had a nice time with Ruth and Doris. They are just the same as ever. Tell Mick to send me a line and her photo. Have you any exciting news for me? I should like to have the Wallasey Chronicle each week. Fondest love, Trev.

22 Gossoms End, Berkhamsted

4th March, 1917

My dear Father,

Thanks for your last letter. My arm is getting better now and is not painful. I have just come in from Church Parade and my hand is rather cold for writing as it is bitterly cold here today. Last night I went to the concert at the Y.M.C.A. with Dodsworth. It was a fine concert. I enclose the programme.

I went on the run yesterday but did not run so well as last time and I feel very stiff today.

I have not heard any more about the R.F.C. yet but I suppose I must “wait and see”. The number of

candidates has increased considerably. Sometimes we are kept here of months waiting for vacancies in a Cadet School, but on the other hand we may be sent in a month's time.

I received a letter from Kathleen this morning and she tells me Mr and Mrs Poole were coming to our house for tea. They are evidently well again and I am very glad. I suppose you had a game of solo whist? I was thinking of you all round the dining room table having the usual fine Saturday tea and I was having a little plain tea here (in my billet) on my own.

Do you intend coming up to see me next weekend? I do hope you will come whenever you can manage it.

I did not receive my Sunday letter from mother this morning.

By the way, dad, has my firm sent my salary less army pay home yet? I think really they have forgotten me.

I have a lot of notes and reading up to do today as we may be passing out of the recruits at the end of the coming week.

Now I will close, hoping to hear from you soon. With fondest love to all at home, Trev.

Postcard from 22 Gossoms End, Berkhamsted

5th March, 1917

My dear Mother,

I received your nice little letter this evening. It has been thick snow here today and very cold. I've had two bottles of medicine from the chemist but have not had any emulsion. Will you please send me a bottle if you think it would do me good with a cake as I have finished your last one and should like another different kind of cake to have with my supper and first thing in the morning with my cocoa. Did you go to Church on Sunday evening? I pictured you all going to Church at 6.15. I played hymns on the harmonium I have got in my sitting room. My landlady will do anything for me. Last night she rubbed my neck and chest with camphorated oil to ease my cough. I do want another pair of those knitted socks, mother dear, to go over my khaki ones. Are you knitting me a pair? Fondest love, Trev.

To 18 Dudley Road

(Inns of Court O.T.C.)
22 Gossoms Road,
Berkhamsted,
Herts.

5.3.17

My dear Mick,

I was glad to receive your chatty letter and photo which is really very nice. I have placed it on the mantelpiece in my sitting room and will often look at it and think of "little Mick".

Yes, it is a pity about poor Reid. There are not many of the old "boys" left that you know, are there? Do you still go to the Canteen on Sunday? How is it progressing? Did you make a hit at the convales-

cent with Lucy? I will drop a line to Endersbee and Tommy when I get time. Your "Goodbye-e-e" joke is the craze here as well as "He shall die-e-e". We have been doing bayonet fighting the last few days - very exciting.

Do you know when Rowbotham went about in officer's uniform he was not in the Cadet School. He has only gone to a Flying Cadet School for the first time about a week ago. He is a daring chap, what do you think?

When you see Edgar next time give him my address and ask him to write, will you? Don't forget.

Are there any young chaps left in civvies now at New Brighton? What is the promenade like on a Sunday.

Do write soon again and answer my questions.

Will you ask mother if you can send me the Wallasey Chronicle each week as I should like to glance through the news. Rowbotham gave me it one week.

Please see to this as a little favour for me. With the fondest love, Trev.

It has not been possible to identify "poor Reid" with any certainty. RFC Communique No. 78 lists a 2Lt. A.W. Reid, 43 Squadron, as missing on 4th March and he is subsequently confirmed as having lost his life on that date. But unless the incident in question happened a few days earlier than March 4th and the latter represents the date of official confirmation only, the news cannot have travelled so quickly. Furthermore neither he, nor the dozen or so other Reids who died during February 1917, have any obvious connection with the Liverpool area, apart from a 20 year old private in the Machine Gun Corps, G.W. Reid from Ashton-on-Ribble. Perhaps "poor Reid" has been "merely" wounded or suffered some other misfortune.

The words of "GOODBYE-EE":

*Brother Bertie went away
To do his bit the other day
With a smile on his lips and his lieutenant "pips"
Upon his shoulder, bright and gay.
As the train mov'd out he said
"Remember me to all the Birds!"
The he wagg'd his paw, and went away to war
Shouting out these pathetic words*

*Goodbye-ee! Goodbye-ee
Wipe a tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee,
Though it's hard to part, I know
I'll be tickled to death to go
Don't cry-ee! Don't sigh-ee!
There's a silver lining in the sky-ee
Bon soir old thing! Cheerio, chin-chin!
Nahpoo! Toodleoo! Goodbye-ee!"*

Cadet E. T. Evans,
22 Gossoms End, Berkhamsted.

7th March, 1917

My dear Mother,

I hope you and all at home are well. I am very pleased with myself today for two reasons. First, our squad was drilled and inspected by the Adjutant who passed us all into the company. Secondly I have

put in my papers for a flying school as I have passed the medical examination today. The exam was very hard. Your eyesight and heart had to be perfect. In a company of 25 applicants only three were passed by the doctor. It was read out to us this morning that if selected (and I think I can call myself now) we should be sent to a school as flying officers where we will be trained as observers and then if we wish, be trained for pilots. We will most probably be sent in about a fortnight's time.

I have just received father's letter and am sorry he is not well having a bad cold. I do hope he will be well to come to see me this weekend. Will you tell dad please, mother, that it will suit me best if he comes to see me this weekend and if on receipt of this letter he has not written to say he will be coming he had better send me a wire as I must put in my application right away if I am to get leave for Sunday. My cough is a little better but I have still a bad cold.

Are you knitting me another pair of those knitted socks as I am in want of another pair to wear over the bought socks.

Tomorrow will be my first parade with the company and unfortunately it is the hardest day. We will go for a 12 mile route march with full pack and then night operations on top in the evening.

Tonight I am going with Dodsworth to the sing-song. It is a fine time when all the Corps comedians appear.

I am very excited and looking forward to the Cadet School, as you can imagine.

With fondest love, Trev.

PS With reference to your dream of me the other night, I have not quite reached the "class" of a pipe. Trev.

22 Gossoms End, Berkhamsted

8th March, 1917

My dear Mother,

I have come home from manoeuvres. We went only about eight miles but are going out on night operations again tonight. It was my first day with the company and I enjoyed it in spite of the hard work.

I am very glad to say that I do not expect to have many more days with the company. I am really very lucky in getting to a flying school and so soon. Chaps have been waiting here eight months for the R.F.C. I understand we will be sent one day next week (possibly Monday) and will be trained for observers and if we pass our exam will be in France in about two months time. I will have to work very hard.

I have received your nice parcel with letter enclosed for which many thanks.

I will take the emulsion regularly. My landlady has not knitted any socks yet as I have not asked her but if she would not I will send them to you. My feet are fairly well. I have only one blister but two corns that hurt. I received father's wire and am awfully glad he is coming to see me again. I only wish you were coming too, mother dear. I shall book a room at the Crown. It sounds class, what do you think.

I hope dad has been able to post my paper for a Cadet Unit by the time you receive this letter. Please ask him to excuse the scribble but I had very little time to do it in and my hands were cold.

I enclose a badge of our Corps which please give to Norah with my best love and tell her she must write me a nice long letter in return. Tell Norah I am in D Company and have heard of Stoker although I do not actually know him.

I have not played cards once since I have been here and have kept my promise about drink so you need have no fear, mother dear.

I will try and last out until Easter before seeing you but I expect it will not be at Berkhamsted.

Now I must close as it is time to parade. With fond love, Trev.

PS Give father all news and messages for me.

22 Gossoms End, Berkhamsted.

Sunday 11th March, 1917

My dear Mother,

I have just returned from seeing dad off home after a very enjoyable time. The weather has not been fine the last two days but we went out in spite of the rain.

I hope to leave this fair spot (?) on Tuesday, for Reading, where I understand the Flying Cadet School is, so do not write to me again until I inform you of my new address. Thanks for your nice letter which I received this morning. Father and I fairly laughed over "let a chap have a sleep". I hope to be home for a weekend before Easter otherwise I shall look forward to seeing you again then.

The pair of stockings you sent me in your last parcel are just what I want only a little smaller in the foot. Will you have another pair ready for me soon?

I am still waiting for Norah's photograph which she promised me. Will you tell her so?

I trust father arrive home safely on Sunday night and did not miss his connection.

I am now going to evening service so will bid goodbye.

Give my love to Norah and Mick. With fondest love, Trev.

22 Gossoms End, Berkhamsted

Monday 12th March 1917

My dear Father,

I do hope you got your connection and arrived home on Sunday night. You must let me know in your next letter.

Well dad, we got our marching orders today. My name was read out as going to an R.F.C. Cadet School at Reading. I understand it is really about 10 miles from Reading on the moors. There are over 50 of us going including two of the best Sergeants of the Corps and five lance-corporals. We are leaving by the 7.45 train in the morning as we have to report not later than 12 o'clock. I will write again as soon as I get a chance.

My best love to mother and the chicks, accepting same yourself,

Trev.

Royal Flying Corps,
St. Patrick's Hall,
Reading.

13th March 1917

My dear Mother,

We arrived here at 1.30. We had a jolly journey down. There were 70 of us and we marched from Euston to Paddington – “some class”.

The messing and quarters are A1 - quite different to Berkhamsted.

I have still boards to sleep on but our bed is made each morning for us and our boots cleaned so you will see we have no cleaning to do. We are treated as gentlemen in everything now - called Mr. and Sir.

At this hall besides we I. of Court there are still about the same number of “Artists’ Rifles”.

It is going to be very hard work - nearly all studying.

I understand we have a month’s course here in which we get some knowledge of engines, signalling, bombs, observation, map reading, machine gun and all about the different machines so you can see I will have all my time occupied.

We may only remain at this hall for this week.

I must now close as it is time for dinner. With fondest love to all, mother dear, Trev.

PS For the present address all letters etc. as at the heading of this letter.

St. Patrick's Hall was among the first halls of residence in the University of Reading, having been built in 1909. With extensions it will remain in use for its original purpose 87 years after Trevor's stay.



To 18 Dudley Road

Royal Flying Corps,
St. Patrick's Hall,
Reading

15th March 1917

Dear Mick,

How are you getting on? I have not had one of your cheery letters for a long time.

I'm beginning to settle down to my life here as a Cadet - what (?) The studying we have to do is terrific. I will give you a programme for the day.

We get up at six or at least are called by our batman and have a cup of tea and parade on a large field with about 200 snibs as you call them. They really are a fine lot of officers in the R.F.C.

We have three-quarters of an hour squad drill and then return for breakfast. Immediately after we go to a lecture, which lasts all morning but we have a break halfway of a quarter of an hour. Then we return for lunch and after another lecture and home again for tea at 5.30. We are then free for the night but have to parade at 8.0 for dinner.

The meals are ripping. Of course we mess and are treated as officers.

We were measured today for our "joy-rags".

The course here is a month in which we have to learn: observation, bombs, signalling, Lewis gun, engines and the machines and their construction. You will see what a large amount of work and studying I shall have to do.

At the end of the month we have a three-days examination on the work and if successful are sent to a flying school.

Of course besides the lectures we learn to take the aeroplanes to pieces and man the gun etc.

Reading seems a fine place, as much as I have seen. There were 14 aeroplanes passed over, after one another today - I wondered if there was a raid.

With fond love, Trev.

On this day the Russian Czar Nicholas II abdicates.

Wantage Hall, Reading

Sunday 18th March, 1917

My dear Mother,

I have returned from Church Parade and am sorry your usual letter has not arrived. Your last letter was enclosed in a parcel of socks and a bottle of corn cure, for which many thanks.

The laundry call here for washing is on Monday so it is very convenient but any mending I had better send home to you. I am going to cure my corn according to your directions.

I can have a nice hot bath at night (every night) if I wish.

The weather here yesterday and today has been beautiful.

Yes we still have a little march and squad drill first thing in the morning and when I return I fairly eat my porridge and marmalade. I eat it now.

The quarters we are in are part of Reading University, where the students dined and slept. It is a beautiful dining hall and we have a ripping ante-room. Last night there was some gay fun. There is a piano and we had all the ragtimes.

I am writing this letter from my bedroom. I have Norah and Mick's photo on the mantelpiece. They have both met with great approval by the chaps who have seen them. We have a fire in our bedroom every evening from 6 o'clock.

The work here is very interesting especially when we actually work on the machines. What I find difficult is wireless and map reading. We are being trained for pilots and observers but will be sent out as observers and after a short time become pilots. An observer has the second seat in the machine and the front seat on fighting machines when he has to fire the Lewis gun and observe the fire of our own batteries and send the range to our men by wireless, also any reports.

Will you please send me my brown boots and some soap. I am using my last tablet. I have still hope of getting Easter leave but if I should be unable you must come down here with Father. It is quite a nice town and I think country outside.

Well goodbye mother dear as I have had lunch and am going for a nice walk with my room friend Bolland. With fondest love, Trev.

PS Please let Norman and Harry know my new address.

Postcard from Wantage Hall dated March 20th 1917

My dear Mother,

I received a cake this morning and have written thanking Mrs Dishart. I will try for leave when father's letter comes. On Saturday afternoon I will look for a nice hotel and send you a tariff card so that you can be ready to decide if it will suit should you have to come here to see me. Will father come too? Try and persuade him. Please thank Mick for letter. I am quite well and now rid of corns and the cold. With fondest love, Trev.



Wantage Hall, opened only nine years previously, is another of the Halls of Residence of Reading University taken over by the R.F.C. and will be occupied again by the R.A.F. on 4th September 1939.

Postcard from Reading dated March 21st 1917

My dear Mother,

I was very glad to receive your letter and newspaper but really cannot afford time to read it. I do hope dad will soon be quite well. Whilst marching to a class lecture this morning I saw Hodgson. You know the fine officer in the Scottish from Denton Drive. He did not see me and of course I could not speak to him as I was in the ranks. I will do my best later on for Easter leave otherwise I will look forward to you coming down. I spend all my time preparing for the examination which I am not looking forward to. Fondest love, Trev.

Royal Flying Corps,
Wantage Hall, Reading

24th March, 1917

My dear Mother,

It is Saturday afternoon, a glorious afternoon, and I have just returned from a walk in the town with my friend Bolland. We just go for a short walk round and have a little bust up and come home but this afternoon we both chose our trenchcoats. I can tell you they are some class. I was fitted with my tunic yesterday. The cloth is very nice, the usual officers cloth and we have also a pair of cord breeches and a pair of slacks. The uniform is quite plain without a Sam-browne and wings.

I tried an R.F.C. cap on and it seems strange but I suppose we will get used to them. We will wear a white band but no badge.

If the day is fine next Saturday I will have my photo taken.

As regards Easter leave father had better write me about next Thursday saying Stanley is coming home for Easter or expected home and can I get leave as I think this is about the only way of getting leave and I will have to show the letter as evidence. If I am unable to get home and you come down here I think it will have to be a hotel for you to stay at as the district is very nice near our quarters and I have not seen any boarding houses.

Aunty Lizzie wrote to me saying that if you come here for Easter she would like to stay with you so will you write to her and make arrangements for in case I do not get leave.

I have written to Dr Sandys and Mr Beale, I enclose a letter I received from Mr Beale and a letter for Norah. I shall have tea very shortly and spend the evening studying. Shall be thinking of you all tomorrow.

With fondest love, Trev.

Royal Flying Corps,
Wantage Hall, Reading

30th March, 1917

My dear Mother,

Just a line for you to receive on Sunday morning as I know you will be glad to receive it as I look forward to your letter.

I have worn my new uniform today for the first time and it was very funny. I have not got my "right incline" cap and wearing my ordinary cap I was being saluted all the while and of course I could not return the salute but had to say "washout please". The uniform is very nice indeed to my mind and the trenchcoat has a great finishing effect.

Well mother dear, I would try and hunt round for a nice hotel tomorrow (although I understand there is only one decent one and that is the Railway Hotel). If you come down, which I think is most probable, will father come too? I do hope he will.

I suppose you will be going to Mrs Poole's tomorrow (Saturday) night for the usual game. I always think of you all on a Saturday at teatime.

We have had a visitor to our dug-out, I mean bedroom. He is quite a nice chap an artist and has been in France two years. We are now three in a room but have plenty of room.

I must ask you to excuse the errors in this letter as we are rather merry tonight and there is a row going on, songs etc.

I will think of you all on Sunday and hope to be with you the next. Again hoping Father will come too. With fondest love, Trev.

During a period of increasing losses April 1917 will come to be known within the R.F.C. as "Bloody April". By the end of the month the service will have lost a total of 150 aircraft and 316 aircrew, the French and Belgians 200 aircraft and the Germans 370. This represents the RAF's biggest loss in a single month of the war. Average life expectancy of a pilot in France at this time is two months and some aircrew are arriving with as little as 18 hours flying time in their logbooks. Significantly R.F.C. Communique No. 78, covering the period 4th -10th March 1917 is the last in which individual casualties are listed. Nothing of this will of course be known to Trevor or to the public at large.

Royal Flying Corps, Reading

2nd April, 1917

My dear Mother,

I received your letter on Sunday morning. Did you receive mine?

I am putting in my application for leave tomorrow evening (Tuesday). I cannot apply really until 48 hours before the time but I hope to see the Adjutant personally. I hardly expect it as we are working on Good Friday. I will apply from Friday evening to Sunday evening. But I will send a wire home after I have seen the Adjutant saying if I have leave or not. If I have leave I want Father to telegraph me a £1 for my fare. Please let me know by return how many bedrooms to book at the hotel and from what night. I should say come down on Friday or Saturday. This is in the event of my not getting leave.

You understand I want to know by return what rooms to book and for what nights so that I can go and book them at the same time as I wire you "no leave" and then I will expect you down. Let me know what time you will arrive at Reading and if possible I will be there to meet you.

I do hope you can understand these arrangements as I am in a big hurry to catch post.

Fondest love, Trev.

PS Have passed my exams in Lewis and Vickers machine guns.

Postcard from Wantage Hall, Reading

3rd April, 1917

Dear Mother,

Being unable to get leave I wired you. I have booked your room and one for Aunty Lizzie for Thursday night. There is a train from Paddington here at 7.30. That is the best to get, then a slow train at 7.40 and the next 9 o'clock. Your hotel is near the station but I will meet you at the station when the 7.30 is due unless I hear different. Trev.

I have written to Aunty and told her to get the 7.30 from Paddington.

On April 6th the U.S.A. declares war on Germany.

Postcard from Wantage Hall, Reading

12th April 1917

My dear Mother,

I was very glad to receive your letter this morn. I am quite well but working hard. Our exam will be on Tuesday and Wednesday next. It is said that if we pass we are booked for Egypt - what ho! Did you have a nice time in London? The weather here today has been snow on and off. Give my best love to the girls and accept the same yourself. Trev.

*Telegram to Ivans (sic),
18 Dudley Road - 19th April 1917*

POST OFFICE		TELEGRAPHS.		Office Stamp.
Handed in at	Office of Origin and Service Instructions	Words	Charges to pay	RECEIVED 12 APR 1917
9H30 READING GWR 11 =				
THIS FORM MUST ACCOMPANY ANY ENQUIRY RESPECTING THIS TELEGRAM.				Received here at
TO				10 0
IVANS 18 DUDLEY RD NEWBRIGHTON				
= COMMISSIONED GOING TO SQUADRON FRIDAY				
: TREV :				

Royal Flying Corps,
14 Reserve Squadron, Catterick

22nd April 1917

My dear Mother,

I received Mick's letter this morning at least afternoon and was sorry to hear you have not been well. I hope you are a lot better now. Did you have a nice time on Saturday when the Maysmiths came?

I commenced work this morning from 10 to 12 on machine gun and had dinner and the rest of the day to myself. We all seem to stay about our quarters as the surrounding country is very plain.

I have just had dinner after being to Church and now have come to resume this letter. It has been a fine night for flying. When I went into Church there were two machines up but when I came out there were a dozen so I hurried to the aerodrome hoping to get a joy ride but I was not allowed to go up having been here such a short time, others had been here over a week and have not been up.

I must tell you of the ripping time I had last night (Saturday). Six of us hired a car from the town (?village) and drove to Darlington (15 miles) which is the nearest large town, about the same size as Reading. We then went to the theatre there and afterwards went to a restaurant and had some supper. We started back at 11.30 and arrived here shortly after 12.

Whilst at Darlington before the theatre I went to a tailor, a very good one, and chose a tunic material, breeches and puttees and was measured. I think it will be a ripping uniform when ready, light-coloured breeches and puttees and the khaki tunic, you know what I mean. Complete it will cost me £8-10-0 (£8.50) but now I am able to pay by cheque on Cox's - some class, what do you think mother?

Please tell father that it cannot be done to give Mr Brown the order for my uniform as I get no leave whatever. I tried hard for kit leave but was told to go to Darlington for anything I required.

By the look of things we have quite a lot of time on our hands during the week to make up for working on Sunday. Tomorrow I have to parade at 7.30 for drill until 8.0. I will then go for breakfast and be free until 11 o'clock when I go for instruction in the Lewis gun till 12.30. Then for instruction on the same gun from 3.0 to 4.0, that is all the work I have to do but of course I will read up in my spare time. I have had 23 books issued to me about aeroplanes, bombs, machine guns, theory of flight etc. etc. etc.

The quarters here are not to be compared with Wantage but our food is much better. There were eight of us came down from Reading, five have been put in A flight but I am with the two remaining in C flight. Each flight has its own machines and instructors. One of the chaps is down on orders for early morning flying tomorrow at 6 o'clock so I expect my turn will come soon. I am longing for a flight although some of the officers are fed up with it.

Please thank Mick for her nice letter and give my message to dad.

Now it is bedtime.

Good night mother dear, best love to all, Trev.

To 18 Dudley Road

14 Reserve Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps,
Catterick.

23rd April 1917

My Dear Mick,

Thanks for your letter. I must congratulate you on being a “nurse”.

I'm very excited tonight as I have been up for the first time. It was ripping although when I came down I felt just a slight bit sick. I took control of the machine for a short while and when coming to earth from 600 ft it is a ripping feeling. We do not go high when learning as instructors down below want to see exactly how we fly.

While I'm here I get three hours dual control that is with an instructor who can also control the machine should you make a mistake. Then we get five hours solo which is flying by ourselves. I am now writing in the ante-room and about half-a-dozen “snibs” are making us roar with laughter with songs. There are a fine crowd of officers here, mostly attached to the R.F.C. from infantry regiments.

The only work I have to do tomorrow is one hours Morse and one hours artillery observation but I have to be about our ante-room as I may be sent for any time to put in some flying.

Please remember me to Miss (I forget her name) my friend at the hospital. Don't forget.

I hope to get an open tunic with my new uniform, I think they are a lot nicer than the R.F.C. tunic, what do you think?

Will you ask mother to send me my washing that I sent home.

Give my love to Norah and tell her to write. With fond love, Trev.

Marjorie and Norah as nurses, engaged on cutlery cleaning duties with two unknown friends or patients.....unknown location, April 1917



Trevor is making his first flight only fourteen years after the Wright Brothers' first heavier-than-air

flight and just eight since Bleriot chugged across the Channel for the first time. Trevor's pilot's log-book records the event.

Date and Hour	Wind Direction and Velocity	Machine Type and No.	Passenger	Time	Height	Course	Remarks
April 28 th --- 2A		S.H. 7248 S.H. 6836	Sgt Goff	13 mins 23 mins	500 ft ---	Aerodrome ---	2 Landings. 5 - do - Week ending 24/4/17. Time flown since commencement: 36 mins. for week: 36 mins. solo: nil. A.M. G.M.

At this moment the R.F.C. is taking a terrible beating in France but it is however deeply engaged in restoring and increasing its strength. Trevor is one of 8000 pilots under training at this time of whom 1200 are not expected to graduate because of unsuitability or accident. The rate of losses due to accidents, resulting from a combination of inexperience and primitive equipment, is appalling. One former cadet, J.T.P. Jeyes, will later write of watching four successive crashes of new RE 8s at Scampton before he is invited to come forward, not for a dual instruction flight but to go solo. "Of course I said I would have a try if they thought it was a wise plan . . . It had been an expensive morning so far, in both men and machines. Perhaps the debit incurred weighed heavily in their minds. I had certainly not had much flying experience and was not outstanding as a pilot . . ." It was decided to postpone his first solo flight.

Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

28th April, 1917

My dear Mother,

It is Saturday afternoon and I trust you receive this letter on Sunday. Let me know when you receive it. There is just one post a day from here at 4.30 and from the village about 5.30.

I have received several letters the last two days I am pleased to say. There is a mad rush for the rack when letters come twice a day at 9.15am and about 2.0 pm so you can see how glad we are to receive them.

Had a very nice letter from Mr Pritchard which I will reply to also from Mr George Brocklehurst who knows Catterick well as he has spent a summer holiday here (poor man!).

I have also had a letter from my bankers saying they have credited me with 10 days pay and enclosed a cheque book. What you think of this for class, mother. Isn't it lovely!

The last two mornings I have been down for flying at 8am but the weather not permitting. I got out of bed at 7.30, had a peep out of the window and seeing the weather not fit jumped into bed till 8.30. Breakfast is served from 8 till 9 and we commence work at 9.45 and finish at 4 o'clock and then if it is fine we go down to the sheds and hope to fly.

I am now going into Darlington with five others to get chiefly a bath. The car is due any moment now. It is a ripping drive of 15 miles and we return rather late but it is the only amusement we get. The next one who writes will you please give me Norman and Harry's addresses as I left them at

Reading.

Has the parcel arrived yet with my books and soiled linen? I left them at Reading when they were going to be sent home. I could really do with some nice large socks like the last knitted pair.

With fondest love, Trev.

Any further news of N. and M. going to France.

Plain postcard to 18 Dudley Road

Royal Flying Corps,
Catterick.

29/4/17

Dear Mick,

I suppose there is no more news of your going overseas. Tell mother I received her Friday letter this morning. I went to the tailor's last night. I'm having an open tunic with my new uniform and an ordinary cap (like the Infantry). It will be "some" uniform. I have passed my Lewis gun exam here. We have exams all the time. I'm getting used to them now, we have not finished with them when we get to France. How funny Edith's brother going to Reading. Does she know that I was there?

I should like another letter from you.

With fond love,

Trev.

Edith is presumably Edith Morgan who, together with her brother, is mentioned in later letters.

14th Reserve Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

7th May 1917

My dear Mother,

I do not think I have much news for you. I received your letter on Sunday morning when I trust you got mine. I had a very stiff neck on Friday but I went and saw our medical officer and am now quite well.

I suppose you have now received a parcel from Reading, there is a lot of delay at present in the delivery of parcels. I have had word that it has been sent.

I expect I will be coming home on Friday. I would try to get home early but may not be able to arrive home until midnight or shortly afterwards but that does not matter so long as I see dear old "Thoresby" again. I will send a wire before I leave.

My new uniform has just arrived and as soon as I have posted this letter I am going to try it on.

Well mother dear I have to see the C.O. again and it is practically certain he will give me leave and

instead of your going down to Pooles' (as I know it is your turn) you will invite Mr and Mrs Poole for tea and we will go to the second house of the Tivoli.

Well goodbye mother dear, fond love. From Trev.

To 18 Dudley Road

14th Reserve Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps,
Catterick.

8th May 1917

My dear Mick,

You'll be glad to know that I'm coming home on Friday.

I hope to be able to leave here at 12.00 and travel by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway from York to Liverpool. I am due at Liverpool Exchange, Tithebarne Street at 5.15 and should very much like you and Norah to meet me and we could get the 5.40 New Brighton boat home. As far as I can remember it is the 5.40 boat or the 5.45.

I have to return on Sunday night to be back here Monday morning so I want you please to ask Father to inquire and find what train I shall return by on Sunday night that will connect at York for Darlington and at Darlington for Catterick. I am afraid I will experience difficulty in getting back and it may mean that I would have to travel from Liverpool to Manchester to get a train to York to connect with Darlington and Catterick. Ask Father to get to know for me by Friday so that I will not have to bother about it when I arrive.

I need to be back here Monday morning at 6.0 to 8:0 am. My tickets will do for any railway so the latest train on Sunday night from anywhere so long as I get back here Monday morn.

Excuse hurry for post. All news when we meet. Fondest love, Trev.

After 85 years of progress Trevor would have required a similar amount of time to travel from Catterick to Liverpool on a Friday and his journey would have been much more inconvenient. Catterick station has long since ceased to exist and an hour's bus ride is now needed to travel from the base to the nearest railway station at Darlington.

Catterick's military importance dates back to Roman times when the area was recognised as a significant location between London and the northern extremes of the Empire. Its airfield was opened in 1914 and was one of the earliest military airfields in the world. At the time of Trevor's stay its main function is training and the aerial defence of the north-east.

On this day, Captain Albert Ball, one of the leading British air aces, is shot down and killed.

Royal Flying Corps, Catterick.

14th May, 1917

My dear Mother,

I arrived here at 6.30 this morning and will tell you all from leaving you. As Father no doubt told you we had an awful push to get onto the platform and I got in the same carriage as Reggie Bell, Giffie

Jones and another Wallasey man who was going out for his fourth time. He was a fine chap and I was in conversation with him. He was wounded twice and gassed once. He said his sister was in France, his father in the Navy and for the first time he shed a tear when leaving his mother at home alone.

Well I bid them farewell at Crewe where I had to change and had just on one hour to wait so I went to the refreshment room and had a ripping supper, two large cups of cocoa and some ham sandwiches. I met a New Brighton Boy, a mechanic in the R.F.C. and I took him with me and we had supper together. He lives in St. James Road and I saw him on the promenade on Sunday afternoon. Mick knows him - tell her I call him her "pal".

We left Crewe by the 12.30 and arrived at York 3.40 and there was a connection waiting which left for Darlington 3.55 and we arrived at Darlington 5.10 and there was a train which left at 5.30 landing me in this beautiful town (?) at 6.0 so you will see I had not to wait long anywhere. To my delight there was a motor car at the station and at a charge of 2/6 (*12.5p*) I was driven to the aerodrome where the aeroplanes were making the same old hum (there were about ten up).

As soon as I had put my things down I went and had two cups of beautiful tea and then had an hour's sleep on my bed, then a nice breakfast and today I have taken things easy - one hours buzzing (Morse).

Well mother we had a very happy time didn't we? And now I am going to look forward to the next occasion. With fondest love to all, Trev.

Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

18th May, 1917

My dear Mother,

Your letter of Wednesday to hand and I am glad to say I am well and happy. I want this letter to reach you on Sunday morning. Let me know exactly when you receive it in your next letter.

I did not have a proper chance of saying goodbye to Mr and Mrs Poole so you say it for me when next you meet, please.

I was up for the first time since my return this morning but I am sorry to say I was not as good as previous flights. My fault was that I thought I was flying horizontal and all the time I was climbing. This must be the result of no flying for over a week.

It was very funny today. I was saluted by Fritz (a corporal in the P. Guard). He was marching with the guard and as happy as could be. I have seen him several times and he seems to have a very soft job over his fellow workmen.

I hope you have got a nice present for both Mick and Aunty. It will be a very quiet birthday for Mick but I trust she will have a happy one.

I meant to ask dad how he got on at the King's review in my letter.

I have been going a nice country walk each evening after dinner and there are some quite nice ones.

Well mother dear I am afraid everything is as slow as ever in this village and I have very little news for you. With fondest love. From Trev.

Phone – Richmond 57

Royal Flying Corps, Catterick.

21st May 1917

My dear Mick,

I think that it was very nice of you to choose a frame to hold my photo as a birthday present from me and in these few lines (they have to be few as I have very little news) I wish you a very happy birthday.

It is some time since we did not spend our birthday together but nevertheless may you spend a very pleasant day. I expect it will be very quiet, "business-as-usual" but should you have any of your friends to tea please remember me to them, especially Edith Morgan. Well Mick I have bought two films for the VPK and when I have taken them I'll send them home to you to develop and print.

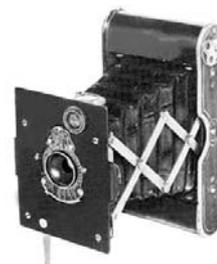
By the way how is "Mac"? When next you see him, give him my address and tell him I should like to hear from him when he has time.

I enclose a letter for Aunty which please give to her and I trust mother will have a gift to accompany it as already arranged.

Well goodbye-e-e Mick-e-e and the best of good wishes from your twin brother

Trev.

The VPK camera is the Vest Pocket Kodak, produced by Kodak in the USA between 1912 and 1926 and is the best selling roll film camera of its time. Trevor's camera is probably similar to this one:



Postcard from Royal Flying Corps, Catterick dated 22nd May 1917.

My dear Mother,

I received the parcel of stockings only today for which many thanks. Have put in an hour's flying the last two days and am now almost ready for solo. I have little news but the weather is fine here and I am A1. Trusting all are well, with fondest love, Trev.

May 23rd is the birthday of Trevor and Marjorie; they are nineteen. Trevor has flown on four occasions this week, as his log shows.

May 17 th	S. H. 4378	Sgt. Gray	25ms.	Cleochrome	4	landings
21 st	---	---	34ms.	---	4	---
22 nd	---	Cpt. Marshall	18ms.	---	3	---
22 nd	---	Sgt. Gray	49ms.	---	13	---
23 rd	S. H. 4078	---	104ms.	---	13	---
week ending 22/5/17.				Time flown since commencement: 4 hrs 18ms.		
				for week: 2 hrs 9ms. 17th		
				solo: nil.		

One might assume that during this his basic flying training Trevor would be flying one type of machine only; yet the serial numbers which he quotes in his log do not bear out this assumption. But in this week he has flown only one machine, serial no. 7378 which is a Maurice Farman, an MF.11, nicknamed the Longhorn by the R.F.C. This is a typical example of the type.



14th Reserve Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

24th May, 1917

My dear Mother,

I wish to thank you for your letter which I received on my birthday but I have not yet received the ring and am hoping it will come tomorrow morning (Friday).

Yes, I wish I could have been with you and have gone to the Winter Gardens but we will leave that for next year. I am waiting to hear how you got on and what happened on Wednesday.



It was a beautiful day here and I was up flying with the major at 6.30 for two hours. He was quite pleased with me whilst in the air but I was very poor at landing i.e. after shutting off the engine I had a tendency to glide down too steep so instead of going solo as I had expected I will have a little longer "dual".

I must thank you for seeing to both Aunty Amy's and Mick's present and will be glad if you let me know how much I owe you then I will send by return a cheque or money (notes), just which you state. I hope Mick liked the frame as a present. I suppose you have not yet had the proofs of my photos. Mick must have one for herself when they are ready.

I had a nice letter from Aunty Lizzie and McFarlane this morning. Auntie says she is anxiously waiting to have a line from you.

I went to church last Sunday in the morning and evening and was again invited to the Vicar's.

Yesterday afternoon and this afternoon I have been playing cricket for the officers versus NCO's and men but we did not come out on top.

The weather here lately has been ripping.

Well goodbye. I will be writing to Dad tomorrow. Fondest love, Trev.

14 Reserve Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

24th May, 1917

My dear Mick,

Just a line trusting you are well and to thank you very much for your nice present which I received together with your letter on Wednesday morning.

We have been having ripping weather here lately and there has been quite a lot of flying. I have done three hours this week already and do not think it will be very long before I will be able to pilot a "bus" – "some" class.

Well Mick it was the first time I can remember not having spent my birthday at home and I suppose you managed to carry on without me.

I suppose there is no sign of my photos yet and that when they do come mother will send me the proofs. I hope they are decent. Well Mick I have little to say this time but if you meet your friend Cyril Redhead please tell him I asked you to say I was sorry not to have seen him again before my return but all my time was full up. Do not forget.

With fondest love, Trev.

Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

May 25th 1917

My dear Mother,

I have very little news but I know you like to hear from me on Sunday. I received your letter this morning and am very pleased indeed with the ring. It fits just nicely - a little bit loose but I've kept it on and do not intend removing it.

I am glad that Auntie likes the handkerchiefs. I received a letter this morning that she wrote when with you and Mick on the pier. With regard to Mick's present most certainly buy her the mirror to match the hairbrush you are giving and buy the 34/- (£1.70) one if it is the better as I am very anxious to give her a nice present. Let me know what you get and the price together with Auntie Amy's and to simplify matters I will make out a cheque for father and he will give you the money.

Since my last 2 hrs. flight with the major I have not done any flying but have been able to have a nice long sleep until 9.0 in the morning but I really need it because when I am put on early morning flying it will be for five or six successive mornings - weather permitting.

I have got my open tunic back from the tailors and have worn it today. It is lovely and cool.

Well mother dear I will be going to church on Sunday and will think of you at Emmanuel.

With fondest love, Trev.

Emmanuel Church was in Seabank Road, Wallasey, a red brick Victorian church which was demolished in 1999 and replaced with a smaller building. It was the family's church and Trevor was at one time a member of the choir there.

Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

25th May 1917

My dear father,

I have just received your present which is extremely nice and I wish to thank you very much, also for your telegram which came on Wednesday morning.

The weather here the last few days has been fine but a slight breeze during the day which prevented flying but there has been flying each morning (early) and evening.

No doubt mother has told you of my flight with our C.O. He taught me a lot, being a fine pilot and instructor, but whilst with him I was not good with my attempts to land. Yet I will remember my two hours flying on my 19th birthday.

I have not had any flying since so have not been overworking but still I seem to get very tired towards the night.

The last two afternoons I have been playing cricket for the officers versus NCO's and men. It was a very enjoyable game although we failed to come out on top.

Well dad I expect you had a happy evening together at the Winter Gardens and I only wish I could have been there also but I am very happy in this little country village and feeling fit.

I am sorry I have so little news for you but each day is the same here. Again thanking you for the ripping ring. With fond love, Trev.

Here is Trevor's record of his two hours with Major Ross-Hume on his 19th birthday, 23rd May, and the rest of his flying in that week:

Date and Hour	Wind Direction and Velocity	Machine Type and No.	Passenger/Instructor	Time	Height	Course	Remarks
May 23 rd		S. H. 1078	Major Ross-Hume	10 hrs	500 ft.	Overhome	13 landings
--- 24 th		S. H. 8836	Ept. Apper	20 mo	---	---	4
--- 28 th		S. H. 2425	Sgt. Grant	40 mo	---	---	4
--- 29 th		S. H. 4105	Major Ross-Hume	62 mo	---	---	10
Total Time flown Week ending 29/5/17. 3 hrs 46 min							
" " " since commencement 8 hrs. 4 min							
" " " Solo. 11. 14 min							

There arises here one of the several cases of difficulty in interpreting Trevor's logbook. Against "Machine Type and Number" he writes S.H. in each case which must be shorthand for "Shorthorn", the typical basic trainer. But the serial numbers he quotes are for machines which surviving records suggest are not Shorthorns. In the case of 7078 and 4105 they denote BE2s, of 2435 an RE7 and of 6836 any one of three different types. It is perhaps sensible to assume that this discrepancy is more due to a shortcoming in the interpretation of later records than to the likelihood of Trevor having to cope at this stage with a wide variety of different machines.

Postcard from Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

28th May, 1917

My dear Mother,

Just a line to let you know I am well and trust you all are at home. Thanks for your letter which I received on Sunday. I am a bit lonely as an Irish friend of mine who shared the same room has been sent to Montrose and the other occupant has got his orders for France so I will be alone in a large room. Was up at 4.0 for flying this morning. Sorry I have little to say this time but more next time. Fondest love, Trev.

14th Reserve Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

30th May 1917

My dear Mother,

Just a few lines to enclose with the stockings which I want you please to wash and darn (is this word spelled correctly?).

I am very happy this afternoon as I received a letter from Father, Norah and Norman but I am hoping to receive one from you in the morning.

I trust Mick is quite well again now - I think she must be working too hard.

I have had three hours flying dual this past week and yet have not mastered the landing. When I am fit for solo I have only two hours to do here before I am sent to another Squadron. They seem to be rushing things here at present as they are anxious to get us through. It was four hours solo we had to do here and only yesterday they have cut it down to two.

Well mother dear I am going slowly but surely and am not hurrying things. I must now close to catch the post. Please excuse hurried finish.

With fondest love, Trev.

Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

1st June, 1917

My dear Mother,

I have just received your welcome letter. I must first say that I am very annoyed with myself as I was under the impression that dad's birthday was the 30th of this month (I do not know why) and was just going to write and ask you to look out for something very nice for him. However I will write him a

very nice letter.

I have already been and enquired about the trains and if I can get leave from flying on Monday and leave here at 8.0 in the morning I can get via Harrogate to Ilkley by 10:15am and spend the day with you and return in the evening. This is what I am going to try to do and if I am unable to manage it I will try again on the Tuesday but will send you a wire to let you know. If you do not receive a wire on Monday morning you will know I am coming.

You see mother dear that I will be finishing my time at this Squadron any day next week and therefore may have difficulty to get excused flying but you can leave it with this child to do my very best.

If Craiglands is near the station I should like you to meet me at 10.15 but if it is not do not come and I will proceed straight to the Hydro. On second thoughts perhaps it will be quicker for me to telephone you on Monday morning instead of a wire but this will only be in the event of my being unable to come.

It is a fair ride to Ilkley taking about two and-a-half hours by train but it will be worth it.

I had no flying these past two days as it has been windy and raining but I sincerely hope it does not change till after Monday night.

I received your bills for Aunty's present and will settle up as I know the cost of Mick's. There are some sports near here on Saturday and we have been invited. Our DSO MC instructor is going to give an exhibition during the afternoon. The sports are at a large camp (Infantry) five miles away but we are going in one of our tenders.

At present I have this nice large room to myself with two windows in and a nice table where I am writing now with some beautiful lialac or liliac in a vase which really has given the room a lovely scent.

Well I hope this finds you and Mick arrived safely and well.

With fondest love, Trev.

14 Reserve Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

3rd June 1917

My dear Mother,

I received your letter this morning and were sorry in a way that you are not coming to Ilkley as I had counted on our spending a happy day together. However I am delighted at Mick's engagement at Cleveleys as I know she will be pleased and that you will both have a nice holiday and rest.

Now mother dear if I should be lucky enough to get leave I think, as you say in your letter, it will be best for me to go home and I will first send you a wire and let you know when I will arrive then you can return home to meet me, and if it can be managed with Mick as I never know when I am going to get another leave and am very anxious to see all the dear ones at home.

Tell me, mother, how did you know that I might be sent to Montrose? I expect a little bird but I should like to know as there is every chance of my going but I am going to ask for Beverly for sev-

eral reasons: they fly pretty good machines there - it is a little nearer home and I hear they are a bit better as regards leave. (love-ly leave - isn't it love-ly!).

Failing this I think I should like to go to Montrose as it is a nice place and I am keen to see Scotland but then all the "wangling" of leave will be off. I do not know if you saw my letter to Father before you left home but I told him that I wanted him to look out for a nice present about £3 to £4 - something that will last and be useful so I do not think it is worth my giving him handkerchiefs as well but I am quite willing to if Norah or Mick do not, so please let me know.

I wrote a nice newsy letter to you at Craiglands for you to receive this morning (Sunday) but I have sent a postcard instructing them to send it on to Thoresby. I did not have it sent to Cleveleys as I thought you would not want them to know you were going there. Let me know if you receive it. I expect Norah will forward it to you.

I went to Church this morning - a very nice service just like Emmanuel - and now I am going to have a nice wash - a shave and put on my open tunic and go to the evening service, so goodbye.

With fond love to both Mick and yourself. From Trevor.

P S It has been a very windy today - no flying and unless it changes there will be none tomorrow.

There was none in fact, as Trevor's record of the week shows.

May 30 th	S. H.	Sgt Gray	5ms	500ft.	Aerobrome	
June 2 nd	2435					1 landing
June 5 th	S. H.	St. Michael	24ms	---		unaround aerial 5 times
	13/8.					6 landings
	S. H.		46ms	---		8
	0836.					

The unwinding of aerial is part of his training in wireless telegraphy. The procedure is described in the appendix.

To Miss M. Evans, Cleveleys Hydro, near Blackpool.

14th Reserve Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps,
Catterick.

5th June 1917

My Dear Mick,

I was jolly glad to receive your letter yesterday afternoon.

The letters seem to be delivered earlier now. I posted father's letter on Saturday hoping he would receive it on Monday but I had a reply on Monday.

I'm glad you like the photos but I don't quite twig how it is you want my negatives to have them enlarged and yet you say they are not quite nice enough. Are the photos nice enough to send to Norman and Harry? I have three more films that I can take yet.

I should not have sent you the photo of "Baby" as it was rotten but the only one I had taken. Yes, he was sitting on the boy's knee whose photo I also sent you (with the Military Cross) but which received no comment.



I have not heard from Mack. Only his one letter on my birthday which I replied to.

No doubt by now you are well settled down at Cleveleys - you lucky girl and I expect you'll see plenty of snibs.

I hope the weather is at its best for you and that you will soon be quite OK. They are rather rotten these nervous breakdowns but pull yourself together. Ha! Ha!

At any rate you will have a top hole time. I can leave that to you.

I have not yet done my "solo" but weather permitting I will do tonight. I'm looking forward to it. You can leave it to me to take care of myself.

How long do you expect to stay at Cleveleys? I hope that if I got leave this weekend you would be able to come home with mother. You must see that I am not likely to get much leave before I go a trip to France so we want to see as much as we can of each other. It would be top hole if I got leave again this week-end but I can hardly expect it as I was home a month ago.

I have received a letter from Aunty Amy this morning. Did you know she's having a holiday at Southport with Mrs Hampson? She has had awful weather and is returning today.

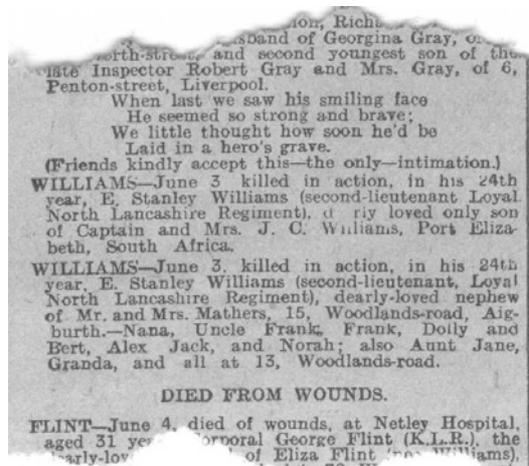
Well Mickie I have no more to say but I'm waiting to hear from you. Keep up writing to me.

Give my best love to mother and tell her I will write tomorrow. With fond love. Trev.

Cleveleys Hydro is the largest hotel in Thornton Cleveleys, about five miles north of Blackpool.

The term "snib", used above and elsewhere, has defied firm interpretation. Apart from meaning a latch, it can also refer to a snub or the slighting of a pretentious person. Whether the meaning had evolved from the latter to the pretentious person himself, in a joking, self-deprecatory manner, almost synonymous with "knot" above, is unclear. It may of course have been some localised Merseyside slang, or a term created within the family or even a mnemonic.

Within the envelope containing the above letter are two negatives taken of Trevor, one of which is reproduced above.. And also within is a newspaper cutting which must date from some days later and is thus unlikely to be part of the current correspondence.



Edward Stanley Williams, referred to elsewhere as Stan, was a cousin of Trevor and Marjorie, despite his South African roots. His home was Port Elizabeth and he was a Second Lieutenant attached to the 8th Battalion, The Royal North Lancashire Regiment. He was killed on Sunday 3rd June 1917 at the age of 23 and now lies in the St. Quentin Cabaret Military Cemetery.

Aigburth, the home of his uncle and aunt, is situated to the south of Liverpool and adjacent to the river.

No reference to this tragedy, which must have affected the family badly, seems to have been made in any of the surviving correspondence over the following days and weeks.

Postcard from 14th Reserve Squadron, Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

6th June 1917

My dear Mother,

I am writing this card as I have very little news but to let you know I am well. I expect you are both having a jolly time. I am going to try for leave and if I get it will send you a wire. If I do not get leave here I will try when I go to the new Squadron.

It has been very windy here again today so I have not yet done my solo but I am counting on finishing it on Friday. I am expecting to hear from you tomorrow. With fond love to both, Trev.

The following day Trevor makes his first solo flight. Unfortunately no mention of it is made in the correspondence since it appears that Trevor has some leave immediately afterwards. But his log book records the event.

Date and Hour	Wind Direction and Velocity	Machine Type and No.	Passenger	Time	Height	Course	Remarks
June 7 th		S. H. 4137	dual Capt. [unclear]	13 mins	500 ft.	Aerodrome	3 Landings.
---		---	SOLO	1 hour	2000 ft.		6
							Time in air week ending 12/6/17: 1 hr. 13 mins
							Time solo: 1 hour
							Total time in air: 10 hrs 35 mins
							--- dual: 9 hrs 35 mins
							--- solo: 1 hour

Is the flight in a Shorthorn? Or is it in a BE2c, a very different machine which Trevor will certainly encounter later and which the serial number suggests? Again the likelihood is the former.

14th Training Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

12th June, 1917

My dear Mother,

It has been beautiful here today and I hope you are having nice weather also. It is now a quarter to four and I can imagine Mick tuning up on the platform and you seated in the Palm Court. I am sure you will be having a happy time, like we had on Saturday.

Are there many people there at present?

Norah and father saw me off on Sunday night at Lime Street and after a long journey arrived here at 6.0 but was driven from the station in a cart containing the mail. It was very misty so I went to bed then had my breakfast and found a bunch of letters waiting for me and then went back to bed until dinner-time.

We have had no flying since I returned but now as soon as we have done two hours solo our names are sent to the wing and we go on flying until we are posted to the advanced Squadron.

I expect I will have left here by Saturday. It is very windy now and I am sure there will be no flying tonight.

On Sunday I saw Eddie Draper. He has been discharged because of his nerves but looks very well.

Well mother dear I expected a letter from you today but of course you did not know that I had not got my extension. Now I must close hoping to have more news next time. With fond love to you and to Mick, Trev.

To Miss Marjorie Evans, Cleveleys Hydro, Nr. Blackpool

14 Training Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps,
Catterick.

June 13th 1917

My dear Mick,

Just a few lines hoping you are all well and having a good time. Have you been to that nice place in Cleveleys for an ice? You must take mother before she returns.

I was flying this morning for nearly an hour and all went very well until my last landing (the 6th) when I did not land level and smashed part of my undercarriage. The extent of the damage was very small and I only got a bit of a bump.

I expect to finish up here on Thursday and leave on Friday. I received mother's letter this morning. She tells me that you have taken the photos to be printed. Let me have one of each as soon as possible as I'm dying to see them. Of course I will pay you for them as you can't afford to supply them to me free all the while, so don't forget to tell me how much when you send them.

It has been raining a deluge here this afternoon and thundering. Has it been the same with you? I hope not.

Well Mick I have no more news so cheeri-ho!

Fondest love to you all and to mother. Trev.

PS Please remember me to Miss Lloyd and Miss Barker. I received your nice long letter when I arrived here on Monday morn. Write again soon.

Today Germany launches the first heavy bomber raid against London. 18 Gotha aircraft kill 162 people and injure over 400.

Plain R.F.C. postcard to Cleveleys Hydro

Royal Flying Corps,
Catterick.

14/6/17

My dear Mick,

Many thanks for your letter. What do you think of my photos?



Trevor and an unidentified comrade (possibly named Hassett)

I want you to let me have a photo of each that you took at Cleveleys. Have them printed and then send them to me and I will pay you. Don't wait until you get time to do them yourself but have them printed at a shop and don't forget to let me know what they cost. It is almost as cheap to send them to a shop and besides you have not the time these days to print yourself. Don't forget.

I expect I will leave here on Saturday. Please return my best love to Marrie. Now don't forget - I mean it.

Did you have a nice evening in Blackpool. I wish I had been there Mick.

Fondest love, Trev.

14 Training Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

14th June, 1917

My dear Mother,

I am enclosing the proofs of my photos which I received this morning from Norah. I like the one without my hat the best and then the second one in my flying tunic i.e. the darker one and then the second one in my hat. I only really like the one without a hat on. I think it best if we have some large ones (say half-a-dozen) of this one and of the one in my flying tunic but have a dozen postcard size of the one in my open tunic and hat to send to friends. I am leaving it with you and dad to decide but am giving my opinion.

It is ripping here today but windy – no flying.

You and Mick must be having a fine holiday.

With fondest love, Trev.

Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

15th June 1917

My dear Mother,

Just a line to let you know I am quite well. Did two hours flying this morning and 12 landings all quite well. I will be leaving here tomorrow but I do not know where for. I will be spending this morning packing up my belongings. The weather here is still beautiful but a wind on. Trusting you and Mick are quite well. Fondest love, Trev.

June 13 th	S. H. 2513	8pt A	15 mo 500ft	Aerobics	3 landings
—	—	Solo	42 —	—	5 —
June 15 th	S. H. 2513	—	33 mo 500ft	—	5 landings
—	S. H. 6836	—	65 — 3,000 ft.	—	6 —

It appears that Trevor's imminent posting is in fact back to Catterick where he has transferred from No. 14 Training Squadron commanded by Major Ross-Hume to No. 6 Training Squadron.

6th Training Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

June 19th, 1917

My dear Mother,

We had quite a nice journey home, my friend and I, arriving here at 6.15.

We had a nice supper at Crewe and when we got to Catterick we found the mail cart and were driven to the aerodrome. Not feeling tired I went down to the sheds and saw my flight commander, Capt. Long DSO, MC. He took my name and said that I would start with him on Vickers Scouts this evening.

He also asked me if I had a brother in the R.F.C. as he had an Evans in his Squadron in France. I said "Was it Edgar Evans?" and he said he thought it was. I have no doubt it would be Edgar Evans.

There were three letters here for me when I went to breakfast, one from you, Norah and Mattie.

During my absence it has been very hot here and there has also been a thunderstorm.

This morning I did quite a lot of work but this afternoon I have been playing billiards with the boy I travelled with.

I was speaking to my C.O. this morning and he said Scouts were a good "stunt" but if when it comes to flying them I do not like them he would transfer me to another Squadron. He is very nice.

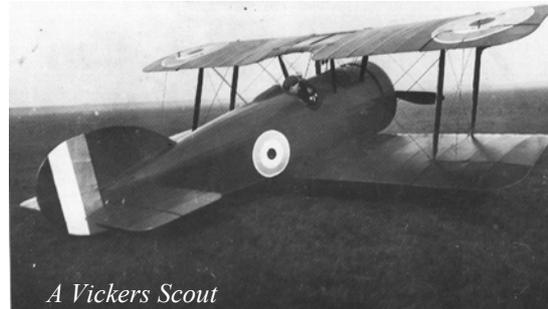
Well mother dear I am feeling quite well and going to have a rest now. With fondest love you all, Trev.

Edgar is no doubt a cousin.

Postcard from Royal Flying Corps, Catterick dated 22nd June, 1917

My dear Mick,

How are you? Just a line to let you know I am quite OK. When are you sending me some copies of the photos taken at Cleveleys? Do hurry up and do not forget what I told you about payment. Had a nice letter from Mattie and have replied to it. With fond love, Trev.



A Vickers Scout



Edgar Evans at "Thoresby"

6th Training Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

23rd June, 1917

My dear Mother,

Just a few lines before tea as I am going with five other officers to Darlington afterwards. I am thinking of you all at home and if you are having a happy time at the Winter Gardens.

Our programme is to Darlington by motor and then to buy a few odds and ends and if time I will go to the dentist (as you advised me). We are then going to the Hippodrome and having a nice supper and return (about) midnight.

Well mother dear, didn't we have a fine time last weekend.

As regards flying I have done nearly two hours dual on the Scouting machines but each time I felt very bad when my instructor has looped and dived steeply and climbed steeply. You see to be a Scout pilot you must be able to "stunt" i.e. do all sorts of tricks and as these tricks made me feel rotten I feel I will not do for the job. However I will go on for a bit and if I do not improve will transfer to Artillery Observation Squadron. The duty of Scouts is to protect the artillery observation machines and therefore to attack and fight every Hun machine that comes along so it is absolutely essential to "stunt".

I will be thinking of our happy Sunday morning last week when in the village Church tomorrow.

Please excuse the hurried letter. With fondest love, Trev.

Please send me the Wallasey Chronicle. Don't FORGET.

Postcard from Royal Flying Corps, Catterick dated 24th June, 1917

My dear Mother,

I received your letter this morning. I have been to Church this morning and have been invited to the vicar's for supper. We had a fine time in Darlington last night. We arrived back at 1.0 this morn. but fortunately there was no flying so I was not up until 9.0 for a nice breakfast. How did you enjoy the show at the Winters? I expect you have seen Harry. How does he look?



Fondest love, Trev.

6 Training Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

26th June 1917

My dear Father,

I have just received your letter and one from Norman by the same post. It is really a very short note but I can quite understand as you are kept very busy at the office (Ha! Ha!)

I had a talk with our major and he told me that it would be the best thing for me to transfer if I did not think I would be able to “stunt” as when I got out there I would be shot down by faster Hun Scouts. From my first trip I did not like the machine and felt so bad with flying almost level that I am sure I could never stand “stunting” so I have done a wise thing in transferring.

So far I have heard no more of where I am going but it will be on Thursday or Friday.

I received my passbook from Cox's this morning and to my joy I have yet £5 to my credit besides the £2 that I have in my purse. I compared it with my chequebook and everything was correct up to my last cheque to Penlington and Batty. I have now got a new chequebook. Enclosed photo was taken about six weeks ago with an Irish friend of mine who is now at Montrose. I have only five now so who shall I send them to?

Well dad it is now 4 o'clock tea time so I will close. I expect and sincerely hope I will have left here when next I write to you but now I do not worry and have learnt to take things as they come.

With fond love to all, Trev.

The picture referred to is probably that shown on P. 47. The Irish friend is later referred to as Hassett. Trevor's C.O. with whom he has had his chat is Major C.H. Dixon.

To 18 Dudley Road

6th Training Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps,
Catterick.

27th June 1917

My dear Mick,

Many thanks for the photos. I think they are the nicest I have seen of you. It was a pity I did not take well in the one with you on my knee.

The family group is quite nice but there seems to be something wrong with them all in the developing and I shall be glad when you send me better ones.

Will you buck Norah up with her photos as I have not received them yet and you say they are ripping.

How is mother's poor ankle. Give her my best love and say I will write to her tomorrow though it may not be from Catterick.



I have had to topping letters from Mattie, Thinnie, I am afraid it is a case, quietly

Well Mick are you very struck with Harry's appearance? Did you think the R.F.C. puts the Artillery in the shade as regards uniform? Of course I know it does in work.

I think it really is a scream quietly about your matron being engaged.

By the way Mick I meant to ask you before but I didn't! I was at the Vicar's for dinner last Sunday and he showed me the photo of his sister and told me she was the chief matron i.e. over all the hospitals in France. Find out who it is from your matron and see if she knows her, Miss Smith her name is.

Well Mick let me have some nicer prints and also do hurry up Norah to send along her photos, I presume you mean the ones taken on my last leave with Nowell in.

With fondest love, Trev.

The other photographs to which Trevor is referring are probably those shown opposite. Norah's photos may not have survived.

Postcard from 6th Training School, Catterick dated 28th June 1917

My dear Norah,

Many thanks for letter and photos which are quite nice. I have not heard from Silvia yet. Please return my love to Elsa. I have done no flying the past two days. I think they are going to try and keep me on Scouts and are just giving me a rest at present.

Hurry Mick up with the nice prints of the Cleveleys photos. Will you please send me the original film of the photo that Kenneth Brabner took of me as I want to get some copies to send to friends. Don't forget to send it or enclose it in the next letter to me. Ask Elsa and Edith to drop me a line, will you? With fondest love, Trev.

Postcard from 6th Training School, Royal Flying Corps, Catterick dated 28th June, 1917

My dear Mother,

So sorry to hear of your accident. I hope that it is now well advanced to recovery. I had been expecting a line from you the past few days. I am still here and it seems as if they want me to remain and fly Scouting machines. It has been very wet here today. I have very little news but will write you a letter tomorrow. With fondest love, Trev.

46th Training Squadron,
Tedcaster,
Yorks.

30th June 1917

My dear Mother,

I was glad to receive your letter this morning and know that your poor ankle is a little better and will shortly be quite well again.

As you will note I have arrived at Tedcaster (*sic*) as expected. I left Catterick yesterday with another officer, a South African who like Stanley has come over to join having previously seen active service with the Cape Mounted Police.

Well Tedcaster is very similar to Catterick only a bit larger. The aerodrome is right out in the country

TREVOR AND MARJORIE at Cleveleys



about three miles from the village and station. There was a tender waiting at the station for us and we were driven here.

I share a nice little bedroom with Seymour (the other officer from Catterick) and have a ripping springy bed, sleeping like a top last night.

I got up for flying at 7.0 this morning but did not fly till 9.0 after having breakfast.

It was my first flight on a De Havilland but I took control in the air and also landed the machine once. My instructor (a Captain and a very nice gentleman) was very pleased with me. You see I found it comparatively easy after taking control of the Scout machine. I did an hour's flying with him this morning. We fly all day here but not this afternoon being Saturday.

When I'm quite capable which will not be long I will do ten hours solo on this D.H. and will then be put on a machine called the F.E.2b which is a machine used in France and on which I will get my wings or rather hope to.

This Squadron is at present on home defence but in about a fortnight's time these machines are going to be replaced by tractors, a different type of machine, but quietly the latest machine which will be able to do 137 miles an hour, so really I'm very lucky in getting here and think it is for the best. I feel more confident in this D.H. than I did in the Scout and I do not feel ill.

The machine is the D.H.4 but the tractor that I hope to finish my training on and of which I have spoken is the D.H.6.

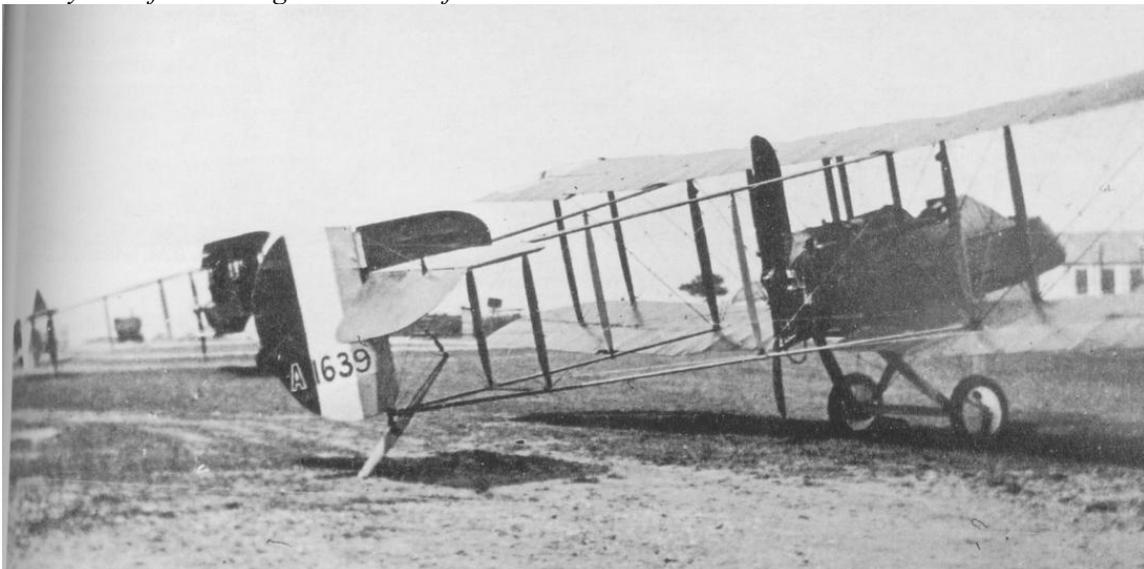
Well mother dear I'm hoping to receive the W. Chronicle tomorrow. Would you please send this week's when finished with.

With fondest love. Trev.

(I will be flying again tonight).

PS Excuse this notepaper as they have no R.F.C. in stock. We have to buy our notepaper here.

The machine that Trevor is currently flying is the DH1A, a two-seat fighter and reconnaissance aircraft with a pusher propeller and dual controls. The observer sits in the front seat. This type is mainly used for training and home defence.



Trevor's log shows that on this day he flies the very machine illustrated above and performs seven successful landings.

Date and Hour	Wind Direction and Velocity	Machine Type and No.	Passenger	Time	Height	Course	Remarks
June 30 th 8.15 to 9.10 am		D. H. 1A. 1639	Cpt. Balfour	55 mins	1,000 ft.	Circulo	7 landings

46th Training Squadron,
Tadcaster, Yorkshire

1st July, 1917

My dear Father,

Just a few lines hoping you are well. Yesterday I did three hours flying (dual) on the new machine, the De Havilland known as the DH6 and this morning (Sunday) I went solo for half-an-hour and made four landings safely.

I have really struck a fine "stunt" here, dad. After completing 8 to 10 hours solo on the DH6 we then fly F.E.2bs, a topping machine which are engaged on home defence. I have to get my wings on the F.E.2b and then there is a good chance of being put on home defence for a short time before proceeding overseas.

Our ground work here is photography and bomb dropping which of course would have to be put into practice in the air. I will also have to keep up to scratch my knowledge of machine guns which we still fire on the range here.

I am very happy here, having a topping little bed and bedroom and above all fine food which is more or less thrown at us (a mere detail). My companions and instructors are also fine chaps. We are situated between York and Leeds about 10 miles from the former and 12 from the latter.

Well dad I must close now and prepare for flying. We fly morning (early and after breakfast) and do ground work in the morning also. We fly again in the evening but have every afternoon to ourselves. So far I have felt like sleep only in the afternoon.

Hoping all are well at home. With fond love, Trev.

Trevor's log book provides the detail on these flights of June 30th and July 1st.

However the above details represent an anomaly. In the letters and the log he is saying different things about the machines in which he made these flights. The log clearly states that the machine type is DH1A, an early design with the engine located behind the pilot, a "pusher" as opposed to a

“tractor”. Surviving records confirm that both of the machines in question, serial nos. 1639 and 1651, are of that type; they were part of a batch of fifty manufactured by Savages Ltd. of Kings Lynn, s/nos. A1611-1660. As has been seen, a photograph still exists of DH1A serial no. A1639, the aircraft in which Trevor makes two flights on 30th June and 1st July. The log book states that four different machines are flown at Tadcaster up until 5th July; each one, according to its serial number, is a DH1 or DH1A.

In his letter to his mother of 30th June, transcribed above, he says:

“.....I got up for flying at 7.0 this morningIt was my first flight on a De HavillandThis Squadron is at present on home defence but in about a fortnight's time these machines are going to be replaced by tractors, a different type of machine.....The machine is the D.H.4 but the tractor that I hope to finish my training on and of which I have spoken is the D.H.6.”

This letter suggests that it is the DH1A that he has been flying, although there are prospects for a more modern machine, the DH6. Yet in the letter the following day, 1st July, to his father he says:

“.....Yesterday I did three hours flying (dual) on the new machine, the De Havilland known as the DH6 and this morning (Sunday) I went solo for half-an-hour.....After completing 8 to 10 hours solo on the DH6 we then fly F.E.2bs.....”

It has proved difficult to reconcile these conflicting statements. What has he been flying? Is it the basic training aircraft? Or one of the much more modern, faster types? These are the three types in question:



DH1A



DH4



DH6

All the initial explanations for this discrepancy are equally implausible: that he is misleading his father; that he does not know his aircraft types; that he is careless in the extreme in filling in his log book; that records of aircraft types are wrong. Many re-readings of the letter to his father finally offer the most likely explanation: that Trevor has in his first paragraph merely misquoted the aircraft type, “DH6” being a slip of the pen when he means “DH1A”; that when he says “new machine” he means new to him and not new in the sense of the modern machines which are occupying his thoughts; and that he commits a second slip of the pen in the second paragraph by wrongly stating that his 8/10 hours solo will be on the DH6 when again he means the DH1A. The confusion is made worse by several references to the DH4 and DH6 in the previous day's letter to his mother. The mystery is probably resolved.

Whilst the identification of the precise machine which Trevor has been flying may be regarded as an academic point, it does raise a more important issue which can conveniently be dealt with here. And that is the reliability of Trevor's Pilot's Log.

To the layman a pilot's log is a document almost as sacrosanct as the bible. The assumption is that every pilot will be consumed by the need to maintain this record as a complete and perfect summary of his aerial activities. Expert opinion suggests however that this assumption is naïve. Surviving logs show that the quality of entries varies very much from pilot to pilot, and certainly after they have qualified. Whilst some pilots use the log just like a diary and religiously fill it in, others regard it as so much unnecessary paperwork, perhaps to be filled in at the end of a week or just before an inspec-

tion and sometimes, if the detailed records are not available, even from memory. Whether a pilot's log is checked depends very much on the attitude of the Flight or Squadron Commander. But of course during training, it is clear that all logs, including Trevor's, are in fact subject to regular scrutiny and approval which will encourage an assiduous approach to this chore; and one can safely assume complete accuracy up to this point.

A further complication with log books is the matter of flights as a passenger. Some pilots log flights when they are in the back seat of a two-seater being flown by someone else. Others do not. Trevor's practice seems to be a logical one: he logs flights where he is in the second seat of a training aircraft with dual controls but does not when he is a qualified pilot and is merely travelling as a passenger.

It may be useful to bear the above comments in mind as Trevor's flying career unfolds. The log is shown to be a less than complete record of his career, especially towards the end of it. The parallel correspondence suggests minor anomalies from time to time which are to be expected; but it also proves conclusively that later on there are serious omissions: flights undertaken but not recorded.

All of which is surprising, bearing in mind Trevor's apparent thoroughness in other aspects of his life. But having resolved the mystery of the July 1st flights, let us return to Trevor in Tadcaster....

To 18 Dudley Road.

46th Training Squadron,
Tadcaster

2nd July 1917

My Dear Mick,

Thanks for your letter received so today. Yes, I should very much like a line from you each day, of course the longer letter the better. There is plenty of news for you to tell me that will be of interest.

I am glad you like the photo of me with my Irish friend Hassett, who went to Montrose. You think it nice enough to send to Mattie, she has written asking for a photo?

Yes. I heard from the "piece" again. Isn't it rich, quietly, but of course I must reply but I am a bit fed up.

I'm getting on fine with my flying, Mick. I have already done a two-hour "solo" and 20 landings successfully. This morning after breakfast I flew with four other machines to Leeds, in formation. Tonight I'm going on a trip to York, by aeroplane, weather permitting.

Tomorrow I'm going my "cross-country" flight to Beverly, a small town near Hull. I will land at the aerodrome there and have lunch then fly home again in the afternoon. Another officer, a pal of mine in my flight, is coming with me, in his own machine of course.

I have been studying my map this afternoon which I will take up with me. It is about 40 miles there which I hope to do in half-an-hour.

Well Mick I will close and prepare for flying as it is 6 o'clock. With fond love, Trev.

PS Please send last Saturday's Wallasey Chronicle.

46th Training Squadron, Tadcaster

4th July 1917

My dear Mother,

Just a few lines hoping your ankle is now much better. I must thank you for your last letter and the paper which I received. Enclosed you will find the cutting which you asked me to return.

Yesterday I flew alone from here at 10 am to Beverly, a distance of 42 miles, and landed at the aerodrome there at 10.45. I met several friends there who I knew when at Catterick. I went into the old town and purchased one or two things and then went back to the aerodrome and had a beautiful dinner. I started back at three in the afternoon and got to York about 12 miles from here when I lost my direction and was in the air for an hour trying to trace my way but at last I chose a good field to land in hoping to find where I was by inquiring from the people at a house close by. Well I made a beautiful landing but the field turned out to be a barley crop about 5 ft deep so my trouble was to get out of it. Of course though it was a little country place called Heck, 16 miles from Tadcaster, a crowd soon gathered. To cut the story short I put two soldiers and a policeman to mind the machine whilst I went to the station and wired my flight commander who appeared on the scene in about three-quarters of an hour and managed to fly the machine back. It was my best plan not to have tried to take the machine out of the thick barley myself. This story of my first cross-country flight I will have to give you in detail when I am next home but it was really enjoyable and I gained a lot of experience.

Well mother dear I have no more news so will bid goodbye. With fondest love, Trev.

July 3 rd 4.35 to 4.55 a.m.	1651	--	20 mi	--	--	1	--
16-0 to 10.25 a.m.	1651	--	25 mi	3,000 ft.	Formation to Leeds.	1	do -
July 3 rd 8.10 to 9.5 p.m.	1651	--	55 mi	--	Aerodrome	5	do -
July 3 rd 9.15 to 11.00 p.m.	1651	--	16.15 mi	4,000	Tadcaster to Beverly	1	do -
July 3 rd 3.15 to 4.45 p.m.	1651	--	16.70 mi	5,000	Beverly to Heck.	1	do - lost direction. forced landing at Heck.

46th Training Squadron, Tadcaster

Wednesday 11th July, 1917

My dear Mother,

You must please excuse my not having written before. I arrived here at 8.30 on Monday morning but have not yet done any flying. On my return journey I arrived at Leeds at 2.45 and had to wait until 6.30 for my connection to Tadcaster so I had a sleep in a railway carriage and I tipped a porter to knock me up at 6.15. It was very rich.

I have had my eyes seen to by the M.O. and have had them bathed twice a day. He has excused me flying until Thursday. They are a little better today.

A new order has come through that we are only to get 48 hours leave when we graduate now - worse luck. I had been posted to "A" flight to start on FE2bs and if my eyes are better I will start tomorrow with a little "dual".

Seymour from my room left yesterday to report at York. He's been put on Home Defence.

Well mother dear, no more news. With fondest love, Trev.

Tadcaster

13th July 1917

My dear Norah,

Many thanks for your letter just received. My eyes are getting better slowly and I hope start flying on Sunday or Monday.

Thanks for printing the photos for me (but I want a fair number). I am now anxiously waiting for them.

If I am here at August Bank Holiday I might manage to come and see you at Harrogate but I fear I will have left here. I expect I will be getting my leave about then.

I am taking a snap of Bremner this afternoon. He has just qualified for his wings and may leave here any day now.

Fondest love, Trev.

PS Give my best love (quietly) to Mick and say it is sweet of her to write to me every day as promised.

On this day, Britain begins a major air campaign over Ypres in anticipation of a major offensive later in the month, followed a week later by a massive preliminary artillery bombardment.

46th Training Squadron, Tadcaster

13th July, 1917

My dear Mother,

How is your ankle? I do hope it is much better and that you are keeping well. I received your letter yesterday morning and in the afternoon I went into York and who should I meet in the cafe but Dorothy Burden. She was with some friends at whose house she is staying and invited me to their house for tea.

I first went to a dentist who said my teeth were quite good but wanted scaling.

Then I went to Dorothy's friends to tea and have a nice tea and talk. It was a very nice house and after an hour and a half I left them and went to see Mrs McMaster and had dinner with her and the Colonel. The Colonel is just the same only stouter. I left them at 9 o'clock and cycled back to here.

I forgot to mention that I have been asked to join Dorothy and her friends in a motor drive on Saturday afternoon. They are very nice people.

I am going to the dentist at York this afternoon again. He says he will be able to make my teeth very nice. What-ho!

Let me know when you receive this letter as you may get it before Sunday. Please send the Wallasey Chronicle when you have finished with it. With fondest love, Trev.

Tadcaster

17th July 1917

My dear Mother,

Just a few lines to let you know I arrived here safely. I did not wire you as I have seen the Adjutant and I have to be thoroughly examined tomorrow (Wednesday) by the doctor. It is nothing to do with my eyes. It is a new "stunt" that all the officers under instruction have to be medically examined.

You will be surprised to hear that our Squadron is going to Catterick next Monday and No.14 at Catterick will be coming here.

I found your parcel of stockings waiting for me here also three other letters from friends.

I am going to try for leave tomorrow and if any luck I will send you a wire. If you do not receive a wire would you tell dad to do his best to get Mr Greaves to drive you and him also Norah and Mick here on Saturday afternoon by 2.30 for the sports and exhibition flying.

Now I must close but will write tomorrow.

With fondest love, Trev.

PS The chocolate and cherries were very nice in the train - many thanks. I had a short talk with Edgar Evans at Manchester.

46th Training Squadron, Tadcaster

Sunday 22nd July, 1917



My dear Mother,

I expect now dad has returned and told you of the happy day we spent here together. It was a glorious day and I showed father around our quarters and he thoroughly enjoyed himself. I will be busy today packing ready for tomorrow's removal to Catterick. I took several photos of Dad which I will send home to be developed.

The enclosed photo was taken before my leave. In the machine you will see my friend Wigan who had flown over from Beverly. You know, he is the boy whose photo you have with me outside our hut at Catterick.

I have very little news now but will write again when settled down at Catterick.

With fondest love, Trev.

PS My eyes are getting much better.



**“FRIENDS FROM CATTERICK”
with Trevor’s captions**



Lt. Johnston “Baby”



Lt. ? and a Canadian



Lt. Davies, Lt. Frost



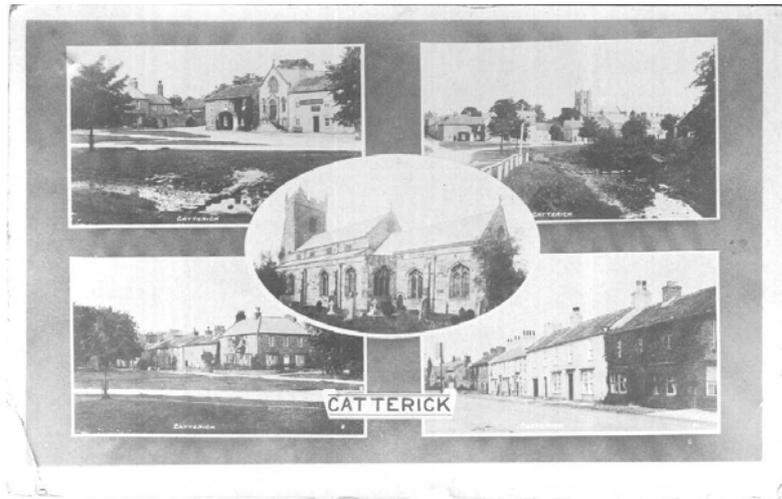
A Pal from Australia

Lt. Wigan

Lt. Wigan (*middle*)



Picture postcard showing town of Catterick postmarked 24th July 1917, addressed to 18 Dudley Road.



My dear Mick,

Just a line to say I'm OK but M.O. has ordered me not to fly for 4/5 days until my eyes are quite better. When are you going to start writing each day. Have you seen Miss Gourlay lately, my friend?

Things are very slow here at present, there being no machines.

With fond love. Trev.

46th Training Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

Wednesday 25th July, 1917

My dear Mother,

Was so glad to receive your letter this morning with my collar enclosed. As you will note I am still in 46th Squadron.

I had been excused flying for four days by the Medical Officer but my eyes are now very much improved and I have very little trouble with them. In any case there is very little flying here at present as there are only two machines here and the remainder are expected here any day. We are to fly BE machines and ultimately DH4s which are the latest and fastest type of aeroplanes.

I understand we will do the same work viz: bomb dropping and photography - I sincerely hope so as it is some "stunt" especially when you have got a fine fast machine.

We have had very hot weather here the last two days the same as you.

I hope to start flying again at the end of the week when I will do so in earnest.

Am glad dad is now home and that you had a nice evening on the pier on Sunday. Did dad tell you all about our very happy time together. Is he keeping well? In fact how are you all at home?

With fondest love, Trev.

Contrary to his expectations, Trevor never flies the DH4, one of the more successful aircraft of the Great War. Eventually he will fly a later development, the DH9, generally regarded as an inferior machine.

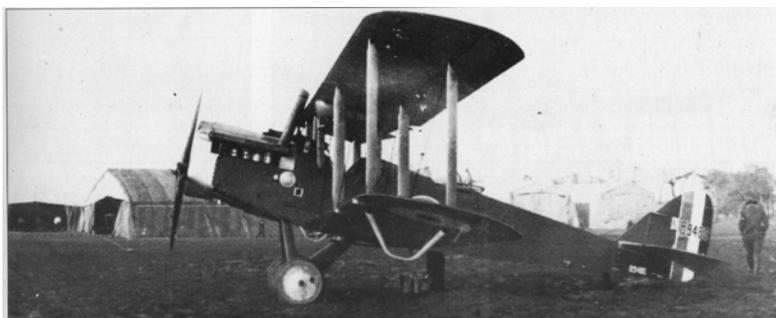
On this day, 25th July, another member of 46 Training Squadron, 2Lt. F.H.M. Eberlin, loses his life whilst flying a Sopwith Pup.

Postcard from Catterick dated 27th July, 1917

My dear Mother,

Just a line to let you know that I am feeling fine and my eyes are greatly improved. I will be fit for flying tomorrow but if I will fly or not I do not know as we have only one machine now, the other one being smashed today. I have just seen a DH4, the machine that we will ultimately fly, and in France. It is a ripping "bus", beautifully rigged and fitted and capable of over 130 miles an hour. Have just received dad's letter and am glad to know you are all well. I expect to go to the vicar's on Sunday night after Church if there is no flying. Fondest love, Trev.

Trevor's enthusiasm for this machine is well-founded. The Airco DH4 was designed by Geoffrey de Havilland as a fast day bomber but was also employed on many other tasks. It was armed with a forward firing gun as well as a single gun on a ring in the observer's position and could carry about 450 lbs of bombs. DH4s were delivered to the RNAS and RFC in France in March 1917. Over 1400 were built in Britain and in addition nearly 4900 were manufactured in the U.S.A. where it was known as the "Liberty Plane".



Due to his eye problems Trevor has not flown since July 5th.

Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

Sunday 29th July, 1917

My dear Mother,

I was very pleased to get your letter which I expected this morning. I have not be able to go to Church this morning or evening as the village is out of bounds, there being an outbreak of measles.

I thought that Jack Kerruish was coming home on Wednesday next for certain. It is that not so?

Yes, I knew Lionel Whiteway had been home. I saw him but did not have an opportunity of speaking to him.

I had two flights on the BE machine yesterday and I liked it though being a tractor i.e. with engine and propeller in front you get the gas fumes which made me a bit ill not being used to it.

I have had a fine "slack" day today. The new order has come through that we are to have every other Sunday off - no work at all - and today was the first. I got up at 9.45 for breakfast (quite like home) and as I have said not being able to go to Church have written to several friends and the rest of the time read and slept.

We are worked much harder here now in the week. We have physical jerks every day and all our spare time is spent in cleaning (or rather helping and supervising) the machines.

I am enclosing a photo of Norah and Len which I think is very good and one of Dad which would have been ripping had it not moved, don't you think?

Well I must close hoping you are quite well. With fondest love, Trev.

To 18 Dudley Road

Royal Flying Corps,
Catterick.

Monday July 30th 1917

My dear Mick,

At last you have written and I was glad to get your nice long letter this morning.

I also had a letter from Dora by the same post. She writes often. You said you saw her on the pier. What do you really think of her Mick? Don't you think she is "tres bonne" and that I show good taste. Let me know what you think in your next letter.

Yes, it was very good of you to remember the Wallasey Chronicle. I should like it each week. Is Jack coming home this week? Let me know by return of post - just a p.c. - saying if he is coming home so that I can try for weekend leave. Send a p.c. on Wednesday certain so as I will know by Friday as I should like to see him very much.

I'm glad you had a good time with the Sergeants? Where did you go to? Did you tick him off for me about the "Baby with the light breeches?" I hope you did.

As a matter of fact I sent a letter and a snap to Mattie yesterday.

When is Geoff due home?

I got your p.c. alright. Your missing out R.F.C. did not matter.

I'm sorry I must finish now to catch the post. Will write again soon. Answer all my ? soon will you.

Cheerio troops. Fondest love, Trev.

46th Training Squadron,
Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

Tuesday 31st July, 1917

My dear Mother,

I have just had a nice haircut and shampoo and feel fine and fit to write to you though I have very little to say. I am glad to say my eyes are almost better now though occasionally I feel I want to rub them.

This morning I was up at 4.45 flying dual with an instructor on a BE2e.

Enclosed you will find a photograph of a BE2e. I took it out of "Aeroplane" (a journal) knowing it would interest you being the exact type of machine that I am flying at present. I am getting to like

this machine better each flight although at first the fumes from the engine made me ill.

There has been rather a shuffle here as our C.O. has left and all our instructors have gone either overseas or to home defence except one. You see they have all been to France and this was a rest (instructing) and now I expect we will get others. It is rumoured that our old C.O. is coming back. I hope so but not before Saturday as I want to try and get Saturday and Sunday leave to come home and see Jack Kerruish. I hope he will be home then.

Well mother dear I hope you and all at home are well. I am feeling quite OK. With fondest love,
Trev.

Trevor has resumed flying on July 28th. This is his log for the week.

July 28th. 6:45 - 7:25 a.m.	B.F. 2e 4167	Dist. 1000ft.	40ms	500ft.	Aeroborne	5 landings
5:40 - 6:0 p.m.	4438	Dist. 1300ft.	20ms	---	- do -	4
July 31st. 5:15 - 5:45 a.m.	4439	---	30ms	---	- do -	4
Time in air week ending 31/7/14: 1hr 30ms						
Time solo — do — : nil						
Total time solo: 9 hrs. 55 ms.						
 Capt. Commanding No. 46 R.S. Royal Flying Corps.						

The BE2e which Trevor is now flying is the last of the Royal Aircraft Factory BE2 series and entered service in July 1916. The "BE" prefix stands for "Bleriot Experimental" and denotes a two-seat tractor biplane. The insistence on building a general purpose aircraft with stable flying characteristics, based on the early belief that the main function of aircraft in warfare would be reconnaissance, has produced a succession of slow and unwieldy machines which have been easy prey for the agile German fighters. The earliest arrived in France in 1914 but the following year the type was out-classed by the new Fokker monoplanes when it earned the unhappy name of "Fokker Fodder". After withdrawal it is successful in night fighter and training roles and will stay in service throughout the war. Some 3500 of the various versions will have been built in total.



On July 31st Field Marshall Douglas Haig launches the Third Battle of Ypres, better known as Pass-

chendaee. His aim is to push the German Fourth Army back along the coast and capture the ports of Ostend and Zeebrugge. Counterattacks limit the advance to two miles. Heavy rains over the following weeks turns the battlefield into a sea of mud.

To 18 Dudley Road

Royal Flying Corps,
Catterick.

Wednesday 1.8.17

My dear Mick,

Many thanks for your nice long letter received this afternoon. If you write me a letter like that every day (as you promised) I should be very pleased indeed. Did you have a nice bathe at Harrison Drive? What did Len do being the only boy? It is very class the pier sporting a band every afternoon. Is it because there are a crowd on in the afternoon?

It was not I that, flyed, I beg its pardon, flew over on Sunday. I heard it from my lady friend first who wanted to know the type of machine I flew and if it was I. Did it land on the shore? If any do ask the pilot where he came from and if he knows your brother - see! No I felt quite at home in the machine although I have not flown for three weeks.

I have only seen the vicar one evening when I played bowls with him, a Major and a Captain but all being well I'll go there with a friend on Sunday.

I'm glad you like my "tottie" and think she looks very nice. You mean it? What do Norah and Elsa think? Don't forget to let me know in your next spasm.

Was the captain a real "dog" who you saw on the pier in the R.F.C.? He must have been belonging to such a Corps.

Thanks for sending the Chronicle. I should like it each week as early as possible. Eric O'Connell is not a sergeant in the Army but in his school O.T.C. but has gone for a course of instruction to a Regiment then that is why he may be wearing the badge.

I am enclosing you the films which are not very good but which you want but you will know which ones to get prints from.

I'm afraid this weekend is a washout Mick as the last C.O. who left has returned today. I had counted on getting leave from the acting C.O. so you may not see me home for a bit.

With fondest love to all. Trev. PS Write soon.

The young lady mentioned by Trevor, his "tottie", remains unidentified. Is it perhaps Miss Gourlay, mentioned below? And is her name Dora?

Harrison Park was named after James Harrison, founder of the Harrison Shipping Line, who gave the land to the town of Wallasey. It was the area from Grove Road station down to the front. This part of the town had more appeal to the locals than to the day trippers who preferred the amusements and crowds at New Brighton.



Plain R.F.C. postcard to 18 Dudley Road.

Royal Flying Corps,
Catterick.

Friday 3.8.17

My dear Mick,

Many thanks for your last two letters. You have been good in writing and I'm very glad to get a line from you every day so keep it up. Leave would be a washout in any case this weekend - an order has come that no leave is to be granted between the 3rd and 7th August except in very special cases but I intend to try for next weekend as it is our "free" Sunday and I may get it. We are carrying on as usual this Sunday.

Fondest love all. Trev.

Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

Sunday 5th August, 1917

My dear Mother,

I was very glad to get your letter - the only one today. Yes, I have been flying the last two days and this afternoon but not yet solo. The weather is much better here now and we are doing a lot of flying. We go up if the weather is at all good and at any time in the day. We are beginning to work hard.

Is Norman joining the R.F.C.? I wrote to Harry and Norman this week but have not heard from either of them yet. How did Harry get his leave? When did he go back? I should like to see Ron. Tell him I may be home next Saturday and should very much like to see him. I do hope Jack Kerruish gets his leave and shortly.

I went to see the vicar last night and had a long talk until 10.30. I had not to get up until 9.30 this morning as I was not on early flying. I may be able to go to Church this evening if I am not wanted. I had been invited to the vicarage for dinner tomorrow evening.

Must close now. Hoping all are well. Fondest love, Trev.

Jack Kerruish has not been identified. He is obviously a good friend of Trevor's. It appears that he survives the war.

Royal Flying Corps, Catterick

Wednesday 8th August, 1917

My dear Mother,

Many thanks for the letter and newspaper I received today. My eyes are very much better though occasionally I have to rub them they feel so sore.

Yes I had a nice time at the vicar's. I went with another officer and we had dinner and then a game of

bowls and finished up with lantern slides of the Broads in Norfolk. We had coffee and a long talk and I left at 11.30. Just a bit late wasn't it?

You will be pleased to hear that I have had my first solo flight on a BE yesterday at 5.0 after tea. I flew for 25 minutes and landed three times successfully. My instructor was very pleased. I like this machine very much and hope to do some more "flipping" tonight.



I am glad to hear you had a nice weekend. It seems funny Bank Holiday was not mentioned here we just carried on as usual. You must have felt a funny seeing Jack coming on the pier with Mick on Saturday afternoon. Where did she meet him? Has Jack grown much taller? I will do my best to get home on Friday evening for the jolly feast but if unable will be thinking of you all. But when does Harry's leave terminate? It will be fine Harry Jack and Ron at our house! I must get home.

We have only to do 20 hours to graduate and I have already done 11 hours so my graduation leave will be coming very shortly. We have another 10 hours to do after graduating.

In case I do not get home tell Jack I wish him the very best of luck. I will look out for him in France shortly.

Well goodbye now, hoping to see you soon. With fondest love, Trev.

August 4 th 6.5 - 6.25 a.m.	B.E.2e 4412	Bapt Buller	20mo	500ft	Aerodrome	4 Landings
August 4 th 11.20 - 11.45 a.m.	---	Bapt	25mo	---	---	6
August 5 th 3.50 - 4.10 p.m.	---	Bapt	20mo	---	---	6
August 4 th 5.15 - 5.30 p.m.	---	---	15	---	---	2
5.30 - 5.50 p.m.	---	Solo	20	1,000ft	---	3

Trevor is busy the following week, from which no correspondence has survived.

August 10 th 10.10 - 10.55 a.m.	B.E.2e 4412	Solo	45mo	1,000ft	Aerodrome	5 Landings
5.20 - 5.40 p.m.	---	---	30	---	do	3 Landings
5.40 - 6.10 p.m.	---	---	30	---	do	6
6.30 - 7.15 p.m.	B.E.2e 6545	---	45	2,000	do	5
August 11 th 9.45 - 10.25 a.m.	---	---	45	2,500	do	6
August 13 th 4.10 - 4.45 p.m.	B.E.2e 4412	---	35	2,000	do	4
5.15 - 6.40 p.m.	4438	---	45	4,000	Richmond Aerodrome - photography	2

Commanding No. 40
Royal Flying Corps
P.T.O.

His total solo hours now amount to 15 hours 20 minutes. On August 10th and 11th he has added to his tally of types flown with two flights in a BE 12.

After Trevor has flown the BE 12 in question, s/no. 6575, during the morning of Saturday 11th August, it is involved in some sort of accident later in the day. One of his contemporaries, Lt. Errington Edward Castle, sustains injuries from which he will die on the Sunday. Lt. Castle is a New Zealander aged 33. He lies in Catterick Cemetery.

The BE 12, produced by the Royal Aircraft factory, was intended to combat the Fokker monoplanes which were destroying the BE 2 series in their hundreds over the Western Front. It was provided with a more powerful engine than its predecessors and was converted into a single-seater with a forward firing machine gun. It remained unmanoeuvrable however and was withdrawn as a fighter soon after its appearance in France in August 1916.



Crown and Mitre Hotel, Carlisle

Wednesday, 1917 (15th August 1917)

My dear Mother,

I am sure you will be wondering where and what I am doing. I travelled with Jack on Sunday night to Crewe. He came with me first class then we had a nice long chat and then half an hour again to wait at Crewe. He was quite happy.

I arrived at Catterick on Monday morn at 6.0 am and was kept busy all day - not time to drop you a postcard. I did three hours flying. Then on Tuesday morning I unexpectedly got my orders and had to pack up in half-an-hour for Turnberry. There are only myself and another "sub" (a very nice chap) together. We travelled to Darlington, then to Newcastle where we had one-and-a-half hours to wait so went and had tea and a look round. We arrived here at 7.30 and found we were hours late for our

connection (very fortunate). We put up here and after a nice dinner went to the theatre - a very good show. We leave here at 4.30 today for Turnberry so will write when I get there. My new address will be:

No. 2 School of Aerial Gunnery,
Turnberry,
Ayrshire

Will just have time for a look round here though it is not a place to write home about (I mean Carlisle).

Fondest love, Trev.

No. 2 School of Aerial Gunnery,
Turnberry.

Friday (17th August 1917)

My dear Mother,

Just a few lines for you to receive on Sunday. Did you get my letter from Carlisle? I have more or less settled down here now. As regards our food and quarters we are treated just as if we were private visitors, only charged 3/6 a day. It is a beautiful hotel with a large palm court full of lovely flowers - similar but larger than Cleveleys.

The only attraction here before the war was the golf course. You would not believe how it is now a large aerodrome - about 80 or more machines. When there is flying there are 30 machines in the air at the same time and the aerodrome is like a beehive.

My work here consists entirely of guns - firing on the range and then in the air. We have a "scrap" with another machine and when you fire a photograph is taken and they are able to tell where you would have hit the other machines.

I went up last night as observer and fired 12 shots (really took 12 photos). Before the end of the course we fly the machine ourselves and take the photographs. Tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon and evening we are off but I do not know where I will be going yet. We work on Sundays as usual.

It is a real treat to be able to get a ripping bath of a night here.

Well mother dear I hope you are all well and will write soon. I am keeping fine. We are on the sea here, it is a nice change and in the open all day.

With fondest love, Trev.

In 1902 the Marquess of Ailsa built a small private golf course on his estate. Two years later it was taken over by the Glasgow and Scottish Railway who in 1906 opened a hotel and railway station thus creating the first golfing resort of its kind. During the Great War it has been requisitioned for use by the Royal Flying Corps and the RAF will return there during WW2. In the second half of the century Turnberry will become one of the leading golf courses in the UK.

Picture postcard of Turnberry Hotel, postmarked 16th August 1917, to 18 Dudley Road



No. 2 School of Aerial Gunnery,
Turnberry

My dear Mick,

Are billeted in this Hotel, a beautiful place. Nicer and much larger than Cleveleys. We have very little time to ourselves. Work from 8am to 8pm. Do write soon. Hoping all at home are well. Has Harry gone back yet?

With fondest love, Trev.

On August 17th General Jan Smuts submits a report recommending the amalgamation of the R.F.C. and the R.N.A.S. to form a separate air force independent of the British Army and the Royal Navy. This recommendation is accepted immediately.

To 18 Dudley Road.

No. 2 School of Aerial Gunnery,
Turnberry.

Saturday Aug. 18th 1917

My dear Mick,

Many thanks for your letter which I received this middy. Please also thank dad for his. Yes I'm cer-

tainly a lucky beggar to have such a topping billet but we're working very hard - really.

There are no guests here - the hotel is just the same as in peacetime except all the visitors are officers in the R.F.C. and there is a fine aerodrome outside on the seafront. There are over 200 officers - some ripping and others just the opposite.

The chap I came here with is fine. Our course finishes a week on Tuesday next then if I get 48 hours leave (I'm going to wire for it) I will also bring him home with me – satez!

Yes we had a fine time at Carlisle. What do you think! I have met both Bremmner and Seymour here they are taking the course but have got their “wings” and expect to get a wire for overseas any time now. Bremmner was on home defence when the last raid was on and the Huns came to Margate. He was flying over London with four (only) other machines but the Huns did not come over London.

There was a lot of excitement here in the early hours of the morning. At 3am the fire alarm went but I did not hear it but heard a lot of banging in the corridor. We all got up – I was in my sleeping jacket with my little open tunic on - I meant to save that. It turned out to be the cellars right down in the basement that were alight - blazing away but fortunately thanks to a concrete floor above the fire did not make much headway and was put out but the hotel was full of smoke to the top storey.

We had the afternoon off today so I was playing golf in the open without a hat - it was fine. Will be working all day tomorrow (Sunday) worse luck.

Must close now as it is 11:30pm. Write often thinnie, will you?

Fondest love to all, Trev.

On August 18th the Eleventh Battle of the Isonzo is launched in Northern Italy, leading to 166,000 Italian casualties, 85,000 Austro-Hungarian and a decision by the German High Command to send forces to stabilise that front.

Turnberry

Monday 20th August, 1917

My dear Mother,

Many thanks for your letter and the luggage received today. I expect to receive your letter on Sunday. Fancy it was only a week ago when I was home. A lot seems to have happened since then. The weather here has been beautiful the last two days and I have been several times “fighting” and shooting at moving targets from the air. The work is very interesting and I will tell you in detail on my next leave.

I knew Aunty Lizzie was coming to Liverpool. I wrote to her yesterday to London and put on it "please forward" so am hoping she would receive it.

If Harry is still at home will you ask him to let me know his address? If he has gone back possibly he has left his address - let me know in your next letter, please.

You must try and send me a letter more than once a week. I should like one about Wednesday and one on Sunday.

I am glad you like the little snaps - I hardly thought them worth sending. Norah in her letters says "Sir D. Haigh" isn't in it. Of course I will severely reprimand her when I write.

I received a nice photo and letter from Ron. Are my photos home from Bacon's yet?

Must close now. With fondest love, Trev.

The reference to Bacon's is most probably to the Liverpool photography shop, James Bacon & Sons in Basnett Street.

Turnberry

Tuesday 21st August, 1917

My dear Norah,

Have just received your second letter for which many thanks. I had intended taking snaps with it (the camera) myself but will send it you tomorrow and you should receive it either on Thursday or Friday - I hope that will do!

Let me know as soon as possible the address you are staying at in Chester. Is dad not going also? I expect you will be there when I get my last leave it but it will not take much more time for me to come there - will it?

Thanks for seeing about my watch. How is it Rowbotham is only an observer? I expect he has not been to a flying school. Has Harry returned yet, let me know his address please. When is Charlie's leave up. He is having a fine time isn't he? Remember me to him.

We had our photos taken (all or rather most of the pupils here) in front of the hotel. It is not bad. I have one and will bring it home on my next leave.

Will you let me know Syl's address in France and I will write though I have very little time here.

Have no more news now but hope you have fine weather and a topping time. I presume you are going to Prestatyn on Monday next.

With fondest love, Trev.

There is a film not used in the camera - not any photos on it yet!

Plain postcard to 18 Dudley Road.

Turnberry

Thursday 23rd August 1917

My dear Mick,

When are you going to write? Just these few lines to let you know I'm quite OK. We had some "ragging" last night at bedtime - some fun I can tell you! Beds pulled to pieces - fire alarms going etc. etc.

You did not send me last Saturday's Chronicle. What sort of weather are you having. It is awful here - raining on and off all the time. I do hope you have good weather and a happy time on your "hols". I also hope I get graduation leave from Catterick in less than a fortnight's time and can spend a day or so with you at Chester.

Fondest love to all. Trev.

Plain postcard postmarked 25th August 1917 addressed to Miss M. Evans, "Northlands", Chichester Road, Chester.

Turnberry.

Saturday.

My dear Mick,

So glad to get your letter. By same post I got a parcel from Aunty Lizzie, the W. Chronicle, a letter from Norman. Some mail. Am very excited as we had our final written exam this morning and I think I have passed. Also we have got the afternoon and evening off and am going now with a friend of mine a New Zealander, and a fine boy Mick, only a few months older than I but very tall and good-looking, to Girvan, a little seaside resort six miles away. We are walking it, no convenient trains and will walk back about midnight.

Hope you're having a good time. Write often. Are the photos ready for me yet.

Fondest love to all. Trev.

Turnberry

Friday August 24th 1917

My dear Mother,

Many thanks for your letter which I received this morning. I am very glad that you decided to go away as it is quite likely I will not get leave for over a fortnight and don't you worry about my last leave as I may be at home for weeks yet, things are so uncertain in the R.F.C.

I do not expect I will bring my friend home as I do not hope to get leave from here (certain in fact) but from Catterick.

The course here ends on Monday evening next and I expect my friend and I will reach Carlisle at 11.0pm and will stay there overnight and proceed to Catterick via Newcastle and Darlington on Tuesday. If I get leave whilst you are at Chester I will send you a wire and would much prefer to go to Thoresby but remember that it will not necessarily be my last leave.

I sincerely hope you will have fine weather and a very enjoyable holiday. The weather here has been very bad during the past week and consequently we have not done much flying - very unfortunate as most of our work here was intended for in the air and instead we have had to do ground practices in machine guns. Owing to the weather and the aerial work lost, we are working all day tomorrow in fact "carrying on" without a break to Monday evening when we leave here.

Write all letters now to Catterick and I should like the Wallasey Chronicle.

Will close now as it is 1.15, time to resume work after lunch. The food and accommodation has been beautiful, just as if it were on my holidays at Cleveleys and I feel absolutely fine.

With fondest love to all and again a very enjoyable holiday, Trev.

Plain postcard post mark 27th August, 1917 addressed to Miss M Evans, C/O Mrs Perry, "Northlands".

Turnberry

Monday - 12 a.m.

My Dear Mick,

Last p.c. from here. I received your letter alright. We may hear the result of our exam before leaving this evening. I have still to do 4 hours flying and pass my photography test before I get my wings but that will not take long when I get back to Catterick. Mick, we get a Sunday off now (every other) but I think it is the Sunday after next. Will you be home again. I think I will try and get home for the day - it would be worth it for a few hours don't you think?

Norman has been accepted by the W. Office for the R.F.C..

I do hope you will all have a good time, it is the first topping day here for a week and we are leaving.

Fondest love to all, Trev.

Trevor's log book confirms that he has not flown as a pilot during his period at Turnberry. His flying has been restricted to an observer/gunner's role and these flights are not recorded. Presumably weather conditions have restricted the scope of the course.

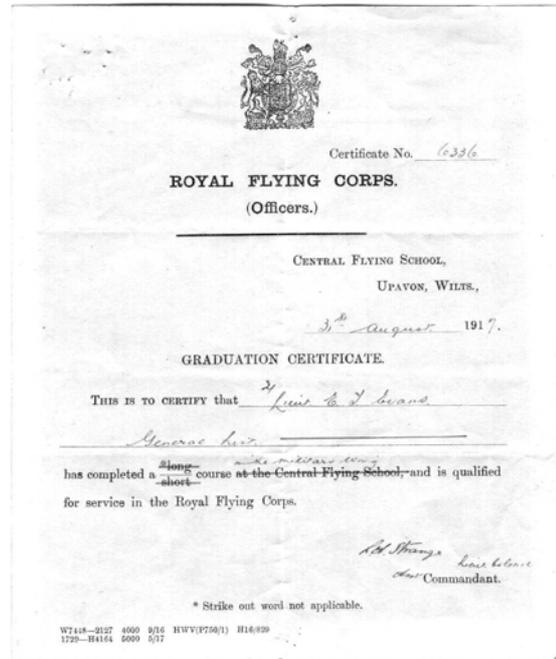
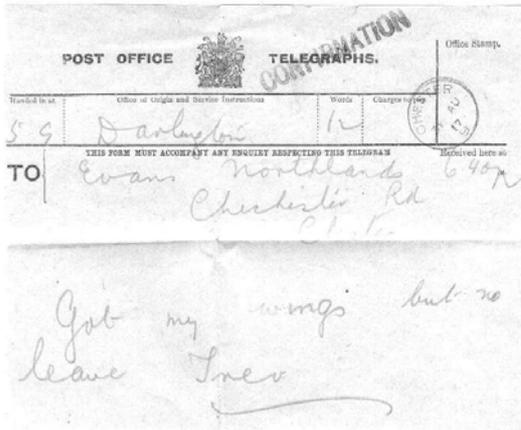
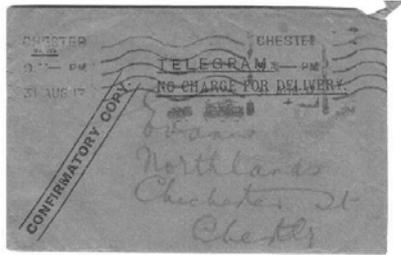
Trevor returns to Catterick to witness a particularly black day for 46 Training Squadron. On Thursday 30th August a BE12 (A4020) being flown by Captain A.V. Burlton collides near to the aerodrome with the BE2e (7167) of Lt. G. Nelson. Both pilots lose their lives. And at some time on the same day Sgt. R. Malone is killed whilst flying a DH4 (A7585). Captain Burlton was an instructor and Trevor has previously flown with him on three occasions, on August 4th, 5th and 7th, with Burlton supervising his first solo flight in a BE2e on the 7th.

Trevor flew one of the BE2e aircraft involved in the collision, s/no. 7167, just two days earlier on the morning of Tuesday 28th July, with Lt. White, his instructor.

Trevor makes no mention of these accidents which are so close to home, no doubt out of consideration for his family. And work carries on as usual, as his log book shows.

August 29th. 10.20 - 10.55 a.m.	B.E. 12. A 020	5010	35ms	3,500.	Clerodrome.	3 landings
August 30th. 3.45 - 3.35 p.m.	6170	---	50ms	4,000	— do —	3 " " "
4.45 - 5.15 p.m.	---	---	1 hr.	7,000	Between 'drome & Richmond.	Took 6 photographs.
August 31st. 6.40 - 7.35 a.m.	---	---	55ms	5,000.	Clerodrome	3 landings.
11.30 - 12.50 a.m.	---	---	1 hr. 20ms	7,000	— " —	3 " " "

This brings his solo hours up to 20 and some welcome news.



Catterick,

Saturday 1st September, 1917

My dear Mother,

I received your letter today that was written on Friday but of course you had not received my wire then. I tried for leave but the C.O. said I was always getting leave (he was quite right) so it was a washout but I am going to arrange to get home for next Sunday which is our day off. It will mean my arriving about 3 o'clock in the morning but that will give me six hours' sleep and then the whole Sunday together. You think it is worth it? I certainly do and will come if I can possibly manage it.

What do you think of my having qualified for my wings? I have now done 20 hours solo and still another 10 hours to do to finish. I may finish before next Sunday if the weather is fine as we fly all day long and can do four or five hours in one day.

Norman is now home on seven days' leave until Wednesday next and then I understand he will go to Farnborough for training before passing into an R.F.C. Cadet School.

How long will dad stay at Llandidrod?

I am glad that you are feeling better already for the holiday. Today it was very funny as we had rabbit for dinner and sure enough I got the little kidneys that I always liked at home.

It has been very wet here all day and if it does not fine up I shall be going into Darlington to the show.

Let me know what you think about next Sunday? I hope you have better weather this week.

With fondest love, Trev.

PS I did receive Auntie Lizzie's parcel and wrote thanking her. Please let me have dad's address!

15th Training Squadron,
Bellevue, Doncaster

Tuesday 4th September, 1917

My dear Mother,

How things change in the R.F.C.! I quite expected to finish up this week at Catterick when a wire came from the wing that I was to report to the Artillery Squadron here. I left on Monday afternoon and reported here at 7.30. Had a nice meal and met two friends I had met "somewhere" before and we went to the last house of the Palace which was topping - reminded me of being at the Tivoli.

It is fine being in a nice town after Catterick, as you can imagine, and the house I am in is quite good. Don't laugh now! This morning I was awakened at 7.0 am with a cup of tea - isn't it lovely!! The work we do here is Artillery Observation and is reckoned one of the safest jobs in France as we do not cross the lines or if we do not far over (a mile or two).

This means another 10 days in England and if I am lucky a fortnight's course at Brooklands (near London) but I am not sure of the latter but will hope for the best. I do not intend to try for leave this weekend but if I am still here the following weekend will get home for the Sunday and quite possibly the Saturday evening. You see here I am much nearer Liverpool and the main line so I think I can get a train from here right through.

We are on duty this Sunday.

Well mother dear I am quite happy here. Write to the above address. With fondest love, Trev.

Postcard from "Belle Vue", Doncaster dated 8th September, 1917

My dear Mother,

Just a hurried note as I am going to Lincoln now by rail to fly a machine back. Am not going to Brooklands next week but hope to get leave Tues., Wed. or Thursday. The weather is not good for flying at present and if it does not clear will stay overnight at Lincoln. Had a letter from dad this morning. He seems to be having a fine time and is very well. Have you had a nice time. It is very hot here today. Fondest love, Trev.

Bellevue, Doncaster

Monday 9th September, 1917

My dear Mother,

Many thanks for letter received this morning. Is your headache now better? I hope so. You must not start like that after a holiday.

My Lincoln trip was a washout, just as I was going they got word that the pilot had started to fly the "bus" over and he arrived here in about an hour's time.

I am hoping to get leave either Tuesday or Wednesday but will send both you and dad a wire when I

know definitely and you must come and meet me with the girls.

I had rather an experience yesterday, my first engine failure. I had taken a "bus" up and was a few miles from Sheffield at 800 ft only (the clouds being at 1000 feet) when my engine gave right out and before I had time to pick out a landing ground I was diving straight for a railway but turned my machine and landed really a treat in a field but owing to the uneven ground my "bus" turned very quickly to the left and went smack into the hedge and trees and then it was all over and I was jolly glad to be safe on the ground again with very little "wind up". The lower plane of the machine smashed on coming in contact with the trees and the sudden turn of the machine snapped the fuselage i.e. the long tail part. Within an hour the lorries were on the scene, the machine was dismantled and I had a motor drive back in time for a topping dinner (cold chicken and peaches and cream).

Must close now, hoping to see you all soon. Fondest love, Trev.

PS Tell Norah I have not received my watch yet.

The airfield from which Trevor is flying was built earlier in the war on land just north of Doncaster Racecourse, the latter having been the site of the first aviation meeting and display in the country in October 1909. In various civil and military guises the airfield will last until 1992.

Between September 4th and 11th Trevor is flying intensively, adding almost 10 hours to his solo flying time. During this period he is taking and passing various specialised tests described as Paneau Signalling, Ground Strips, Bomb-dropping, Artillery Observation and Photography. Flights are made in the BE2e and increasingly in the RE8, an aircraft with which he will become very familiar in the coming months. Some of this work, including a note of his mishap, is shown in the following log book extract.

Date and Hour	Wind Direction and Velocity	Machine Type and No.	Passenger	Time	Height	Course	Remarks
Sept. 9th 11-10 - 11-40 a.m.		R.E. 8 A180	Solo	30ms	1,500	Aerodrome.	5 Landings.
Sept. 10th 3-35 - 3-50 p.m.		B.E. A21825	---	15ms	---	drome to Bramley.	Engine gave out - crashed
2-30 - 4-5 p.m.		4443 R.E. 8	---	1hr. 35ms	2,000	Warmsworth / Bramley.	Passed Art. Obs. Test.
6-55 - 7-40 p.m.		A180	---	45ms	3,000	Aerodrome	2 Landings.
Sept. 11th 11-55 - 12-15 a.m.		3189	---	20ms	2,000	---	2 - do -
2-30 - 3-40 p.m.		---	---	50ms	3,500	---	Photography Test - 3 pts.
Time in air week ending 11/9/17: 9 hrs.							
Time solo - do - : 8 hrs 40ms							
Total time solo: 29 hrs. 55ms.							
G.P.							
Sept. 18th 9-55 - 11-0 a.m.		B.E. 2e 4443	Solo	65ms	3,000	Aerodrome.	T. Leigh - Mallow hq. 4 Air Prints Photos - Bramley
Time in air week ending 18/9/17: 65ms.							
Time solo - do - : 65ms.							
Total time solo: 31 hours.							
T. Leigh - Mallow hq. 1/15 T.S. R.F.C.							

Most of the leaders of the RAF in WW2 served in the Royal Flying Corps: men like Portal, Dowding Sholto Douglas, Park and Harris; and during his service Trevor must have encountered several men who would achieve much in later life. Few however would reach the eminence of Major T. Leigh-Mallory whose signature appears in the log book.

Trafford Leigh-Mallory was from Mobberley in Cheshire and was the younger brother of mountaineer George Mallory who disappeared on Everest in 1924. He joined the Lancashire Fusiliers in 1914. After recovering from wounds received at Ypres he joined the R.F.C. in July 1916, receiving the D.F.C. and being mentioned in despatches several times. He pursued a career within the RAF after the war and held increasingly responsible positions during the 1920s and 1930s.



In 1940 Air Vice Marshall Leigh-Mallory was in command of No. 12 Fighter Group defending central England. During the Battle of Britain he came into conflict with A.V.M. Keith Park, commanding No. 11 Group in defence of London and the south-east, and with their joint commander, Air Marshall Hugh Dowding, over tactics. Amongst other areas of contention Leigh-Mallory supported the "Big Wing" theory where a large force would assemble prior to engaging the attacking Luftwaffe formations, in contrast to Park's method which involved attack by individual squadrons at the earliest possible moment. He was supported by Air Chief Marshall Portal and in November 1940 Park and Dowding were unceremoniously removed from their posts, a move which to this day remains a subject of controversy. Sholto Douglas succeeded Dowding and Leigh-Mallory took over command of 11 Group from Park.

In November, 1942, Leigh-Mallory replaced Sholto Douglas as head of Fighter Command. He was knighted in January 1943 and later that year became commander of the Allied Expeditionary Air Forces for the proposed Normandy invasion. His attempts to control the strategic bombing campaign leading up to the invasion brought him into conflict with the Head of Bomber Command, Arthur Harris and his U.S. equivalent, Carl Spaatz. Following pressure from General Eisenhower, he was forced to resign. He was then appointed Commander-in-Chief of Southeast Asia. He was killed on his way to Burma when the aircraft he was travelling in crashed on 14th November, 1944.

Postcard from Grantham dated 18th September, 1917

My dear Mother,

I arrived here at 8.30 last night and had a nice meal then went to bed in a hut - rotten after Bellevue. I should imagine it is very healthy here, it is (the aerodrome) on a very high ground - almost a hill and Grantham is down in the valley. I did an hour's flying this morning. Am going almost certain to Brooklands tomorrow. My address will be: Wireless and Observers School. Hoping you are all well. With fondest love, Trev.

Royal Flying Corps,
Spittlegate, Grantham

Wednesday 19th September 1917

My dear Father,

Just a few lines to let you know I am not going to Brooklands this course as there is no vacancy and I

have had orders to stand by for the present. This most probably means that I will remain here for a week (at least) doing ground work until the next course for Brooklands begins. There is a very large camp here, four squadrons including my own, the 15th Training Squadron. Unfortunately the wing headquarters are here which means a lot of "hot air" i.e. we are kept busy at lectures etc. from 8.30 a.m. to 6.0 p.m. when we are off duty and have to change for dinner. Had the wing not been here I would no doubt have been sent home on leave but as it is I have to remain here and keep up to scratch with my ground work - machine guns, buzzing etc. and attend lectures. However it will do me no harm and I am sure you will be glad that now I will spend another month in England.

I do not expect I will do any more flying here as I have now done over 32 hours solo and they did not seem keen (??) on us doing more than a specified time viz: 30 hours solo. As they could not get the £200 - down at Doncaster we were all excused our mess bills. That means the 10 days I was there I was fed and kept, like a duke, free - some "stunt".

Have you come across the right trouser press yet?

Hoping you are keeping well and all at home. I will let you know any change in my movements but in the meantime write to me here. With fond love, Trev.

In fact, Trevor's solo total at this point seems to be 31 hours, according to his log book and as approved by Major Leigh-Mallory, not "over 32". Is Trevor including some flying which is not officially recorded?

Waldorf Hotel,
Aldwych, W C

Sunday 23rd September, 1917

My dear Mother,

I arrived at Spittlegate at 4.0 and after settling accounts etc and packing my things I left by the 7.30 train arriving at King's Cross at 10.0 when I took a taxi to this abode and after a lovely meal and a lovely bath, went to bed. I sent a wire to Auntie Lizzie and have just received a phone message that she is on her way when I intend to take her to St. Paul's.

I hope to visit the Evans this afternoon and will then go by train to Weybridge and thence to Brooklands where I will remain any time from 2 days to 14 days, so my Squadron Commander informed me. I will not return to my Squadron again. It was quite nice here today and I must now say "au revoir" and see as much of London town as poss.

With fondest love, Trev.

*Telegram from London 1032 24th September 1917
To Evans, 18 Esdley Road, New Brighton*

Arriving at Lime St. 4/39 meet me with Norah Mick. Trev.

It is unclear how long Trevor was home and where he went back to afterwards. But nine days later....

*Telegram from Winchester 550 3rd October, 1917
To Evans, Park View, Alwyne Road, Hanwell*

Arrived safely by air will write tomorrow Trev.

Postcard from Hursley Park, Winchester, postmarked 4th October 1917 to Miss N G Evans, 18 Dudley Road

Dear Nor,

Just a line to let you know I am quite OK but at a rotten aerodrome. We are in tents and awful weather - flooded out last night. I flew over here yesterday with my bag "J.G.E." in the machine. The first time I have taken my own baggage by air. Write to me here and please send the Wallasey News and Chronicle. What sort of weather are you having. Nothing but rain so far. Is mother home again?

Fondest love to all, Trev.

Hursley Park Camp,
Winchester

Friday 5th October, 1917

My dear Mother,

I expect you are now home again and in a way glad to be there. We did have some happy days or rather hours together didn't we? I flew over here on a BE, a two-seater machine, with my luggage in the front seat and myself in the back.

It is a new aerodrome and we are all in tents. It has been very cold and rain here since I arrived and as you can imagine it is the limit in tents this weather with only icy cold water to wash in, shave in etc.

I was just asked by the Adjutant if I cared to go overseas tomorrow but I said "infatically no" as I would not be able to do my work well without this course here, "that's the spirit to win the war".

I expect I will get 10 days here (or less) but I will not be sorry to leave as we work from 8.0 am (get up at 6.0) to 6.0 pm and very uncomfortable, not a fire to be seen or heat of any kind.

I will try and drop you a postcard often. Will you send me some stamped postcards.

With fondest love to all, Trev.

The clear inference is that Trevor has piloted himself to Hursley Park. Yet there is no mention of this flight in his log. This omission would not be surprising if he has travelled as a passenger but this does not seem to be the case. In fact the only recorded flight which takes place between 18th September and 26th October is one of 2 hours 20 minutes described as "Art. Obs. - Shoot" on a route Winchester/Stockbridge. (This is logged as having occurred on Sept. 14th but must have been on October 14th). After this flight his solo hours amount to 33 hours 20 minutes: in other words the earlier official 31 hours, plus this extra time.

It seems therefore that this flight is one which has been definitely undertaken but not recorded; and that this flight is not being counted towards his precious tally of solo hours flown. His letter leaves

little doubt that there was no room for another pilot. The flight, even though not part of a formal course, would surely have been regarded as an achievement in itself, of airmanship and navigational proficiency. A mystery. And also because of the lack of this record we do not know for certain his departure point, although it does appear probable that it was Brooklands, near Weybridge in Surrey.

Hursley Park is home to a Wireless and Observers School, the same function that is undertaken at Brooklands, which is the reason for Trevor's presence there. Trevor may not have been aware but he was treading in illustrious - or perhaps notorious - footsteps for Hursley Park was once the home of Richard Cromwell, son of Oliver. At the time of Trevor's stay there it belongs to Sir George and Lady Cooper, a very wealthy couple who spent vast sums on the house in the early days of the century. Sir George made a personal donation of some £5m. to the war effort. In addition to this the park is given over to various military activities and Lady Cooper has been involved in the establishment of an American hospital and in the running of a hospital for officers in the house. Like so many of the places where Trevor finds himself Hursley Park will have a role little more than twenty years later in the next period of national crisis: in 1940 the design staff of Vickers Supermarine, the creators of the Spitfire and other aircraft, will be housed there after being bombed out of their Southampton base; and many thousands of GIs will pass through the grounds from 1943 onwards. In 1958 the house and park will become the research headquarters of IBM UK and remain so for the rest of the century.

In view of the training at Hursley Park, Trevor may have undertaken more flying there in addition to the October 14th mission, but as an observer; in which case any further omissions from the log book are easier to understand. This is also the case for his stay at Brooklands, if indeed he has been there.

Hursley Park

Monday 8th October, 1917

My dear Mother,

So glad to get your letter this morning but I have not yet received the newspapers. I expect you have now quite settled down again and have told the girls about our happy times together. I was very sorry to hear of dad having caught a chill but I am glad he is now well again.

Before I go farther would you please send me earliest possible:

One Mirror (large glass one)

One pr. sleeping socks

Packet stamped postcards.

You will remember my last one was broken. I should like you to choose a very nice large glass mirror as it will be very useful overseas. I need the socks (sleeping) as it is severely cold here and I have not seen a fire or felt any heat since I came. You see this is quite a new place and we were sent here almost before it was erected. We are six miles from the 'drome which is the other side of the town and we are four miles from the town (our quarters).

On Saturday night last I went into Winchester and had a good feed and then went to the movies (that is our term for the pictures). I will go there very seldom as it means a taxi each way and is very expensive. On Sunday it was raining all day so I remained here and we moved into a large barrack-room where 20 of us are now in sleeping quarters. It is certainly a little better than tents but still cold at night though I look after myself as well as possible.

Now as regards work I have done no flying since I arrived here as it has done nothing but rain since we came but I have learnt quite a lot of artillery work already.

I did not write to you at Hanwell but to Aunty, presuming you would have returned when it arrived. Did you enjoy your little stay in London?

Give my love to dad and the girls and do ask them to hurry up and write as I am still waiting for the photos they took of my departure. With fondest love, Trev

PS Let me have the three items as quick as poss. as they are all immediate necessities.

Hursley Park

Friday 12th October, 1917

My dear Mother,

Many thanks for your letter and newspaper, also the handkerchief enclosed.

Yes, I must mind my spelling but you know dear Mother I write most of my letters in a hurry. We are now settled down in one large hut but I am glad to say I have avoided any kind of cold.

I am glad to hear Alf Brown has his second "pip" as it means something to him. In our Corps a full lieutenant and also a Captain does not receive any more pay than a "sub" who has his wings. The extra pips only count for seniority.

All the officers here were strangers to me although now I have rather a nice friend. He is just a month older than me and has had two years in the trenches as a Tommy. He joined in 1914 at 16 and went out in 1915 when he was 17.

We have finished our ground work and went to the aerodrome today for the first time but it began to rain hard so we were washed out. I expect we will be flying a good deal the next four or five days.

Did Norah and Mick have a nice weekend at Hannah's? I am hoping to hear from them soon. I had a very nice letter from Geoff. Is he still at home?

I hope to have Sunday off and a nice quiet rest here in the camp. You see I cannot go to church at Winchester. You see it is five miles away and no conveyance.

Will close now to commence work again. With fondest love, Trev.

Whatever the cold and the discomfort and the daily risk to life and limb, Trevor was never going to get away with "infatically" (see letter of 5th October)!

Royal Pavilion Hotel,
Folkestone.

17th October, 1917

My dear Mother,

By this time dad will be home and will have told you of the very happy time we had together. After leaving him at Victoria I had a two hours run down to here and when slowing into the station I saw

the cliffs and the sea which looked just as if it were the Great Orme, then I saw two destroyers which I presumed will be escorting us. After reporting at the station we were told to be at this stage at 1.15 to embark on the Princess Henry, quite a small paddle-steamer. I learned that we are sailing at 2.0 pm this afternoon and in all probability I will be sleeping in a hotel at Boulogne tonight.

I am afraid I will have a bad crossing as it is blowing hard and raining fast, also a very rough sea.

I have just had a very nice breakfast at this hotel and feel as fit as a fiddle.

What do you think of my latest portraits?

When I get settled down over there and let you know my address you will write and let me know.

I think there is very little else I can tell you but will write again the first chance I get across the Channel, if I am not too ill (seasick). If there is anything I require I will write you. I gave dad a cheque squaring up my account.

Will close now, with fondest love to all, Trev

No.1 A.D., R.F.C.
Pool Pilots,
B.E.F.
France

18th October 1917

My dear Mother,

As I anticipated I had a very bad passage as it was terribly rough. I was on top deck and got wet through as the waves came right over the ship. At Boulogne I went with others to the hotel Lou, where we had a wash and change and then a good dinner. I got my orders from the Railway Transport Officer to catch the 12.30 train that evening for here (St. Omer) and was travelling all night arriving at 5.30 am when we had to wait until 9.0 when a tender came to the station for us.

There are a large number of new machines here, which are tested before being sent to the Squadrons nearer the line. We officers in the "pool" do nothing here but wait for our posting orders to a Squadron, which will be any time from a day to a month when a tender will come from the Squadron and take us back and we then start our work in earnest and right away.

It was very funny my trying to speak French to the people I met and getting used to French money. We are about 20 miles from the front line and in a fairly comfortable hut.

I am not feeling overwell today after all my travel and "mal de mer" but can fortunately go to bed this afternoon. I must close now to catch post but will write again tomorrow.

With fondest love, Trev

PS Excuse very hurried letter. Let all friends know my address and write to me here as per top of letter.

On October 19th a raid carried out by Zeppelins on England turns to disaster owing to bad weather and effective anti-aircraft defence. This is the last of the major Zeppelin raids which first started in 1915.

Letter marked "On Active Service" to 18 Dudley Road.

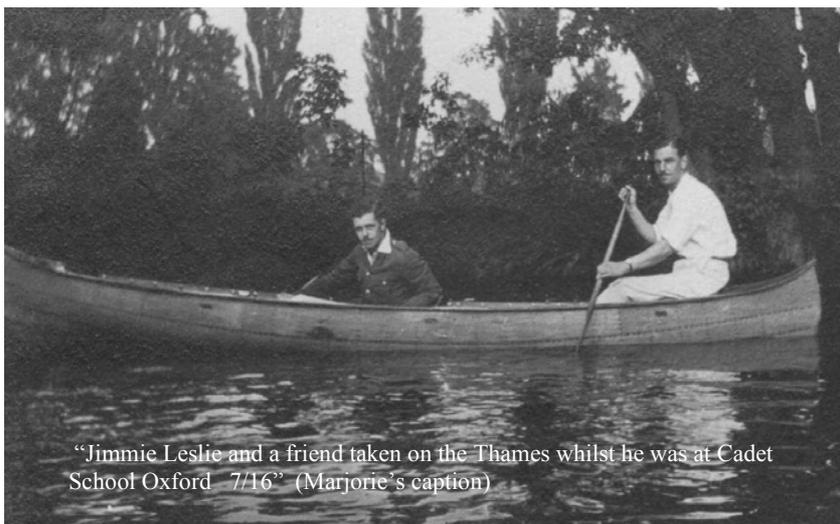
Royal Flying Corps
France.

Saturday 20th October, 1917

My dear Mick,

I must thank you for the letter I received in the parcel from mother. It was the last one I received in England.

Well Mick now for some news. I was sitting in a small hut yesterday when who should walk in at the door but Leslie Evans. He is in the same squadron as Jimmy Leslie and is an observer. Of course he knows Jimmy well and we had a long chat. I'm doing my best to get to the same Squadron - no. 16. It would be good if I got there, wouldn't it? Les had got the day off and had come down here in a tender and just had a look in at our quarters to see if he knew anyone. It is over a year since I saw him, when I was in civvies. He has not come across his old pal, Rowbottom (*Rowbotham?*) If I'm still here tomorrow I have a censor's job. Each day so many officers are detailed for censoring the men's letters.



"Jimmie Leslie and a friend taken on the Thames whilst he was at Cadet School Oxford 7/16" (Marjorie's caption)

I went into the town (St. Omer) yesterday and met three of my old friends from squadrons in England and we all went to an estaminet, which is the same as going to one of our restaurants, and had cafe au lait, pain de beurre and des gateaux. You must remember Mick these French towns in northern France are nothing like in England - this one where I am is very old and has been bombed by the Huns and all the decent people have left. It is very desolate and just one or two shops and estaminets.

I have seen several V.A.D.s - very nice ones too! All day long there are Red Cross ambulances going through the town.

Well Mickie what do you think of my friend Gordon I met here. It is funny meeting old pals out here. Les Evans told me he saw the 6th K.L.R. on the march when he was coming down here. I expect little Jack would be with them. What do you think of my photos from Bacon's?

Write by return, Mickie dear. Fondest love, Trev.

Postcard dated 21st October, 1917

France
Sunday

My dear Mother,

Just a line to let you know I am quite OK. I will be very "busy" today as I am Orderly Officer and

will remain in camp all the time.

I went to a concert last night which was given by the A.S.C. It was really excellent but no women acting. I had a box with a friend and two Australian officers. What sort of weather are you having? It has been great weather here the past few days for October. I am still awaiting posting. Hoping to hear from you tomorrow,

Fondest love, Trev.

34th Squadron, R.F.C..
B.E.F.
France

Monday 21st October, 1917

My dear Mother,

After a few happy days of rest I have been posted to the above Squadron. I am writing from the pool whilst waiting for a tender to take me to my Squadron which is about six miles this side of our lines.

Yesterday afternoon I went into the town (St. Omer) with two friends and listened to a band of the Manchesters which was playing in the park. A very nice park with a bandstand very similar to our Marine Park. It was crowded with soldiers - officers and men and a very few French men and women.

It would have been nice if I got to Jimmy's Squadron but it is all for the best.

I have not heard from anyone yet but any letters that have been sent here will be forwarded on to me. Will you let my friends know my new address. I will write home as frequently as possible if only a postcard and will hope to receive many letters from you. Will close now. With fondest love to all, Trev.

PS I am enclosing a programme of the concert I went to on Saturday night. It was an excellent show. We sported a box.

No. 34 Squadron was formed at Castle Bromwich on 7 January 1916 from a nucleus supplied by No. 19 Squadron. It was moved to France in July 1916 with BE2e aircraft as a reconnaissance unit, re-equipping with RE8s in January 1917. Trevor has been posted to the squadron when it is based at Bray-Dunes, up the coast from Dunkirk. This is the sixth aerodrome so far for 34 Squadron during 1917. At this time it is attached to 3 Corps.

34th Squadron
Belgium

Tuesday 23rd October, 1917

My dear Mother,

I am now settled down with my Squadron "somewhere in Belgium". I am afraid I cannot tell you the name of the place but we are very near the coast and I understand that as soon as we get up any height we can clearly see England.

I had a long tender journey from No. 1 A.D. Pool yesterday and reached here at 8.0 and was intro-

duced to the officers of "A" flight, the flight to which I am posted. They are a fine lot of fellows and I am very happy.

I am in a hut which is not very large but is plenty of room for the five occupants. One end of the hut is partitioned off for what we call a sitting room. It consists of a small table and chairs and an oil lamp. We have a stove in the room and a carpet on the floor and it is really very cosy. I should like you to see us in it now.

I have not flown yet and my flight commander says I will not fly for two days at least. The weather seems to have changed for the worst. It has been raining nearly all day and tonight it is very wild.

I have not had a letter yet but any letters you have sent to the pool will be forwarded to me here.

It is now 7.0 pm and I am going for a love-ly dinner. Really the food here is not at all good but nevertheless I am very thankful. They charge us 7 francs a day i.e. about six shillings a day (30p), but the reason for it is that it includes drinks and most of the officers here do drink.

Is Geoffrey still at home? Let me know in your next letter as I want to write to him.

With fondest love to all, Trev.

On the following day, October 24th, the Twelfth Battle of the Isonzo starts in Italy.

Royal Flying Corps
France.

Thursday 25th October, 1917

My dear Dad,

Just a few lines to let you know I'm quite OK.

The weather here has not been good and so far I have only had one joy ride. I went up as a passenger just to get an idea of the surroundings.

I have been exceedingly lucky in being posted to this Squadron and my fellow officers are topping chaps. With one or two exceptions they are artillery officers attached to the R.F.C. and had been in France since 1915. There is one very like Stan in build and everything. I find that out here are all the best of England's manhood and I feel proud to be doing my bit with such splendid fellows.

This afternoon I went with three others in one of our tenders to visit one of our 15 inch howitzers (three miles from the front line). We passed through villages that were practically demolished and ended up by seeing this huge gun in action. Fortunately we were not shelled. Well dad, I would never have missed the experience I'm having.

I have had my machine allotted to me and when the weather is a little better I will do my landings and if OK will start flying over the lines with my observer and then will fly in any weather provided it is not raining.

Well good night dad. With fond love, Trev.

Letter with heading and date removed but very probably from this date.

My dear Mother,

I was very glad to receive your letter today. Yes, I was beginning to think you had forsaken me. I am glad you are well again. Yes, I had a fine evening with Father. It was very fortunate that Dad should have been in London at the time.

It could not be helped my parting with Bolland, we did not have a word on the matter but were sent just where we were wanted. There is no leave at all in the R.F.C. at present, not even embarkation leave.

Do you think Norah and Mick will be going to France? Let me know as soon as possible when you know that they are going and then I might get weekend leave. Have you heard from Stanley lately? When do you expect him home or when does he say he will be home?

I think Geoffrey is due home from his voyage about now. Will you ask Mrs Poole and let me know. How are things going on at New Brighton now? It must be funny now that Norman, Harry and myself have left. What is Harry's correct address? I am going to write to him.

Please thank Norah for her letter. I will write to her tomorrow. Now you are well again I will look forward to your regular supply of letters.

Well mother there is very little news I can give you as I am situated in a very quiet little spot. I've only been up twice so far (36 minutes). It is great and healthy.

With love to all, Trev.

Royal Flying Corps,
34th Squadron R.F.C.,
France.

Friday 26th October, 1917

My dear Mother,

My first great experience of the war today - over the lines.

This morning I took my machine up and did three landings and then this afternoon I took my observer up and we flew up to the lines and he pointed out to me the British lines, the Belgian and the Bosche. I can now safely say we have the supremacy of the air. There were our machines flying over the lines and I did not even see a Bosche machine and fortunately we were not "archied" i.e. shelled by anti-aircraft, but that is a treat in store.

My observer - very experienced - it is the one I call "Stanley". He is a topping fellow and they say you're quite OK with a man like him in the back seat. He has no fear or I should say he does not know what fear is. He is known to have climbed out of the machine in mid-air whilst over the lines.

Well to change the subject I have not yet received a letter although I know you will have written and they take a long time in finding me.

I must draw to an end now as I am on "first patrol" in the morning and have to be over the lines at daybreak (6:00 am) for two and-a-half hours.

Would you please send me some large thick stockings with embroidered tops (two or three pairs) as they are worn here instead of puttees. Some chocolates would be very thankfully received.

Good night now mother dear. Fondest love, Trevor.

Trevor's observer, whom he calls Stanley, is Lt. Banting.

On the term "archie" here are the words of Maurice Baring, an Intelligence Officer in the R.F.C. referring to the earliest stages of the war:

"Warfare in the air was still in the gentleman-like stage, and I have a note in my diary under September 15th, 1914 that No. 5 Squadron call the anti-aircraft gun (there seemed to be only one which gave them trouble in those days) Archibald, from the song 'Archibald, certainly not'. This was the origin of the word archie which was soon to be adopted by the British Army and to pass into the language."

Neither Trevor's first flight with 34 Squadron, as a passenger, nor his second on the morning of 26th October when he practices landings are recorded in his log. But the one which really matters is.

1917							War Flying	
Date and Hour	Wind Direction and Velocity	Machine Type and No.	Passenger	Time	Height	Course	with	Remarks
Oct. 26 4:10-4:50	R. E 8	4336	St. Banting	40 mins	3,000	France	34 Squadron	First time over the lines - not archied

On this day the British renew their attempt to capture the village of Passchendaele. It finally falls on November 6th and the Third Battle of Ypres is effectively over. Since July 31st Britain has suffered 310,000 casualties, the French 85,000 and the Germans 260,000. An advance of 5 miles has been achieved.

Trevor may not have been aware but at the time of this first operational sortie, the Italians are suffering a catastrophic defeat at the hands of the Germans and Austrians at Caporetto in the north-east of Italy. After a stalemate of years, during this the Twelfth Battle of the Isonzo, they are driven back in a matter of days by scores of miles and finally establish a line on the River Piave. At the time the whole of Italy seems threatened. These events are to have a significant effect on Trevor's life over the next few months.

In just three further days Trevor will do all the flying that he is going to do in 1917 on the Western Front:

Oct. 29 9:0-10:35	---	---	---	30 mins	3,000	France	---	Dropped bombs. Shelled & m. guns fire
Oct. 30 3:0-4:35	---	3619	Adam	1 hr 35	3,000	---	do	N. F. Patrol.
Oct. 30 11:40-12:35	---	---	---	55 mins	2,000	---	do	Front very quiet.

France

Sunday 4th November, 1917

My dear Mother

I must first thank you for your letter I received about five days ago and which is the only one I have had from you.

We are now far behind the line at the base and are being re-equipped for another country. I expect we'll be here at least another four days and then we have a four days train journey to our destination. One thing about moving is that I will not get a letter from home for possibly two weeks. As I said in my last letter I have met Ted Dix here and we have spent two evenings together and talked of days gone by. It is fine meeting old friends out here. I took Ted to an estaminet and then we went to a picture show at the Y.M.C.A. which was just a little different to the Clayton or the Liscard Palace.

I am enclosing a programme of a concert given by our men the last Saturday we were up with the Squadron. Each Squadron has its own concert party.

You must study the back page of the programme as it is really funny. Although our flight "Ack" (i.e. "A") is the flight it is noted for its crashes on landing. One machine has turned upside down and the lorries are going to "IAD" i.e. No. 1 Aircraft Depot where smashed machines are repaired. We get quite a number of concerts out here and when work is finished we really do have some amusement and enjoyment.

I forgot to tell you but at our Squadron we had six horses, beautiful animals, kept for us for exercise and I went out riding several times. If I had been flying in the morning I went a ride in the afternoon or if I was detailed for patrol in the afternoon I went a ride along the sand dunes. It was really topping and I was getting quite a fair rider. We have unfortunately left them behind now.

Continue to write to me and send the Chronicle and News and if you have an Italian dictionary in the house please send it to me. With fondest love, Trev

PS I am keeping fine.

At a meeting of the Allies at Rapallo on November 5th agreement is reached on a reinforcement of the Italians by France and Great Britain.

Trevor's hint in the last paragraph concerning his destination is a fairly obvious one.

France

Tuesday 6th November, 1917

My dear Mother,

Yesterday I received a whole bunch of letters including two from you and one from Norah and Mick. Although they all came at once I was very pleased to receive them. I also had letters from Auntie Lizzie, Eric Westrup and Jack Kerruish. I must thank you for having sent the stockings but they have not yet arrived. I have only received one batch of newspapers and I think all my parcels will turn up in time.

In Auntie's letter I was informed of George Papier's death, it is very hard luck for his people and I intend to write to them.

Do you get all my letters? I do hope so for I write very often but fancy you may not get some because they do not get past the censor. However I have very little news as we are having a little rest at present but are going to commence our journey to another place tomorrow so if you do not hear from me regularly you will understand. To show the irregularity of the mail I got your letter dated Friday of last week the post before I received your letter dated Tuesday.

Jack Kerruish seems very happy as his C.O. has told him that as soon as he gets a stripe he will


 34 SQUADRON R.F.C.
 PROGRAMME
 OF
 CONCERT HELD ON
 SATURDAY OCT. 27th 1917
 Doors open 7-45 PM. COMMENCE 8-0 PM.
 PLANES 11 PM.

PROGRAMME.

1. Selection.....	The Orchestra.
2. Opening Chorus.....	The Party.
3. Song..... "Bow Wow Hello".....	A.M. Maidment.
4. Concerted item... "Dooley's Farm".....	The Party.
5. Song..... "So she followed Me".....	Cpl. Preston.
6. Humorous Song... "Yula Hicky Dula".....	A.M. Pethers.
7. Song..... "Selected".....	A.M. Philip.
8. Duet..... "When a Wonderful Girl meets a "Wonderful Boy".....	Cpl. Preston & A.M. Maidment.
9. Concerted item..... "In the Air".....	The Party.

INTERVAL.

During the Interval the Orchestra will play various selections.

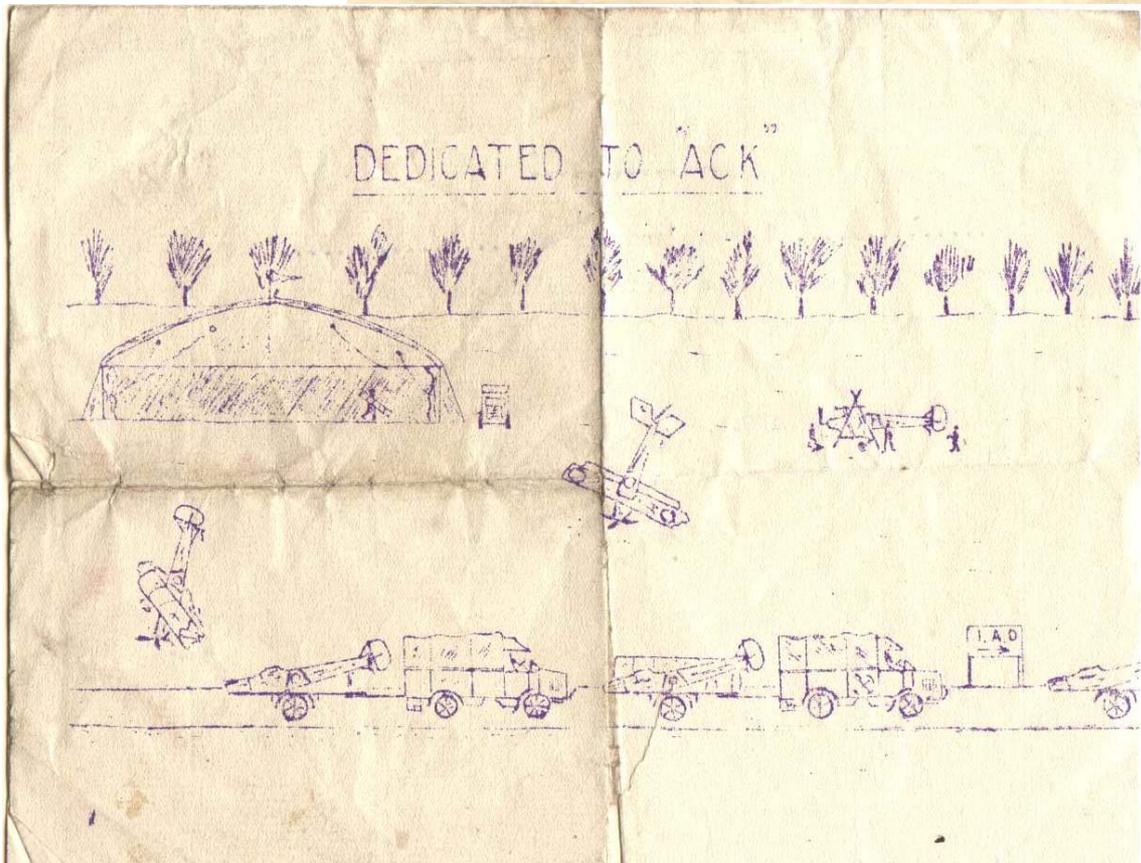
R E V U E.

..... "Music and Mirth".....

Scene I. Outside the "Priceless" Night Club.

" II. Inside " " " "

GOD SAVE THE KING.



The Squadron Concert Party of Saturday, 27th October 1917

recommend him for a commission in the R.F.C. which will mean his coming home to train. I hope it soon comes his way.

Well mother dear I will close now. With fondest love, Trev.

This is the first clear reference in the letters to Eric Westrup shown on the right.

Eric is listed in the 1901 Census as the sixth of seven children of Oliver and Helena Westrup, both born in London, in Bow and Camberwell respectively. Eric is six years of age at the time; the other children are Hugh (19), Frank (17), George (16), Alan (14), Brian (9) and Elsa (3).

George Papier: this reference must be to the death on 26th October 1917 of George Papier of Hanwell, London. He was a Lance-Bombardier in the Royal Garrison Artillery. He is buried at the Huts cemetery which is near to Ypres. The connection with the Evans family is via Aunty Lizzie.



Postcard dated 8th November, 1917

France

My dear Mother,

Many thanks for your letter of Sunday's date. I have not yet received the stockings but hope they will follow me. We are leaving tomorrow for a new destination so I will not get your letters for a time. However continue to write as I will receive them in time. If I am unable to write for a few days I will drop one or two field cards. Will most probably be in the train eight days so do not get "wind up" if you do not hear from me. I am keeping fine and hope all at home are the same. With fond love, Trev.

The Rapallo agreement obviously takes very little time to impinge on Trevor's life.

France

Friday 9th November, 1917

My dear Mother,

Many thanks for your letter dated Tuesday which I received this morning together with the newspapers. I am writing this in the train as we are out on our journey to go where you guessed right. We will be eight days in the train and I expect we will be glad to reach the other end.

Ted Dix has left us now and I think he is going to Egypt but I am not certain. We spent several

evenings together and talked of old times at home and school days.

It is now Monday and I have had hardly any time to write as we have been on the move all the time. The last few hours I have seen the most beautiful scenery in all my life whilst travelling along the coast from Marseille into Italy. Nice (the town) and Monte Carlo are beautiful towns and as we pass through we are given a great reception. We have just had our first sight of an Italian town where we are able to get a little to eat and changed our money again for Italian. We are proceeding on our journey and will be travelling for another three or four days.

Please excuse this scanty letter but it will let you know I am quite well.

The climate here is beautiful and warm just like one of our English summers in August although really it is winter here. I would not have liked to have missed seeing the beautiful country and scenery of southern France. Have seen for the first time oranges growing on the trees.

Will close now. Fondest love to all. Trev.

As Trevor wends his way southward, let us look at the machine with which 34 Squadron is equipped and which Trevor has been flying on the Western Front, the RE8.

The Royal Aircraft Factory RE8, the aircraft on which Trevor's life has depended since joining the squadron, was intended to represent a better armed alternative to the BE series which he has been flying during training. It is equipped with a Lewis gun firing through the propeller and a further Lewis gun mounted in the rear cockpit. But as the following critique suggests, it is almost as slow and unmanoeuvrable as its predecessors and again is no match for the agile German fighters.

It is hardly a machine to inspire overwhelming confidence in those whose job is to fly it. Yet more RE8s serve in France than any other British two-seater and almost 4,200 will have been built by the Armistice.



The RE8

A leading aviation historian, Chaz Bowyer, describes the RE8 thus:

Known universally as the 'Harry Tate' (one of the leading contemporary music-hall artists) the Farnborough-designed RE8 was one of the great workhorses of the RFC and RAF during the latter years of World War One. Its intended role was reconnaissance in aid of the infantry, a task which included photographing enemy held territory behind the trenches, low-level contact patrols with forward units of the Allied armies, and constant assistance to the artillery on spotting patrols for the heavy guns. Plodding in performance and sluggish in manoeuvrability, the RE8 was no real match for the sleek Fokkers and Albatros Scouts of 1917-1918, and its crews suffered high casualty rates. Yet one of the commonest sights of the aerial war in 1918 was of lone RE8s doggedly flying monotonous figures-of-eight paths through a flurry of anti-aircraft shell-bursts, as their courageous crews maintained faith with the earthbound infantry they were supporting.

Standardised for army co-operation duties by 1917, the RE8 was nevertheless by no means ideal for war operations. With its longitudinal and lateral in-built dihedral it became known as the "Riggers' Nightmare", while its all-round mediocrity in performance meant that its many solid achievements in daily routine tasks were a tribute to the fortitude and sheer courage of its crews, rather than any credit to the aircraft or its designers. That it continued in frontline service until the end of hostilities was a mark of the irresponsibility and ignorance of RAF higher authorities of the day.

The accompanying image of the crew of an RE8 of 16 Squadron preparing to set off on a dawn patrol over enemy lines is not included within this online version.

Postcard dated Sunday 18th November, 1917

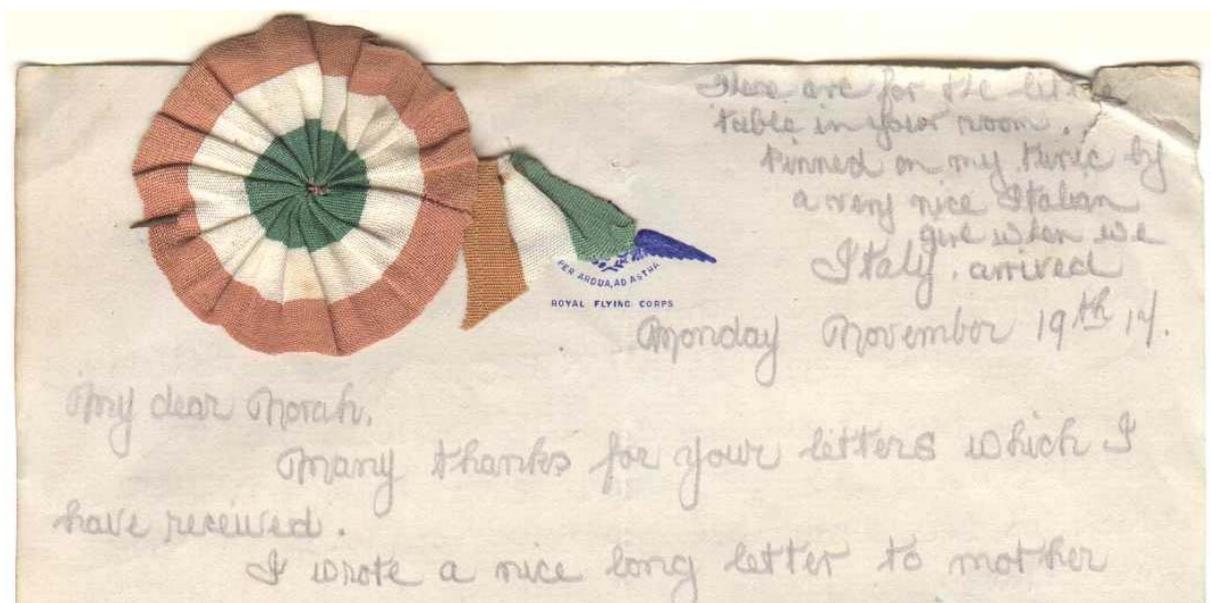
Italy

My dear Mick,

Hope you are now quite well. I have received quite a number of letters now including three from you. Write often, won't you? We are in the heart of Italy now and will move up to our Squadron any day now when I will be able to write more often. Have not been able to write the last few days as we have been on the move all the time. It is just a little cold here at present but plenty of sunshine. I am quite well. Hoping you are all well. Fondest love. Trevor.

Apart from tantalising snippets in Trevor's letters there is little description of this long journey as the squadron and its men and much of its equipment trundle south over many days. The aircraft have been crated but whether they are accompanying the main party overland or have been sent separately by sea we cannot know. The journey along the French Riviera which has so impressed Trevor must have continued along the Ligurian coast, through Ventimiglia, San Remo and Savona before finally heading north-east, no doubt at Genoa, towards Milan and then onward to Verona, thus skirting the territory held by the Austrians and Germans.

The Twelfth Battle of the Isonzo has ended, the Germans and Austro-Hungarians having overstretched their supply lines. The Italians have lost 30,000 men killed or wounded and a further 275,000 taken prisoner. They now have a new front line of some 60 miles to defend. The defeat does however inspire the Italian nation to a greater determination to expel the invaders. And Trevor and his squadron are part of an Allied force on their way to assist. But even after most of the miles have been covered and they are in the heart of Italy, progress towards the squadron's operational base remains painfully slow.



a few days ago on hotel notepaper - did she receive it? I am afraid not as I found out we are not to write home on any paper which is likely to let anyone know where we are situated. Let me know in your next letter if she did get it and if you get all my letters for I write quite a number.

I quite like you to write to me whilst on the boat as they (the letters) are ever so more interesting and

make me roar with laughter - reminding me of old days, also it saves your spare time in the evening (??). You are not allowed to send me a camera out here as we must not possess one. What a scream your giving out "Hymn No. 9"! Is Ken Brabner in the R.F.C. yet or have you heard any more from Jack Kerruish? I wrote him a long letter out here.

When in France we were not far from I. (Do you remember what you said in your letter). I have received one letter from Edith Morgan and from Edith Banks. Ask Edith to hurry up and write again. My address now is 34th Squadron, 51st Wing, R.F.C., B. E. F., Italy. I am afraid leave is a bit of a washout now but I believe we get leave to go to the Riviera which is the beautiful parts of Southern France and Italy.

It has turned very cold here lately. Will you tell Mick I should like some "Abdulla Turkish" cigarettes as I do smoke a little out here (about one or two a day). She asked me in her letter if I wanted some "cigs". Abdulla Turkish are very good but rather expensive - however I like them better than any others.

We are at present in an awful little Italian town but hope to leave any day now. Will close now.

With fondest love. Trev.

PS I have not received any letters since I have been in Italy but I suppose I will have to wait a long time before I get my letters regularly again.

Italy

Tuesday 19th November, 1917.

My dear Mother,

Many thanks for your letters but I have not yet received the parcel of stockings etc but I expect it will come in due course like the letters. Have you received my letter written on hotel paper? I am afraid not because it gave away our situation and would most probably not pass the censor.

We are at present billeted in a school in a very small village and having a very quiet time after being in the largest town in Italy. We are going any day now to our new aerodrome and will be co-operating with British troops - I am glad to say. When we are settled down I will try and write more regularly but have not been able to lately. I am anxiously awaiting a mail because I know that when it does arrive there will be several letters for me and I hope the stockings. I am sorry Norman has not got into the R.F.C. and Ken Brabner, are they taking him in the army? Is Harry Draper still at Crosby? Will you give him my address to write to: 34th Squadron, 51st Wing, R.F.C., B.E.F, Italy.

The weather here is very cold in the morning when we get up at 7.0 am and gets warmer during the day and then cold again at night. We are situated in the plains and in front of us are the Alps which look fine and are covered on the top. I have done very little flying lately.

Will close now hoping you are all well. I am keeping fine. With fondest love, Trev.

No flights are recorded in the log.

In France the Battle of Cambrai is launched by the British Third Army on November 20th, the first battle using tanks en masse. Early outstanding results are followed by successful German counterat-

tacks as the fighting continues into December, by which time the British are back roughly where they started. Each side has incurred 40,000 casualties.

Postcard dated 23rd November, 1917

Italy

My dear Mother,

Just a line to let you know I am quite well. We flew over to here yesterday (another large town) but are only remaining a few days when we will fly to our aerodrome, the final destination. The weather has been changeable but today we have so far had topping sunshine and I have just returned from having coffee and biscuits in the open.

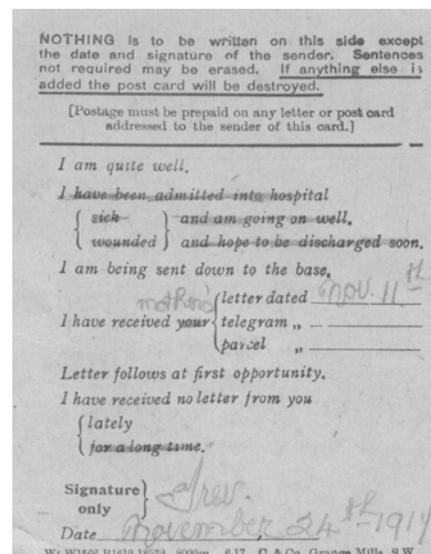
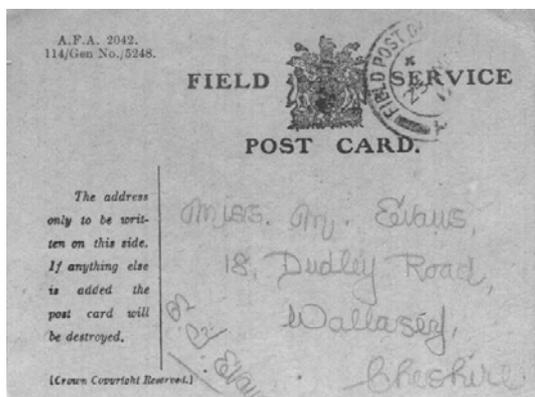
Have had no letters from home for a week but expect them in a bunch any day now. I received letters from Jack Kerruish and Eric Westrup.

How are you all? I hope keeping well. What sort of weather are you having? Will write you nice letters when (??) we get to our aerodrome and settled down.

Fondest love, Trev.

The largest town in Italy mentioned by Trevor is Milan, and the other town very probably Verona. The short stay at Milan Airport is commemorated by a photograph of members of the squadron. Regrettably individuals are not identified.

Pre-printed Field Service postcard to Miss M. Evans, 18 Dudley Road dated 24th November 1917



Postcard dated Monday 26th November, 1917

Italy

My dear Mother,

Many thanks for your letter No. 1. It is a good idea and I will number my letters but not cards. We have been issued with topping flying overalls. A coat and trousers with beautiful fur lining which are beautifully warm. They are combined - the coat with collar and the trousers. We still have our same khaki uniform. Am glad you have seen Leslie Evans and to hear that Ron has got his second pip. Are



*Members of 34 Squadron and some of their Italian comrades-in-arms at Milan Aerodrome
November 1917*

(Trevor does not seem to be present and regrettably no identities are known)

moving to our aerodrome tomorrow. Fondest love, Trev.

Letter to 18 Dudley Road. Opened and resealed by Censor

Italy.

Friday 30th November, 1917

My dear Mick,

Many thanks for your letter of November 8th which I have just received. You will notice it has taken three weeks to find me. I also received a letter from mother and the parcel from Coopers containing the stockings.

I hope to receive more mail whilst here but we will not remain here for more than 10 days, I learn today. We're going still nearer the line but as long as we get settled down before Christmas I do not mind. This will be the first one I have not spent at home and I'm sure I will miss it.

You asked in your last letter if I would like some cigarettes and as we can only get Italian here I should like you to send me out some Abdulla or De Reske. If you send them as soon as possible I may get them for Christmas.

Now to answer your letter. I think I have grown a little since I came out but Ted Dix is much smaller than I. I have not heard from Elsa yet. Will you tell her to hurry up and write. I have had several letters from Eric in France. I had a letter from Edith Banks and from Geoffrey.

I'm sorry that Ken Brabner is still worrying you. When is he joining the army?

Have Hamer Crossley or Douglas Peacock joined up yet? Ha! Ha! Don't make me laugh I have a crack in my lip.

I have not yet been over the lines here. We are in an awful spot miles from nowhere. The village is four miles away.

Well I have very little news Mick but do write often. Are you keeping well now?

With fond love, Trev.

PS Remember me kindly to Ada.

B.E.F.

Saturday 1st December, 1917

My dear Mother,

I was glad to receive your letter yesterday and the parcel from Coopers. The stockings fit fine and I should be glad if you will send me another two pairs as I can do with them.

The weather has gone much colder here. We are moving again to another aerodrome and expect to go the day after tomorrow. It is a nuisance moving such a lot as we only have time to put up the hangars (for the planes) when we have to take them down again and pack them up for the journey. Of course the men do most of the work but we assist and conduct operations.

I was to have visited the lines by air today but it was dud - pouring with rain. The Scout Squadron that works in conjunction with us have today shot down 6 Hun planes and have not lost a machine - jolly good work. I think the R.F.C. in Italy will very shortly (missing)

No.1

B.E.F., Italy

Wednesday 5th December, 1917

My dear Mother,

We were having dinner last night when the mail arrived and I received your letter No. 4 and the newspapers. It is fine reading letters and papers from home out here. There was a great deal in the papers that interested me. I have received your letters numbers 1 and 4 but not 2 and 3 however. I will let you know if they turn up. I am numbering my letters from this one on and the next will be No. 2, whoever it is addressed to at home.

I was very sorry to hear about Edith Morgan's brother.

We heard that they may not take parcels for Italy but so long as I get your letters for Christmas I do not mind. If you address all letters etc to Italy now I think it will be the quickest way.

We are at present near a small village and not far from the line. Our mess is in the village and we are billeted in houses. I have got a bedroom in an Italian restaurant and although you would probably laugh to see it I am very comfortable. Now I have learnt to appreciate all these comforts. My bedroom consists of a bed (which is quite a treat after my camp bed) also a table and wash bowl and a chair.

I have had a topping sleep the two nights I have slept here and it was almost like being in my own bed again at Thoresby.

Well mother dear I have not yet flown over the lines but when we do start I expect it will be in earnest.

We are very close to the mountains and the Huns hold them and must be able to see us and the aerodrome. In fact we expect to be shelled shortly. It was very funny to see our balloons up this side of our line and the Huns in the distance. Our Scout machines have already brought down several Hun balloons in flames.

Well I have no more news but I hope you are receiving my letters as I write frequently. You will be able to tell by the numbering. Are you all keeping well? I am keeping fine.

With fondest love to all. Trev.

P S This is a nice little writing pad Aunty Lizzie sent me.

Edith Morgan's brother is Lt. Henry Richard Morgan, an observer in 7 Squadron and the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry, son of Ebenezer Richard and Elizabeth E. Morgan. He died on November 8th 1917 together with his pilot, Lt. E.S. Livock in an RE8 (B6531). He was aged 28 and is buried at Mendinghem in Belgium.

Trevor has now reached his final destination, the aerodrome at Istrana, about 40 km to the north-west of Venice. It is also referred to on occasion as Montebelluna, a slightly larger village a short