

distance to the north.

A single unattached page of letter, certainly from this period in Italy.

.....it does come will bound to be a big one and I hope to receive the newspapers and the parcel of stockings. I have seen quite a lot of the Prince of Wales and twice had tea in the same restaurant at the next table to him. He is quite young and having the time of his life. He visited our aerodrome this morning and is very keen to fly but is not allowed. I will have a lot to tell you when I get home.

Tomorrow I expect to have my first flight over the front here. Our machines were over the lines today for the first time since France.

You will excuse my not having written to you regularly lately as I have not had a chance but will do so whilst here where we will be for I hope at least three weeks.

For Christmas I should like you to send me a nice pair of hairbrushes and a comb, I cannot get used to the ones I have - they are not good ones and will not brush my hair back.

I had my photo taken out here and will send you it for Christmas.

Hoping all are well, With fondest love, Trev.



B.E.F., Italy

Saturday 8th December 1917

My dear Dad,

I have not written to you for a long time but hope you are keeping well and are not working too much at business. Although we do not get the papers out here I understand that Russia has just about given up and quietly I think before long this country will be pretty well the same - things do not seem too hopeful or at present.

I paid a visit to some British batteries this morning, about a mile from the line, with whom we work in conjunction. It was very fine seeing them in action and I am glad to say we were not shelled by the Bosche. We came back for dinner and this afternoon I did my first line patrol. We got a great deal of "archy" (anti-aircraft) but did not see a Hun machine. They have already been cleared out of the sky.

We have had to move out of our old billets to make room for Infantry officers and are once more sleeping in a large hall which is very dud after a nice civvy bed.

Well dad I have very little news but still I write as often as possible for I know mother gets anxious. Have not had a letter for four days. Am keeping quite OK. With fond love, Trev.

Trevor is back in business.

December 8 th	R.F.8	6484	St. mc. Sharpe	35ms	3,000	Italy (the line)	Extend visit to our line
3-0-3-35	R.F.8	6484	St. mc. Sharpe	35ms	3,000	Aerodrome to Anversa	extended to Anversa
December 9 th	R.F.8	6484	St. mc. Sharpe	1hr30	4,000	Aerodrome to Anversa	ma. Practise Shoot.
10-0-11-30	R.F.8	6484	St. mc. Sharpe	2hrs	4,000	Line - Anversa to Anversa	Found on enemy positions
December 10 th	R.F.8	6484	St. mc. Sharpe	2hrs	4,000	Line - Anversa to Anversa	very accurate or persistent.
11-45-1-45	R.F.8	6484	St. mc. Sharpe	2hrs	4,000	Line - Anversa to Anversa	
December 13 th	R.F.8	6484	St. mc. Sharpe	2hrs	4,000	Line - Anversa to Anversa	

Letter to 18 Dudley Road.

3.

B E F Italy,

Tuesday 10th December, 1917

My dear Mick,

I have just had my tea and am going to write you a few lines but have not much news.

This afternoon I was patrolling the lines for two hours and now after a nice tea I am feeling like a rest but will wait for dinner at 7.30 and then a nice sleep.

By gum Mick, the Hun anti-aircraft here is "hot". The best part of my time during the "line patrol" was spent dodging his shells. He sends simply tons of dirt (as we call it) up at us. I can tell you it is enough to "put the wind up the troops" when you see four shells bursting around you. You see their object is to make a circle round your machine with bursts of shrapnel etc. so that you will fly into one of the bursts.

Well Mick Christmas will soon be here and I trust if (??) we're still in Italy I will be receiving your letters. We have not had a mail from Blighty for nearly a week and I'm fed up with no letters etc.

By the way I forgot to number my letter to dad no. two, did he get it? I was very sorry to read about Edith Morgan's brother. I had one letter from her but have not heard now for a long time.

Would you please send me as soon as possible my Italian grammar book which I think is in my bedroom on the shelf or in the drawer in my room. I had been thinking seriously lately that I will most probably go back to my old firm when the war is over and that it will be very useful to me to return with a knowledge of Spanish and while out here I often have an hour each day I could devote to reading my book. Would you therefore send it by first post? It has a paper cover on it and I know it is at home somewhere and that you will find it.

We have a topping Canadian observer here who plays a banjo. I think of you at the piano when I was home on leave when he plays "Let the great big world etc".

How do you like your night work? I expect you're getting used to it now.

Will close now hoping you are all well. I'm keeping fine as usual. With fondest love

"Pimp" (but that they have all gone-n-o-o)

*"Let the great big world keep turning,
Never mind if I've got you,
For I only know that I love you so
And there's no-one else will do."*



Lt. Sharp, M.C., Trevor's observer on two of his missions at this time, has obviously subjected himself to the skills of the same Veronese photographer too. Is he also the banjo player whom Trevor mentions in such glowing terms?

Jonathan Gumersal Sharp is a Canadian. He was born in 1894 and his home is Toronto where he was a Divinity Student at the University of Toronto. His war history is as follows: after service as an observer in a balloon unit he joined 34 Squadron on 8th June 1917. He will be wounded in Italy on 29th March 1918 and in hospital until 6th May 1918 when he rejoins No.34 Squadron; and finally he will be posted to Home Establishment on 2nd June 1918, to survive the war.

His award of the Military Cross was announced in the London Gazette on 26th September 1917, not long before Trevor joins the squadron, and the following citation will be published on 9th January 1918.

"For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. When on patrol his machine was brought down by an anti-aircraft gun and turned completely over on landing, pinning the pilot underneath. Second Lieutenant Sharp, who had been thrown clear, immediately went to his assistance and pulled him out. They then ran towards the canal, which they swam, and reached our lines in safety. From the moment their machine was hit until they reached our lines they were under continual fire, but both escaped unwounded."

B. E. F. Italy

Thursday December 13th 1917

My dear Father,

I was very pleased to receive your letter last night and also a long letter from Mick. I don't know when you'll get this letter as I hear they have stopped sending our letters out of Italy for the time being.

Yes, we're quite in the hot of things here at present. I was up near the line yesterday visiting batteries when who should speak to me but a General accompanied by the Prince of Wales.

I had not heard of the victory you mentioned but have heard since that we had a reverse on the Western Front.

As you say, the British are holding the Hun and Austrian on this front although they are attacking the French and the Italians on our flanks.

We are experiencing pretty cold weather here at present and the Alps on one side of us are covered with snow - they look beautiful.

Well dad I am keeping fine and hope you are all well at home. Will soon have Christmas with us but am afraid we will hardly notice it here but carry on as usual.

This letter will have to be short as it is time for me to take the air for my two hours "line patrol".

It is very cold today but we have fine flying clothes issued to us and our bodies are as warm as toast in the air.

Write again soon but must get to the 'drome now. Fondest love, Trev.



The victory mentioned may refer to the early successes during the Battle of Cambrai which was started on November 20th; and the reverse to the successful series of counterattacks launched by the Germans as the battle continues into December.

To 18, Dudley Road.

B. E. F. Italy

Saturday December 14th 1917

My dear Mick,

The object to this letter is to wish you a very happy Christmas. I want you to write and tell me all you do but mind you have a really good time. I expect you'll get to the hospital. I remember seeing it decorated last year. Are you decorating it again for the men? I expect so.

I should like to be home for we have such a fine time all together, don't we? However when I do get home we will make up for it and have a really good time.

We do not seem to be thinking about Christmas out here as we are now many miles from a town and cannot buy anything but I expect we will find a turkey or goose in a farm near by.

Well Mick I received your nice long letter of the 22nd November. I'm afraid the weather has changed here and has been extremely cold lately.

I know just a few necessary phrases in Italian but I'm sure you would roar at my efforts to speak the language. I'm afraid that I would not be struck on the nurse who is on night duty with you according to your description and sketch.

It was jolly funny your seeing Alan Mommson but I thought he would have been in the Army by now - I'm sure he is 18. I suppose you did not ask him? Did he know you and raise his hat? By the way Mick have you a nice photo to send me? I have not one out here and should very much like one.

I have no news at present but will write and let you know what we do at Christmas - I expect give the Hun and the Austrian a thick time.

Once again wishing you a very happy Christmas. With fondest love, Trev.

B. E. F. Italy.

Saturday December 15th 1917

My dear Father and Mother,

I'm hoping you receive this letter before Christmas Day. But in any case I will be thinking of you all and hope that you will have a most happy and enjoyable time.

Next year I hope that I will be with you again to decorate the dining room and light the pudding. However when I get my leave we will have to make up for it.

The village in which we are in at present is not near a town so I expect we will "carry on" as much the same as usual over Christmas and the New Year but I will write and let you know all.

On this front I think it is the intention to give the Hun and the Austrian a "hot" time this Christmas and not a sort of Armistice as in previous years.

You were asking me if I needed a great coat but instead we have flying coats which are beautifully warm but I should like you to send me a dozen nice handkerchiefs and three prs. of long socks and two prs. of thick stockings with embroidered tops (not loud). The stockings we use with shoes on, as they are very comfortable off duty instead of puttees.

I have only done six hours over the lines here which has all consisted of patrolling the line. We are going to take photographs and go on long bombing raids.

Will close now, again wishing you a very happy Christmas. With fondest love, Trev.

B. E. F. Italy

Sunday December 16th 1917

My dear Mother,

I'm glad to say the mails are beginning to come more regular now.

Last night whilst in bed (about 10.30) I received two letters from you and the newspapers of 24th November. I was out of bed in a minute and with the aid of a candle read them with much pleasure. You would be surprised how quickly I can get out of bed now - there is no lying in bed in the mornings about me. The other morning I was awakened at 5.30, had a nice cold swill and then breakfast at 6.0 and down to the aerodrome. At 6.50 in semi-darkness I took off and at 7.0 I was patrolling the lines as the sun was rising. I was thinking of you at home when I was keeping an eye on the enemy and any signs of an attack.

Today (Sunday) I did my first "shoot" which I am glad to say was successful and we knocked out 2 enemy gun pits. In case you don't know what a shoot is I will explain as it is my chief work out here.

We go up and by means of signals sent by wireless we conduct the firing of one of our own batteries upon gun emplacements - transport - headquarters etc., etc. of the enemy. We give a correction to our gunners for each shot they fire until they have ranged their guns and then they fire "salvos" i.e. four shells at once until they get our signal OK which denotes that the Hun gun emplacement or whatever the target is, is blown up or what we term "knocked out" and then if our work gets as far as an OK without much interference from archy or enemy aircraft we (the airmen) return feeling very satisfied with our work.

If when we are doing a shoot or a line patrol we see a Hun anti-aircraft (archy) very active, in other words "throwing a lot of shells up at us" we note his position on the map and then arrange with one of our batteries to have a shoot on the "nice gentleman" and blow him up the next day or at least damage him very much.

I hope you can understand now a bit of our work.

Each night after dinner at 9.0 our Flight Commander gives us our orders for the following day. I have just been told that it is my day off tomorrow and that means I go in a tender and visit some of our batteries and talk over about our shoots.

I think I told you on my last visit to a battery I saw the Prince of Wales and General— who spoke to me.

It seems very funny today at 1.30 to 4.0 I was up doing my first shoot when last year at home I would have had dinner and gone to Mr Morelli's Bible class.

I hope you got my letter wishing you all a very happy Christmas. Will close now as I'm feeling very tired after my day's work. With fondest love, Trev.

This is Trevor's record of the first "shoot" which he describes. However there is no record in the log of the early morning mission which he also mentions.

December 16 th	R.F.8	6484	lt adam	2hr.	3,000	Successfull destructive shoot on J
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B.E.F., Italy

Wednesday 19th December, 1917

My dear Mother,

I have practically no news but am writing as I know you will be glad to hear from me. We have only had one fall of snow in the region I am in and it has been very cold, but to date there is a lot of sunshine and it is a really beautiful morning although the mountains in the distance are covered with snow. The mail has been very small the last two days and I have had no letters but I am hoping for the best today and tomorrow.

By the time you receive these few lines you will have spent Christmas Day which I sincerely hope was a very happy one and I will be longing to hear how you spent it and all your doings.

I am writing now just before my early lunch at 12.0 as I am patrolling the lines from 1.30 to 3.15 when I will return for tea at about 4.15 and will have finished my work for the day.

An officer (pilot) of our Flight has come home on leave (special) today as his mother is seriously ill but I am glad that I am out here and all are well at home. I understand that leave is starting from here in the New Year so that I may expect leave about next March. If we were still in France I would have been home next month but leave having been stopped I will have to wait longer but it will soon come round.

I must close now and have my little bit of lunch. With fondest love, Trev.

Trevor's flight today is recorded and also his missions of the following day, the 20th and of Christmas Day. These are the last three flights of his time in Italy which appear in the log book. Are there others which he has not recorded?

December 19 th	R.F.8	6484	lt adam	1hr 10	3,000	Aerodrome - Lungs	Front wind quiet. Engines "dud".
December 20 th	R.F.8	5029	---	40ms	2,500.	---	Weather very "dud".
December 25 th	R.F.8	5029	---	1hr 30	3,500	---	In thick mist at 2,500 became very misty at 8.0 so returned to Chrome

Italy

Wednesday December 26th 1917

My dear Mother,

Today I received your letter (9) and also the parcel which I was jolly glad to receive and for which many thanks to Father, Norah and yourself. It was rather nice, on Christmas Day I received a letter from you and Mr Beale and a card from Dr Sandys. Everything in the parcel was just what I required - the topping Abdullas were very welcome as the Italian cigarettes, like most of the Italians I have seen, are (quietly) "rotten". (Please don't laugh!)

This evening I have just had a nice wash and then a brush with the hairbrushes you sent - they are a real treat after the ones I have been using. Am I to consider them as my own now? I quite expected when I saw the new case they were in that they would be new brushes. It was jolly kind of dear old dad to give them to me as I know how keen he is on them but you know now that every time I will use them it will make me feel clean and smart.

I think the letter I sent must have got lost as nearly a month ago I wrote saying I had received the parcel of stockings.

Now I must tell you of my doings on the 25th. I was up at 6.30 in the dark to have my "brekker" consisting of a cup of tea, two eggs and bread and butter. I went to the 'drome and went up in my "bus" to see what the weather was like but being very cloudy low down I washed out my "shoot" and came down, returned to my billet, had a nice wash and change and read the mail I received and then assisted in decorating our mess with holly and pictures and really it was topping when finished and quite home-like. In the afternoon (weather very dud) we conducted sports for the men and in the evening after quite a good meal we attended a Concert given by the men.

Although the weather was very dud on Christmas Day in the early morning our Scout machines flew over and gave the Bosche a real strafing (all details when I come home) but this morning the Bosche retaliated with 40 machines and bombed our aerodrome. I am sorry to say we lost some of our men but the material damage was very little but thanks to the R.F.C. he (the Bosche) returned to his 'drome less 13 machines. I think that will teach him a lesson for the time being. I will have a great deal to tell you all when I come home.

Leave has commenced but will go very slowly as we are such a way from Blighty but DV I will get leave most probably in under three months time now.

By the way is my propeller up in my bedroom yet?

With regard to presents - Christmas and birthday - it is impossible for me to get a nice present and send it to you as I should have liked to have done but when I come home I will then be able to buy you a nice gift that will be useful.

I had my photo taken out here but they are really a washout and I do not intend to send one home but will keep them until I come home. I should like you to send me still more socks (the pair you sent in my parcel are fine) and a pad of notepaper and envelopes - small sheet of paper in the pad.

Will close now for bed as I am doing a shoot at 9.0 in the morning. The weather Christmas Day and today has been extremely cold and very dull clouds. We expect heavy snow very shortly. I understand it is usual to have thick snow all through January.

With fondest love, Trev.

There is an interesting story behind Trevor's brief mention of a retaliatory attack on the aerodrome. The events of Christmas Day and Boxing Day 1917 at Istrana are related in a biography of a Canadian ace in 28th Squadron, William "Billy" Barker V.C., M.C., D.S.O., (1894 - 1930). The normal function of Barker and his colleagues is to provide fighter escort for Trevor's squadron and others when they are carrying out their reconnaissance and spotting duties.

"On Christmas Day Barker, Hudson and another pilot decided to send seasonal greetings to the Austrians at nearby Motta Aerodrome. On a large piece of cardboard they wrote the message "To the Austrian Flying Corps from the English RFC, wishing you a Merry Xmas". They then proceeded to fly across the field wing-tip to wing-tip firing their incendiary Buckingham bullets into the open doors of the hangars. Soon the planes and hangars were burning fiercely. They swooped around and shot up the air-raid trenches where the mechanics and some of the pilots were trying to hide. They killed 12 and wounded many others. The trio made it back to their base at Istrana and quietly convinced the mechanics to patch the bullet holes, as unauthorized flying had been banned by the British commander.

"As the few days around Christmas were traditionally considered to be a truce, this action quite angered the Austrian commander. After a day of drinking and brooding the Austrians headed out on a reprisal attack on Boxing Day. Of course, the pilots were pretty much sodden with alcohol and should have been sleeping it off. Most were still drunk when at 8 am they were roused to avenge the insult. The Austrians couldn't even maintain position in the air and became dispersed. The British AA gunners spotted them a long way off and proceeded to fire on them. An eyewitness reported:

'I could hardly believe my eyes. About five miles away, flying at all heights between 500 and 3,000 feet was the most heterogeneous collection of aircraft I have ever seen. Making no attempt to keep together, but on the contrary widely scattered, thirty or forty Austrian machines were slowly approaching us ... Every few hundred yards one would drop its bombs and make for home. Finally, about twenty reached the aerodrome and bombed it. After bombing the aerodrome they did not go straight back, but becoming more dispersed they wandered all over the country at about 1,000 feet'.

"Barker was awakened by the air-raid alarm and the whole squadron jumped to their Camels. A flight of 22 Austrians were mistakenly bombing a nearby airfield when 29 Sqdn and some Italian planes intercepted them. A large melee ensued with the resulting loss of 12 Austrian aircraft, one by Barker. Six enemy machines came down all around Istrana aerodrome. There was no report of any damage done to the aerodrome."

The eye witness mentioned above was in fact a pilot of 34 Squadron and thus a comrade of Trevor's. Unfortunately he has not been identified. His description of the event continues as follows:

"Our squadron was not operating at all that day and only the squadron commander and a few clerks had gone the aerodrome. The remainder of the squadron was in the village about one and a half miles away. About 11 a.m. I started to walk to the aerodrome. About half way there I noticed that our anti-aircraft guns were firing. This was a most unusual occurrence, and when I looked to see what the target was, I could hardly believe my eyes. About five miles away, flying at all heights between 500 and 3000 feet, was the most heterogeneous collection of aircraft I have ever seen. Making no attempt to keep together, but, on the contrary, widely scattered, thirty or forty Austrian machines were slowly approaching us. Nearer and nearer they came. Every few hundred yards one would drop its bombs, and make for home. Finally about twenty reached the aerodrome and bombed it. After bombing the aerodrome they did not go straight back but becoming more dispersed they wandered all over country at about 1000 feet. When I arrived at our aerodrome I found that seven had fallen among our hangars and every machine had been hit. The damage was however trivial, and within one and a half

hours all were serviceable. The Italian squadron on the aerodrome had not been so fortunate, for although only one bomb had fallen amongst them, it had set a hangar on fire and destroyed two machines. We treated the raid lightly and thought no more of it.

“An amusing sequel lay in store for us. After lunch I and another officer set out to the corps head-quarters at Fanzolo for tea. It was about six kilometres away. As we climbed into a field over a hedge near C. Gritti Rizzi, we were astounded to see an Austrian machine there, with the pilot apparently dead in his cockpit. On approaching it we heard snores and found that the pilot was merely asleep. His machine gun was loaded so we pointed it at him and awakened him. We talked to him in Italian, but finding that he talked perfect English, carried on our conversation in our own tongue. He soon realized his position and became quite affable. All that he remembered was that he had had a very good Christmas dinner at his squadron, and had put ten officers to bed at about 7 that morning. He himself had just got into bed when an order had come from Army headquarters at Vittorio that every serviceable aeroplane in the Army was to be loaded up with bombs immediately and proceed to bomb the aerodromes across the Piave by way of reprisal. The machine he had taken had not been filled up with petrol, and after forty minutes he had been forced to land. He had sent his mechanic to steal some petrol, hoping still to escape. We took him to corps head-quarters where we learned that five other machines had landed south of the Piave and several of the pilots were ‘not quite sober’”.

One history of this raid states that it was in retaliation for the bombing by 42 Squadron of an Austrian aerodrome at San Felice on December 15th and 16th and makes no mention of Barker's exploits. Trevor's comment however indicates that it might very well have been this example of unauthorised “derring-do” which sparked off the Austrians' ill-planned, undisciplined and ultimately suicidal operation.

The casualties resulting from the raid and mentioned by Trevor are not referred to in the above descriptions but the records show the death on that day of Sgt. Charles William Henry Roberts 34 Sqdn. at Istrana as the result of an enemy bombing raid. He was 26 and came from Swindon. Since Trevor mentions “losses” one must assume that other squadron ground staff suffered injuries.

Preprinted Field Service postcard to Miss M Evans, 18 Dudley Road.

I'm quite well.
Letter follows at a first opportunity.
I have received no letter from you lately.
Trev.

Date: 28th December, 1917

34th Squadron,
B.E.F., Italy

Saturday 29th December, 1917

My dear Dad,

Have just had some delightful news that means I will be returning to Blighty next month possibly shortly after you receive this letter.

My flight commander told me that I am more fitted for a Scout Pilot and that they have decided for

me to go home to fly Scouts with the possibility of first instructing new pilots. If all goes well I will be home in about a fortnight before starting my new work and almost certain to get a little leave.

As a matter of fact I am not keen on flying Scouts but I am lying low on that point at present and when once I get home will see if I can't "wangle" an instructor's job.

The weather has been very dud the last two days and I have not been up. We have had a fall of snow (six inches deep) and it looks as if we will have more before long. It is very cold flying.

I have been receiving a number of letters lately and received mother's 10th last night. There is another mail coming in tonight. Have no more news so will close now.

With fond love to all, Trev.

PS Am enclosing a letter I received from "old Joe".

Italy

Monday 31st December, 1917

My dear Mick,

You will receive these few lines in record time as they will be posted in Blighty by one of our officers who is going on leave. I do not expect that Father has received the letter I sent telling you that very probably I will be coming home in January to fly Scouts. Won't it be great if I come home on leave and then remain in England for a few months.

I might tell you Mickie, quietly, that although I have not been out quite three months I have seen and experienced all the warfare I want to.

Won't we have a topping time if it comes off and I get my leave. I have not heard any more than I have told you in father's letter but am hoping for the best. Many thanks for your letter of the 13th. I roared over your "guess again and guess something about a penny". The cigarettes I received in the parcel are great. I have received the newspapers and mother's letters 8, 9, 10 and 11. The mails are coming much better now. Tell Norah to hurry up and write as I have not heard from her for a long time.

Will close now, wishing you all a very happy New year and hoping to be home soon.

With fond love, Tiny, I mean, Trev.

B.E.F., Italy

Friday January 4th 1918

My dear Mother,

I was glad to receive your letter No. 12 last night but was surprised to hear you had no letter from me for a week because the longest I have ever missed sending a postcard or letter is four days.

As I mentioned in Norah's letter yesterday I have stopped flying and am waiting for my orders any day to return to England. I will get a little leave and then spend at least another six weeks learning to fly a new machine including another course at Turnberry.

It has been a beautiful day today. A beautiful sun and clear sky but fairly cold. We had some very cold weather which we have felt when flying.

I sincerely hope that I shall be much nearer home when you see these few lines – won't it be fine to be home again? Have no news except that I am quite well and hope you all are at home.

With fondest love, Trev.

B.E.F., Italy

January 8th 1918

My dear Mother,

I received a lovely mail last night consisting of your letter (No. 13) and the newspapers, a letter from Jack Poole from "Park View" also the autograph letter from Norah. Please thank Norah for the nice idea - I will keep the letter in my pocket book for luck.

Yes it was jolly decent of the old firm to give me a present - I will have quite a little account there (I am afraid more little than quite - try not to laugh at this attempt of a "pun"). I am afraid mother dear I must again inform you that Mr Frank is not my "nice Mr Frank". Mr George is my friend! I do hope dad has had a chance to get over the bad cold he has had. I have heard nothing further about my coming home but have still great hopes of being home before the end of the month.

So poor old Ken is in the R.N.A.S.! I am very glad to hear it as he will have a much more soft time in that than any other branch of the forces. I forgot to mention I also heard from him in the lovely mail I have told you of at the commencement of this letter. What a pity Ted should come home with his face broken out. When I saw him in France he had a beautifully clear face and looked fine.

For the first time since I've been out I got the chance of a service on Sunday last (Epiphany). A fine old padre came along and we had a C. of E. service in a long hall (once a cinema in this awful little village). He gave us a fine sermon - "As of gladness men of old", "Eternal Father" and "Fight the good fight" - it bought back to me a lot of old remembrances. The next service I am at, I hope will be at Emmanuel. I wonder if my prophecy will come true. I said to dad at Victoria station when leaving "I will be home again in January to celebrate Mother's birthday".

I told you in another letter that the photo I had taken in Italy is not good. I have not sent it but will keep it in my case for when I come home.

The weather has been very dud the last two days - no flying. It is extraordinary weather here, we had a beautifully warm day with a clear sky then it clouded over and snowed very thick.

Goodbye now and let a chap have a sleep. With fondest love, Trev.

PS I am in the pink

B.E. F. Italy

Friday January 11th 1918

My dear Mother,

I received another large mail last night - 6 letters - but it means I have a lot to keep me busy in reply-

ing for the next few days.

You will by this time have heard the topping news of my coming home any day now. I am expecting to hear any moment now and then will take five days to reach London. However I am not worrying as we are doing very little flying lately owing to the weather. We have had a downfall of snow and it is intensely cold in the air.

Yes, I had seen the enclosed out of the Bystander. We get the Sketch, Sphere, Tatler, Bystander and Punch sent out every week.

I have received the three pairs of stockings you have sent me but am still waiting for the last pairs you mention in your letter just to hand. No I do not mention very much about my work but I am keeping it all for when we are round the fire in dear old "Thoresby".

Well mother dear I feel quite an old soldier now having been in khaki a year and going on for four months active service. I have certainly seen more of the world and life etc. in 1917 than any other year.

So you are anxious to see Italy after the war. It is certainly a fine country but have not seen the cities I should have liked to viz. Rome, Naples, Florence etc.

Will close now. With fondest love, Trev

PS Remember me kindly to Ada! I have not yet received the handkerchiefs Norah said Ada was sending me.

Telegram to Evans, 18 Dudley Road, Wallasey from Salisbury, 30th January 1918

Arrived safely address 108 Squadron Lakedown Salisbury Love Trevor

Postcard dated 2nd February 1918

Lake Down

My dear Mother,

Just a line of to say I hope to be home on leave on Monday. The weather here has been miserable - raining all day long. I am doing nothing here at present as I said in my letter to dad. Hoping all are well, fond love, Trev.

Postcard dated 11th February 1918

108 Squadron,
Lake Down

Dear Mother,

Arrived here safely this morning. There is no word of my board yet! I am living in hopes but have nothing to do in the meanwhile. I hope you have a very happy birthday and only wish I were at home. Do not forget to look out for the chair that is to be your birthday gift from me, will you? Am feeling well but already very fed up with this spot.

With fondest love, Trev

Royal Flying Corps,
Lake Down

February 18th 1918

My dear Mother,

Very many thanks for your letter and parcel of washing received this morning.

Do not laugh when I tell you I spent the weekend at Bournemouth. I went down on Friday night and had all day Saturday and Sunday morning there. It was glorious on Sunday morning and the promenade was crowded with visitors.

I am glad you have chosen a nice chair for my present to you and I will square up with dad for the amount plus the £4-15-9 I already owe you i.e. if dad comes up to London tomorrow. I have not heard yet if dad will be able to run up to town but I hope so.

I saw the cushion that Norah and Mick gave you for your birthday. Keep the chair wrapped up as I may (????) be home before long to give it to you.

I will be in London on Tuesday and Wednesday. With fondest love and hoping all are well. Trev.

It is unclear what events occurred over the following days which saw Trevor travelling to mid-Wales.

Meanwhile the Germans have gained air superiority over The Somme. German strength on the Western Front in March stands at some 730 aircraft (including 326 fighters), whilst the R.F.C. face it with 579 aircraft (including 261 fighters). Opposite the French, the Germans have an additional 367 aircraft; the French some 2000.

Nannau,
Dolgelley,
North Wales

Sunday 3rd March 1918.

My dear Mother,

You will have been waiting some time to hear from me but I was too late to catch the post here on Saturday when I arrived and there was no post today.

I travelled down as far as Llangollen with a New Brighton gent, one Mr Lodge by name of Grove Road and I arrived at Llangollen prompt at 5.10 to meet one perfectly good RAMC captain at the station. There were four other officers besides myself and we were conveyed by motor car to the hospital which is situated three miles from the small village of Dolgelley, right up in the hills. The hospital is a beautiful large house not unlike the Cenacle but larger and beautifully furnished and has only been used as a hospital about three weeks. As far as I can see it is absolutely money for jam. We have breakfast at 9.0, lunch at 1.0, tea at 5.0 and dinner at 7.45. We have the whole day to ourselves but have to be in to all meals.

I am in a ward with three other officers - the two captains and a "second loot" - there are also two vacant beds in the ward. I went to bed at 9.30 last night as I was rather tired and at 10.15 the sister

brought me a glass of hot milk with something in - one of the officers said he thought it was Sanatogen but whatever it was it was very nice. At 8.0 this morning I was awakened with a cup of tea brought by a very nice nurse, after which I got up, washed and was down for breakfast at 9.0. At 11.0 a.m. I had a nice hot cup of chocolate.

Now for things in general. The hospital is owned by Mrs Vaughan the wife of a Brigadier General. She is a very nice lady and is about the hospital. The sisters and nurses are very nice but are all ancient - you understand me better perhaps if I say "stricken with years". The hospital is beautifully situated up in the hills and stands in its own grounds. It has accommodation for 50 officers but at present there are only 36 of us. For recreation there are plenty of nice walks and about two miles away there is a stream and a small lake where there is trout fishing. There is also shooting and I think that I will get more shots at rabbits before long.

It is very quiet here and I am sure the rest will do me good. Unfortunately it is very cold here – there has been a downfall of snow but it is mostly cleared away now.

When you send my clean shirt would you please send me my house slippers for they all use them here. You will find them in my valise, they are in the top or the bottom of it.

Well mother dear will close now hoping to hear from you soon. Am already feeling better for my convalescence.

With fond love to all. Trev

PS We have a billiard table here so I am alright.

Nannau Hall is listed as a neurological hospital. Such hospitals are intended for cases needing special but not prolonged treatment. Its use as a hospital will be counted in months rather than years and it will revert to a family home after the end of hostilities.

Nannau Hall is an elegant 18th century house which at the time of Trevor's stay is part of a large estate. It can trace its origins back to the 12th century and is thought to be the fifth house on the estate. The Vaughan/Vaughn family's links to the estate also stretch back to its establishment. At some later stage the hall will be sold and its use 87 years later will be unclear although one report from 1986 will suggest that its fate is to be split into apartments and a restaurant.

On this day the Bolsheviks finally sign a peace treaty with Germany and Russia is out of the war. This releases 70 divisions for use on the Western Front before the U.S. Army appears there in force.

Postcard dated 6th March 1918

Nannau,
Dolgelley

Dear Dad,

Just a line to let you know I am already feeling the benefit of my rest. It was much warmer today here. I went a short walk this afternoon and the scenery was beautiful. I am very happy here and have plenty of billiards. Have not had a line from home yet! Have you purchased my War Bonds yet?

Trusting all are well, Trev

Nannau,
Dolgelley

7th March 1918

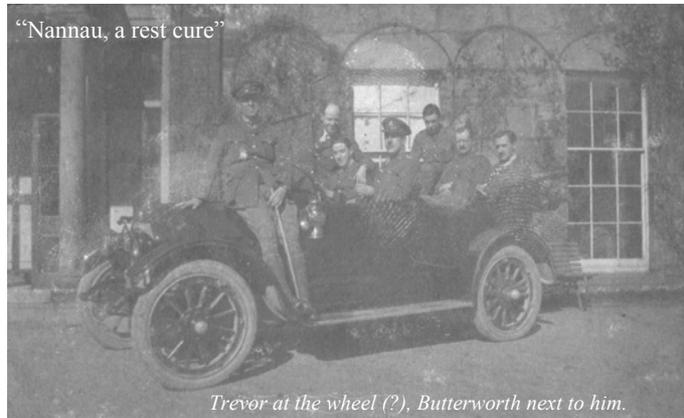
My dear Mother,

I was very pleased to receive your nice long letter this morning together with Auntie Lizzie's and am now awaiting the parcel containing my clean shirt.

Now I will answer some of your questions. Yes, I have seen the owner, Mrs Vaughan. She has all her meals with us and is very chatty. The dining room is a fair size room with seven tables in (small ones) and we sit round about six at a table for each meal. The meals of very nice but we do not get large helpfuls - possibly I am increasing my appetite. My fellow invalids are on the whole quite a nice lot - some of them really do look ill but I can safely say I look a "picture of health" to the majority - at least I have been told so.

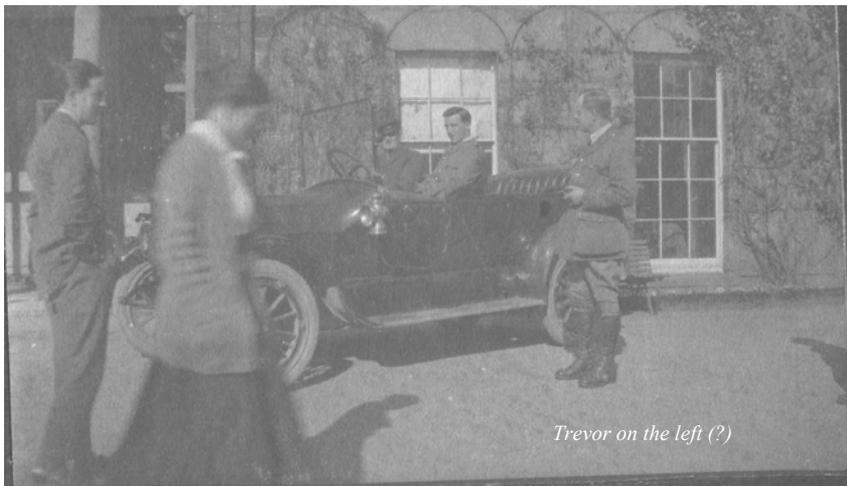
The weather here has been warm and topping for strolls in the evening but during the daytime has been very windy.

I went down to the town of Dolgelley with several others the other afternoon (three miles all downhill) and we went to the Royal Ship Hotel - the only place to go to for tea. There was no rationing for us and we had tea, bread-and-butter (plenty) and jam also some fresh caught salmon and then an egg for 2/6 - absolutely money for jam. Then we had a car (hired) back to our ho- (I nearly said Hydro - Ha! Ha!). I am going down to Dolgelley again this afternoon.



Do you mean that I had better "sport" a new pair of house slippers?

Will close now hoping to hear dad is much better in health. With fondest love to all. Trev.



Nannau,
Dolgelley

8th March, 1918.

My dear Norah,

Was very pleased to receive your letter this morning. When is mother sending my clean shirt? Possibly she has sent it but I have not yet received it.

Now with regard it to the Barmouth "touch". I think if we are going to have nice weather and it does look promising it will be fine for you all to come to Barmouth but I have put in for a transfer to a hospital at Maghull, 25 minutes run in the train from Liverpool and I think there is a good chance of my getting it. In that case it will be better for you to stay at home as I will get home for Easter in the day time and we could all have a good time together. Write me by return and let me know what you think! I will know early next week if I am to be transferred.

Thanks for the message from Violet. I have already written to her saying I was sorry not to have seen her before I returned.

I am hoping Father is now much better.

No, the house I went to and frightened the maids was near Catterick, not at Grantham where Jimmy is.

I will be thinking of you in the Adelphi tomorrow afternoon.

O-O-Over there, Oh! Oh! Oh! Over there. Goodbye now dearie. With fond love to all, Trev.

American cultural influences are making themselves felt:

*Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there—
That the Yanks are coming,
The Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming
Ev'rywhere.
So prepare, say a pray'r,
Send the word, send the word to beware.
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over
Over there.*

Nannau,
Dolgelley

Monday 11th March, 1918

My dear Mother,

Many thanks for your letter and parcel received. As you say my slippers will last me quite a long time yet. I am glad to hear that dad is now feeling better.

Yesterday afternoon (Sunday) and the week before I have acted as sidesman at a little country church about a mile from here and yesterday the parson asked me to his home for tea. It was very nice.

Yesterday morning I went with another “sub” to the lake about one-and-a-half miles from here and we got a small punt out of the boathouse and had a fine row all morning and returned to lunch feeling A1.

I am still waiting to hear if my transfer to Maghull has come through. I am very much hoping it will.

The weather has changed here and it looks as if we are going to have a lot of rain.

Will finish now but will write more next time. Fondest love to all, Trev.

Postcard dated 13th March 1918

Nannau,

Wednesday

My dear Mick,

Many thanks for your letter. I am feeling fine but have no news of my transfer. Please excuse this postcard as it is a glorious afternoon like summer and I am going a long walk. Hoping all are well. Fond love. Trev.

Nannau,
Dolgelley

Saturday 16th March 1918

My dear Mother,

I was expecting a letter from you yesterday but it did not come until this morning.

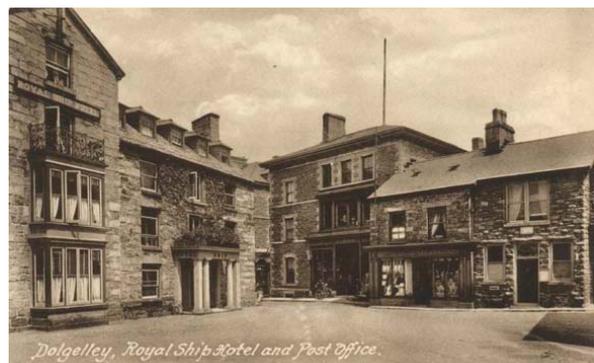
I am feeling a little better now. Yesterday afternoon I went rowing on the lake. A friend took a snap of me and the punt and I think it will turn out all right, judging from the negative.

How fine Jack being home for, let us hope, a long time. I will drop him a line.

There are several officers here who came from Maghull to start this hospital and they tell me I would get home very often from there so would have a nice happy time and yet would keep regular hours (sleep). However I have not heard yet and is quite probable I will remain here at any rate for a time.

Poor “Fatty” will be very sorry about Eric not coming home - convey to her my heartfelt sympathy – bow-wow.

Now mother what do you think about coming to Barmouth. I have not been there yet but except for the pretty scenery I am told there is nothing. It is very quiet and no visitors. Then it is 40 minutes train journey from here and not many trains - a single line. If you have decided you would like to come let me know how many rooms to get and I will go and book them at a nice place at Barmouth. I don't think you would care to stop at the Royal Ship Hotel, Dolgelley as the village is not nice but



the country round about I am sure you would like and then it would be much handier for me to come down and meet you. "Nannau" stands right up in the hills (800 ft above sea level) and the village is in the valley two and-a-half miles away.

I will be going to Church tomorrow afternoon. I am going boating again this afternoon.

What you think of the enclosed photos of "Nannau" and the entrance? Hoping dad is well, I will close.

With fond love, Trev.

PS Do not forget to let me know what you have decided about Easter!



Nannau,
Dolgellau

Wednesday 20th March, 1918.

My dear Mother,

Was so pleased to receive your letter this morning. I do hope you and dad are feeling better now.

No, it is not "nerves" that I am suffering from but a really bad cold in my throat and body. I will get into a hot bed and get a dose of quinine from the sister tonight and try and get rid of it. I was feeling fine and as I told you before looked the healthiest in the hospital until I got this wretched cold but I hope to get rid of it soon. Has dad decided where he is going to? If he is near London I will be able to see him.

I expect to get my orders for London one day next week and would try to go via Liverpool so as to call home on my way if only for an hour or two.

When next you see Mrs McKinlay will you ask her for Norman's address? I think he has left Hastings. Fancy when I last saw Norm. he was in civvies and it was 14 months ago.

I am afraid the enclosed snaps have not printed clearly but I am sending them for you to see.

It has been very misty yesterday and today so I would not have gone out had I felt well. So will close.

With fondest love, Trev.

Lion Hotel,
Barmouth

Thursday 21st March 1918

My dear Dad,

I hope these few lines will find you feeling much better. I have just got over a bad cold and came to Barmouth for the first time this morning, with a friend. It is a beautiful day. We have just had a very nice dinner - no rations - and are now going a perfectly good walk along the front complete with blue bands.

I hear you are going away this weekend for rest and hope you will come home feeling much stronger and better.

When I get to London will you try and arrange a weekend with me as I will have the whole day to myself?

Thank Norah for her letter which came this morning!

Will close now as my friend is waiting to go for a walk. Let me know where you are going for rest.

With fond love, Trev.

The blue bands mentioned are blue armbands worn to denote invalid or convalescent servicemen.

Far away from the peace of mid-Wales, today the Germans launch their offensive on the Western Front, an attempt at a knock-out blow. By nightfall 17 RFC squadrons are forced to evacuate airfields in danger of being overrun by oncoming enemy forces. The Germans attack at the junction of the French and British forces in north-east France and hope to advance along a 50 mile front from Arras to St. Quentin and La Fere. The British Fifth Army collapses in confusion but the Third withdraws across the Somme in good order. By March 27th the Germans have advanced 40 miles and are threatening Amiens. Exhaustion, increasing British and French reinforcements and constant low level attacks by R.F.C. and R.N.A.S. squadrons finally halt the attack 10 miles to the east of Amiens at the village of Villers-Bretonneux. On April 5th the Germans call a halt, realising that a decisive victory along the Somme is not going to be achieved. The losses to the British and French are some 240,000 and the German losses are similar.

On April 1st the Royal Air Force is created, the world's first dedicated air force.

Quarry Brooke,
Maghull

Thursday

My dear Mother,

I hope you have quite got rid of your cough now. You will be glad to know I will be home for the weekend, it is a pity the weather has changed more especially as it will not help our army in France in pushing the Bosche back. I see the Huns are only 14 miles from Amiens. I had several good "feeds" there last year but then the Huns were a long way off.

I have just written a letter to dad. By the post this morning I received a letter from Jack and Harry forwarded on from "Nannau". I am glad I am not there with weather like this.

This afternoon I hope to meet Norah and Mick in town and tomorrow I think I will stay here and will come over to New Brighton on Saturday afternoon. Will my washing be ready for me then?

It is very nice here but my bed is not near so comfortable as my last.

Goodbye-e for the time mother dear and a happy Easter. Fondest love, Trev.

It appears that Trevor has been transferred to a hospital much nearer home to continue his convalescence. It is perhaps for this reason that the normal correspondence seems to have lapsed during April and May. Apart from the note above, the only record of his stay at Maghull is a picture of three of his fellow patients.



Trevor's caption for this photo tells us that it shows Lts. Smith and Hall. Lt. Hall is second left and the haunted looking RFC pilot at extreme left may be Lt. Smith. The fourth officer is unidentified.

April 9th: the Germans open their second attack on the Western Front, this time against the British First and Second Armies and in the direction of the Channel ports. They advance from Neuve-Chappelle on a 12 mile front and progress five miles whilst in a parallel attack a 30 mile breach is made in the British line near Messines. The British resistance is desperate. The German drive is halted near the Lys river and by the end of April their attempt to reach the ports will be seen to have failed. Each side will have lost some 100,000 men.

April 21st: Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the leading German air ace, is shot down and killed. He is buried with full military honours by the British. His command is taken over by another German ace, Hermann Goering.

May 19/20th: Germany mounts its largest (and ultimately last) aircraft raid on Britain, killing 49 and injuring 177 people.

May 23rd: Trevor celebrates his twentieth birthday.

May 27th: the Germans launch their third offensive aimed to prevent the French from reinforcing the British in northern France whom they are planning to attack again. Their force comprises 44 divisions attacking 12 Allied, of whom three are British. Early success leads to their extending the attack in the direction of Paris which is 80 miles distant. French resistance, reinforced by the presence of U.S. Divisions, halts the German advance of some 20 miles by June 4th. Losses amount to some 125,000 for each side.

June 9th: the fourth German offensive is launched with the aim of uniting two salients formed in earlier attacks in the Amiens and Aisne-Marne sectors. French and American resistance again thwarts this attempt by June 13th.

In this period at Maghull Trevor obviously spends some time at home and it is probable that some of the photographs showing him with members of the family and other friends date from this time.

He is seen with his mother and father and an unknown friend, the father gazing at his only son:

And in a happy group comprising Eric Westrup, himself and "Bill Hall" who must be the Lt. Hall photographed at Maghull and is presumably being entertained at "Thoresby":



And with others, who will probably remain forever unidentified:



From 10th June Trevor starts to keep a diary, most probably at the behest of Marjorie. This appears to coincide with the end of his stay at Maghull Hospital. He maintains this until early 1919. Most of the entries contain information which is repeated in more detail in the letters home. However it also contains descriptions of those events which for obvious reasons are not covered by the letters, namely leaves at home. The diary starts with an entry for 10th June, 1918.

Went to Liverpool in the morning and had a game of billiards with Campbell. Had lunch with family at State. Afternoon went to Mrs Byways for tea with mother. Evening went on pier with Range and also dad a for a short time. Saw Eric and Geoff on pier.

Tuesday 11th June.

Got 9.40 train to Euston from Lime Street. Mother, father and Mick saw me off...

White Hart Hotel,
Salisbury

Wednesday 12th June.

My dear Mother,

I have reported at my depot here and have been posted to 14 T. D. Squadron at Lake Down and am now awaiting a tender to convey me there. I am very fed at the idea of returning to Lake Down as it is an awful place.

The Squadron I was with before, viz: 108th, are going to France on the 23rd of this month as a bombing Squadron. What a treat I have missed?? I think I would prefer that to returning to the plain!

I have just arrived at the Squadron and will finish this letter. We are quartered in tents and I am sharing a tent with another officer. Will write and let you know what machines we will be flying etc. in a day or two when I find my feet - so to speak!

Well mother dear I went to the tailors in London yesterday and they are going to make my tunic quite OK and send it home about the end of the week. I also went to Cox's and it appears they received a wire to say I was killed in a flying accident. It turned out to be another E. T. Evans. They are adjusting my account and there is about £50 to go to my credit. In the evening I had dinner with Mr Holt and his son and then we went to the Coliseum which was quite good. I caught the 8.50 train from Waterloo this morning and arrived at Salisbury at 11.15 and reported at 11.45.

Will close now hoping you are having a nice rest. Remember me to all and hope they are having a nice holiday. Do write soon mother dear. With fondest love, Trev.

The other E.T. Evans is Edward Tilney Evans, 2nd Lt., R.F.C. who died on 19th February 1918.

14 Training Depot Station,
Lake Down, Salisbury

13th June, 1918

My dear Mother,

I hope you enjoyed your few days' stay at Mold with Auntie Maggie. I am quite OK but frankly fed up with Salisbury Plain. When I am put on a place like this with nothing to do (comparatively speaking) and miles from anywhere I get very homesick and want to be home again with you all.

Tomorrow I have been detailed to go with the tenders and lorries of 108 Squadron to Kenley near Croydon where they are mobilising prior to going overseas. I am leaving here at 7.30 in the morning and will sleep at Kenley tomorrow night and return here on Saturday.

I understand you are returning home on Saturday.

Will you give my love to Auntie Maggie and them all. Am anxiously waiting to hear from you. Have no news to tell you of. Do write as often as you can.

Trusting you are all well, with fondest love, Trev.

PS I am in need of notepaper and envelopes, this is all we have here.

14 Training Depot Station,
Lake Down,
Salisbury

Sunday 16th June, 1918.

My dear Mother,

Was very pleased to receive your letter and Mick's this morning.

I did not return from my little job to Kenley, Croydon until 10.0 p.m. last night. It was quite "bonne" leaving here on a big lorry at 7.45 on Friday morning and we went via Winchester, Guildford, Sutton and Croydon to our destination arriving at 4.0 p.m.

I managed to get to London Friday evening just for a good meal at the Strand Palace and a sleep at the Waldorf, complete in combinations. I returned to Kenley early on Saturday morning and we started our return journey at 11.0 a.m. with one lorry and one tender and as I was in charge we returned along the Portsmouth Road and had tea at Southsea and then on to Salisbury via Winchester. We had a nice dinner in Salisbury consisting of bacon and eggs etc and then home.

However this morning I got up feeling really rotten. All day I have had the shudders and felt groggy. There are at least a dozen others in the mess who feel just the same, coughing and sneezing and we put it down to "Botulism" (??) I am going to bed right away after writing to you and will no doubt be better in a day or two.

Am glad you enjoyed your few days at "The Nook".

There are quite a nice crowd of officers here (about 200). We have no machines in our Squadron yet and I understand it will be at least four months before we will be ready to go overseas as a bombing squadron on D.H.9s, a very big machine but one of our very fastest (130 mph).

Will close now, with fondest love to all, Trev.

PS My pen writes beautifully. I bought a large bottle of Swan Ink for it.

Excerpt from the diary:

Friday 21st June.

Up at 8.30 for breakfast. Applied for leave and got 48 hours. Left Salisbury by 12.48, Waterloo 3.0. Left Euston 3.50, Liverpool 9.15. Norah father and mother met me. Went home by New Brighton boat and W D car. In bed at 12.0

Saturday 22nd June.

Morn went first to the food office and then to Liverpool with Mick and mother. Had coffee with Reg and Smith at Kardomah. Afternoon played pills with dad at the Queen's Hotel. Evening called for Mick at hospital and we all went to Winters. Bed at 12.0

Sunday 23rd June.

Up at 10.0 for breakfast. Mother, Mick, dad and I went to Church at 11.0 and on the prom. Afterwards Geoff Reg and Smith became for lunch. Went on pier in the afternoon and after tea. Geoff came for tea and he and mother and dad saw me off at 10.0 to London.

Lake Down, Salisbury

Monday June 24th 1918

My dear Mother,

It was a rather tiring journey last night down to Euston and we arrived at 3.30 this morning - one and three quarter hours before time! Wilkinson, the chap who travelled with me, has travelled often before by the same train and it always gets in at least an hour before it is due. However, there was a car waiting at Euston to drive us wherever we wanted to go and we went to the Alexandra Club for Officers next to Victoria station where we were able to get a nice breakfast of bacon and eggs at 4.0 in the morning and then we had a rest until 5.30 when he got the tube to Waterloo and I got the 6.10 to Salisbury arriving at 9.36.

I had another breakfast in Salisbury and was afterwards lucky to get a ride up to our aerodrome in a big lorry. I reported my return from leave at 11.30 a.m. and everything was OK. During the absence of an officer I have been given the job of O/C Aeroplane Repair Section which keeps me a little busier but I may not get off for the Squadron holiday on Wednesday which is rather a washout.

I found dad's letter waiting for me when I got back for which please thank him.

I am feeling rather tired today, naturally, so will go to bed as soon as I have had dinner which will be about 9.0 to 9.30.

Have no more news now mother dear but please thank Mick for the chocolates and the book which I am reading. Will write to you again soon.

With fondest love, Trev

PS It was jolly nice of Geoff to come to see me at the station but it was very funny seeing him bolt off the platform as my train was moving off.

To 18 Dudley Road.

Lake Down
Salisbury

Thursday June 27th 1918

My dear Mick,

Many thanks for your chocolates and the book which I brought down with me down here. We had a rather hurried goodbye at the station last Sunday, didn't we? I did not realise that you are going straight to the hospital then, I thought you would be coming on to the pier with us for a short time.

I have not been over busy since I returned here but I have been doing odd jobs and so forth. A notice came round for applicants to go on seaplanes and although they really are not keen on a sending pilots (with wings) I have applied to be transferred. It is quite a "stunt" and I wish or rather I'm hoping it will go through.

Next time I get home do not be surprised if I'm wearing a ribbon as I hear there is an Italian ribbon being worn by quite a lot of officers in London and you are entitled to it if you were out in Italy before a certain date!

This morning I did quite well in the post line. Mrs Keightley sent me a topping photograph of her and her two children also two boxes of cigarettes and a letter! Don't you think it was very kind of her. The photo is very good of her and the kiddies are what you would term "sweet".

By the way there is an officer here who has a sister in the Hotel Cecil, London - the headquarters of the R.F.C. - and she used to drive a car for the R.F.C.. I told him you were anxious to do that work and he has written to his sister about you and will let me have particulars. He said his sister might be able to get you in when there is a vacancy.

Have no more news now. With fondest love, Trev.

PS Do write soon.

14 Training Depot Station,
Lake Down, Salisbury

Friday 28th June, 1918

My dearest Mother,

Am glad to say I am getting quite settled down here and am feeling quite well and happy. Your very welcome letter arrived this morning and also a letter from Norman, who is at present at Eastchurch (where Ron was once) and says he will be going to Hythe, near Brighton, next week where he will finish his training as an observer, get his commission and be sent straight out to France.

It made me roar with mirth, your sarcasm about my needing the day off! However we did not get the Wednesday off and I am carrying on as usual. It is remarkable how the weather is dud when I get back to duty.

How is Norah feeling now? I hope she is quite well again!

Would you please ask Mrs Pritchard Ron's address as I want to write to him.

As I told Mick in my letter yesterday I have put in an application for seaplanes. It is quite a "stunt" and would be fresh work and interesting. My application has been passed to the C.O. of my Squadron and has been forwarded to the Wing. If I can only get it past there I ought to be well on the road.

Have no more news mother dear. It is raining here this afternoon. Let me know if you receive this letter on Sunday morning as I intend and let me have Ron's address in your next letter.

With fondest love, Trev.

14 Training Depot Station,
Lake Down

Sunday June 30th 1918

My dear Norah,

Many thanks for your letter received this morning. You had quite a lot of news for me but mostly bad news! Fancy poor old Marshall killed flying - he seemed to me a topping fellow. Do you know yet who is killed, Teddy Foulkes or Richardson? Do you mean the Richardson, late of the Grammar

School, who had red hair and attended Emmanuel Church? The only one I can think of lived in Penkett Road but you say "from Sea Bank Road". So Millar is trying for the Flying Corps! I quite thought he was not at all keen on aviation! He is not going out just now then, that is a good job.

Well Nor., it is simply boiling with heat here this morning - in fact the weekend has been beautiful and I should have liked to have been home this weekend instead of last. It seems much over a week since I was home.

One of the men in our camp is supposed to have "spotted fever" and they are deciding whether to isolate the whole camp for a month. At present there is a guard on the entrance and we are not allowed into Salisbury. How exciting it will be in this place for a month and not even able to go into Salisbury - I think I should "peg out".

I had an interview with the Colonel last Friday re seaplanes but cannot get any satisfaction from him. He is keeping my application by him (I expect a long way off) but in the meantime I am to fly D.H.9s - a bombing machine. I expect to start flying in about a week's time. Had a long letter from Norman who expects to be commissioned very shortly and to go overseas as an observer. Poor Norm. He does not seem over-keen on going to France as he says without any leave.

His letter was from Eastchurch, where Ron was once. Will close now hoping to hear from you soon again. Just hurry Mick up about writing, with you?

I went to Holy Communion at the Y.M.C.A. at 7:30 a.m. today.

With fondest love to all, Trev.

"Poor old Marshall" is Lt. William Edward Ilsley Marshall, a pilot of 86 Squadron and formerly in the A.S.C. (Army Service Corps), whose home was Liverpool. He was killed whilst flying a Camel (E9977) in the U.K. on 26 June 1918 at the age of 22. He is buried at Liverpool Anfield Cemetery. Neither Richardson nor Teddy Foulkes has been identified as a casualty.

14 Training Depot Station,
Lake Down

Tuesday 2nd July, 1918.

My dear Mother,

As I did not get your usual letter on Sunday morning I quite anticipated hearing from you today.

I am feeling quite fit as you can judge for yourself when I tell you I got up at 7.0 this morning and had a cold bath in my bedroom. My orderly prepared it and I jumped straight out of my bed into it and am now feeling fine after it. Unfortunately, as you know, there is only just room in my bath to sit in it and swill water over me. If the weather continues to be warm I intend having my cold bath each morning before breakfast.

I do write to Norman quite often and now that I am sure of Ron's address will write to him also.

So you have had glorious weather, the same as we have had here but today it has gone colder and windy.

I understand that Stanley Holt was accepted for the RAF and has been sent down to Hastings to commence his training. (Infantry work first).

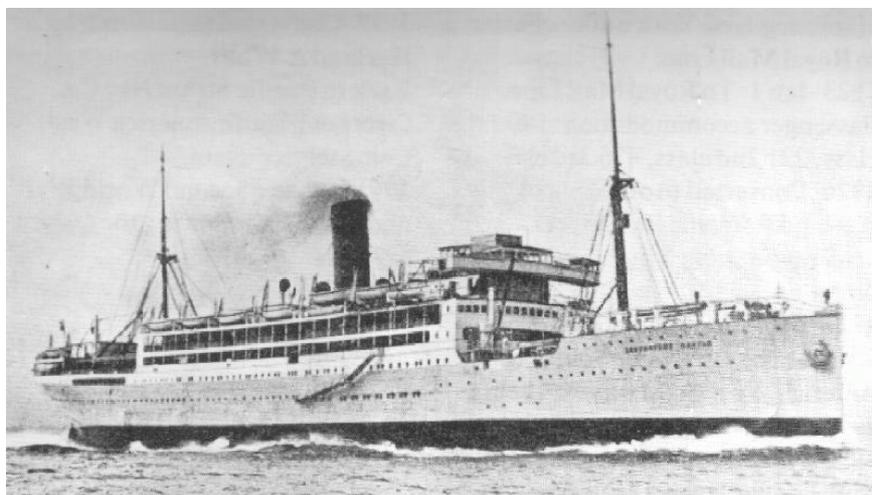
Mick will be glad that Charlie is getting leave. Does she know definitely yet when he is coming home?

I see this morning's news that the "Llandoverly Castle" (hospital ship) has been sunk on her voyage from Canada! Do you remember seeing her at the landing stage one day (of my sick leave) when we were together on the N.B. ferry boat. It would be her last time of sailing from Liverpool and I remember pointing out a nurse on board to you and you remarked "What fine work the women are doing". Do you remember seeing the ship?

Well mother dear I have no more news. I am not flying yet but hope to start again next week. I am kept quite busy on the ground.

Hoping to hear from you again soon, with fondest love to you and dad, Trev.

*The Union Castle
"Llandoverly Castle", a
hospital ship of 11,423
tons, was torpedoed with-
out warning by U86 on
27th June 1918. 146 lives
were lost.*



To 18 Dudley Road.

14 Training Depot Station,
Lake Down.

Thursday July 4th 1918

My dear Mick,

Just a few lines are to let you know I'm quite OK but I am wondering when you are going to drop me a few lines.

We are now, I'm glad to say, able to leave the camp again but I have not been into Salisbury yet - too much work!

I'm trying to come home on Monday or Tuesday of next week for a day or two, if I do not come before but in any case I will send a wire, as usual.

At present I am kept quite busy as "Allotment Officer" and I'm responsible that all serviceable machines are in the air, and have to send in a report on every machine in the Squadron each night etc etc.

Well Mick have you heard any more about Charlie's coming home?

By the way how are you getting on with the "Bing Boys on Broadway" selection? I hope you will be able to play it well for when I come home!

Are you on day duty still? I hope so for I may only get home for the Wednesday next week and we will make the best of it if you're still on day duty.

There are two topping pieces, one out of "Going Up" and the other out of "Arlette" that I will buy for you when (?) I get to Liverpool. There is an officer in our Squadron who plays beautifully all the selections, in fact anything, from ear and these two pieces have taken my fancy.

Well goodbye-ee for now Mickie and I may be home soon after you receive this letter.

With fondest love to all, Trev.

"The Bing Boys on Broadway" is a hit revue which opened at the Alhambra on 16th February 1918 and will run for 562 performances. Perhaps its most famous number is "If you were the only girl in the world". The Hirsch/Harbach musical "Going Up" has played at the Gaiety from 22nd May 1918. Ivor Novello's "Arlette" is another contemporary musical.

Excerpt from the diary:

Friday 5th July.

Got up and had a shave, then breakfast at 8.30. I asked for leave and got 48 hours. Had lunch and caught 2.27 to Waterloo. Had a haircut in town. 5.20 from Euston to Liverpool. Norah and father met me and caught 10.30 S. boat home. Long talk and in bed 1.0.

Saturday 6th July

Morn. Went to Liverpool on 8.50 with Nora. Visited the firm and Bobs and bought some music for Mick. Met dad and mother on 12.30 N. boat. After, played pills with dad at Ferry Hotel. Even, went to pier show - excellent. Charlie Mann at home on leave.

Sunday 7th July

Up at 10.15 for breakfast and afterwards went on the prom and pier with mother, father and Mick. Afternoon, spent an hour on pier with Mick. Tea in garden with Aunty and Cath. Went on pier for a short time. Dad came over on 8.55 N. boat and saw me off on 10.0 train.

14 Training Depot Station,
Lake Down

9th July, 1918

My dear Mother,

There were two letters waiting for me when I arrived yesterday, a short one from you and one from Mick. I am feeling quite OK today although yesterday I felt very tired and fagged after my night travelling.

It is pretty "dud" here today, raining on and off but I am hoping it will clear up tomorrow as I will be

going up to London in the afternoon and returning on Friday morning.

Is Norah quite well again now? It was a pity she was not well on the Sunday as the weather was topping and we had such a happy time together.

An observer out of my overseas Squadron has come to 14 T.D.S. to learn to fly and had quite a lot of news to tell me about the other officers of my flight. Another observer was killed out of my late flight named Green. He is in the photograph you have at home of some of our Squadron in Italy.

Am now going to drop a line to the Strand Palace to see if they will book me a bedroom for Wednesday and Thursday nights.

Hoping you are feeling well, with fondest love, Trev.

The observer named Green is Lt. Alan Herbert Green D.C.M. of Muswell Hill who died on 26th February 1918 at the age of 26. He was flying in an RE8 (B6531) and is buried at Giavera in Italy. Whilst only Green is mentioned, Trevor may or may not have been told of other losses in the squadron after he left it, particularly Capt. Gaisford and his observer Lt. Moore (30th January 1918). For a period after the loss of Green, 34 Squadron appears to have been fortunate. Then up to the date of this letter further aircrew were lost: Guthrie/Thornton (11th May) and Moreton (16th May). Later there will be further losses: Jupp/Taylor (26th July), Street (6th August), Crocket/Stanley (19th September) and Grimby (28th October). Some of these men may have been known to Trevor but others will of course have been subsequent replacements, even conceivably his own. In June, July and October three 34 Squadron ground crew, Lodge, Smith and Maude, also die of unspecified causes and they too lie in Italy.

Remarkably it appears that during his period with 34 Squadron, both in France and Italy, Trevor lost none of his comrades with the exception of Sgt. Roberts in the 26th December raid.

Lake Down, Salisbury

Friday July 12th 1918.

My dear Mother,

Just a few lines which I hope you will receive on Sunday when I shall expect to hear from you. I returned from London this morning and found your letter, with enclosure, which I am dealing with but think it is a mistake. Possibly it is a Staff Appointment - being in want of a good man (?).

On Wednesday evening I arrived in London at 8.30 and as there was no room at the Strand Palace I stopped with a friend at the Jermyn Court Hotel and we went first to the Palladium Theatre. The following morning I visited Cox and Co and then bought some things viz: pair of braces: a collar etc. and had lunch at the "Popular" in Piccadilly. In the afternoon I went to see the "Bing Boys on Broadway" at the Alhambra. George Robey was a perfect scream and I thoroughly enjoyed it. At night we went to the Coliseum which was quite good before which I must not forget to mention we had a dinner at the S. Palace consisting of soup, salmon mayonnaise etc. (tell Norah).

I returned to Salisbury by the 10.50 train from town and was in nice time for lunch at Lake Down. As you will gather I had a very good "Squadron Holiday" but which cost me a great deal of money, well you know what it is, don't you? However I returned still having a credit of £75 with Cox's!

I see they have now officially issued our new "blue uniform" and it is being worn in London. It looks

very “bonne” and is exactly the same as the present RAF uniform only in blue and gold braid like the Navy on the sleeves. The cap is the same and only a blue top instead of the khaki. However there is no grant being made yet so I am not worrying about new uniforms.

So dad is coming up to London next week. I will not be able to get to there to see him! Our day off in future will be every other Thursday.

Have no more news now mother dear. The weather is a very “dud” raining nearly all the time but as soon as it clears up and is settled I will again start to aviate.

Trusting all are well as I am at present. With fondest love, Trev.

Between July 15th and 17th the Germans carry out their fifth offensive. A diversionary attack in Champagne along the Marne is designed to draw Allied troops away from Northern France before another attempt to capture the Channel ports. The attack stalls at the Marne. Allied counterattacks in this region cause plans for the attack in the north to be abandoned. Since the first offensive in March the German losses amount to 500,000 irreplaceable men, whilst U.S. troops are arriving at the rate of 300,000 per month.

During this month two British aces, James McCudden and Edward Mannock both lose their lives.

14 Training Depot Station,
Lake Down

Tuesday 16th July, 1918

My dear Mother,

Was very pleased to receive your letter this morning. Marjorie’s letter came by the same post, please thank her.

You seem to have had a very busy week especially going to the Tower and Picture Houses etc. etc. and as you say in your letter, I should certainly recommend a quiet weekend. I should very much have liked to have been at Mrs. Dishart’s as you seem to have had a very nice evening altogether.

I am very glad to hear that Kathleen Poole sang very well at the Pier show last week. What did she sing on the Sunday evening?

I am sure the show was not as good as the previous week when we were all together, near the front. Wasn't it great!

With reference to the “orders to report” that you forwarded on to me - it was a mistake. The Air Ministry thought that I was still on leave (from hospital) and had not had orders to report - but they were all wrong.

The weather is still very unsettled and keeps raining on and off. I flew for nearly an hour this morning on a B.E.2e and made six successful landings - good work for the troops.

Things are beginning to liven up again over in France - the news is not over good.

Yes George Robey was excellent in the "Bing Boys on Broadway". Just as funny as in Zig-Zag although the whole show was not so good.

I have not been off the Plain in the last week since my London trip but am feeling quite well.

With fondest love, Trev.

"Zig Zag" plays at the London Hippodrome and will run for 648 performances from 31st January 1917.

In fact Trevor has flown over the last two days. The flying he mentions above is in the familiar BE2e machine and takes him to Stonehenge. But yesterday he flew a DH6 for half an hour around the aerodrome. He notes in his log: "First solo flight for six months - quite nice". Other flying mentioned below, which was dual, is not logged.



14 T.D.S., Lake Down

Friday 19th July, 1918

My dear Mother,

These few lines will have to be hurried as it is near post time. I have been paying the Squadron from 2.0 p.m. until now (6:30 p.m.) and have paid out over £700. This morning I received your letter for which many thanks and yesterday one from Dad enclosing account, which is now settled. Am glad to hear that your American guests enjoyed their holiday and were sorry to leave.

The weather here has been and is really miserable and there has been practically no flying and I have not flown the past two days.

Strange enough my friend here is named Ballard (Capt.) only the one letter different to Bollard, my friend at Reading. The first time I flew here was dual for ten minutes but since that I have flown over two hours "solo" and getting quite at home again.

It is my intention to come home next Wednesday night so as to spend Thursday (Squadron holiday) at home. Will have to close now, with fondest love to all, Trev.

PS Please excuse short letter, in haste. Trev.

14 Training Depot Station,
Lake Down.

Saturday July 20th 1918

My dear Mickie,

Very many thanks for your letter which I received early on in the week. I had to hurry my letter to mother yesterday as it was near post time and I'd been all afternoon paying the Squadron (about 800

men). This morning in my check I was a shilling out which was not so very bad.

What sort of weather are you having? It is still very miserable here - it does nothing but rain.

This morning I went up with an instructor in a D.H.9 for the first time and took control in the air but was rather disappointed with it. It is far too heavy on the controls for my liking and it is the machine they would try to send me overseas on, when next I go (?).

However I will have some more hours "solo" on it, in which time I may change my views on the "bus".

Well Mick with a bit of luck I will try and get home on Wednesday night next so as to have the whole day Thursday at home and return by the midnight on Thursday to London.

I hope you have got those pieces I brought you "well off" on the piano for when I come home - don't forget! I hope you are not on duty all day next Thursday as we must have a happy time together.

You'll be sorry to hear that I have lost my little flying cap! I hung it up outside our mess (as usual) and when I went for it, it had gone. I have made enquiries etc but cannot trace it so that I have had to buy a "G.S" hat (Infantry type) as the flying caps you buy in the shops are very "dud" shape. You will recollect my little flying cap was made by the Squadron tailor when I was at Catterick, over a year ago. It is a pity but it was very old and dirty and I needed a new hat. If you're not on duty on Wednesday night mind you come over to Lime Street to meet me. I will send a wire to say what time I'm arriving but should one not come you'll know I have been unable to get home.

While I'm writing now it is simply pouring in torrents.

Am rather lonely at present as my friend has gone today up to London, he has a medical board at Hampstead on Monday. He is a very nice chap 25 years of age and married.

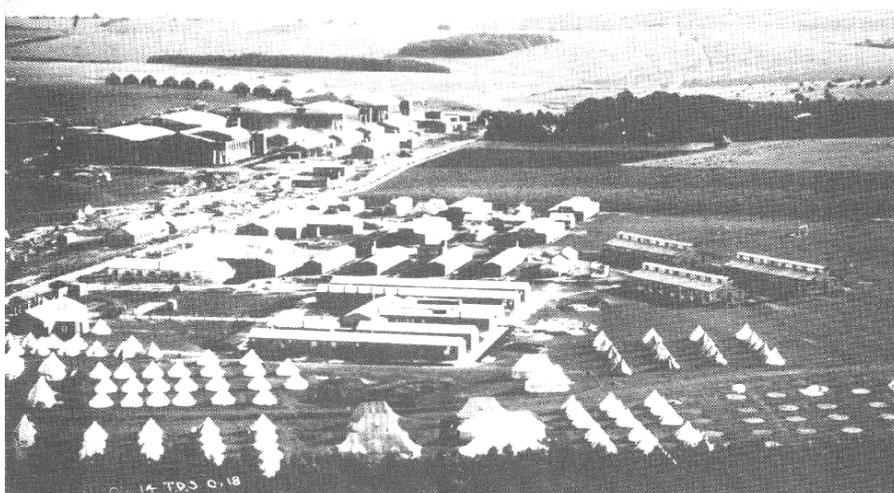
Have no more news now Mickie so will close and then have some tea - it is 4:00 pm. Mind you practice the selections Bing Boys etc.! With fond love, Trev.

PS Is Lily now at the hospital? If so please tell her I was enquiring about her.

Trevor's first flight in a DH9, an aircraft with which he will soon become intimately acquainted, is obviously with another pilot. Trevor has taken control at some stage but in accordance with previous practice there is no record in the log.

He has now endured life at Lake Down for six weeks, clearly not his favourite posting and with the weather apparently little improved from his visit early in the year.

The airfield is in the top left of this picture beyond the line of hangars.



14 Training Depot Station
Lake Down, Salisbury

Monday 22nd July, 1918

My dear Norah,

Many thanks for your letter which came on Sunday morning together with one from mother. I have not flown the last two days but have been performing my old duties of "Allotment Officer". Yes, I read the paper of a machine coming down in the Mersey - should have liked to have seen it! So Eric is getting leave in three weeks' time. I will wait till then for another "48 hours leave".

It is rumoured that we are not getting this Thursday holiday but I am hoping for the best and intend coming home if we do and will send a wire, should you not receive a wire I shall not be coming home. The weather is still unsettled here and it is raining hard now - what sort of weather are you having? Pretty good I should imagine as the sweet peas in the garden are very "bonne".

Was very glad to hear that you can play the selections I bought very well now, we must have them when I get home. It was rather funny the incident of your American guests and the Huns. They are fairly getting it in the neck over in France at present - the news is very cheering and I hope the French can continue their advance.

We had rather good fun on Saturday night last when six of us went into Salisbury and had a jolly good dinner and then went to the Palace - a variety show - and made quite a row there. "Cameo" the woman who poses as Statues (not very edifying) and was on at our Tivoli a fortnight ago, was on at the Palace.

Will close now with great hopes of seeing you on Lime Street station on Wednesday night. With fond love, Trev.

Excerpt from the diary:

Wednesday 24th July.

Had breakfast at 8.20. Morn went on the 'drome. Afternoon had a game of pills with Gordon at the Y.M.C.A.. Had taxi to station to catch the 4.31 train to London. Went with Gordon to his cousins for dinner and then to "Tails Up". Caught 11.40 train from Euston.

("Tails Up" opened at the Comedy Theatre on 1st June 1918.)

Thursday 25th July.

Arrived Lime Street 6.25. Home at 7.30. Changed and had breakfast then went to town with Norah and Mick. Came back after buying a few things and a shave etc for mother. We all had lunch at the State and then returned to the pier in afternoon. Met Batchelor who came home with us for tea and after tea we went to see the "Scamps" at the pier. Went home for supper and then caught 11.50 to London (had a sleeper).

14 T.D.S., Lake Down

Friday 26th July 1918

My dear Mother,

You will be glad to know I had a sleeper on the train down to London and so felt very much better

than if I had had to sleep in a carriage. There were two sleeping compartments vacant and so my friend got the other one and we got up at 6.0, arriving at Euston at 6.30. We proceeded to Waterloo where we had a nice breakfast on the station and caught a connection to Salisbury. We were back in camp at 11.30 and it has been raining ever since. Is it "dud" at New Brighton again, as regards weather? I was very fortunate to have such a fine day and we did have a happy time together, didn't we?

There was a letter for me from Stanley Holt who is training with the RAF down at Hastings when I got here this morning. I am anxious to get some flying time in and wish the weather would hurry up and settle again.

Tonight we have a mess meeting at 8.45, after dinner, but hope it will not be long so I can get to my little bed in good time for a long sleep.

Have no more news now, mother dear, but am feeling quite fit. Tell the girls how sorry I was not to have kissed them, owing to the rush for the tram when I left but will be home again before long.

With fondest love, Trev

PS You will be strange with neither of the men at home this weekend!

To 18 Dudley Road.

14 T. D. S.
Lake Down,
Salisbury

Sunday July 28th 1918

My dear Mickie,

These few lines to let you know I'm quite OK and at last we are having some fine weather - it is beautiful today.

Last night I went up in an Avro, the type of machine that is often flying round New Brighton, with my pal Gordon and talk about "stunts" we cleared houses and sheds by inches - I had control part of the time and we went with two other machines in single file diving one after another on obstacles and then "zumping" over them. It was great fun and the first time I have risked "stunting" since overseas.

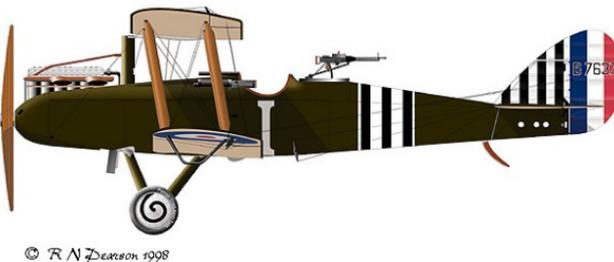
This morning I felt energetic and the weather being fine for aviation I did two hours "solo" on a DH9 - the heavy machine and the first time I have flown it. I made six landings but unfortunately my sixth landing was not a success and I broke the undercarriage at 1pm and so went in for some lunch. The DH 9 is not an easy machine to land as it is very heavy and glides a long way.

Had a letter from Norman who is getting home on leave from Monday to Friday so if I can manage it I'm going to try and get 48 hours leave - Friday and Saturday - as he wants very much to see me. If you see Norman tell him I'm going to do my best to get home on Thursday night next and will send him a wire to meet me at the station.

Will close now. Give my fondest love to all at home and accept the same for yourself. Trev.

PS It is now 6:00 pm and I'm going to try and get hold of dad at the Waldorf! Are you going to church?

The Airco DH9 which Trevor is now starting to fly was designed as a two-seat aircraft to replace the DH4 and undertake day bombing over German held territory. It began to appear in December 1917. It is armed with a forward firing Vickers gun and a Lewis gun in the rear cockpit and can carry up to 500 lbs of bombs. Whilst this type was designed as an improvement over the much-admired DH4, in practice its performance in terms of speed and load carrying is not regarded as such; and furthermore it suffers from chronic reliability problems with its engine. Nevertheless it is being built in large quantities and serves in many squadrons. Its successor, the DH9A, with a more reliable engine and larger wing area, will appear in June 1918 and will be much more successful, being used by the RAF until 1931. But Trevor is destined never to have the opportunity of using the improved machine and must make the best of what he is given.



But earlier in the day Trevor has been flown by "his pal Gordon" in an Avro, an aircraft with considerable aerobatic abilities and also, fortunately, very reliable. This aircraft type is shown on the right. It is now used mainly for training and in its later forms will be the main RAF trainer during the 1920s.



Lt. Gordon, Trevor's daredevil pilot and an Australian, will survive the war and is pictured here in 1919.



Fortunately for both the escapade does not end up like the fate of another Avro whose picture is contained within Trevor's album.

Excerpt from the diary:

Wednesday 7th August.

Up at 8.30 for breakfast. Had lunch at camp then went down to Salisbury in a Leyland and caught 2.10 to town arr. 4.0. Had a shave etc and tea in town. Caught 5.20 to Liverpool. Got home at 11.0 and we all had supper together and a chat. Bed at 1.0.

Thursday August 8th.

Had breakfast downstairs in my dressing-gown and then a little music. Went a walk on the prom and pier with Mick and then home to meet mother. Went to town for lunch at State. Len joined us. Afternoon spent on the pier with mother. Evening went on the pier. Home at 9.45 for supper. Caught 11.50 train at Lime Street.

On August 8th the British Expeditionary Force opens the Amiens Offensive, aimed at clearing the Amiens-Paris railway. The attack is overwhelmingly successful with an advance of 10 miles and signs of breaking German morale. This day is described by Ludendorff, the German commander as "the black day of the German Army". The success is of course not without heavy cost. Fierce fighting results in losses of around a quarter of all aircraft. In the week August 5th-11th, the RAF alone claims 177 enemy kills against 150 losses.

14 T.D.S., Lake Down,
Salisbury

Friday 9th August, 1918

My dear Mother,

With a bit of good luck last night I obtained a sleeper to London arriving at 6.10 in Euston - not being able to catch the 6.10 from Waterloo I went straight to the Strand Palace Hotel and whilst waiting for breakfast read the good news in the Daily Mail. After breakfast I sat down for a short time (wrote a letter to Cox & Co) and then proceeded to Waterloo and caught the 8.50 to Salisbury arriving at 11.15.

I shared a taxi back to camp and after a wash I went up to the 'drome and flew for half-an-hour before lunch. After lunch I had a long sleep until teatime as I really did feel frightfully tired.

I am writing these few lines before going to the 'drome to do some more aviation and then will have a nice dinner and straight to bed for a nice long sleep. What a happy day we had together on the pier - especially in the afternoon with our extra twopennath in the orchestra enclosure.

I expect now Eric is home and Norah will be having an enjoyable time.

It is a beautiful day here and I expect you will be having the same weather. Will close now, mother dear, with fondest love to all, Trev.

In contrast to Trevor's own letters only a few of the many letters addressed to him by members of the family survive. These all relate to this period. On this same date, 9th August 1918, his mother writes to him expressing the anguish she and no doubt a million other mothers are feeling in these times:

My dearest Trevor,

It seems as if you had only just gone away. I hope you got back safe and sound and did not feel over tired. If you get a sleeping berth and don't feel shaky it is,

as you say, worth it to come home. You will never really know what a joy it is to Father and I to have you back with us even if only for a short time, yet when you have gone I feel sad every time I pass your bedroom – and long for you to be there again....

....What splendid war news we have today! How proud we should all be of the brave boys who are doing so nobly over in France....

But she will have been happy to see Trevor again only a week later.

Station Hotel,
Ayr

Sat. Aug. 17th 1918

My dear Mother,

It is now 5 o'clock and I am really at the end of my journey. I caught the midnight Seacombe boat last night and had a taxi up to Lime Street and got my kit etc and made myself as a "comfy" as possible in the railway carriage and was just about to fall off to sleep when we were at Wigan at 1.30 am - my first change. I had a full hour to wait for my connection - it being half-an-hour late - the result being that I missed my connection at Carlisle to Ayr so rather than wait two-and-a-half hours at Carlisle I went on to Glasgow (note - still on my Salisbury/Turnberry railway warrant) where I had two-and-a-half hours to wait for my train to Ayr. It gave me time to have a slight glimpse of the city and a topping lunch at the St. Enoch the railway hotel (do you know it?)

I left Glasgow at 2.5 arriving here (Ayr) at 4.30 and have just had a nice tea. This is some place, it seems to me like a third-rate Scottish holiday resort and is full of holiday people and is like New Brighton on August Bank Holiday, so this child is hiding himself in the Railway Hotel until 5.45 when I have a half hour's run through to my destination and will report at 6.30- then for it aaa - perhaps!!!. It is a very dull day here but hope it is fine for the girls at New Brighton.

With fondest love to you all and Margaret, Trev.

Excerpt from the diary:

Sunday 18th August.

Left Turnberry by tender to Ayr at 6.30. Had dinner at Ayr and caught 9.0 train to Kilmarnock. Changed and went through to Carlisle. Changed again and reached Liverpool at 7.0 am. Had a wash at the SP and NW Hotel and then caught the 7.30 boat and arrived home at 8.15.

Monday 19th August.

Had breakfast and changed then went to Priestley's and had our photo taken - Norah Mick and I. We then went over to town. Came back for lunch. Went on the pier in the afternoon. Evening went to pier show. Margaret and Aunty Lizzie with us.

Tuesday 20th August

Morning caught 9.0 Seacombe boat over to town and father mother Norah Mick Margaret and Aunty Lizzie saw me off by the 9.40 from Lime Street. Arrived at 2.30 and went straight to Bolo House. Had dinner at the Waldorf and then went to Chu Chin Chow. Slept at the Waldorf.



Was this portrait the result of the same visit to Priestley's on Monday August 19th?

Wednesday 21st August

Up at 6.30 and had taxi to Victoria. Caught 7.25 train to Folkestone and had a topping breakfast on board. We sailed at 3.30 and arrived Boulogne at 5.0. Stayed the night at the Louvre Hotel but had dinner at the officers' club.

"Chu Chin Chow" opened at His Majesty's Theatre on 31st August 1916 and has a run of 2235 performances. It includes songs entitled "Any time's kissing time" and "The cobbler's song".

Telegram dated 20th August, 1918 to Evans, 18 Dudley Road

Charges to pay		No. of Telegram	
from	s. d.	Sent.....M	Office Stamp
POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.		To.....	WALLASEY 20 AU 18 2
This Form must accompany any inquiry respecting this Telegram.		By.....	
Prefix	Handed in at	Office of Origin and Service Instructions	Words Received here at
	London		15 738
Evans 18 Dudley Rd Wallasey Ches			
Leaving Victoria 7/35 tomorrow			
Trance fondest love all			
Ever			
B or C3 (16594) Wt. 5619, 184. 40,000,000. 5.13. E. & S. Ltd. (E 3116.)			

Folkestone

Wednesday 21st August, 1918

My dear Mother,

You will first be glad to know that my cold is much better but has not yet gone. It was quite a nice journey down to London when you had left me. There was an exceptionally nice party in my carriage and had all come over from the States in the convoy we saw in the river. The RAF captain was a charming fellow and had just been back to his home in Canada on three months' leave. His name was McKeever and I learned that he is the Squadron "star" now that Bishop has stopped flying - he has brought down 38 Hun machines. When I left him at Euston he said "Goodbye Mr Evans very pleased to have met you - my name is McKeever and I shall be glad to meet you again across the water!" He was a fine fellow. There were two other men who were visiting the airport on a mission from U.S. and Mr Grant MP for Cumberland who McKeever introduced me to and we shared a taxi to the Waldorf - he going on to Pall Mall.

However I reported at Bolo House at 4.0pm and everything was OK and they gave me my warrant etc for overseas. Had a nice dinner at the Waldorf, after wiring home, and went to see Chu-Chin-

Chow. When I got back to the hotel I had a very hot bath and a dose of quinine and felt very much better this morning. I got a taxi alright and arrived at Victoria at 7.0am and got a seat in the Pullman car and had a top-hole breakfast on my journey down. In the train I met my Mons ribbon friend. You will remember I saw him in the State Cafe one day I was home and you said he looked more like a major than a "second loot" and must have been a Tommy at Mons - he was. He had just finished his 14 days leave and is returning with me.

We have just had a game of "pills" and now will have lunch (just a little) and have to be on board at 2.0pm.

Will close now but will write again the first chance I get on the other side.

With fondest love to all, Trev.

Did you get my wire? Thank Norah and Mick again for the Disc - it is a lovely one and much clearer than the last. Trev.

William "Billy" Bishop (1894-1956) was Canadian. He scored 72 victories and was awarded the Victoria Cross.

Andrew Edward McKeever, MC, DFC, DSO, (b. 1895), another Canadian, eventually attains the rank of Lt. Colonel. When the war began, he joined the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada and quickly proved to be an expert marksman in the trenches of France. Towards the end of 1916, he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps and was assigned to 11 Squadron in May 1917. Scoring all of his 31 confirmed victories with the Bristol Fighter, McKeever was the highest scoring ace to fly this aircraft during the Great War. His last aerial combat of the war occurred just before noon on 30 November 1917. On that day, he and his observer, L.F. Powell, engaged two enemy two-seaters protected by a flight of seven Albatros D.Vs. During the battle that followed, McKeever and Powell shot down four of the scouts. After the war, McKeever will return to Canada, take a job as the manager of an airfield in the United States but die as the result of injuries sustained in a car accident on 3rd September 1919.



On this day the second phase of the Amiens Offensive is launched by the British Third Army, later joined by the First and two French armies. The Germans are forced to retreat from the salient to the east of Amiens and from the Lys salient to the north.

E. F. C.,
Officers Rest House and Mess,
Boulogne

Thursday 22nd August, 1918

My dear Dad,

The crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne was beautiful. When we left at 3.30 there was rather a thick mist on but it lifted very quickly and turned out a glorious afternoon and very hot.

I reported to the A.M.L.O. after disembarking and was given my orders to travel today to Lumbrers – our new Depot - and was very glad at not having to travel all night like last time.

Last night I slept at the Louvre Hotel - some place as regards "dud-ness". However I had quite a good sleep and got up this morning and came here for breakfast which was very nice. This afternoon I will be travelling to Lumbrers - the aircraft Depot where I will be a few days. My address will be:

No.1 A. D. Pilots' Pool,
Lumbrers,
France

So you can send me letters there as when I am posted to a Squadron they will be forwarded on to me. I am not going to the Independent Air Force.

I expect my washing will have arrived from Lake Down so please forward it as soon as possible. Have you purchased my second £50 of War loan yet?

Have no more news but will write again soon.

It is beautiful flying weather here at present. Give my love to all at home and I trust all are well. My cold has not left me yet. Goodbye for now and do drop a line soon. Trev.

The Independent Air Force is the force established under the command of Hugh Trenchard specifically for the bombing of targets in Germany from June to November 1918.

No. 1 A. S. D.,
A.P.O. S.35, B. E. F.

Saturday August 24th 1918

My dear Norah,

Am just settled down here at the "Pool" for possibly a few days, but I may be posted to a Squadron any hour.

We do nothing but fire machine-guns from 8:30 am to 12.15, then we have lunch and resume at 2.0 till 4.15 and then we finish for the day - it is very monotonous.

One of the first persons I saw here was Harold Rowbotham, who has now got his wings. He was with a Squadron for about three weeks but fainted in the air and is now here but hopes to get back to Blighty shortly. It is jolly fine meeting someone I know here.

When I was in Boulogne I met George Jenkins who had been with a draft of men and was returning to his unit, so we travelled in the train together he getting out the station before me.

By the way, please note my address is at the top of this letter. I should not have given you the name of the place I am at in my last letter home.

This cold of mine has not yet gone but I am taking care of it and it is much better. The weather all the time here has been quite good.

Will you please send out the Wallasey Chronicle and News each week as I like to read home news although I do not read books very much.

Will close now but will write again in a day or two. Trusting all are well as home. With fond love,
Trev.

206 Squadron RAF,
B. E. F., France

Monday 26th August, 1918

My dear Mother,

Last night I went to a Squadron with Harold Rowbotham for dinner and returned to find that I had been posted to the above Squadron, so had to pack up my things at 10.0 pm and proceed there immediately by tender. It was a wretched night, raining in torrents, and when we arrived here I with another officer were put into a tent to sleep. Fortunately the tent was quite waterproof and I had quite a good sleep.

This morning we got up for breakfast at 8.30 and afterwards reported to the C.O. who seems quite a nice man. The officers here are not to be compared with my late overseas Squadron (34th) and the quarters are pretty dud but I will make the best of things as we go along. It was very nice my meeting Harold Rowbotham at the pool and the three days I spent there were consequently very pleasant.

Wasn't it funny my also meeting George Jenkins when I was at Boulogne? The weather was just like summer while I was at the Pool but today it is quite changed and is like winter, cold and also raining.

We do long-distance bombing raids and long reconnaissance and photography here and our Squadron is situated a long way behind the lines - about 25 miles - so that to get our height (say 13,000 feet) and to get to the lines alone will take us an hour and a half.

Have you had my washing from Lake Down yet? If not would you please send me out two thick khaki shirts (a light colour, if possible) to last me through the winter. As we are out of reach of anything here some biscuits - chocolate and malted milk tablets would be very thankfully received.

Am glad to say I have now got rid of my cold but will have to take care as this weather is just the kind to pick up a fresh one.

Have no more news now, mother dear, but will keep you well posted of my doings. Am now patiently waiting to hear from you.

I expect Margaret has now returned to Scarborough! Did she enjoy her holiday?

Goodbye for now. With fondest love to all and your dear self, Trev.

Preprinted Field Service postcard to Miss M Evans, 18 Dudley Road dated 27th August 1918.

I'm quite well. Letter follows at a first opportunity. I have received no letter from you. Trev.

Preprinted Field Service postcard to Mrs J. G. Evans, dated Wednesday 28th August.

I am quite well. Letter follows at first opportunity. I have received no letter from you. Trev.

During these days Trevor is obviously busy taking up his new posting which is to 206 Squadron.

This squadron was formed in Dover on 1st January 1918 as No. 6 Squadron R.N.A.S. for bombing duties in France. It received personnel from No. 11 R.N.A.S. and the Walmer Defence Flight. (An

earlier No. 6 Squadron R.N.A.S. which had been formed in 1916 and disbanded in August 1917 had no direct connection with this new 1918 unit). The Squadron crossed to France on 14th January 1918 equipped with DH 4s but these were only used for training and operationally equipped DH 9s were received the following month. Operations initially concentrated on German naval facilities in Belgium. At the end of March the squadron was transferred from 5 Wing R.N.A.S. to the 11th (Army) Wing and the following day became 206 Squadron R.A.F. Then as the 2nd Army's reconnaissance squadron it concentrated on photographic work until late August when it became heavily involved, and Trevor with it, in the final offensive on the Western Front.

206 Squadron is one of approximately 100 squadrons operating on the Western Front between April and November 1918. In the five months before Trevor joins it many references to it occur in the official Royal Air Force Communiqués. The latter appear every few days and are mainly anecdotal and one suspects selective, relating to successful incidents which are described sometimes in more detail than is comfortable; they reveal much about the excitement and danger endured daily by the hundreds of pilots and observers involved. Aircrew know them as "Comic Cuts" after a well-known children's comic paper of the era.

References to 206 Squadron between April and late August, the period prior to Trevor's arrival, include the following. Some of the names occur later in Trevor's papers and photographs.

Communiqué No. 5

3rd May 1918: "Lt. Warren and Aerial Gunner O'Brien whilst returning from a bombing raid, were attacked by seven E.A. (enemy aircraft) scouts. They fired 170 rounds into the foremost E.A. which went into a nose dive and was seen to crash".

Communiqué No. 6

8th May 1918: "Capts. Clarke and St John fired about 50 rounds into an E.A. scout which went down in a spin and burst into flames, and the wings were seen to break off."

Communiqué No. 7



17th May 1918: "Lt. Burn and Lt. Duncan were attacked by about 9 E.A. scouts; 200 rounds were fired at these E.A. and one was seen to go into a flat spin and burst into flames and dive down on fire".

19th May 1918: "Lt. Burn and A/G/ H.W. Williams while on a bomb raid were attacked by one of a formation of 10 Albatros Scouts. 50 rounds were fired at the E.A. from the back gun, when it went into a spin and then broke up in the air".

19th May 1918: "Lt. Birkbeck and 2Lt. Susman were attacked by five E.A. The observer fired a drum at one of the machines, which rolled over and went into a vertical dive. The top plane of this machine was seen to break away in the air".

(2Lt. Duncan will lose his life the following month, on 24th June, together with his pilot Cutmore)).

Communiqué No. 10

3rd – 9th June 1918: Capt. Stevens/Lt. Christian and Lt. Eaton/ 2Lt. Tatnell brought down an enemy aircraft in this period.

Communiqué No. 11

10th – 16th June 1918: Capt. Stevens/Lt. Christian brought down an enemy aircraft in this period.

Communiqué No. 17

22nd – 28th July 1918: Lt. H.D. Stier (USAS) and Cpl. J. Chapman brought



Lt. Stier

down an enemy aircraft in this period.

Communiqué No. 18

29th July 1918: A patrol of 206 Squadron on returning from a bomb raid were attacked by about 20 Pfalz scouts. Capt. L.R. Warren/Lt. L.A. Christian shot down one E.A. which was seen to crash, and sent down another in flames. Lt. G.A. Pitt/Cpl. G. Betteridge also shot down one of them in flames.

29th July – 4th August 1918: Further aircraft were brought down by Lt. E. Bailey/2Lt. R. Milne, 2Lts. Percival/Paget, Lt. Schlotzhauer (USAS)/ Cpl. H.W. Williams and Capt. L.R. Warren/Lt. L.A. Christian.



(Lt. Bailey/2Lt. Milne will lose their lives on 11th August, just a week later. The crew of Schlotzhauer/Williams lose their aircraft on 29th July in an incident where Cpl. Williams is badly injured. Whether this is the same mission during which they account for an enemy aircraft is unknown. It appears that Williams recovers from his injuries and survives the war).



Communiqué No. 19

5th – 11th August 1918: Aircraft were brought down in this period by Lt. Burn/Capt. Carrothers and Lt. H.D. Stier/Sgt. J. Chapman.

(Note that Chapman has obtained his third stripe since the end of July).

Communiqué No. 20

12th – 18th August 1918: Lt. R.H. Shainbank/2Lt. E.W. Richardson brought down an enemy aircraft in this period.

The squadron has suffered other fatalities in this period: Harrington, a pilot (7th July), Heron/Byrne (25th July), Matthews/John (1st August), 2Lt. Paget (6th August) in an engagement during which his pilot 2Lt. Percival is wounded; Brock/Cullimore (7th August), Johnson/Sangster (13th August) and Calvert, an observer (14th August). The squadron's aircrew fatalities during this dreadful summer are: April - 2, May - 9; June - 2; July - 7; August - 11. In September the losses will reduce to: September - 2; October - 2; and November - 0.

In the appendix there is a remarkable story describing how the fate of Captain Matthews and 2Lt. John, who were originally posted as missing, was eventually discovered by Capt. Atkinson and 2Lt. Blanford.

It is against this background, only hinted at by the official communiqués, that Trevor joins 206 Squadron as a replacement for the August losses. For the time being, it is based at Alquines, roughly mid way between Boulogne and St. Omer. Trevor is about to embark on the most intense and significant experiences of his life.

206th Squadron R.A.F.,
B.E.F.

Thursday 29th August, 1918

My dear Mother,

Am glad to say that the weather has at last cleared up and our Squadron made their first raid today, for this week, and shot down a Hun.

I have just come down from my first flight which lasted 35 minutes and made two landings, and am writing these few lines before dinner.

I am getting quite settled down here now and have managed to get into a hut which is occupied by four other Pilots - three of whom are Canadians! We get up at 8.0 in the morning and have half-an-hour's exercise before breakfast - a game of football or a run. After breakfast we go on the aerodrome and study our maps and note the new positions of the front line etc. In the afternoon we go on the machine gun range and practise firing the Lewis and Vickers gun and remedying stoppages etc. etc. Of course these are left immediately for a bombing raid or taking photographs and so on.

In the evening after dinner at 8.0, it is getting dusk and of course flying is finished for the day, we have a camp cinema erected in one of hangars and we all flock there for some amusement as there is not a town within reach of our camp.

Well mother dear it is now dinner-time so I will close. Have not heard from you yet but expect to any day now. Am greatly in need of my washing, which I expect you will have received now from Salisbury. Trusting you are all well at home. I am feeling quite fit.

With fondest love, Trev.

Communiqué No. 22 (26th August - 1st September 1918) confirms that Capt. R.N.G. Atkinson/2Lt. W.T. Ganter (Atkinson's regular observer, Blanford, was on leave) brought down an enemy aircraft on 30th August. It is likely that this was the operation which earned Capt. Atkinson the D.F.C to add to his M.C., even though this would mean that he was on a separate mission from that mentioned by Trevor. "A gallant and determined officer whose services over the lines since May last in long distance and photographic reconnaissances, and as leader of bomb raids, have been of a very high order. On a recent occasion, when on solitary photographic reconnaissance at 15,000 feet, his machine was attacked by eight Fokker biplanes; one of these he shot down." (DFC citation, Supplement to the London Gazette, 2 November 1918).



Rupert Atkinson (1896-1919) is Trevor's Flight Commander. During his career he is credited with five victories and thus becomes "an ace". He will survive the war but only by a few months. A tribute to this remarkable officer penned many years later by his regular observer, John Stephen Blanford, is contained within the Appendix. The award to Atkinson and its accompanying celebration are mentioned in Trevor's letter of September 12th.

In this period the RAF claims officially 51 E.A. brought down and 28 driven down out of control. Two further E.A. were brought down by anti-aircraft gunfire. Eleven balloons were also destroyed. 46 RAF machines are missing. 139.5 tons of bombs were dropped and 4600 photographic plates exposed.

Over the next four days, the Somme is crossed and Peronne, Mont St. Quentin and Queant are captured.

Field Service postcard to Miss N. G. Evans dated Saturday August 31st 1918

I am quite well. Letter follows at first opportunity. I have received no letter from you yet. Trev.

206th Squadron R. A. F.
B. E. F.

August – as you were- September 1st 1918

My dear Mother,

It is very windy and cold here today and typical September weather - it is quite "dud" for aviation but one machine is always sent on "line patrol" if it is possible to get off the ground.

The past three mornings I've been down on orders for a "dawn long reconnaissance" but it has been a "washout" each time. For this "stunt" we are called at 4.0 am and have to leave the ground at 5.0 am in the semi dark so that by 6.0 am when it is light we have got our height over the lines and then we observe and make a note of everything we can see viz: movement of troops - train movement - fires etc etc. Our reconnaissance lasts about three hours so that if we leave the ground at 5.0 am we are back again for breakfast shortly after 8.0 am. We are then finished for the day. It is really quite a "stunt" compared with the bombing raids, as these take place twice a day, weather permitting, one in the morning and the second in the afternoon.

6:30pm 1. 9. 18

I was called on to the aerodrome for a raid whilst writing this letter to you this morning so will continue now.

We left the ground at 11.0 am and got to 15,000 feet (the highest I have ever been - two and three-quarter miles 160 yards high) when we crossed the lines. We bombed a town 35 miles the Hun side of the lines (five of our machines in formation) and on our return were attacked by 6 Hun Scouts but soon drove them off with machine-gun fire. We landed at our 'drome again at 2:15pm after a three and a quarter hour "show" at 15,000, by gum it was cold, I could hardly feel the ground I was standing on after getting out of my "bus" and had "some" appetite, but not as much food as I should have liked to fill it. However there was not a second raid today so had a well earned sleep until 5.0 when I woke up for some tea.

I have told you a little about our job out here as I know you are interested in what we are doing but to leave the war behind last night we had quite a jolly little concert party here and I quite enjoyed it. Am enclosing the programme. Would you please keep the programmes etc that I send home as they will be interesting souvenirs for when I come home.

I was thinking of you all at home at the "Winters" or the Pier show being Saturday night!

Are you having cold weather at home now? I expect you are as here it is quite bright but cold and rather cloudy and gusty.

The news from the whole front is excellent at present - of course the papers we get are at least two days old but we get all the official messages through from headquarters, by phone.

We will be kept very busy now as our troops are advancing along the sector in which we operate - they have got the Hun well on the run.

Well mother dear, I will close now as it is just dinner-time. I have not heard from you yet but am expecting a letter tonight. The mail arrives here each night at 9.0.

With fondest love to you all. Trev.



Programme of the Concert held on Saturday, August 31st. 1918

PROGRAMME			SATURDAY-AUGUST 31-1918		
The "RAFFIGES"				Concert Party	
1	Opening Chorus—365 Days	The Troupe	10	Tales	Fell
2	Picardy	Brelsford	11	A Short Cut	Brelsford
3	On the Staff	Cowlishaw	12	Cousins	Cowlishaw
4	Fuss over me	Goth	13	Good-bye for Ever	Goth & Brelsford
5	Down on the Farm	Bann	14	As long as I've got the 'earl'	Bann
6	Excelsior	Goth & Brelsford	15	Cozy Corner	Goth
7	Yiddisher Irish Baby	Romoff	16	Sergeant Dolamon bascslein	Romoff
8	Some Conjuring	Menley	17	Finale	The Troupe
9	John Bull	The Troupe		Pianist.....	Cooper

Trevor's log of more serious activity in these days of early September:

Aug. 30 th	3.35 - 4.5 p.m.	1024	a.g.s.	30 ms	3,000		
Sept. 1 st	11.10 - 2.15 p.m.	3224	---	3 hrs	5,15,000	To Perenchiers.	First flight. Engine running well. and first bomb recd. Dropped 2-1/2 lbs.
Sept. 3 rd	10.45 - 12.55 p.m.	---	---	2 hrs	10,14,000	To Luesmay.	Raid. one bomb dropped on Railway & one on grass roads.
Sept. 4 th	4.0 - 6.15 p.m.	---	---	2 hrs	15,13,000	To Perenchiers.	Raid. Dropped 2 bombs but no bursts observed.
Sept. 5 th	5.35 - 8.5 a.m.	---	---	2 hrs	30,11,000	Amendries, Lille, Tourcoing, Grenin, Ypres & home.	Raid. long Reconnaissance. Dropped 10 bombs accurate.
Sept. 6 th	12.0 - 3.0 p.m.	---	---	3 hrs	15,500	To Luesmay.	Raid. Dropped 2 bombs on Railway Station.
Sept. 7 th	5.40 - 8.25 a.m.	---	---	2 hrs	15,16,000	Amendries, Lille, Roubaix, Grenin, Courtrai, Roulers & Ypres.	Raid. Dropped 16 Recon. bombs. Accurate. not accurate. no F/A.

206th Squadron R.A.F.
B. E. F.

Tuesday September 3rd 1918

My dear Dad,

Many thanks for your letter received tonight. I had a top hole mail tonight consisting of three parcels and five letters. As I cannot reply to all individually, will you please thank mother, Nora and Mick for their letters.

The parcels from home were both very welcome, the one containing my washing and the other the chocolates, which were just what I wanted. I received a very nice letter from Mr Beale, who gave me news of all the old staff of R. S. and Co. I'm glad to hear of my a/c with them and thank you again for purchasing my second £50 worth of "War Bond".

Well dad, I have had a very busy day today but we gave the Bosche something to be thinking of. This morning we went about 35 miles over on a bombing raid which took two and-a-half hours. We left the 'drome at 10.30 and returned at 1.5. Had time for lunch and a short sleep and we left the ground again this afternoon at 3.30 and returned from the raid at 6.30 - three hours in the air. We were unlucky for tea as we were over Hunland (nearly 40 miles) at 4.30 and as I have said were home again at 6.30, nice time for a wash and dinner and then I received the "top-hole mail" at 9 pm.

Well dad it is now 10.00 pm and as I am on "dawn long reconnaissance" in the morning which means getting up at 4.15 am and leaving the ground at 5.00 am in the dark, I had better get into my little bed. Will conclude in the morning when I return from my "long reconn."

Wednesday 4. 9. 18

Have just had breakfast and am now going to change and put my light tunic on as I do not expect to be on another "stunt" today. I left the ground at 5.30 this morning on a long reconnaissance and had a machine escorting me. We were over Hunland at 6.30 at about 10,000 feet and got very heavily arched so the old Hun was not still asleep - the result was I needed a new plane when I returned to the aerodrome at eight.

We saw three Hun scouts when we were about 20 miles over the lines but they did not to attack us and we just carried on with the work we had to do.

This morning I will go to the "Pilot's Pool" to see Harold Rowbotham, an old grammar-school boy. I had a letter from him last night asking me to come and see him today if possible and I think I can manage it nicely as usually you "washout" for the day when you have been on "dawn reconnaissance".

You'll be glad to hear I have now got a new little "Flying Corps Cap". I had my measurements taken at Morton's, the Military Hatters, in the Strand, the day before I left London and they sent it out to me.

I was glad to see Mick used quite amount of "tact" in not putting the name of the place, the Pilot's Pool is at in her letters. I made a mistake and should not have mentioned it.

I'm sorry mother and Nora have had bad colds. No, I have not a cold, it left me the day after I landed in France.

Will close now, trusting you are all well. Trev.

Communiqué No. 23 reveals that on this day, 4th September, Trevor's Flight Commander, Capt. R.N.G. Atkinson flying on a separate mission with 2Lt. Ganter, has brought down a hostile balloon. Trevor's reference to "plane" denotes a wing, not the whole aircraft.

206th Squadron R. A. F.
B. E. F.

Friday September 6th 1918

My Dear Mick,

Many thanks for your letter received two days ago but before I go any farther I want to severely reprimand you for addressing it to "Sec. Lieut -" - don't let this occur again!

You seem to have had a very jolly holiday together this time - what with trips on the Dee and bathing at Hoylake.

I'm glad that the photos we had taken are going to be good! Send me the snaps as soon as you have printed them, will you?

What a scream about Reg getting a job at the aeroplane factory in Aintree!

The weather here has changed and we are having glorious weather, which as you know means a large amount of flying for us but I do not mind as it is just what we want for the "Push". I have done just on 20 hours flying over the lines since I have been with "206" which is pretty good going as several days I have not been up as it has been very "dud". I have not stopped laughing yet about your meeting Rene Massey on the pier and Norah's suggestion for her to write to me. I thought Mrs Massey would not have minded in the least - what a joke!!

I'm now receiving letters etc regularly and it is something to look forward to. I have already had two letters from Dolly Smith and several from Dora. Will you thank mother for her letter and the newspapers which I received last night. I will reply as soon as I get a chance.

Am thinking of you often and imagine you are on the pier. It will be glorious if you are having weather like we are here.

Thank you for Ron's address, I will drop him a line. It is a pity his leave is washed out.

Yes, my leave will come about the end of November or beginning of December.

Am afraid these few lines are rather hurried but I am wanted on the 'drome. Goodbye for now Mickie, write again soon and send the snaps. With fond love. Trev.

206th Squadron R. A. F.
B. E. F.

Friday September 6th 1918

My dear Mother,

Many thanks for your letter, written last Sunday and also the newspapers which I received last

night.

This morning it was beautiful here and this afternoon I was to go on a "long reconnaissance" leaving the ground at 2.0 pm but at midday we had a thunderstorm and it is just cleared up now, 4.15 - but I may go on my job yet.

The parcel you sent from Coopers was very welcome. It contained a tin of biscuits - two boxes of Bournville chocolate and a tin of Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets and all were very nice and will last me another week yet.

You must have had a jolly time altogether when you took the tent on the shore and remained there all day.

I had a postcard from Norman who is at the Pool at present. He is trying to get to our squadron as he is down for "day bombing". It would be very "bonne" if he got here!

I am enclosing a cheque for £5 made out to dad and which I thought was the simplest way - 35/- (£1.75) for the trouser press and the remaining £3. 5. 0. (£3.25) is for you to pay for anything you may send me out - as you suggested. I will let you know anything I require.

Will you please send me two boxes of "Abdulla" Turkish cigarettes as we cannot get decent cigarettes out here. They are very expensive but very good.

Well mother dear I don't think I have any news. I am "carrying on" with my job which is very thrilling and we are kept very busy owing to the advance.

Will close now hoping to hear from you very soon. You will be hard pressed now that Ada is away - I know.

I trust your cold has quite gone now. With fond love, Trev.

On this day two of Trevor's comrades are lost: 2Lt. Sidney Maurice Desmond from London, killed whilst flying, together with his passenger or observer, AM1 Alfred Helliwell from Batley. They are aged 24 and 27 respectively and lie at Arneke, Belgium. This may have been a test flight or a mission but the inference is that the cause of death is an accident rather than enemy action.

206 Squadron RAF,
B.E.F.

Thursday September 12th 1918

My dear Mother,

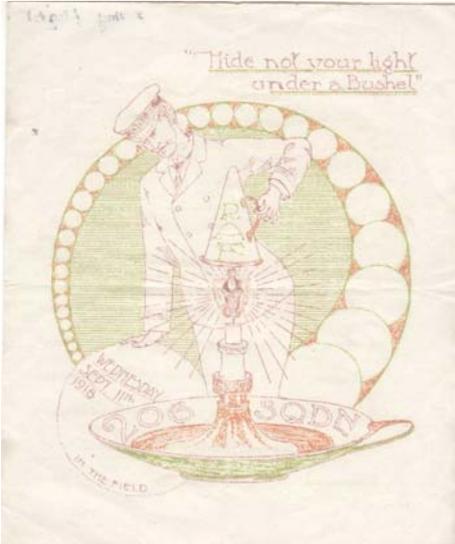
Many thanks for your letter which I received last night but mother dear I would rather you did not start writing to me at 10.30 pm as I would far rather wait a day at two for your letter if you are too busy to write in the daytime. I hope by now you will again have Ada with you which will make things much easier for you.

We have started flying again today although the weather is not good for flying there being a strong wind blowing.

I was actually surprised to hear about Geoff. being at our house with Mrs Poole but could picture you

all having the odd spot of tea in front of the gas fire in the drawing room.

Last night we had quite a jolly evening owing to the fact that two topping American officers who have been with our Squadron some time are leaving us today to join one of their own squadrons - just formed. Also it came through that my Flight Commander had been awarded the D.F.C. and so you can imagine we had as jolly an evening as possible.



We had dinner and then there was a smoking concert attended by the band of a battalion of South African infantry who are at present out on rest and billeted in a small village near us. It was a topping band and played top-hole selections during the evening. There was a great deal of amusement caused by different men of the Squadron who competed for the prizes for giving a "turn".

So Reggie's engagement is a "washout". I am now anxious to know details of why it has fallen through so soon!

Fancy old Bachelor being in civvies on the pier. He is evidently back from his stay in the Isle of Man. By the weather we have been having here the past few days I should imagine you have not been sitting on the pier, but at home in front of a fire.

Are you going to be hard up for your coal supplies this winter? The gas fire in the drawing room should come in very handy although I should imagine the gas supply will be limited.

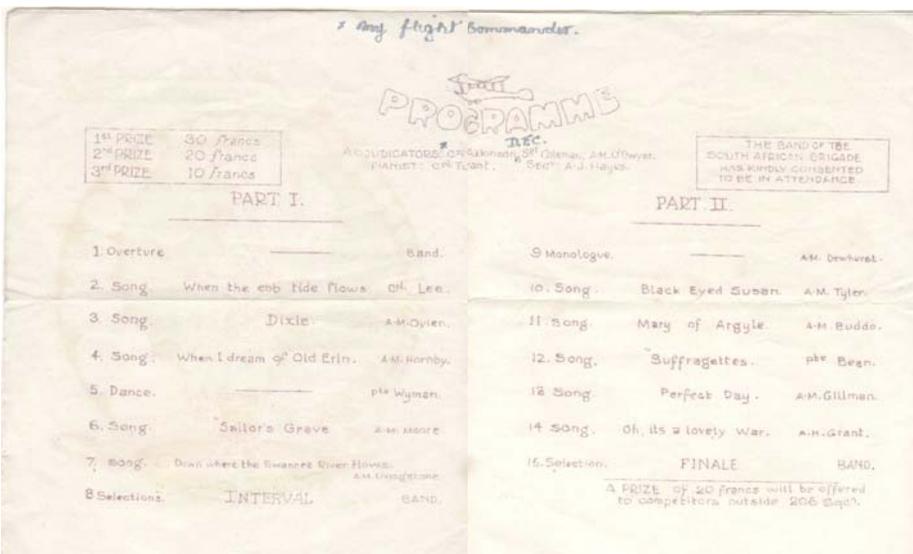
Tonight I expect the newspapers which you are going to send me regularly.

I make myself as warm in my camp bed as possible and then by the aid of a little candlelight read every line of the Chronicle and News and any letters that I may receive.

Well mother dear I have no more news except that I am quite fit and as I said in my letter to Norah enjoying life to the full – SHURR -UP!!!.

Good night mother dear and let a chap have a sleep. With fondest love, Trevor.

PS Remember me to Ada and tell her I hope she enjoyed her holiday!



The two American officers who are departing are almost certainly Lt. Stier and Lt. Schlott-hauer, both of whom have been mentioned in RAF Communiques on preceding pages.

This is the detail of the concert programme. A.M. Gillman is Trevor's rigger.

Letter to 18 Dudley Road

206th Squadron R. A. F.
B. E. F.

Saturday September 14th 1918

My dear Mickie,

Last night I received your interesting letter - those are the kind I like with news of the pier and Winter Gardens etc.

Norah's letter also came by the same post and the newspapers - rather a good mail, many thanks!

We were to have done our usual stunt "a raid" this morning but it has not stopped raining yet so I have time to write you a long letter. For the good work our Squadron has done the past three weeks the "Wing" sent a message through that we are to have two days rest, tomorrow and the day after which means we will not fly but do groundwork. I can tell you Mick we feel like it after flying a lot at such a height.

Although I am quite fit, on my first flights at 15,000 ft to 17,000 feet for three hours across the lines, when I returned to the 'drome I had quite a headache and sickly feeling. Now however, I'm getting much better. You know we have to use oxygen above 14,000 feet.

The tube containing the oxygen is fixed underneath the lower plane of my "bus" and inside my cockpit there is a switch and when I get up to a height I put a rubber tube in my mouth and by turning on the switch get a continued supply of oxygen.

Now to answer the questions in your letter. Yes, I'm getting my mail regularly now and at times it is quite a big one. Dolly Smith writes quite often and top hole letters. Between you and me Mick I'm very keen in that direction - "enuf said"!!

Norah said she saw her with her mother on the pier looking "very sweet" and then Dolly wrote saying she had seen Father and Norah on the pier - rather a scream, isn't it?

You make me roar with laughter when I read what you say about the Reg/Trixie affair! Am now awaiting the latest "bulletin"!

I heard that Norman is at the Pool and have written to him but have not yet had a reply. He is at No. 2 A.D. and not at No. 1 where I was three days.

You will by now have heard of the great Franco-American success down south.

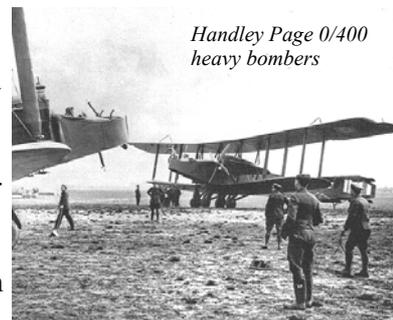
We get the news through by wireless very quickly as there is an Intelligence Department near by and this success is a bigger thing than you will ever hear in the newspapers!! Thousands of prisoners have been captured.

Well Mick it is a very "dud" Saturday here and if it is the same at home you will not be sitting on the pier. I am wondering where you will be tonight and contemplate your being at the Winters "Inside the Lines". It was a topping show when I saw it in London!

I'm glad to hear you are getting on well at your motor driving classes but don't leave home for it, Mick - take my advice and keep on at the hospital! How is Lily these days? Please tell her I was enquiring with you? And hope she is OK.

I'm anxious to receive the photos that we had taken before I left home, as you say they are quite good. You will send them out to me as soon as they are ready.

We have had several games of football on the aerodrome and am glad to say I have got my place in goal for the team. Although the goal is rather a weak part in our team (Ha! Ha!) we have really got a jolly good team and plenty of weight. I would not have a look in on the team except for playing goal. We had our first match yesterday evening against the men (who had two professional footballers playing) and we beat them by two goals to one - so that speaks for itself - that we have "some" team. We are playing again tonight, if the rain stops, against 58 Squadron - Handley-Page bombers who are on the same 'drome as ourselves. I will let you know how we get on.



Am enclosing a book of stamps which I do not need out here so in return I expect more frequent letters. Cheerio for now Mickie. With fondest love, Trev.

Allied air power continues in support of offensives against Germany's last line of defence, the "Hindenberg Line". Between September 11th and 15th, 1483 aircraft of all kinds (the largest concentration in the war) are employed in the assault on St. Mihiel Salient "down south" during the Battle of Bapaume conducted by the American Expeditionary Corps' First Army and the French II Colonial Corps. The salient has been held continuously by the Germans since 1914.

206 Squadron RAF,
B.E.F.

Tuesday 17th September, 1918

My dear Mother,

Just a few lines to let you know I am quite well and hoping you are the same. I received your letter on Sunday evening and Norah's last night - am sorry to hear she has a bad cold.

Yes, when I next send for cigarettes Kenilworth will do quite well. I sent a p.c. to dad thanking him for the Abdulla's, did he receive it?

I have not seen Norman as he is in 205 Squadron which I understand is much farther south than us.

As I told you in a previous letter we were to have had the day off yesterday but it turned out a beautiful day and we consequently had to "take the air" and were very busy. In the afternoon I had to make a long reconnaissance of the backward areas and while getting my height I passed over the Channel and had a beautiful view of the south coast of England. I got to 17,000 feet - the highest I have ever been before crossing the lines and made some reconnaissance you will think when I tell you I was not far off Holland. However I got back quite safely after being up nearly four hours and I can tell you I felt like bed after dinner as I had also been up on a test flight in the morning - a good day's work!

Yes mother dear, I much prefer this work to my last job over here - it is much more interesting and of course more exciting.

I am expecting the parcel from Coopers tonight or tomorrow and also the shirts and will let you know what they are like.

If Geoff is still at home will you tell him I was asking after him and if I knew he was, would drop

him a line. Must close now but will write again soon. With fondest love, Trev.

206 Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B.E.F.

Friday 20th September, 1918

My dearest Mother,

Your letter written last Sunday arrived on Thursday and I intended catching this morning's post in reply but was unexpectedly called up to do a "show" and so missed it. After the mail arrived I had a bath prepared in my hut - you know the idea - the canvas bath which I am just able to sit in and swill myself over at the same time washing the floor round my bed!! At first I sat on a chair with my feet in it reading your letter and then the newspapers which I received - your letters are a real treat, mother dear, and I look forward to the mail each night.

Of course all the other boys are the same and there is a general commotion when the mail arrives.

I am glad that Ada is back with you and I am sure you are too as she is a great help. Hope dad enjoyed his weekend at Blackpool with Mr "R. K."

I am expecting the shirts and the parcel from Coopers tonight as you said you were sending them. Will let you know when they arrive.

Have just had dinner and the parcel from Coopers has arrived. It is a very nice parcel containing chocolate - shortbread - a cake and some Oxo cubes, for which very many thanks.

Yesterday morning I was up at 6.30 in the morning and left the ground at 7.0 and flew towards the coast and then nearly three-quarters distance across the Channel while getting my height. It was a beautifully clear morning and I have never had a finer view of England from the air. I could have easily glided, had my engine failed, into one of the London aerodromes but it was time to turn towards France and well inland again. You can hardly imagine the fine sight from 15,000 feet that I got. There was the English coast on my left and then the Channel right underneath with little specks dotted it over it which I could only just distinguish as ships and then on my right was the French coast. It was a topping sight but it was freezing and when I had been at that altitude for over an hour my hands got absolutely numb - I could feel my thumb which felt three times its size and then could feel nothing of the next two fingers and so on although I had three pairs of gloves on. First I have a pair of silk gloves on which are supposed to be very good for retaining heat and then I have a pair of cotton gloves over them and finally a pair of gauntlets (you remember the kind - the black ones I had at home) up to my elbows and still my hands got so cold, so you have an idea how cold it is up aloft, this weather.

Well mother dear I will be thinking of you all at "Inside the Lines" tomorrow night and hope it is good.

If the weather improves you will get more very good news from this front but the war will not be over for a long time yet.

Have no more news but that I am feeling very fit. I have a nice friend here another Canadian, rather small but very much like Len Bateman in the face.

Hoping you are all well at home, with fondest love, Trev.

Letter to 18 Dudley Road

206th Squadron R. A. F.
B. E. F.

Sunday September 22nd 1918

My dear Mick-ee,

Many thanks for your long letter commenced at G.H. Lee & Co and finished at home. I received it last night and it is just the kind of "newsy" letter I like. I must congratulate you on now being able to drive through traffic and having got through so soon! Do you still go to the hospital or have you given it up altogether now?

Thanks for Lily's address, when I get time I will write to her although at present most of my spare time is occupied in correspondence. It is very funny, when my hut pals come into the hut and find me writing they say "How is the Times History of the War getting on?" There are four other officers in the same hut as myself - one a South African and one a Canadian - they are all good fellows and we have quite a lot of fun and joking to keep up "the morale of the troops"!!

Yes, I'm afraid it would give me much amusement to hear Father and Mother arranging about the gas and coal and especially Dad on the "three pip stunt".

At the present time so long as things go OK two pips are quite enough for me although I am "full out" for a captaincy. You must have a word with Harold Rowbotham as we spent a few days together out here. I have had a letter from him since he arrived home and he is enjoying a month's leave now. He is some "lead swinger"!

We have not yet moved to our new drome but expect to in a week's time.

I'm looking forward to receiving the photos from Priestleys as you say they will be good. Please send them me as soon as you receive them. I have already promised several friends one.

Fancy your seeing Ruth and Billy on the pier.

Must close now and get ready for the raid. Hoping all are well at home. With fondest love, Trev.

Priestleys, mentioned here and elsewhere in the letters, is located at this time in Egremont, Wallasey.

There was a break in Trevor's flying after September 7th until the 16th when the squadron again became very active as the last few letters have inferred:

Sept. 16 th 10:50 - 11:30 a.m.	---	---	40 hrs. 4,000	Aerodrome	Test 0 flight and a practice "setap" along Recon. Saw a ruin below, adrift east of Roulers. Set out on long Recon. but engine vibrating badly. Escort to Long Recon. very little archy saw 12 flares
Sept. 18 th 2:10 - 5:25 p.m.	3257	Private	3 hrs 15 16,000	Roulers - Anzin - Toureong	Raid on Tinsington. Saw bombs burst near dump. Long Recon. Saw about 50 flares on canals. Very little archy and howl movement. Long Recon - could not see the ground. Layer of clouds at 6,000 from sea to land
Sept. 20 th 1:50 - 2:50 p.m.	1341	Pailiser	1 hour 7,000	Balais - Dunhuik - St. Omer - & home	
Sept. 21 st 8:0 - 11:0 a.m.	7678	---	3 hours 15,500	Ypres - Anzin - Courtrai - Roubaix - Lille - Armentiers	
Sept. 24 th 11:45 - 2:45 p.m.	3224	---	3 hours 15,000	S. of Ypres - Anzin - Courtrai - Roubaix - Sommes & home	
Sept. 24 th 2:15 - 4:45 p.m.	---	a.g.c.	2 hrs 30 14,000	Armentiers - Lille - Anzin - Courtrai - Roulers - Ypres	
Sept. 26 th 6:30 - 7:50 a.m.	---	3 Annister	1 hr. 20 12,000	aerodrome to coast and then to the lines & home	

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Thursday September 26th 1918

My dear Mother,

Just a few lines which I trust you receive on Sunday. I have just returned from dawn long reconnaissance. I was up at 5.0 am and had a little meal - a cup of tea and bread and butter and marmalade (please note) and left the ground at 6.15. We are now beginning to experience difficulty in starting up our engines owing to the cold weather. However we got away and climbed up to 12,000 feet but below us about 6,000 feet was a thick layer of clouds without one gap, from the sea at Boulogne right up to the lines, and as we afterwards found out (when we descended) we had been over Hunland but quite unaware of the fact as we could not see the ground below us and came home entirely by the use of our compass. But it was a very pretty sight but no use at all as we returned without any information. If the weather clears up we may try again. Have had breakfast since the flight and think now I will go back to bed as I have rather a wretched cold. It is so cold this weather for work owing to the height we have to fly and then when we come down there is no warmth or fire of any sort. However I will go to bed for the rest of the day and hope I will not be called out for another show.

We are expecting to be very busy here and very shortly, on low flying work: i.e. strafing the Hun with bombs and machine gun fire from a low altitude. Cannot or rather must not say any more.

Trusting you are all well and will have the usual quiet rest and happy Sunday. (I will be thinking of you). With fondest love, Trev.

PS Am waiting to hear if I shall send the shirts home as they are if anything on the small size!

On September 27th a new Allied offensive is launched towards Cambrai and St. Quentin, the latter being captured by the French on October 2nd. On October 4th the Hindenburg line is abandoned and new German positions are established 10 miles to the east along the Selle River. Trevor is about to become even busier.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Thursday 3rd October, 1918

My dearest Mother,

Many thanks for your letter received last night dated 30th September and also a nice letter from Dad by the same mail. This will have to be only a short letter as we are wanted again for a raid but know you will be glad to receive just a few lines from me on Sunday.

I am quite well but rather tired! We have been exceptionally busy since Friday last and have been making four raids a day, in all sorts of weather, but as you will see by the papers we are getting excellent results and that is the main thing.

I have not sent the shirts home yet but will do so the first chance I get and you will send me out the size larger. I am quite ready for another parcel - it is the chocolate in it that I like! Fancy old Eric going out to India? If he has not gone yet would you wish him the best of luck and tell him I should

like to have seen him before he goes and had a game of "pills" at the club! What is the "stunt" he is on, do you know?

Yes mother dear, there is a very good chance of my being home when Ron is at the end of November or beginning of December. So you will like the new blue uniform! It seems to have come to stay this time but is very unserviceable. One of our pilots returning from leave strolled into our old tumble down mess in a brand-new blue uniform - we didn't half laugh and pulled his leg - it seemed such a scream amongst us in our oldest and dirtiest things.

Must close now, hoping you are all well at home - please excuse these few very hurried lines.

With fondest love, Trev.

Trevor and his comrades have indeed been busy. Trevor himself flew four missions on the 29th, three on 1st October and two on each day of the 2nd and 3rd. A detailed description of one of these raids, that of 29th September on Menin Station, is contained within the Appendix. Behind Trevor's brief statement in his log, "Archy very heavy" is a story of courageous tactics leading to a significant success against a German division being detrained ready for a counterattack directed at the British 2nd Army. Today, 3rd October, Le Catelet falls.

Communiqué No. 27 for 1st October 1918 advises: "206 Squadron dropped 26 112-lb bombs and 107 25-lb bombs on Courtrai sidings Quesnoy and Linselles during the day with good effect".

These are Trevor's activities between September 27th and October 4th:

Sept. 27 th 11.45 - 2.25 p.m.	---	---	2 hrs 40	14,500	To Bissegheem	Raid - dropped 12-25 lb bombs on a very rough time getting back against strong wind.
Sept. 28 th 1.10 - 3.10 p.m.	---	---	2 hrs	12,000	To Menin	Raid - dropped 2 112 lbs on Bomiers - attacked by 8 hrs
Sept. 29 th 6.34 - 8.14 a.m.	---	---	1 hr 40	11,000	To Menin	Raid - 2-112 lb bombs on the Railway - petrol dump set on fire - attacked by six hrs over of fuel
9.33 - 11.18 a.m.	---	---	1 hr 45	12,000	To Halluin	Raid - 2-112 lb bombs dropped in the town - great damage done by our two formations of 7 machines

Date and Hour	Wind Direction and Velocity	Machine Type and No.	Passenger	Time	Height	Course	Remarks
Sept. 29 th 12.55 - 1.20 p.m.	---	D. H. G. 3224	a. g. d. 13ammisfor	25 mts	4,000	Aerodrome ^{of} towards Boast.	Set out on a raid with two 112-lb bombs but thick mist at 4,000 ft so had to return. Raid - 5-112 lb bombs dropped on Railway. Archy very heavy.
4.25 - 5.45 p.m.	---	---	private	1 hr 20	5,000	To Menin.	Raid - 2-112 lb bombs dropped in the town & then dived down and shot up returning guns.
6.41 - 8.26 a.m.	---	---	Stony road	1 hr 45	11,000	To Quesnoy.	Raid - 2-112 lb bombs on sidings - Barst's observed
12.55 - 2.35 p.m.	---	---	---	1 hr 40	12,000	To Courtrai.	Raid - 2-112 lbs dropped on the road. Dumps hit and set on fire - big blaze.
4.0 - 5.30 p.m.	---	---	---	1 hr 30	11,000	To Roncq.	Raid - 2-112 lbs dropped on road. Thick mist about 6,000.
7.0 - 9.16 a.m.	---	---	---	2 hrs 10	6,000	To Anversen.	Raid - dropped bombs and then dived and shot off 200 ft. into houses in the town.
11.5 - 12.25 a.m. October 1 st	---	---	---	1 hr 30	6,000	To Menin.	Raid - dropped bombs on town - could not see Barst's owing to thick clouds.
12.0 - 1.30 a.m. October 3 rd	---	---	---	1 hr 35	7,000	To Wevelghem.	Raid - dropped bombs on the road - very heavily arched
3.40 - 5.15 p.m. October 4 th	---	---	---	2 hrs	11,000	To Courtrai.	Raid - bombs dropped on railway setting fire to a train and huge ammunition dump exploded

Letter to 18 Dudley Road

206th Squadron R. A. F.
B. E. F.

Friday October 4th 1918

My dear Mick,

Many thanks for your letter which I received two days ago.

We have been very busy the past ten days making three or four raids a day, but today I was up again at 5.30 am and we left on our first raid at 6.30 and returned about 9.0 when it came over very "dud" and began to rain and consequently we have not done another show today and it is now 4.0 pm.

I really must say I am not sorry for the rest as I was beginning to feel very "washed out".

This morning's raid was very successful - we bombed C----- (*Courtrai*) and smashed the railway up setting fire to two trains in the station and just as we had finished dropping the pills a huge ammunition dump went up in flames and thick clouds of smoke. Quite a good bit of work before breakfast - what do you say?

It was our second raid on this town and we had missed the "dump" the first time and thought it was possibly a clever bit of Hun camouflage - our doubts were quite removed this morning! We are moving to a new aerodrome nearer the line tomorrow - will do a raid first thing in the morning and then instead of returning here will land at the new drome - our belongings etc will go by road in the morning.

Will you tell mother I sent the two shirts back by this morning's post and trust you receive them OK and I hope to receive the two others "size larger" soon.

Yes, I do give them "The Mountains of Mourne" on the piano. Each officer in the mess can just about play one tune with the exception of the padre who plays fine - when (?) he feels like it.

It was rather "bonne" Ernie Hughes getting seven days extension of leave - what did he get it for? You will have heard that we have captured the town A.....that Ernie's battery was near and we fly over every day or close to it (usually more North). You must have a pretty good idea in what part of the line we are operating. The town A... was our most southern point and an old town (very much read about and now nothing but ruins) is our northern point. I'm going for a little tea now so will finish this tonight as I may receive another letter from you.

Have had dinner and when the mail arrived there was a letter from Norah, please thank her - and also a topping parcel from Mrs Keightley containing a beautiful box of chocolate - cigarettes - a home-made cake and little tarts. Isn't it very kind of her? I will write and thank her for her very kind thoughts.

Must close now as I have to be up at 4.0 in the morning to pack up all my things before the raid, which is at 6.0 tomorrow. Do write often Mickie as I look forward to your letters. I'm looking forward to our photos from Priestleys. Have you no snaps you can send me taken at Llangollen?

With fondest love, Trev.

Trevor is no doubt referring to the capture of Armentières which was taken on 2nd October. And

the "old town" is Ypres, about 18 km to the north. On this day the Germans burn Douai.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Sunday 6th October, 1918

My dearest Mother,

We moved to our new aerodrome here yesterday - we made a raid and then landed here for breakfast and as it was "dud" for the rest of the day were able to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The quarters are quite an improvement on our last as our huts are lined with sackcloth which makes them look better and a little warmer and then we have a hut here for our mess which is much better than the large tent we had before.

Today I have not flown as this afternoon I attend the service given by the padre. It is the first time I have been able to attend on a Sunday since I have been out but must say it was very nice and the padre gave us a very cheering address.

I must thank you for your letter of the 2nd and am returning Reg's letter. I have sent back the two shirts and trust you receive them OK. I expect dad is back from his few days holiday now and trust he is feeling fit.

Wasn't it kind of Mrs Keightley to send me a parcel? - they very soon are consumed though amongst your hut friends. I am quite looking forward to the parcel you say you have sent me! Will let you know when it arrives.

Oh! By the way I meant to tell you sooner that I replied to Marguerite's letter when first I came out - over five weeks now - but did not address it to the one you gave me!

Have they heard from Norman yet? I have not been able to fly over and see him and he is much farther south down the line - hope he is OK.

The news we have today is that Germany has asked for an armistice in order to negotiate peace terms. If it is true I hope our people will not take any notice as now it will not take many months before we will force her to surrender which is the only way to get our peace terms. I am "full-out" to carry on!

We have slackened down a little in our sector the past two days but we are only consolidating and bringing up the big guns when we will be pushing ahead again and then we will do our four or five raids a day again!!

Am going to bed now mother dear so will close now but may have a little more news in the morning.

Had just had breakfast and it is now 7.45. It is quite a nice morning and now I am going up to take photographs. Will write again soon.

Hoping you have got rid of your cold.

With fondest love, Trev.

PS Am hoping to receive the photos from Priestley's soon.

October 5th 7.30 - 9.30 a.m.	2 hrs	10,000	To Courtrai To Lille. Aerodrome.	Raid bombs dropped on the town and bursts also seen on railway attached to went over to photograph C.B. area but was too cloudy. Practical scrub with another machine. 6 seconds left for photographs with C. gun
October 9th 1.35 - 2.50 p.m.	1 hr 15	14,500		
October 9th 10.15 - 10.55 a.m.	40 mins	4,000		

Behind Trevor's almost offhand remark at the beginning of this letter - "We moved to our new aerodrome here yesterday - we made a raid and then landed here for breakfast" - there is a long story concerning this raid on Courtrai on October 5th. Fortunately it and many others have been recorded for posterity by J. Stephen Blanford and may be read in the Appendix. Trevor and his observer, Pte. Hayward, are the deputy leaders of this raid, behind Atkinson/Blanford. Blanford describes it as the Squadron's unluckiest of the war as four out of the ten aircraft are lost. Atkinson/Blanford themselves are hit by an anti-aircraft shell, limping back over the lines in an almost uncontrollable aircraft and by a combination of skill and luck crash-landing without injury to themselves. One must assume that from that point Trevor takes over command of the mission. Another crew crash similarly on the British side of the front, again without injury. Knight/Perring and Prime/Hancock however come down on the German side. Knight/Perring are shot down by Fokkers with Knight, an American, badly wounded and Perring relatively unharmed. Both will spend the remaining weeks of the war in captivity. It appears that Prime/Hancock are less fortunate; the plane is hit by anti-aircraft fire and the pilot rendered unconscious. The observer manages to land it and is captured. However Lt. H.L. Prime, a pilot newly arrived at 206, loses his life. He is buried at Harlebecke, Belgium.

The new aerodrome is Ste-Marie Cappel located about half way between Dunkirk and Bethune. The squadron has been based here previously, between 31st March and 11th April 1918, before being withdrawn in the face of the German advance. From 11th April the new base was Boisdinghen where the squadron stayed until 5th June and its move to Alquines where Trevor joined it several weeks later.

Today the German Chancellor contacts U.S. President Woodrow Wilson proposing an armistice. He is told that no negotiations can take place until the removal of the country's military leadership. Meanwhile the British take Fresnoy.

Just one copy of the Operation Orders by which the crews learn of their missions survives within Trevor's papers. It is the Order for Wednesday October 9th.

OPERATION ORDERS FOR OCTOBER 9th. 1918.

<u>LONG RECONNAISSANCE.</u>			
5-30/8-30 and 1/3-30.	8874.	Lt. Common.	2nd. Lt. Knee.
8-0/10-30 " 3-30/5-30.	1698.	Lt. Russell.	Lt. Heppel. (camera).
10-30/1-0.	1214.	Lt. Campbell.	2nd. Lt. Thompson. (camera).
<u>PHOTOGRAPHIC MACHINES.</u>			
7630.	Lt. Pitt.	2nd. Lt. Shelswell.	
7596.	Lt. Burn, DFC.	Capt. Carrothers.	
3224.	Lt. Evans.	2nd. Lt. Penny.	
<u>RAID MACHINES.</u>			
569.	Capt. Atkinson, MC, DFC.	2nd. Lt. Blanford.	
3257.	Lt. Denny.	Sgt. Woodgate.	
5841.	Lt. Ramsay.	AM. Halliser.	
5782.	Lt. McLean.	2nd. Lt. Hobbs.	
559.	Lt. Smith.	2nd. Lt. Kennedy.	

In the Field.
8-10-19.

(Signed). G.T. MacLaren. MAJOR,
Commanding 206 Squadron, R.A.F.

But it appears from the log book extract above that those missions do not in fact occur, or at least those in which Trevor and Lt. Penny are to be involved. This is probably due to weather conditions. Trevor contents himself with a training flight.

Letter to 18 Dudley Road

206th Squadron R. A. F.
B. E. F.

Wednesday October 9th 1918

My dear Mick,

Many thanks for your letter with the photos enclosed, just received.

The one of the three of us is quite nice and very good of Norah and yourself but I'm not struck on the one of myself although I'm going to send them away to friends, including Dolly and Mrs Keightley. Do you think they are all right to send away? The first chance I get I will buy a frame for the photo of the three of us and then hang it over my bed in the hut.

By this morning's mail I also received mother's letter written on Sunday - a letter from Aunty Lizzie and Dolly.

Thursday

I started this yesterday but had not time to finish as I was Orderly Officer!

This morning I received the newspapers and a letter from Norah - she seems to be having a very good time with Eric on leave. When does he sail for India? Will you let me know (ask dad) Mr Bain's address in Brunswick Street so that I can send him one of my photos - don't forget!

Well Mick I have got a new observer and strange to say he was out in Italy the early part of the year in the infantry and knew 34 Squadron well! He told me he was acting company commander during the small push, prior to which he made several flights in one of my old squadron's machines to see from above the ground over which they had to advance. He seems a very nice chap - he is a full "loot" with the MC. I hope that he is my observer for good.

Am glad you had such a nice time at Lily's! Remember me to her will you? I would write to her but I have already a large number of people to whom I write regularly - compris? and it is all I can do to reply to all the letters I receive.

I have the photo of Norah, you and myself in front of me on my table (otherwise petrol box) and I think it is really topping of Norah and you.

Yes, I still hear quite often from Dolly - she writes me very nice letters and as you suggested I fully intend taking her out when I come home. Dora still writes to me!

Well Mick must close now and hope to hear from you soon. Take care of yourself when out driving!! Will write again when I hear from you. Cheerio. With fond love, Trev.

The new Observer is Lt. E.B. Green M.C. who gained his decoration with The Devonshire Regiment on the Somme in 1916.

Today Cambrai is captured by the British; and tomorrow, the 10th, so are Le Cateau and Sal-laumines and, according to one source, Rouvroy, although in his letter of the 14th Trevor seems to be referring to its capture on that date.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Friday 11th October, 1918

My dear Aunty,

Many thanks for your last letter dated 6th which I received yesterday. The past few days the weather has been very dud and we had been having a rest, more or less, which we really needed and will do us no harm.

Well Aunt, as you asked I will try and explain briefly our work. Our chief work is bombing and we go over the lines any distance up to 50 miles and bomb railways - ammunition dumps - towns (near the line) and massed troops etc. When the advance was on we would get word through that the enemy was heavily concentrated at a point X (often a town) then we went up in full-strength i.e. 15 machines in formation of threes like this:

```
      X
     X X
    X   X
   X X   X X
    X   X
   X X   X X
```

and if we are attacked we split up into our threes and work together. However we usually got to our objective without being attacked by Hun planes but the "archy" (anti-aircraft fire) was always very hot. We then dropped our pills after which we would dive down on the town at a very low altitude and pour bullets into the town from our front guns no doubt inflicting heavy casualties on troops and dispersing them in disorder.

We were making four raids a day like this when they were advancing in our sector.

The trouble for us began when we had bombed our objective and turned west again, any of our machines that could not keep up and so got separated from the formation would be attacked by eight or ten Fokkers. Our Squadron had been very lucky until one day on a raid three of our machines got left behind and failed to return. Only on one occasion have Huns attacked our formation since I have been here and then there were only four of our machines and eight Fokkers attacked but we managed to keep them off until our Scouts appeared on the scene and then - well 'nuff said!!

Nearly every time the Huns are waiting to attack single machines that fall out of the formation owing to engine trouble but as I have already said rarely attack a good formation.

Although our chief work is bombing we also take photographs of the Hun positions and make Long Reconnaissances to note all movement behind the enemy lines, chiefly train and road movement also on the canals.

I knew you would enjoy "Yes Uncle" as the artistes gave us a show one Sunday when I was stationed on Salisbury Plain and it was excellent!

I have got a new observer who was in Italy with the Infantry at the beginning of this year and knew my old Squadron (No. 34) very well. He is a full lieutenant with the M.C. and seems a very stout fellow so I hope to stick to him.

Have no more news now except that I am quite fit and in the best of spirits. Trusting you are well. With fond love,

Trev.



Trevor's reference to the loss of three machines on a single raid may be to earlier events before his arrival. Or he may even be referring to the events of 29th September in which he was involved where four machines were lost. Losses usually refer to loss of the machine, rather than of the crew, and therefore do not necessarily signify aircrew deaths. A loss may thus refer to the loss of the machine by crashing or by capture. In such an incident the crew may escape quite unscathed; or they may be injured; or they may be captured; or they may lose their lives.

Amongst earlier events the squadron had a very bad day on 19th May when at least two aircraft were lost and in addition their crews, i.e. four men, died. July 29th was also a day of considerable loss, again involving Courtrai and the second of two raids carried out on it during the day. Then the losses were Schlotzhauer/Williams (Williams badly injured); Cheston/Pacey (both killed); and Percival/Paget (both badly injured and Paget later dying of his wounds). Schlotzhauer and Cheston were both American members of the squadron. On the other hand the squadron accounted for four of the attacking Pfalz aircraft, to add to the two brought down during the previous raid. It may be that Trevor is referring to these events of July 29th. He certainly seems to be playing down the likelihood of attack by enemy aircraft and thus some of the risks to which he is exposed on every mission.

"Yes, Uncle" is a musical comedy which opened at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London on 26th December 1917 and will run for 626 performances.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Saturday 12th October, 1918

My dear Mother,

The past two days the weather has been very dud and we have had quite a nice rest and today it seems like being the same. I had been feeling rather fagged out but these three days will make all the difference.

We have quite a good football ground at the back of our huts here and have had several games lately.

Your letter of the 9th has just arrived. It has only taken two days, which is very quick. I am glad you have received the shirts all right and I am expecting the others any day now.

Yes, our concerts etc have been off for some time now that we have been so busy and so far we have found nowhere to use as a concert hall but if we remain here for the winter will have another hangar erected solely for that purpose. It is getting dark now at 5.0 in the evening which

means we cannot leave the ground on a show after 3.30. It is great to have finished the day's strafe at teatime!

It is a pity I did not come out better in the photo and as I think it is very good of both Norah and Marjorie. I was in Cassell yesterday and bought a frame for it and it is now hanging over my bed in the hut.

I have had a letter from Aunty Lizzie in which she tells me all about Dad's visit to London. She writes to me regularly.

Well mother dear I will close now as I have very little news but will write again when I receive your next letter. I hope all at home are as well as I am - absolutely top hole.

With fondest love, Trev.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Monday 14th October, 1918

My dear Norah,

Many thanks for your letter received a few days ago. I am quite OK and feeling quite fit. I received a letter from Dad this morning and am glad all are well at home. We have started "pushing" again in our sector today and we have made three raids! I was up at 4.30 this morning - that is the only really rotten part of the show, but we have had plenty of excitement as on each raid we have been attacked by Huns.

Our first raid left the ground at 6.0am and after bombing the objective were attacked by nine Fokkers but we managed to drive them off. Returned for breakfast at 8.30 and started on our second raid at 9.15 and again after dropping our "pills" were attacked by eight Falz Scouts which we drove off without loss to ourselves. We landed again at 11.30 and had lunch and left on our third raid at 1.0pm and went over 40 miles (the farthest I have been) to bomb and on returning were attacked by six Albatross Scouts and am pleased to say our formation shot one down, which burst into flames, without losing a machine though one of our pilots had a very narrow escape with his map board being riddled with bullets, inside his cockpit i.e. the pilots' "ossif"! It has been quite a good day's work and today we have not lost a machine. The old Huns were getting very brave today - the cheek of them to dare to attack us three times. Ha! Ha!

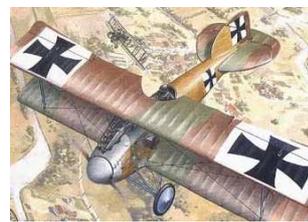
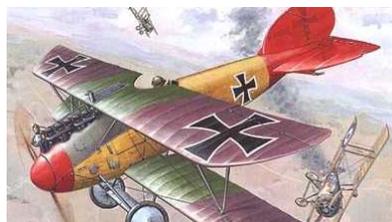
The Albatross Scouts that attacked us on the last raid are supposed to be a crack Hun Squadron and their machines were camouflaged almost out of recognition. The body was a dark brick colour, and the nose of the machine a brilliant red and their tail white. Until they were very close in on us we could not distinguish their markings (the black cross). We are very bucked at having shot one down!

After dropping my "pills" this morning I went down low to see our troops advancing. The old Bosch is on the run again but the devils (excuse the word but it is too good for them) set alight every village before they retreat. The sector where our boys were advancing was one mass of fires. I saw what from the air looked a beautiful large mansion, all on fire and also the town Rou— which we captured today was one mass of flames.

Well, to stop talking war for a bit, I had a postcard from Mr McKinlay today and was glad to hear Norman is quite OK.

been involved in this engagement are illustrated below, all bearing livery of different types, specific to particular squadrons or Jastas. (These images are of course artists' impressions or photographs of replicas).

The Albatros, a potent and much feared fighter,



the Pfalz



and the Fokker



Field Service postcard to J.G. Evans Esq. dated Tuesday 15th October 1918

I am quite well. I have received your letter dated 9th October, 1918. Letter follows at first opportunity. Trev.

Today Menin is captured.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Wednesday 16th October, 1918

My dear Mother,

Have not had a letter from you for a few days but received one from Norah this morning and know you are all well.

Yesterday we were very busy doing our bit in the "push" but today we were unable to operate owing to the weather - a low mist at about 3000 feet. Of course we get the news through very quickly at the Squadron, by telephone, and today our "push" has gone excellently. I think the Huns will be out of Belgium before very long - at the rate we are advancing and things on the whole are very promising.

I was very surprised to read in Norah's letter of Mick being accepted as a driver in the A.S.C. but Norah did not say where Mick will carry out her duties. Personally I hope she does not go far away from home - for many reasons! What do you think about it, mother dear? Tell Mick I am

anxious to hear all news about the “stunt”, at the same time congratulate her for getting through so quickly.

Have very little news this time and now have a huge pile of letters (men's) to cancel - it being one of the duties of the Orderly Officer which job I have again “clicked” for today.

We have got quite a comfortable little mess going now, but am afraid we will be on the move to another ‘drome shortly as we are quite a way from the line after the rapid progress that has been made the past three weeks.

I hope you receive this letter on Sunday morning when I will be thinking of you all. Am glad that the Harvest Festival went off splendidly at Church. Remember me to Dr Sandys and I trust he is now in much better health.

Good night for now, mother dear. Am feeling fine and in the best of spirits which I am not when getting up at 4.30 the morning, in the dark.

With fondest love, Trev.

The Germans are forced back from the Selle to the Scheldt River. On October 17th the British enter Douai and capture Lille.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Monday 21st October, 1918

My dearest Mother,

As I have had no letter from home for three days am wondering if you have flu but am hoping that it is a delay somewhere in the post.

The last two days have been “dud” and we have had rest. Yesterday afternoon (Sunday) I went with eight fellow officers to visit Ypres and the neighbouring country over which our troops have just advanced. I would not have missed the visit for anything but the devastation of war is terrible. In Ypres, which was quite a fair-sized town, there is not one house standing. The whole town is in ruins - the churches and hospitals the same as houses. We then drove on outside the town over what only a short time ago was no man's land and the sights I saw would fill books but I will keep for when we meet again.

I picked up a rifle (British) out of a German pillbox and also a bayonet which I hope to be able to bring home.

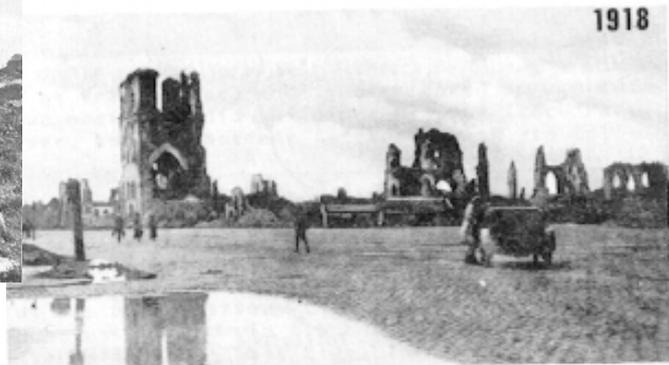
In the evening we had quite a nice service in the camp and three men of our Squadron, with beautiful voices, sang hymns which were illustrated by lantern slides. It was a very nice idea of the padre! Removing to a new aerodrome on Thursday, near the large French city (Lille) which has just been captured. We are occupying an old Hun aerodrome!

We are all very sorry to be leaving here which we had made quite comfortable but I expect we will be moving all the time now that the Huns are falling back so quickly.

Will close now, trusting all are well at home and hoping to hear from you soon. Many thanks for the shirts and a pair of stockings which I received OK. With fondest love, Trev.

PS I am giving this letter to a friend here who will post it in England - as he is going on leave tomorrow. Trev.

The devastation of Ypres (Ieper) through which countless Allied soldiers have passed and over which Trevor will have flown, will remain an enduring image of the Great War for generations to come.



Trevor's journey on Sunday October 20th will have led him through countryside and villages similarly destroyed. He may well have used roads which are shown on postcards within his papers, through places like Kimmel and Dranouter,



and along the Route d'Ypres through Wytschaete.



But in the midst of all this man-made chaos, a new threat, this time natural, less obvious but no less lethal, is starting to make itself felt. Trevor is plainly aware of the flu epidemic although his fairly casual words in the first paragraph of his letter to his mother reflect a lesser degree of concern than he will come to feel in the coming months.

Late in the spring of 1918 the Spanish wire service Agencia Fabra sent cables of an unusual nature to Reuter's news service headquarters in London. "A strange form of disease of epidemic character has appeared in Madrid," it said. "The epidemic is of a mild nature, no deaths having been reported." The illness began with a cough, then headache and backache, fatigue, high fever, racing heart, loss of appetite and laboured breathing. It usually lasted about three days. Cases had occurred over the spring and summer in other countries, too, from Norway to India, China to Costa Rica. But in Spain, suddenly 8 million people were suffering from the disease. And as the summer of 1918 turned to autumn, the epidemic lost its mildness: people started to die.

The influenza commonly called "Spanish flu" will eventually kill more people than the guns of the Great War. Estimates will put the world-wide death toll at 21 million including people mentioned in these letters. Some one billion people will be affected by the disease - half of the total human population. It comes at a time when 19 nations are at war and the disruption, stress and privation of war certainly aids its transmission and terrible effects.

To 18 Dudley Road

206th Squadron R. A. F.
B. E. F.

Tuesday October 22nd 1918

My dear Mick,

Many thanks for your last letter. I trust that you have now got over the touch of flu that you caught and are feeling quite well again.

You asked me if I hear regularly from home! Yes, I have had a letter from someone practically every day with the exception of the past four days, when I have had no letters. But I think there must be something wrong in the post.

Was surprised to hear that Harry Hough is now in the Army! Yes, I think the war is nearly over.

I had a letter from Reggie Hall the other day - he had been spending the week in Cambridge. He spoke of Trixie as a little "cat" - an awful scream I thought. I don't really know now what all the trouble between them was.

Thanks for Mr Bain's address - I wrote a short letter to him enclosing a photo.

Well Mick I have very little news this time as we have not been doing much work the past three days although our troops have been going ahead splendidly.

On Thursday we are leaving here for a new aerodrome much nearer the present line.

There is a friend of mine, out of the same hut, who has gone on leave today and who may be going to West Kirby for a day at two of his leave so I told him to call and see you if he is near New Brighton. His name is J. S. Common and is a Canadian with very few friends in England. He is quite a nice fellow but unfortunately his machine caught fire in the air when he was learning to fly

J.S. Common



and he has still scars on his face. I know you will give him a good reception if he calls at "Thoresby".

Must close now to catch post. Write to me soon.

With fond love, Trev.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Wednesday 23rd October, 1918

My dear Mother,

Have just received your letter written on Saturday morning last and glad you are well as I was getting a bit anxious at not having heard from home for a few days. I am writing this letter on my knee as all my things, with the exception of my bed and the clothes I am wearing, have gone to our new aerodrome and we will be flying there first thing tomorrow. Mick's letter, written the day before yours, arrived in tonight's mail.

Yes, leave at our Squadron is going very well - one pilot and observer a week - but I will not get leave until the second or third week in December which is about four months from when I came out but will mean having Christmas at home - won't that be fine!!

The two towns that you mentioned are amongst the many towns that we have strafed. I was surprised that you guessed whereabouts we are or rather were operating. It is not far from the latter place that you mentioned (R ———) that our new 'drome is situated.

I have not heard from Norman lately but have had a letter from Gladys and she said Norm was quite well. Am glad to hear Eric has not gone to India and hope he will not be sent there now.

We hear a lot of peace rumours out here but I really will be very surprised if the fighting has stopped before next year. If once the Huns deceive us into granting them an armistice - our men would never fire another shot, so I am full out to carry on for another six months (if necessary) and finish the job and then we will dictate terms - in my mind if we stop fighting now, at the critical moment, it would be disastrous.

I have received six tins of Kenilworth cigarettes! Who am I to thank for them? They are quite good and I like them quite as much as Abdullas.

This morning I started off at 9.30 to take photographs of the back of the enemy lines and had only just got over there and when it became very misty and I had to descend to 500 ft to find my bearings. After wandering over a good part of France over treetops etc we arrived back at our 'drome at 1.15 - feeling very fagged.

Will close now, hoping to hear from you soon, with fondest love, Trev.

The place mentioned is probably Roubaix, just to the north east of Lille.

This letter prompts the following response from his mother dated 29th October 1918:

My dear old Trevor,

Your welcome letter was brought to me this morning (together with one from Marjorie which I will enclose and you please return). I was just a little bit anxious, but this letter had obviously been censored as there was a signature (H. Blew) on it and although your letter was dated 23rd. the post mark was 26th. However dearest, when I know you are safe I am satisfied. What a trying time you had in the mist; you must have been fagged indeed when you got back. You are being watched over Trevor dear and I feel that you will come home safe to us all. What a welcome you will get!

No dear, you need never fear that there will be "any sort" of peace made. The Germans are a crafty race but our Ministers know it and they have lost too many of their own dear sons not to make (as Mr. Wilson says) future war with Germany impossible. They will have our terms dictated to them very soon and they will be made to accept them...

On October 24th 206 Squadron transfers to its new aerodrome, lately vacated by the Germans, at Linselles, a short distance north of Lille and about 30 km west of Brussels.

Date and Hour	Wind Direction and Velocity	Machine Type and No.	Passenger	Time	Height	Course	Remarks
October 24 th 8.40 - 9.30 a.m.		D.H. 9. 3224	Squad.	50ms	500 ft	From Orsme Cappelle to Linselles 'drome.	moving nearer the line. Thick mist at 1000 ft. Photography - went over the line but could not find one gap in the clouds.
October 26 th 9.20 - 11.5 a.m.		--	--	1 hr. 45	14,000	Linselles - Lille - Tournai N.E. of Tournai to Belles	Photos took 75 photos mostly heavy & accurate. 4 drums killed. Two of them K.B.S. done
October 27 th 12.45 - 1.55 p.m.		--	--	1 hr. 10	2,000	along the Scheldt.	

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Sunday 27th October, 1918

My dear Dad,

After three days we are now getting settled down in our new aerodrome and quarters. As we expected - the Huns did not leave a thing for us and destroyed everything.

We flew over from our old 'drome at 500 ft - just above the houses as there was a thick mist above 1000 feet. Our kit did not arrive for two days as the lorry was "ditched" on the way, consequently the first two nights we had to sleep in our flying clothes, on the floor. However my observer and I managed to get about the best hut, which will only hold three, and have put a stove in and are now quite comfortable.

I was glad to receive your long letter dated 21st. You have now got a very good idea of where we are situated and the part of the line that we do our work. As regards leave I will not be home much before Christmas, as things are at present. I was rather unlucky as seven pilots had joined the Squadron within a week before I arrived and the first one has gone on leave this week. You see we go in order of joining the Squadron and although I arrived only a week after the other seven pilots have to wait another seven weeks for my leave.

This morning I received the newspapers and the programme of a W. H. Atkinson's concert.

Yesterday it was really a dud day but the C.O. sent me up to take photographs which were wanted very badly, so we got up to 2000 feet and above that height were thick clouds so we crossed the lines and were very heavily archied but managed to get quite a number of photos! It was very funny, 2000 feet being an unusual height to go far over the lines, we got quite close to two Hun kite balloons and must have put the wind up them vertically as they pulled them down from the ground in great style. It was after that that we got most archy but my machine was only hit in one place - the elevator - and made no difference to my control.

Well dad will close now hoping this finds all well at home. With fond love, Trev.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Tuesday 29th October, 1918

My dear Norah,

Many thanks for your letter dated 22nd. You are certainly having a good time with Eric being home such a time. How long leave has he had already?

I got up at 5.0 this morning to do a reconnaissance and after a cup of tea and waiting about for an hour and a half for the weather to clear up decided it was too dud and returned to bed until breakfast time.

I received two letters from mother by the mail and will write her tomorrow.

With reference to your sarcasm about Dolly "looking just like a little baby" I will deal with at a later date nearer Christmas, when I shall be home! Please take note!!!

The weather is clearing up now and I expect we will start off on our show. My observer and I are getting on fine together in the air. He is a topping chap - an old Clifton boy - and I could not wish for a better observer. He has been in the army since 1914 and is only 21 now. Having been a "sub" in the Infantry out here for nearly two years he observes much more ground movement than the average observer who comes straight out from England.

The pilot in the same flight as myself (A flight) was a private under Arthur Raymond when training in the ranks at home. He thought him a fine chap and was very sorry to hear he had been killed. We were talking together one night in our hut and he being a Manchester boy asked me if I knew any Liverpool men etc and happened to mention Arthur Raymond.

I have to close now as we are wanted but will write again soon.

Have just read about Mick starting her duties with the A.S.C. Where is her headquarters? Does she come home each evening? I am anxious to know all. Write soon.

With fond love, Trev.

It has not been possible to identify with any certainty the Arthur Raymond whom Trevor mentions. The main possibility seems to be a Lt. Arthur Augustus Raymond who died over three years earlier on 1st August 1915 at the age of 19. He was with the Royal Irish Rifles. Any connection

with Liverpool cannot however be confirmed. Another Arthur Raymond was born in Liverpool and lived in St. Hilary Road, Wallasey and thus may have been known to Trevor. He served with the Royal Fusiliers and died on 10th October 1916 at the age of 30. He was however a private, a fact which seems to conflict with Trevor's comments.

Marjorie is now in a different kind of uniform.....



.....and equipped with the most modern means of transport:



Today is the start of the mutiny by German sailors at Kiel following proposals that the High Seas Fleet should make one final attack on the British Home Fleet. This leads to uprisings across Germany prompting the government to seek a peace settlement before there is a revolution.

206th Squadron R. A. F.
B. E. F.

Wednesday October 30th 1918

My dearest Mother,

Many thanks for your two letters which I received yesterday and am glad you are keeping well.

Yesterday afternoon and today we have had beautiful weather for this time of the year but I don't expect it will last long.

The two shirts you sent me are just the right size and also the pair of socks fit me very well and I should like another two pairs. Am I to thank Aunty Amy for the socks?

I have just received your letter written on Sunday afternoon - so Mick has commenced her duties in Blackpool. It would be much better if she could get a post nearer home viz. Liverpool or in Cheshire but if Mick is quite happy where she is - it is quite OK.

Yes tell Mick to keep her days off until Christmas time when I hope to get home and we can then all have a happy Christmas at home. I will be able to let you know a few days before my leave starts.

I knew you would enjoy "Bubbly". I know the music very well as we had it on our gramophone in Italy last Christmas.

So old Eric is really sailing for India on Saturday! I'm very glad in one way and that is he will be safer there than anywhere until the end of the war. We are no doubt in the finishing stages of the war now.

Thursday 31st

I missed the post last night so am afraid you will not receive this letter on Sunday - let me know when you receive it! The parcel arrived this morning for which very many thanks. Unfortunately the cake was in small pieces but the whole contents will soon be consumed by my observer and myself.

Yesterday was the most exciting day I have had. In the morning raid we were attacked by eight Huns and we shot two of them down and in the afternoon we made a second raid and six of our machines were attacked by twenty Fokkers and we shot down three of them. We did not lose a machine in the day's work but one observer was shot.

Today we have done no work over the lines as there was a thick mist at 1000 feet. I went up for 45 minutes to test a machine this morning and this afternoon we played football against some R.F.A. men back from the line for a rest.

I don't quite understand the cigarette arrangement! About a week ago I received six boxes of Kenilworth but I don't know who was the sender. If Mr Baines sent them - has dad paid him for them?

We hear today that Turkey has surrendered and that Austria is about to follow suit!! It is evident that the last of the fighting will take place on our front.

I am enclosing a cheque for three pounds which is to pay for anything you send me out. As you will see my pen has just leaked of course when I was making out the cheque.

I'm feeling quite fit today but must admit I feel very fagged these days after we have done two "shows" a day which on an average means five hours over the lines. Up to date I have done nearly ninety hours over the lines!!

Well mother dear I will close now as it is dinner time. With fondest love, Trev.

October 28th	---	---	2 hrs 15	13,000	Tournai - Jark - Grammont	Reconnaisance. Saw six Luft.
2.25 - 4.40 p.m.	---	---	1 hr.	10,000	Audenarde - Renaix & home	dived on one and he put
October 29th	---	---	2 hrs 15	14,000	Drome - Tournai	his nose down & lost flaps
3.55 - 4.50 p.m.	---	---	2 hrs 15	14,000	Renaix - Audenarde	Reconn - saw very little
October 30th	---	---	40mg	1,000	To Grammont	movement but a 3 Eng scrap
7.15 - 9.30 a.m.	---	---			To Sotteghem	two machines down in flames
1.45 - 4.0 p.m.	---	---				Raid - 60 attacked by eight
October 31st	---	---				Eng flaps - we shot one down
11.0 - 11.40 a.m.	5482	---				Raid - attacked by 20 Eng's.
		---				We lost a machine but
		---				shot down 3 flaps.
		---				Test flight - thick mist
		---				at 1,000 ft. Eng bus unusable.

Communiqué No. 31 credits Lt. A.J. Garside/Sgt. Chapman and Sgt. G. Packman/2Lt. J.H. Kennedy with the bringing down of two enemy aircraft, and a formation of 206 with the destruction of two more. The fact that there is no specific mention of this engagement, which was clearly a significant one, is evidence of the inconsistencies in the content of these Communiqués. A detailed description of the raid on Sotteghem, the second operation of the day, is contained in the Appendix and the crews taking part are identified as Atkinson/Blanford, Garside/Chapman, Denny/Greenwood, McLean/Hobbs, Evans/Green, Packman/Kennedy and Cumming/Squires. There exist, perhaps inevitably, some discrepancies between this detailed description, written from memory and scraps of records some fifty years after the event, and Trevor's own notes written within hours, both in his log book and in letters. One discrepancy is the failure to mention the single casualty, an observer whom Trevor mentions as having been shot. This might have occurred during the morning raid on Grammont which Trevor mentions in his log as also having involved fighting with attacking German aircraft, whilst the later record wrongly recalls it as having been unopposed. But there is no doubt that on this day, October 30th, one of Trevor's comrades, 2Lt. William Vernon Jackson of Swansea loses his life. He is 19 years of age and is later laid to rest at "Y" Farm, Bois-Grenier, France.

October 30th is a day of particularly heavy fighting on the Western Front and the number of enemy machines destroyed constitutes a record.

Bubbly opened at the Comedy Theatre on 5th May 1917 and featured twelve sketches, or 'Bubbles', as they were billed.

Letter to Miss M. Evans, MT, 613th Coy. A.S.C. Blackpool, Lancs

206th Squadron R. A. F.
B. E. F.

Friday November 1st 1918

My dear Mick,

Many thanks for your letter dated 28th which I have just received. Am very glad that you have got to such a decent place and have a nice crowd of girls as friends. I was very surprised to hear you had been sent to Blackpool! It would have been better if you could get to Liverpool or somewhere bit nearer home, but I don't expect you mind being where you are. Mater is bound to miss you at home and it is for that reason I had hoped you were sent somewhere that you could get home more often.

Yes Mick, you must keep all your off days until next month when I get my leave. As near as I can tell you now it will commence about 18th December and I will have Christmas at home. If you do not have leave until then and say I'm coming home and that you have not seen me for a very long time I think you will manage to get home at the same time as me.

It will be much nicer if you get home to see me rather than my coming to Blackpool as it would

mean a day gone in travelling.

Well Mick I'm hoping to hear from you more about your work. You did not tell me what you are being paid. I should think you will not be able to save much if your digs alone cost you 18/- (90p) a week.

We have been very busy lately. Two days ago I was in the biggest "scrap" I have yet been in - six of our machines went on a raid and when we reached our objective (35 miles over the lines) we were attacked by 20 Huns and fought for 40 minutes. We shot down 5 of them - three "in flames" and two "out of control" and did not lose one machine ourselves although am sorry to say one of our observers was shot - an awfully nice little fellow, who had only been out here a fortnight - and it was jolly good work that any of us returned. Our Colonel sent us a very nice message of con-grats! Each of the machines were full of bullet holes. I don't want many more shows like that one.

I received a topping photograph from Dolly a few days ago - a large one. I seem to be doing very well in that direction - what do you think?

Must close now Mick but will write again the first chance I get. Do take care of yourself all the time and especially when driving.

I'm feeling quite well at present.

Cheerio and the best of luck. With fond love, Trev.

PS Do write soon, if you get a chance!!

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Sunday 3rd November, 1918

My dearest Mother,

Have just received your letter written last Thursday and hoping you have now quite got rid of your cold and that you have not got the wretched flu that is so prevalent at home. I was very pleased to receive also a nice letter from Dad and from Norah. A few days ago I heard from Mick and she is very happy with her work. It is very funny how by the mistakes eg words missed out in her letter I could plainly see she was very excited about it all - poor little Mick! I felt I should have liked to have seen her off and to have given her some advice - why, I do not know as I am sure she can take all care of herself. I am hoping we will all meet at home again at Christmas - when we will have a happy time!!

As regards the cigarettes I have no idea who has sent them to me! I can hardly write to Mr McKinlay asking him if he sent me some cigarettes.

The last two days have been quite dud and no flying. Yesterday Green, my observer, and I went by tender down to south of Cambrai to see his brother who is in the area. If it had been possible to fly down there we should have done but being dud our C.O. said we could have a tender and we left here after lunch and went through Lille, Douai and Cambrai to his brother's Squadron. Green introduced me to his brother (younger) who, like himself was a very nice fellow and we stayed there for dinner and after a lot of persuasion slept there and got up at 5.0 this morning and returned by tender at 9.30 - as I have said fortunately it was quite dud and there was no early show.

Each day I am getting to think more of Green. We are getting to work together and understand each other fine in the air and even on dud days when a show over the lines is impossible we go up on a test flight and he works his gun while I manoeuvre the old "bus".

The contents of your parcel were A1, the cake and biscuits and also the caramels and the other sweets (wrapped in paper) were just what I liked. We (Green and I share all our parcels) are quite ready for another parcel like it.

Will close now mother dear, as it is dinner-time. Hoping all are well at home. With fondest love to Father, Norah and your dear self, Trev

PS I am in the pink but feeling rather tired after our little journey by road yesterday.

November 1st 3.45 - 4.15 p.m.	3224	Capt. Westcott	30 ms	1,000	Amvire	Sourcing & down in my bus - running well
4.20 - 4.45 p.m.	---	Billman	25 ms	1,000	- ditto -	Test - took my rugglet up for the first time
November 4th 8.50 - 10.40 a.m.	---	Green	1 hr 50	12,000	To Gottegem.	Raid - good bursts seen on the railway. attacked in ten swooshes...

November 4th-8th: the last intense combat of the war. The RAF claim 68 enemy aircraft for 60 losses. Within this period **Communiqué No. 32** confirms that Lt. McLean/Lt. Hobbs brought down one enemy aircraft.

On November 8th British forces complete the crossing of the Scheldt against crumbling German resistance and are poised to take Ghent and Mons.

Letter to Miss M. Evans, MT, 613th Coy. A.S.C. Blackpool, Lancs.

206th Squadron R. A. F.
B. E. F.

Saturday November 9th 1918

My dear Mick,

Very many thanks for your letter dated 4th, just received. Did you not receive my last letter? (the first addressed to Blackpool) as you did not say so in your letter.

Well Mick, things seem to be going fine at present and as you say I hope we will spend Christmas together at home. In any case my leave is coming then but the war may be over as well. The joke out here is that the RAF are to be the "Army of Occupation" of Germany – we will have a gay time when it is "joy-riding" over Berlin!!

You will have heard by now that Eric has not gone to India! Isn't it great - I am glad as now he stands a good chance of being back in New Brighton when the whole thing is over.

The past four days were very "dud" and there was no aerial activity at 206 - we were wondering (and of course longing) for when some really "dud" weather was coming along as the weather had been too good for November.

Today it is nice and clear but I nearly froze on a raid this morning, it was so cold and have just got warm.

Will have lunch as soon as I have finished this letter and then we will be making our second and

last raid for today.

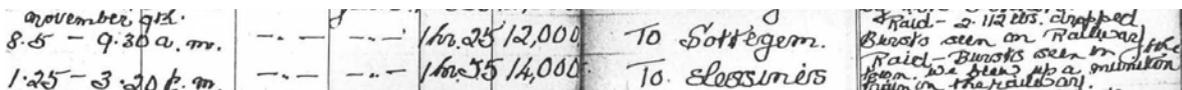
Am glad that the flu seems to be getting better. Take great care of yourself Mickie and don't catch cold!

I also received a letter from Norah this morning and am glad to know they are all well.

Old Common has returned from leave and was sorry he did not call at home but he met one his best Canadian friends in London and they spent their leave together - he did not go up North.

Must close now but will write again soon. Am keeping fine and hope this finds you the same.

With fondest love. Trev.



Suddenly, without his even realising it, on the afternoon of Saturday November 9th Trevor has flown his last combat mission.

And also today the Kaiser abdicates and the British capture Tournai.

Excerpt from the diary:

Sunday 10th November.

Got up at 9.0 for breakfast. Was down for the raid but we were ordered not to bomb. Evening at 8.0 we heard the great news "the armistice is signed". We pooped Very lights and the searchlights were scouring up the sky. Went to bed at 11.0.

Monday 11th November.

Got up at 9.0 for breakfast. After lunch walked to Roubaix with Common. Returned for tea. Evening went to bed at 10.0.

In a pre-dawn attack today, November 11th, the British capture Mons and later on in the morning, at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month, the armistice on the Western Front, negotiated over the preceding four days at Compiègne, comes into effect.

206th Squadron R. A. F.
B. E. F.

Monday November 11th 1918

My dear Mother,

Was glad to receive your letter and one from Dad this morning.

As you can imagine, there was great merriment here last night when we heard the news at 8.0 pm that the Armistice had been signed.

The sky was lit up by all the searchlights and fires were burning all round and all the aerodromes

shot up lights into the air - it was like a pre-war Nov. 5th.

Even now we cannot realise that the war is over - it seems just as if it was a "dud" day today and we will be raiding again, as usual, tomorrow. As a matter of fact today has been the most "dud" day since I came out! Until I get home and into civvies again I don't think I'll be able to realise that "la guerre est fini".

We have had orders to be ready to move up to the German frontier at a moment's notice and I expect we will continue to do reconnaissance over Germany and keep an "eye" on them until peace terms are concluded.

Well mother dear I'm so excited that I have no appetite and do not enjoy my meals, but will soon get over that.

You need not worry about me now as peace flying to me is absolutely "money for jam" in fact it is a shame to take the pay.

I'm hoping leave will continue and then I will get home at Christmas or possibly before.

Am anxious to hear how the news was received at home - I expect there was great excitement. Let me know all when you write. How did you find Mick at Blackpool.

Must close now for dinner. I'm keeping quite well. With fondest love to you all. Trev.

In New Brighton and Blackpool celebration is even less restrained. Mrs. Evans writes on Wednesday 13th November 1918:

My own darling boy,

Congratulations!!!

We have been very anxious about you as no letter came from you since Thursday last (to Norah) until this morning, still to Norah. I feel sure that you wrote your Sunday letter to me but I have not yet received it, no matter dear, Norah came up with your letter to us to our room, with a beautiful face saying "He's all right" and that is all we want to know now. It has been a wonderful victory and the odds against us have been greater than anyone knows, but right has won, and you dear laddie have done your share (not bit) in it, and we are all proud of you. Now we shall look for the time when we will all meet again.

I got home on Monday night (we heard the good news at Blackpool). Marjorie and I were walking along the cliffs near Norbreck when an old woman told us, of course we could hardly believe it and both began to weep with excitement but when we got back into the town the crowds were already swarming the streets. The church bells began to peal and the flags were all over the place, by 11.30, even the dogs and cats had a red, white and blue ribbon on. Blackpool was full of troops and the boys seemed off their heads. I don't know how the troops, out there, went but you will give us all details when you come home.....

*Goodbye for now dear. Heaps of love from
Mother*

I forgot to tell you that I won the first prize at Mrs. Livesey's whist drive?

On the same day Marjorie is writing from 613 M.T. Coy. in Blackpool:

My dear Trev.,

*Many thanks for you letter of Sat. received this morning. Trev., old thing, you will soon be home for "keeps" now!! Isn't it just gorgeous that the fighting is over? What did you do when you got word? Everybody went mad here! Everyone crowded out on to the streets and made a fearful row! All the convalescent officers were simply hopeless. The majority took any vehicle they could (about 16 in one cab) and drove up and down the prom waving flags and cheering! All we girl drivers got in one car and went joy-riding around the town! But in the evening we got word from our O.C. that we had to stay on duty till midnight. At 10.45 I went down with my ambulance to the A.P.M's. office and was taking "tight" officers home for an hour!! Some of them were really funny!!.....
So long dear, tons of love*

Mickie

Trev., it is hard to believe it is over! Can you believe it?

On Armistice Day, "A" Flight of 206 Squadron is photographed at Linselles. A copy of this photo survives in Trevor's papers and also in the later memoir written by Stephen Blanford where many of the identities are recorded. It is reproduced overleaf.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Wednesday 13th November, 1918

My dearest Mother,

Today I had my first flight over the lines since the armistice was signed. It seemed very tame to flying when the war was on - no Huns and no archie! We are to do patrols every day and our work is solely to see that no Hun machines cross our lines - we saw three enemy machines today but they kept well away from us. Our machines have plenty of streamers (red white and blue) and flags attached, and we present some spectacle!

I have just heard that our Squadron has been picked to work with the Army of Occupation and in a few days we will be moving to the German frontier - our destination will be in the region of Cologne and Koblenz! We may yet see a lot, and possibly some excitement.

Am glad to say leave is going very well at present and if it continues I will be home sooner than expected - at the beginning of December, three weeks from now.



On the facing page...

THE VETERANS OF "A" FLIGHT ON ARMISTICE DAY

Air and ground crews of A Flight, Armistice Day, 11th November 1918 at the former German airfield at Linselles, occupied by 206 Squadron on 24th October 1918. The aircraft is DH9 s/no. D569 flown by Atkinson/Blanford for the last six weeks of the war. Caption by J.S. Blanford.

(Note the twin Lewis guns - see Appendix - and also the Bessonneau hangar used by the RAF when on the move when permanent hangars were not available. The latter had existed but had been mainly destroyed by bombing a short time before the airfield was taken over.)

Left to Right, Front Row:

*A.N. Other, groundcrew; **Lt. H.O.F. "Berri" Berrington Blew**, Observer, South African; **Lt. E. Trevor Evans**, Pilot; **Lt. E.B. Green**, MC, Observer; **Lt. M.G. Penny**, Observer; A.N. Other, groundcrew.*

Second Row:

*A.N. Other, groundcrew, Sergeant; **2Lt. Byrne**, Observer, Australian; **Lt. G.A. Pitt**, later DFC, Pilot, ex 6RNAS; **Capt R.N.G. Atkinson**, MC, DFC and bar, Croix de Guerre, Pilot and Senior Commander A Flight; **2Lt. A.J. Garside**, later DFC, Croix de Guerre, Pilot, Deputy Leader of A Flight; **2Lt. J.S. Blanford**, DFC, Observer; **2Lt. Learmont**, Observer.*

Third Row:

All A.N. Others, groundcrew

Fourth Row:

*1-5 A.N. Others, groundcrew; A.N. Other, Sergeant, Pilot; **Sgt. Observer George Betteridge**, DFM, Croix de Guerre, Order of Leopold II, ex 6RNAS; A.N. Other, groundcrew; A.N. Other, Sergeant, Pilot.*

Continuation of Trevor's letter dated November 13th to his mother:

I have seen yesterday's Daily Mail and there was evidently a lot of rejoicing when the news reached home, of the Armistice.

We have had no mail for two days and I have not yet received the parcel you sent me. No doubt it will arrive tomorrow and I hope a letter as well.

I am wondering what Eric is doing these days? It is a pity Jack Poole should just have got into the army the week the war ended! What is he in?

It has been quite fine today but rather cold - there was a fog first thing this morning but it soon cleared. I had intended flying over to see Norman on Monday last and had permission from the C.O. but it was a very dud day. How I wish I could fly over to New Brighton! If it was allowed I could be on the shore in three-and-a-half hours from leaving here. Never mind I hope to be with you in three weeks' time and then we will have some time.

Will close now as I have a lot of letters to reply to. Hoping all are well.

With fondest love, Trev

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Sunday 17th November 1918

My dear Mother,

Many thanks for your letter from Blackpool and also from home dated 13th, which I was very glad to receive.

The last parcel sent was very nice, containing the toffee and caramels. Yes there must have been great excitement at home when the news came through. I should have liked to have been with you all but I do not think that it is far distant as I am led to believe that leave is being continued and I am next but one on the list and they send one pilot a week.

It is been dud all day for flying - low clouds and it looked like snow. This morning we had two hours' physical training and this afternoon I played goal for the Squadron team versus the Wing. It was a very exciting match and nearly the whole of our Squadron turned up to support us. The first half of the game was very even - the Wing scored the first goal but we very soon equalised so that at half-time it was 1 - 1. In the second half I got very cold in goal as our side had the game to ourselves and scored three more goals making the final score 4 - 1 for 206. You should have been here to see it - it was a splendid match and as our C.O. remarked: well worth seeing!! I have just had tea and now as is my usual custom am writing a few letters before dinner.

The man in our Squadron who lives in Dalmorton Road is named Grundy. He is married and has one little girl. He used to live in Egremont and has not been living in New Brighton very long.

When I get leave it will mean having 12 clear days at home.

Well mother dear I have very little more news and will now write to Mick as I have had several nice letters from her. What is the weather like with you? Is very cold here and all I can do to keep warm.

With fondest love, Trev.

Today German forces begin to leave those parts of Belgium and France which they still occupy.

Trevor meanwhile is carrying out his first peacetime missions:

November 1918						
1.45 - 3.30 p.m.	---	---	1 hr. 45	10,000	Audonarde - Roncix - Tournai	Patrol - Saw three German
November 18th	---	a.m.				Patrol - very misty
12.50 - 2.5 p.m.	---	Spruce	1 hr. 15	5,000	- do -	had a scrap with Sgt. Allison
November 19th	---	Sergt. Winstan	4 hrs.	4,000	Aerodrome & Courtrai	Patrol abandoned owing to thick low mist.
8.15 - 8.55 a.m.	---	Sergt. Green	2 hrs	13,000	To Antwerp & Brussels	Took photos of Brussels - ground landing at Godegem B.E.F. ground
November 22nd	---	Sergt. Green	2 hrs	13,000	To Antwerp & Brussels	grounded in a field.
9.0 - 11.0 a.m.	---	Sergt. Green	2 hrs	13,000	To Antwerp & Brussels	Our first move towards the frontier.
December 1st	569	---	1 hr. 15	6,000	Brussels to Nivelles	Set out for Nivelles but ran into a storm at Bussines and came down to 200 ft. turned round & flew back to Nivelles.
December 7th	---	a.m.				
1.0 - 2.0 p.m.	4291	Changes	1 hr.	2,000	Brussels to Lessines	

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Wednesday 20th November 1918

My dearest Mother,

Just a few lines for you to receive on Sunday. I have had no mail from home for three days so am behind in news but trust you are all well. We are expecting a large one tomorrow and I am sure to receive a letter from you.

The past few days have been very dud - typical November weather - low mist and fog and drizzle. In the morning we spend most of our time doing Squadron drill and before breakfast we go for a run. In the afternoon I have been playing football. Enclosed is a programme of our last but one match, which I have already told you about - against the Wing, when we won 4-1.



Yesterday afternoon our team went to Roubaix to play the Brigade. We had quite a number of supporters and as the result sounds it was more or less money for jam.

At half-time we were winning 3-0 and at full-time we had eight goals to their none!! Although there were a lot of goals scored it was quite a good match.

As you can imagine we have some team and are very bucked at having beaten both the Wing and the Brigade.

Well mother dear it is not at all improbable that I will be at home the Sunday after you receive this. I do not yet know definitely when I will be in England but will write as soon as I do. I am hoping Mick will be able to get home at the same time! Will write to her as well, saying when I will be home.

We are making our first move towards Germany one day next week and expect we will stop near to Brussels - I hope we will get an opportunity to see that town.

Will close now but will be writing again soon. With fondest love, Trev

But even now the sacrifices are still being made. Marjorie writes on 20th November 1918 of an 18-year-old Liscard boy:

.....Do you know Raymond Allen? A tall, fair boy and friend of Joe Barnett's? He has been killed while flying at an aerodrome down south. Isn't it rotten? He was only home on leave last weekend and on the Monday he was killed - a week after the war being over! He was just learning to fly...

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Saturday 23rd November, 1918

My dearest mother,

Ever so many thanks for your letter and parcel received today. The parcel is the best one by far that you have sent me! The cigs are just what I wanted and the chocolate etc. were fine. I smoke a fair amount myself and then with offering them to my friends I get through quite a number.

This evening I received Norah's letter and was very interested in all the news she told me. How did your whist drive go off? I hope Mick was at home to help you. There is still no word as to when I am going on leave but am pretty sure to be home in less than a fortnight's time.

Yesterday I had the first mishap since I have been with 206. My work at present, beside patrols, is to photograph the whole area from here to the German frontier and yesterday I went over to photograph in the vicinity of Brussels. I flew first over and had a look at Antwerp (from the air), which was a fine sight with the forts scattered around it. Then I flew south and took my photos around Brussels when my engine cut out and immediately I turned west and although of course I could not get back to our aerodrome glided a considerable distance at the same time keeping a good look out for a nice field to get down in (I won't say to land in) and soon decided on one and came down. Everything went well and I brought the "bus" down comparatively slowly (50 mph) but could not see until I was in the field that there was a fence consisting of iron spars and lengths of wire dividing the field in two. It was too late however and we sailed slap-bang into the fence (there was no alternative) and that was the end of "B", the "bus" that has led me safely through every war flight with 206. However Green and I were out of the "bus" in a few seconds after touching the ground and shook hands over our good fortune in not receiving a scratch. As I have said there was very little left of my machine and I am very sorry to have lost it as I have just flown 100 hours on her and knew her inside-out!! We were 80 miles by road from our aerodrome but sent a message through to our Squadron and late at night a tender arrived to take us back. We were well looked after by a Pioneer Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment who were billeted nearby.

It was 11.15 am when we crashed and we left there (close to Grammont) at 9.00 pm and arrived here at 1.30 this morning to find your nice parcel waiting for me.

I have not flown today - it has been beautiful here.

Am feeling quite fit and well. Hope dad is quite well again. With fondest love, Trev.

Engine reliability has always been a major problem with the Siddeley Puma powered DH9 and many aircraft were lost on operations for this reason. Trevor has been fortunate that his only experience of this shortcoming does not occur until after the end of hostilities and that it does not lead to any injury. The aircraft which has rendered him such excellent service, D3224, was built by the Aircraft Manufacturing Company at Hendon in July 1918 and reached 206 Squadron the following month.

For one reason or another fewer letters seem to have survived from this period on. However the diary which will be maintained until 2nd January 1919 gives an indication of Trevor's activities.

Saturday 23rd November 1918 (the day following his mishap):

Did not get up until midday. After lunch read and listened to the gramophone. Wrote

letters after tea. Went to bed straight after dinner – feeling tired.

Sunday 24th November

.....Morning read and wrote letters. Afternoon heard from Auntie Lizzie of Norah's engagement.....

Monday 25th November

....packed up my things for our move to Nivelles.....

Tuesday 26th November

Up at 6.30 but too dud to fly so we remained. Afternoon went to Lille. Had dinner there and hair cut. Returned at 10.45.

Wednesday 27th November

...Morning and afternoon spent very lazily. Went up with Common to see what the air was like for half-an-hour but it was too dud.....

This flight is not mentioned in the log since, presumably, Common was piloting the machine and Trevor was merely a passenger.

Friday 29th November

.....Went to Lille and had dinner there.....

Saturday 30th November – 7th December

Spent at Linselles waiting for the weather to clear up to fly over to Nivelles.

Today British, French and U.S. forces move into the Rhineland.

Sunday 8th December

Flew over to Nivelles in the morning. There was a big mail waiting for me there.....

Date and Hour	Wind Direction and Velocity	Machine Type and No.	Passenger	Time	Height	Course	Remarks
December 8th 10.15 - 11.0 a.m.		D.H. 9. 4291	Sandbags	45 mins	8,000	Linselles to Nivelles.	General flight. Crew over sight but it was a new bus. Not a treat to fly. Crew had mail new bus made two landings and found the bus OK...
December 10th 11.15 - 12.0 a.m.		4286	---	45 mins	2,000	Aerodrome.	

Nivelles is situated midway between Brussels to the north and Charleroi to the south.

Monday 9th December

Morning spent on the 'drome. Afternoon looked around Nivelles and at night we went to the theatre which was "dud". Slept very well in my billet.

The British establish themselves in Cologne on the 9th. Trevor will follow them in a few days.

Tuesday 10th December

Tested my new machine in the morning.....

Wednesday 11th December

.....Afternoon went to Brussels and had a fine time there. Slept there and returned by the 6.30 train in the morning.

Thursday 12th December

Arrived at Nivelles at 8.15 from Brussels. Afternoon wrote letters . Feeling tired. Went to bed at 9.0.

Sunday 15th December

Morning spent on the 'drome. Afternoon went to Brussels by train. Had a nice tea and dinner there. Slept at the Hotel l'Esperance.

Monday 16th December

.....Afternoon wrote letters home to arrive for Christmas...

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Monday 16th December, 1918

My dearest Mother,

In these few lines I want to wish all at home my very best wishes for a happy Christmas. I certainly think it should be a happy one and although I will not be home, will be thinking of you all.

We are expected to move to Cologne tomorrow, our final destination but I would not be at all surprised if it is unfit to fly over and we remain here a few days. We have had very dud weather the past 10 days - it is been raining most of the time.

Although there is still nothing definite about leave I understand it will reopen when we are again settled down and I hope to be home at the beginning of next month. However I take great care of myself these days and you need have no fear!

All the boys are fed up at present as the mails are so disorganised. We only receive a mail about every five days and then only a small one - I do not know where all the letters are going to. The last letter I received from home was yours dated 1st which I have already answered.

Well mother dear should you not hear from me often in the course of the next week or ten days you will know it is owing to the move. You can trust me to write as soon and as often as possible.

I hope Mickie gets home on Christmas Day and that you all spend a happy time together. Will be anxious to hear of all your doings!

I am glad to hear dad is getting busy again - all's well that ends well.

Will close now as I have many letters to write and then to pack up my things ready for our move.

With fondest love to all, Trev.

From the diary:

Tuesday 17th December

.....Evening went to Seddon's billet and had a sing song and a farewell dinner.

Wednesday 18th December

Morning went to Namur and saw the Zepp. Hangars near there. Returned in the evening....

Thursday 19th December

Very dud weather but we flew over to Cologne and landed in a thunderstorm. Afternoon saw a bit of the city and at night slept at a German hotel.

Friday 20th December

Morning looked around Cologne. Afternoon strolled around the Rhine and crossed the Hohenzollern Bridge.....

Saturday 21st December

.....We are billeted at the Brandische Hof Hotel. Looked around the city all day....

Sunday 22rd December

Morning spent on the 'drome inspecting machine etc. Afternoon had tea in Cologne...

Monday 23rd December

Morning and afternoon spent looking around the town. Evening went to see Rigoletto at the Opera House - it was great.....

Tuesday 24th December

Morning played billiards in Cologne. Afternoon stayed in the hotel. Evening had a good dinner and then paraded the streets and made all the civilians take their hats off when we passed. Bed at 12.15

Wednesday 25th December

Got up at 9.30 and played billiards after. Had a nice Christmas dinner. Evening went to 48 Squadron and paraded the streets after. Did not get to bed until 3.0 the next morning.



"My Billet in Cologne"

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Thursday 26th December 1918

My dear Norah,

We received a mail today - the first for ten days and must thank you for your letter of the 17th. You seemed very fed up at not having me home for Christmas but you are not as fed up as I. It would have been a great leave with all my friends at home - Harry, Norman, Ron and Jeff. However I hope to get leave any time now but do not expect me home until you get a wire. You have evidently not received a letter from me because I wrote saying that I had lost my disc but I found

it again.

What was on at the Court Theatre? We must go there when I do get home.

Well Nor. we had not settled down here for Christmas but we had quite a nice dinner ending up with speeches. At night all officers together with the officers of another Squadron paraded the town singing songs and two of us went ahead and made every German soldier and policeman etc salute and a civilian take off his hat and bow as we passed. We ended up in one of the biggest restaurants where we had supper and then made all civilians (a lot of whom were men who had been in the army) stand up while we sang "God Save the King" and then the French national anthem. It was some night although the Huns did not seem to really be enjoying themselves!!

Well I must close now as I have a pile of letters to answer. Will have a lot to tell you when I come home and all I have seen and what we have done. Am now hoping to get letters telling me all about Christmas at home. With fondest love, Trev.

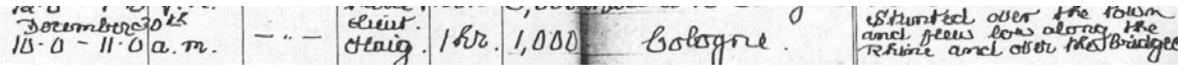
From the diary:

Friday 27th December

Up at 7.0 and went to aerodrome – parade and p.t's. Afternoon played football v. 48 Squadron – we won 4 – 1. Evening to Opernhaus to see Mignon – it was great....

Monday 30th December

Morning flew over Cologne – round the Cathedral and down the river – over the bridges. Afternoon had a machine gun examination...



Tuesday 31st December

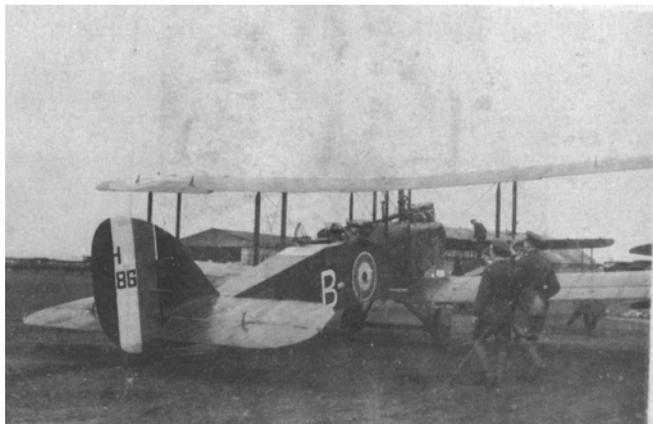
.....Evening a nice dinner and then went round letting in the New Year. Saw Prince Albert at 48 Squadron.

Prince Albert later became the Duke of York and then in 1936 King George VI.

Thursday 2nd January 1919

Morning spent on the 'drome. Afternoon passed my m. gun exam. Evening played billiards and had tea in the town. Felt the flu coming on.

That is the last entry in the diary and no letters survive for the rest of January 1919. Trevor's 30th December joyride with Duggie Haig over Cologne, a city which will be devastated by their successors less than 24 years later, is also the last entry in the Pilot's Log. This is the machine in which he did it, described in his caption as "my bus"



...and here is his companion on this occasion, Lt. "Duggie" Haig, a Canadian:



Home leave obviously intervenes and by the beginning of February Trevor is returning to his unit.

E.F.C.
Officers Rest House and Mess,
Boulogne

Saturday February 1st 1919

My dear Mother,

So far the journey has been quite pleasant! I arrived in London at 4.0 yesterday and got a taxi to Queen Mary's Club (for officers) in Eaton Square and put my things there and after a nice cup of tea and a wash I went to see Norman who was quite close by. He was up and was looking very fit. It appears he is only suffering from the shock of his crash but has received no bodily injury. He will be home shortly on sick leave. After a long chat we bid goodbye and I went to Victoria station and found my kit there. I then had a fine dinner at the Waldorf and went to the Gaiety and saw "Going Up"!

This morning I got the 7.30 train from Victoria but did not see Charlie on it, as arranged. I arrived at Folkestone at 9.30 and went straight on to the boat which sailed at 10.15. It arrived here at 12.0 and was quite a nice voyage. Have just had some lunch and I have got a sleeper on the Boulogne/ Cologne Express which is supposed (??) to do the journey in 30 hours so I am fixed up as well as possible. The train leaves here at 8.0 tonight and I hope to be with my Squadron on Tuesday next.



I am closing a cheque for £3 for my keep on leave. Let me know if you receive it OK.

We had a very happy time!! I have already got rid of my cold and feel A1.

With fondest love to all, Trev.

PS Will write again in about three days when I arrive at Cologne. I have not seen Charlie yet! He can't have crossed over today.

"Going Up" is yet another hit of the time, opening at the Gaiety on 22nd May 1918 and running for 574 performances.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

February 7th 1919

My dear Mother,

Am now settled down here again here but am sorry it looks like a long time yet before I will be released. It is quite changed here now as a number of the old boys have left since I went on leave and there are about 30 new officers in our mess now - and fortunately nearly all "baby boys" - ah shurr-up!!

Had a short chat with the C.O. who received the letter I wrote from home but he said he had not been asked if I could be spared. You will have seen in the paper that there is a new order now that the only men to be demobilised to present are:

- (a) those over 37 years of age and
- (b) men who enlisted before 1st January 1916 and have jobs to go to.

So I am afraid I am here for some time.

I have written to Mr Woodroffe saying I cannot get out at once but I hope he will have a position for me as soon as I am able to return to civil life. I feel I should like to go to him, unless of course something better turns up.

I have rather a bad cold at present but am taking care of it!

Yesterday I was acting Captain of the day and spent the whole day and slept at night down at the aerodrome - it was frightfully cold and that did not help to improve my cold.

Have you heard anything of Charlie or Tommy Anderson as I did not see either of them in London or on the boat crossing over. My journey back was quite pleasant - very different to my coming home.

I trust you received my last letter with cheque enclosed! I will write again soon.

With fondest love to all, Trev.

In these relaxed and probably boring days several members of the squadron amuse themselves by photographing various scenes around the aerodrome and elsewhere, strict wartime restrictions on personal photography having been relaxed. Major McLaren and Lt. Blanford definitely have cameras and whilst he makes no mention of it Trevor may by this time have been reunited with his trusty VPK. As seems to have been the tradition of the time multiple prints are made and are shared around. Many of them will survive in Trevor's album.

Happily, informal images of several of Trevor's comrades survive in this manner, sometimes in Trevor's company, sometimes not. Most of them are reproduced in these pages.



"Lt. Berrington Blew - Chatting -
'Demob Prospects' "

The airfield at Bickendorf at this time is clearly home to a wide range of contemporary aircraft, mainly British, but also some German and French. Many of these are also photographed and the pictures will be inserted at a later date into Trevor's album. They represent a fascinating record of the variety of types which find themselves brought together for the first and last time. A few of these photographs are included as illustrations within these immediate pages but a larger selection is contained within the Appendix.

2Lt. J. Stephen Blanford DFC, Captain Atkinson's regular observer, has already been mentioned in earlier pages. Whilst Trevor makes no specific mention of him in his letters, other evidence suggests that the two of them have become good friends and fly together from time to time. Perhaps Green has by now been demobilised. This picture shows them both in Trevor's normal aircraft "B".

Trevor's friendship with Stephen Blanford results in one of the most evocative photographs in Trevor's album. It is reproduced overleaf, as is a selection of images of other friends.



206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Monday February 10th 1919

My dearest Mother,

Very many happy returns of the day - I hope you receive these few lines on your birthday and in any case I will be thinking of you.

Today I flew for the first time since my return and was quite at home again "in the air". I flew from here to Spa in under an hour - had lunch there and flew back afterwards. It was rather cold! Now I am living in a new billet with two friends and we are very comfortable. It is quite homely to be able to have a hot bath whenever I wish.

This morning I received an invitation to Annie Hannah's dance but am writing to thank them and say that should I be at home at the beginning of March I will be delighted to be there.

What is the weather like at home? We have had beautiful flying weather the past week but it has been extremely cold!!

I am having a job to get rid of a wretched cold and cough but am a little better, after my flight today.

Will close now hoping you are all well. With fondest love, Trev.



"Trevor and his chum Blanford" (Marjorie's caption)
"Before a Flight - J. S. Blanford, DFC" (Trevor's caption)

OTHER FRIENDS FROM BICKENDORF



Hangar on Bickendorf Aerodrome.
 (e. right) Lt. Russell. -
 (e. left) Lt. Denny. -



*J. Stephen Blanford
 with his DFC*



Arthur James Garside



Reeves, Trevor, Gibson



Garside and Trevor

The flight mentioned in the letter of February 10 is not recorded in Trevor's Log Book. 206 Squadron is engaged in providing a mail service to Spa at this time and from this letter it is clear that Trevor is playing a part in it. He will have flown this flight solo, with the mail bags in the observer's cockpit. It is surprising that no flights are logged after that of December 30th which if the log were to be believed, which it is not, represents Trevor's very last flight as a pilot. In fact that December 30th flight is the only one recorded during his stay in Germany and yet the correspondence suggests that he flew on many occasions from Bickendorf. The discipline of maintaining a detailed record in the log book, the pilot's "bible", has clearly broken down within the RAF by this time and with it has disappeared all evidence of the final few weeks of Trevor's flying career.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

February 18th 1919

My dearest Mother,

You will be wondering why you have not heard from me for some time but the fact is I have been laid up for the past few days with a cold - I simply can't get rid of it although I am much better today. How did your birthday and Norah's go off? I hope you had a happy time! Very many thanks for your one letter of the 8th which I received. Poor Mick and Norah seem to have had a bad time lately but I hope they are now both feeling much better.

I am enclosing three snaps taken since my return from leave. The one is taken down at the aerodrome by the C.O. You can see his shadow on the snap and also of his dog "Henry" which he always has with him!! The two taken by the C.O.'s car were taken just before I was going down to play football - I've only got my "footer" jersey underneath my warm and a muffler! The old man on the right of the pictures (?) is a major, 50 years of age and yet he has come to learn to fly. So far he has not gone solo but has made many trips as a passenger.

I read in the paper that they are going to start flights from Wallasey to Liverpool by air. Can you give me any particulars?

Yesterday I met Lesley Pearson, a New Brighton boy, a friend of Len Bateman's. We had tea together on the pier one day last summer, do you remember? We had a long chat and dinner together and I am going to take him for a flight down the Rhine!!

Must close now as it is well past my bedtime (cut out the rough stuff). Excuse my scribble but there is little news. With fondest love to all, Trev.

PS Let a chap have a sleep.

The C.O. is the squadron commander, Major C.T. McLaren, rather than Trevor's flight commander Captain Rupert Atkinson. Major McLaren is photographed with Trevor on several occasions, including here where he is posing as observer in Trevor's trusty "bus":



The street scenes mentioned by Trevor which were recorded outside the mess when members of the squadron are setting off for the aerodrome have survived.



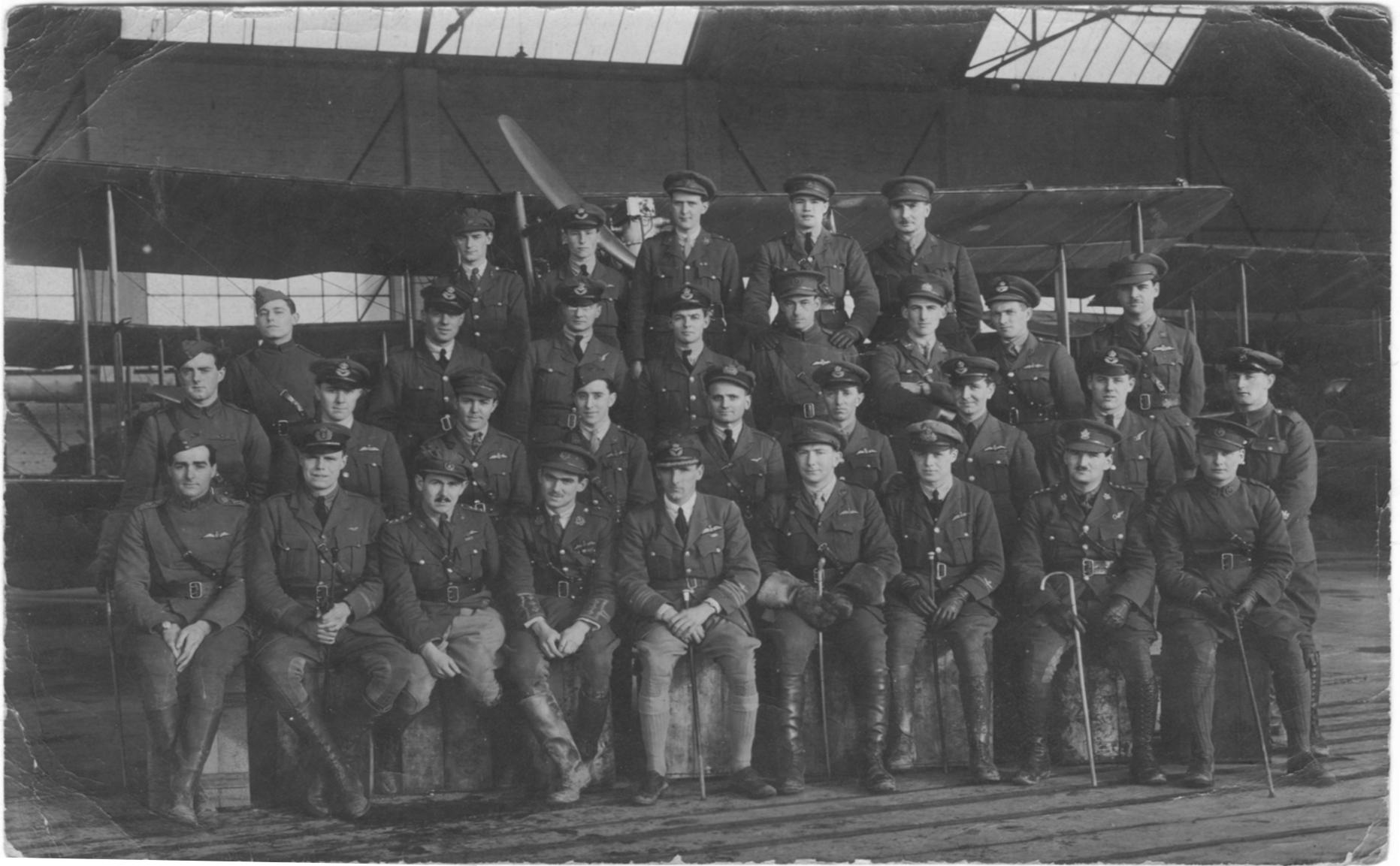
“Some of the Boys” above. Several faces above may be identified: Trevor to the left of the very splendid car; Garside, perched on the back to the left; Atkinson to the rear, right; the elderly major, extreme right; and of course McLaren’s dog. And the other view:



The trainee major, “the old man” in the above street scene, listens intently as Trevor, probably unaware of the camera, demonstrates some aerial manoeuvre.

A little before this time, perhaps in early January, perhaps towards the end of that month, a formal photograph is taken of the officers of 206 Squadron and is reproduced overleaf. Some 8 or 10 officers are absent on leave or sick with Spanish flu at the time of this photo, so the group does not represent the full strength of the squadron.

1917



The following caption is by Stephen Blanford, possibly written half a century later. Regrettably he himself is on leave at the time of the photograph and does not appear.

Left to right, Front Row:

Lt J. S. Cumming, Pilot, Canadian; **Lt. B.H. Rook**, Recording Officer, ex 6RNAS; **Capt. R.E. Burn**, DFC, Pilot and B Flight Commander, Canadian; **Capt R.N.G. Atkinson**, MC, DFC and bar, Croix de Guerre, Pilot and Senior Commander A Flight; **Major C.T. Maclaren**, OBE, Croix de Guerre, Pilot and Squadron Commander, ex 6RNAS; **Capt. T. Roberts**, DFC, Croix de Guerre, Pilot and C Flight Commander, South African; **Lt. G.A. Pitt**, DFC, Pilot, ex 6RNAS; **Capt. W.A. (Daddy) Carrothers**, DFC, Croix de Guerre, Canadian; **2Lt. A.J. Garside**, DFC, Croix de Guerre, Pilot.

Second Row:

A.N. Other, Pilot; **2Lt. H.H. Seddon**, Pilot; **2Lt. Campbell**, Pilot, Canadian; **Lt. E. Trevor Evans**, Pilot; **2Lt. "Duggie" Haig**, Pilot, Canadian; **2LT. R. Ramsay**, Pilot, Rhodesian; **2Lt. Denny**, Pilot; A.N. Other, Observer; **Chief Master Mechanic Morris**, ex 6RNAS.

Third Row:

2Lt. Thompson, Observer; **2Lt. Knee**, Observer; **2Lt. H.P. Hobbs**, Observer; **Lt. J.S. Common**, Pilot, Canadian; **Lt. "Pop" Welch**, Pilot, Canadian; **Lt. J.B. Heppel**, Croix de Guerre, Observer; **2Lt. J.D. Russell**, Pilot, Canadian; **2Lt. G. Packman**, Pilot.

Fourth Row:

2Lt. Byrne, Observer, Australian; **2Lt. H. McLean**, DFC, Croix de Guerre, Pilot; **Lt. E.B. Green**, MC, Observer; **Lt. H.O.F. "Berri" Berrington Blew**, Observer, South African; **2Lt. Morgan**, Observer.

Lt. Cumming having survived many hostile missions with 206 will lose his life very shortly afterwards whilst flying solo between Cologne and Spa on the mail run.

206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

February 21st 1919

My dear Dad,

I trust you got my last letter and are doing all you can your end for me, in the demob business. Have had no letter from home the past three days but trust you are all well.

Enclosed you will find three photos of the incident I related to you on leave, they are very amusing so thought I would send you them. I have numbered them one (the ladder being placed up to the Kaiser) two (the ladder in position) and three (the "jerry" being removed).

I have had several flights lately to keep my hand in at flying and each flight has been great!

One by one all the old boys are going home and we are now a new Squadron with the exception of the C.O. (who hopes to go home in a fortnight), three flight commanders and six other officers including myself. If the old boys had remained I would have been quite happy here for a long time but as it is I intend to hang on for another two months and see what the future brings!! We are wanted to sign on for another year in the Army of Occupation but I do not think I will do

that. We are only to receive the new rate of pay if we sign on for another year's service out here so I am still getting my normal pay (£1 a day).

Am hoping to hear from you very soon and to know what you suggest? As far as I can see I must get out of the Army in the next two months or else I am here for another year at least!! However everything is going well - I have a good billet and good pay. The only thing is our food is rotten. I go to the officers' club in the town for meals as often as possible as the food is a little better there.

Will close now hoping to hear from you soon and trusting you are all well. I am feeling much better having got rid of a cold. With love from Trev.

Regrettably, the photographs of the statue, the Kaiser and the jerry do not seem to have survived. The incident is described in detail in the Appendix and involves the defacing of the statue by an Australian squadron the night before its return home. The stallion on which the Kaiser is mounted has been sculpted in precise anatomical detail and certain distinctive features receive particularly disrespectful attention and a daubing of white aircraft fabric dope. Perhaps the photographs will not be deemed suitable for retention within the Evans household! All that survives is this photograph of some of the Australian perpetrators.



206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

Tuesday February 27th 1919

My dearest Mother,

Just a few lines let you know I am keeping quite fit and have at last got rid of a wretched cold. I have been waiting the past week for a letter from you but have not yet received one. Many thanks for the local papers you sent for the past two weeks. I like to read the home news!

Let me know what you think of the enclosed snap which my batman took at the back of our mess?

The past week the weather has been great and I have flown several times and taken up two Infantry Officers for a joy ride around Cologne and down the river. One of them was Green's brother and he enjoyed the flip very much being the first time he's been up.

Well mother dear I have really no more exciting news but will write again when I hear from you. Trusting you are all well, with fondest love, Trev.



206th Squadron,
Royal Air Force, B. E. F.

4th March, 1919

My dear Mother,

Was glad to receive your letter dated Sunday February 23rd. How sad Mr Redhead died on the day that Cyril got home on leave! Did you see him when he was on leave?

Dad seems to be getting quite busy again running up to London, Birmingham and Great Yarmouth!

Well mother I am glad Dad is getting in touch with Mr Lionda and working things for my release as I have made up my mind to quit flying as soon as possible. However I think I can work it to get home myself - a bit of my old "wangling".

Is old Charlie back in civvies yet?

Our C.O. is leaving us at the end of the week and then there will only be three of the old boys left beside myself. The C.O. has had a chat with us and said that he has put us all in for H.E. (home establishment) so that we would get to England again very soon. He is going to arrange for a meeting of all the old boys of the Squadron in London for a dinner next month, so I must



get home to be there. Have no more news this time except that I am feeling fit and having the occasional flight with the mail from here to Spa and back.

Do you ever see machines over our way these days?

I think I still have a good chance of flying from Wallasey to Liverpool as they intend having a passenger and mail-carrying service.

Trusting this finds all well at home.

With fond love,

Trev.

Waldorf Hotel,
Aldwych W.C. 2

March 17th 1919

My dear Mother,

I arrived here at 5.30 this morning after rather a tedious journey. After a good breakfast and a brush up etc I met my three friends and we reported at the Air Ministry at 11.0 am. I was given a month's leave (shame to take the pay) and at the expiration to report to Leamington in Warwickshire. I think there will be very little difficulty of my then getting demobbed.

I am coming home tomorrow.

With fondest love,
Trevor.

Thus ends Trevor's war service and with it his stream of letters to his mother, father, two sisters and numerous friends and relations.

In two months time he will come of age.

EPILOGUE

Trevor was in a minority amongst RAF pilots in seeing action. At the time of the Armistice he was one of some 300,000 men and women serving in the RAF. Of these, 5739 were described on 31st October 1918 as combatant officers outside the UK with a further 2304 non-combatant. In the UK there were a total of 11676 more in both categories. In the four years of war and covering the RAF and its predecessors, the total losses of all personnel, either killed or died of wounds or injuries, amounted to 9352, including ground crew. Of these 3954 lost their lives in action or as a result of it and a further 2982 through flying accidents.

The growth of the RAF since 1914 had been explosive. In August of that year 105 officers and 755 men of the Royal Flying Corps had arrived in France, together with 95 vehicles and 83 aircraft. They left behind them at home 41 officers, a few other ranks and 116 aircraft in varying degrees of airworthiness and disrepair. But after the great expansion which followed over the next four years, the RAF then shrank dramatically with the arrival of peace. It was not until the mid 1930s that it started to grow again in anticipation of further conflict. Its subsequent history is too well known to require comment here.

Both of the squadrons in which Trevor served in combat, nos. 34 and 206, rode a similar roller-coaster of changing fortunes.

No. 34 Squadron remained in Italy until the end of the war and was disbanded in 1919. It was re-formed in 1935 with Blenheims. The beginning of WW2 saw it in Singapore where after the entry of Japan into the war two months of continuous action led to heavy losses and its withdrawal to India. After reforming in April 1942 it was equipped with Blenheim Mk. IVs for a bombing role and was active in Burma. Subsequent aircraft were Hurricanes and finally Thunderbolts performing fighter/bomber and ground attack duties. After its return home various disbandments and re-formings occurred in the post war years and the squadron operated Spitfires, Beaufighters, Meteors, Hunters and Beverleys in various roles at different times up until the moment of final disbandment in 1967; these duties included photo-reconnaissance, anti-aircraft co-operation, fighter and finally transport. A unit of the RAF Regiment now bears the squadron number.

No. 206 Squadron remained in Germany until June 1919, engaged on mail duties. After a short stay in Helwan, Egypt it was renumbered 47 Squadron and effectively disappeared. In 1936 it was re-formed as 206 and equipped with Ansons to provide advanced flying training. This role changed with the outbreak of war to one of maritime patrol. The Ansons were replaced by Hudsons and the squadron moved to St. Eval in Cornwall. In 1942 Fortress IIs arrived and there was a move to the Azores. Conversion to Liberators in 1944 saw a return to the UK and patrol duties for the rest of the war over Norwegian coastal waters. After the end of hostilities it transported freight to India and ex-POWs back to the UK before disbandment in 1946. A re-forming resulted in re-equipping with Yorks but this was short-lived. After a further re-forming in 1952 it was equipped with Shackletons and later Nimrods to perform a maritime patrol and rescue role, first at St. Eval and then from 1965 at Kinloss where it remains active to this day.

The later fortunes of some of the lesser players in Trevor's story have been mentioned in the preceding pages. Most of the others presumably went on to live normal lives having survived extraordinary events; and any traces of them which linger are locked away within the memories and the records of their families. Just one or two of them have left behind them evidence of their subsequent lives which remains accessible to the outside world.

Lt. Stier: Hugh Douglas Stier who is mentioned in RAF Communiqués and whose departure celebrations Trevor enjoyed on 11th September 1918 (see his letter of 12th September) moved to a US unit where he continued to see active service up until the Armistice. He lived to see grandchildren

to whom he was known as “Pong”. A website is dedicated to his memory which includes illustrations of his wings and other insignia, objects which Trevor would have seen.

Lt. Schlotzhauer: Harry A. Schlotzhauer is also mentioned in RAF Communiqués and is the other officer who gives Trevor the opportunity of a party on September 11th. He also returned safely to the USA. In 1941 he re-enlisted in the USAAF and retired in the 1950s with the rank of colonel. Papers relating to him, probably reminiscences, were lodged in 1966 in the George H. Williams Collection at the University of Texas in Dallas.

Captain R.N.G. Atkinson, M.C., D.F.C. and bar, Croix de Guerre: Rupert Atkinson survived over four years of war service and some 1000 hours of combat flying, or perhaps 450 missions, with the RFC and RAF. He returned home from Cologne on short leave on 19th February 1919. He was due to return on 7th March to 206 Squadron but on that day died from pneumonia which had developed from influenza. He was 22. A tribute to him is contained in the Appendix.

Lt. J.S. Blanford D.F.C: J. Stephen Blanford returned to the Army and found himself at Fermoy in Ireland helping to deal with the original IRA rebellion. After relinquishing his commission on September 4th 1919 he entered the oil industry and was working in China in the second half of the 1920s. He married and had at least two children, both daughters. He served in the Army again in the Second World War. At some stage he wrote his reminiscences of his life in 206 Squadron and these were published in a quarterly aviation journal in 1976 and 1977. These memories, to which it is known that Harry Schlotzhauer made a helpful contribution, throw such a useful light on the life that Trevor was leading between August 1918 and March 1919 that they are reproduced in full as an Appendix. He and Trevor corresponded for a while after the war but the contact lapsed as the years passed.

Of the friends whose pictures appear on a page at the very beginning of this work, entitled “Friends in the Great War”, Billy Kenyon and Allan Barnett may not have survived the conflict.

The names of many other soldiers and airmen appear in the letters without any mention of their fate in the editorial comment. It is impossible to check on those individuals with a very common surname, and perhaps lacking an initial or any other identifying feature, and then establish with any degree of certainty whether or not they are listed amongst those who lost their lives. However for all the others, happily the majority, it is safe to assume, in the absence of any comment to the contrary, that they survived to the end of the conflict.

And finally, let us return to the family itself.

Trevor’s father did not live for many years after the war. He died on 13th February 1924 at the early age of 57. Trevor’s mother survived him by 23 years passing away in her late eighties. By the time she died towards the end of the 1940s she had lived to see the impossibility of another war with Germany, of which she and so many others had been convinced in November 1918, being sadly disproved, and a further national trial endured and survived. The two daughters enjoyed lives of even greater span. Norah married Eric Westrup and bore two daughters. She died in 1990, a month after her 95th birthday. Marjorie met and married Bertram Shaw, sometime captain in the Lancashire Fusiliers, and remained childless. Her life span was even more remarkable: she died in 2001 at the age of 103 not long after having been awarded the Legion d’Honneur for her services to the Allied cause in and after the Great War.

The outcome for Trevor became much less happy as the years passed. One assumes that after demobilisation he returned to his previous job or one very similar within the Liverpool shipping industry. He maintained contact with his old comrades-in-arms and the fragments of that contact which survive throw further light on his character and personality. For example a note on a

Christmas card dated 13th December 1921 from D.A Haig, Toronto, reads:

Dear old "Phyllis",

Well, how are they treating you these days? It does seem a long time since we held those famous parties at Cologne. I suppose you have forgotten even the bottle trick. I don't think I will ever forget your speeches and antics at some of them. Very best wishes to yourself and sister.

As ever,

Duggie

According to his passport, issued in 1923, his profession was "Trade Canvasser". In July 1923 he was in France again and clearly enjoying life. A postcard franked Dinard to Mrs J.G. Evans, Passenger SS "Tiger" (Coast Lines) c/o G.P.O., Oban Quay, Scotland and dated 11th July 1923 reads:

My dear Mother,

*It rained here today, the first spot since we left home. Am feeling very fit - plenty of bathing and tennis. Do hope you are enjoying the sea trip. The sea here and scenery is A1. I could do with my Douglas machine here. Fondest love to you and to Dad,
Trev.*

At some stage during the 1920s Trevor started to show the signs of an impending nervous breakdown. The crisis broke in February 1928. He was admitted to hospital and underwent various assessments and treatments before being settled at Camberwell House in London in late March 1928. That was to be his home for the next thirteen years, there appearing at that time to be no cure or palliative treatment for his illness which was officially acknowledged as having been the result of his war service.

As one has seen there is little indication in the foregoing letters of future problems. Trevor appears to have maintained a cheery attitude throughout his service, whatever strain he was under. Whether other things were said when he was with the family, one of course cannot know. Nor does the correspondence reveal the reasons for his early return from Italy in 1918. 34 Squadron remained there throughout 1918 but Trevor came home in January. In one letter he mentions that his C.O. had told him that he would be better suited for flying Scouts, in other words acting as a fighter pilot rather than performing the extended patrolling and artillery observation exercises on which he was then engaged. After his return from Italy we find him fairly quickly located at Nannau, near Dolgellau. This was clearly a rest and recuperation hospital for those suffering from the mental rather than physical damage of war. His later move to Maghull Hospital which specialised in psychological treatment for soldiers is another indication. Some time before Trevor's arrival a doctor named William Rivers had been on the staff at Maghull. He subsequently moved on to Craiglockhart Hospital where Siegfried Sassoon, Wilfred Owen and others were treated by him for shell shock. Rivers was a pioneer in methods of psychological treatment based on Freudian theory: the application of sympathy, interest and discussion rather than electric shock. What treatment Trevor received, or in fact what his condition precisely was, is unknown. Certainly the routine at Nannau described in his letters seems to have been gentle and sympathetic and one from which he derived benefit.

If Trevor's problems at that time were of a psychological nature, and all the indications are in that direction, he was in a sense fortunate being in the R.F.C. and also being commissioned. Peter H. Liddle, a Great War historian, has described the situation in the R.F.C. as follows:

Anxiety neuroses, or the presence of stress related to the performance of flying duties, was but dimly understood. Research was being conducted into this and into physiological aspects

of flying but in a basic sense it was well appreciated by the executive officers of a squadron when a pilot or observer had been in France long enough, needed a break or perhaps a transfer to Home Establishment. From reading the contemporary papers or recollections of many flyers, it is noteworthy that air crew needing a rest frequently had it provided before they had fully realised their need.

In this perhaps the flying personnel were privileged. Though there was no scientifically based awareness of the elements around which flying fatigue developed and a generalised "he's too old" or "he's been out long enough" was not the stuff from which a medical research paper could be written, it seems that the Air Services led the way in sympathetic treatment of the man whose reservoir of self reliance had been called upon too often.

We are left with no firm evidence concerning Trevor's particular problems in Italy, nor the causes of them, in the absence of any revealing comment in his letters. Much later, when Trevor had had his breakdown, Stephen Blanford wrote to Mrs. Evans on 11th March 1929 from East Manchuria:

...I was extremely sorry to hear your sad news about Trevor and offer you my sincerest sympathy. It is indeed a tragedy, the more so as it has come so long after the war is over. I remember that he used to be rather nervy and highly strung as a result of his crash in Italy before he joined 206 Squadron, but he was always so cheery and otherwise fit in those days that one never dreamt anything was seriously wrong...

This is the only suggestion within all the papers which points to some major mishap in Italy, and also to this mishap having had such a serious effect on him. There is no mention of it within the letters, nor even in his Flying Log. Stephen Blanford's own knowledge of the incident can only have come from Trevor himself since the former was still at Sandhurst when Trevor was in Italy. All we have in addition to Blanford's words are less tangible indications such as the comment in a letter dated 31st December 1917 from Italy:

I might tell you Mickie, quietly, that although I have not been out quite three months I have seen and experienced all the warfare I want to.

And within the family there is the legend of some form of crash in Italy and the loss of someone dear to him, perhaps his observer, and perhaps even in the same mishap. Yet no evidence has been uncovered of any aircrew losses within 34 Squadron during the period that Trevor was there. And so the mystery remains unsolved, leaving us with the suspicion that something did occur but with no opportunity of identifying it.

But whatever his medical condition after his spell in Italy, whatever the reasons lying behind it and whatever the treatment he received, Trevor recovered sufficiently to return to the battle. In the closing months of the war he endured an intensity of aerial operations which would not be matched by the RAF until the fall of France and the Battle of Britain in the summer of 1940. And his letters indicate that he performed his duty with just the same cheerful optimism, courage and skill that he had displayed throughout his service career.

Trevor seems to have accepted his long illness with resignation and at least initially with the hope of eventual recovery and a return to a happy, normal life. As the years went by he continued to receive the steadfast support of his mother, the faithful Aunty Lizzie and no doubt his sisters and friends, to all of whom the situation must have seemed an unbearable, never-ending tragedy, as it still does to us today. He was finally released from his suffering on 10th July 1941 at Camberwell; he was 43 years of age.

A further final light is thrown on Trevor's personality by the tributes paid to him.

In "The Wallaseyan" the School Magazine of Wallasey Grammar School:

...There are many Old Boys who will remember Lieut. Trevor Evans and his cheerful kindly nature....

And the School Secretary writes on 19th December 1941:

....Several of the senior masters remember your boy – especially Mr. Browning who has just had a talk with me about him. He says he recalls his sweet nature and his lovely voice and it only seems like yesterday that he was a little boy here. I remember him too. When I was a little girl I attended Emmanuel's Church and Trevor was the leader in the choir. During Lent he sang a solo in a Litany – something like this: "Oh child of my grief and pain".

We cannot begrudge him his well deserved rest.....

And so ends the story of Edward Trevor Evans, Lieutenant, Royal Flying Corps and Royal Air Force, a man clearly loved by all as a son and brother, nephew and friend. It is not so much a record of middle class life in the Wirral during the first two decades of the 20th century, nor of service life and the equipment and the training and the comradeship and the incident, fascinating as such things are to anyone who has an interest in social and military history. Rather it is the story of a young man, little more than a boy, ordinary in many respects and special in some, who eagerly did his duty and paid a heavy price as did countless others. Trevor died a victim and a hero of the Great War, robbed of his life just as surely as if he had disappeared without trace one misty dawn over the trenches of the Western Front.

May he not be forgotten. And may he, and all his comrades, rest in peace.



BIBLIOGRAPHY AND FURTHER READING

There is little doubt that considerably more information survives which would throw further light on the life that Trevor was leading for those two years. Much is published in specialised books and journals but even more reposes in the archives, waiting to be unearthed by those with the time and inclination to add to what we already know about Trevor and his life. In particular there are likely to be papers in the National Archives at Kew which will deal with the activities of the squadrons to which Trevor was attached; and it is even possible that some of Trevor's personal details have survived. Much has of course been lost. Aviation historians refer with frustration and regret to the extensive destruction of front-line squadron records in 1919 and 1920 in a project which is sometimes described as "The Big Burn". And a large number of servicemen's records were destroyed in the early 1940s, again by fire and as the result of deliberate action, but this time by the Luftwaffe in the London Blitz. Nevertheless much survives and would be a fruitful target for further research.

Below are some of the published sources which have been used and also one or two suggestions for further reading in specialised areas:

"**The Airman's War 1914-1918**" by Peter H. Liddle; Blandford Press, 1987.

"**Royal Flying Corps Communiques 1917-1918**" edited by Chaz Bowyer; Grub Street, 1998.

"**Royal Air Force Communiques 1918**" edited by Christopher Cole; Tom Donovan, 1969, 1990.

"**Airmen Died in the Great War 1914-1918**" compiled by Chris Hobson; J.B. Hayward & Son, 1995.

"**Sans Escort, Reminiscences of 206 Squadron RAF**" by Major J. S. Blanford D.F.C.; Cross and Cockade Great Britain Journal Vol. 7 No. 4 1976 and Vol. 8 No. 1 1977.

"**World War I Day by Day**", by Ian Westwell, Grange Books, 2000.

"**Inviting Shore: a Social History of New Brighton Part 1 1830-1939**" by Anthony M. Miller; Countywise Ltd., 1996.

"**Almost an Island - The Story of Wallasey**" by Noel E. Smith, 1999.

"**An Illustrated History of the RAF**" by Roy Conyers Nesbit, Salamander Books, 2002.

"**Moel Offrwm**", The Unofficial Journal of Nannau Auxiliary Hospital, Dolgelley, North Wales; printed by E.W.Evans, Dolgelley, 1919.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Whilst most of the words and images within this document are the property of the letter writer and his successors or are those of their editor, limited quotations have been made from published sources. The most grateful acknowledgement is therefore made to several authors, a few of whose words have been transcribed verbatim in the preceding pages, especially the eminent military historians Peter H. Liddle and Chaz. Bowyer; to R.N. Pearson, one or two of whose excellent aircraft profiles appear as thumbnails within the text; and to the unknown owners of several images of aircraft which have been used to illustrate the story. The editor hopes that no one will feel that their rights have been unduly infringed as a result of this non-commercial, public showing of a document which was originally intended for strictly private consumption only and whose sole aim is one of commemoration.

APPENDIX

I Maps (not reproduced in this online version)

II Training Notes (not reproduced in this online version)

III Other Aircraft at Bickendorf (see following pages)

None of the following fascinating Cross & Cockade articles about 206 Squadron have been reproduced in this online version for reasons of copyright:

IV Captain R.N.G. Atkinson - a Memoir - a tribute to a Great War hero.

V Blind Chance - or the Hand of God? - the chance discovery of a crashed squadron aircraft.

VI Our American Comrades - a memory of American aircrew within the Squadron.

VII Our Twin Rear Guns - detail of the Squadron's unique armament.

VIII Sans Escort - Reminiscences of 206 Squadron RAF - a very detailed description of life in the Squadron by Major J.S. Blanford, D.F.C..

APPENDIX III

OTHER AIRCRAFT AT BICKENDORF: from Trevor's album

Dolphins



"A Camel with a King of Diamond marking on the plane, for luck"



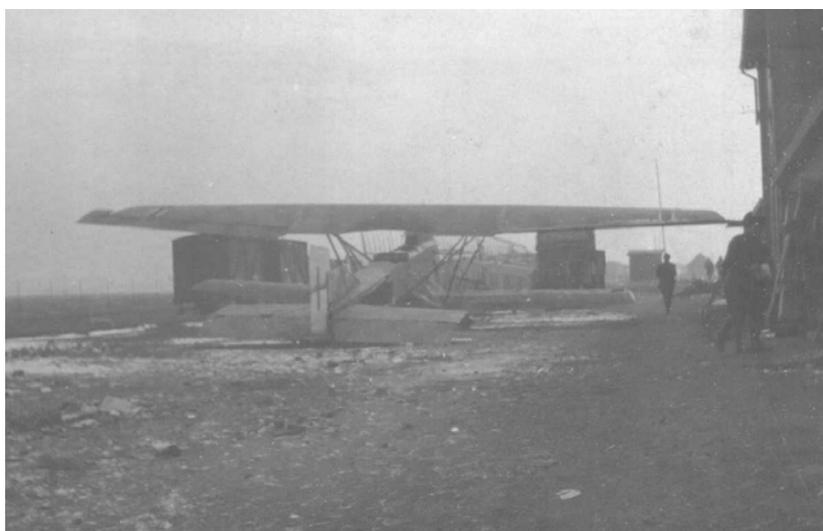
"A Fokker (German machine)"



Camels



“A Camel and a Snipe”



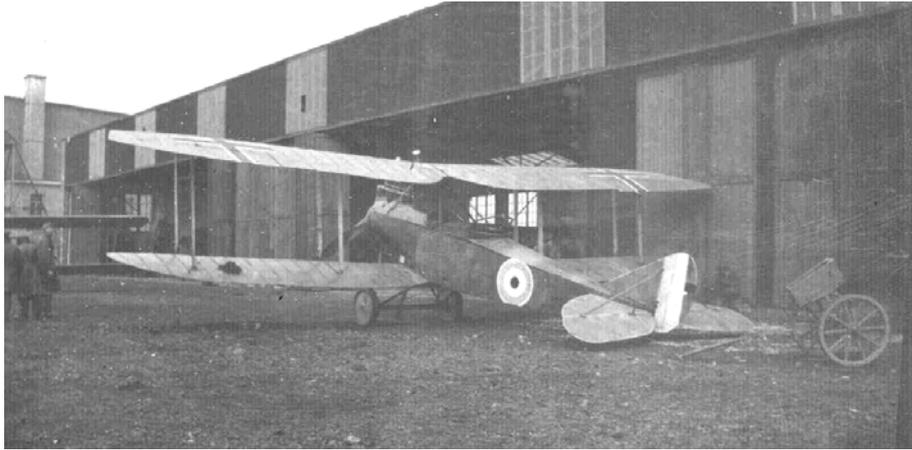
“A Junker, a German ‘bus’ used for trench strafing”

DH9A aircraft



A DH9 aircraft of 206 Sqdn.....and its crew





“A Rumpler
(German machine).”

(... with an identity
crisis)



SE5 machines



“A Sampson (French
machine)”



A remarkable, uncaptioned picture which shows an old, probably unairworthy, Nieuport XI machine, and behind it an even more unairworthy German Zeppelin-Staaken R.XIV heavy bomber.

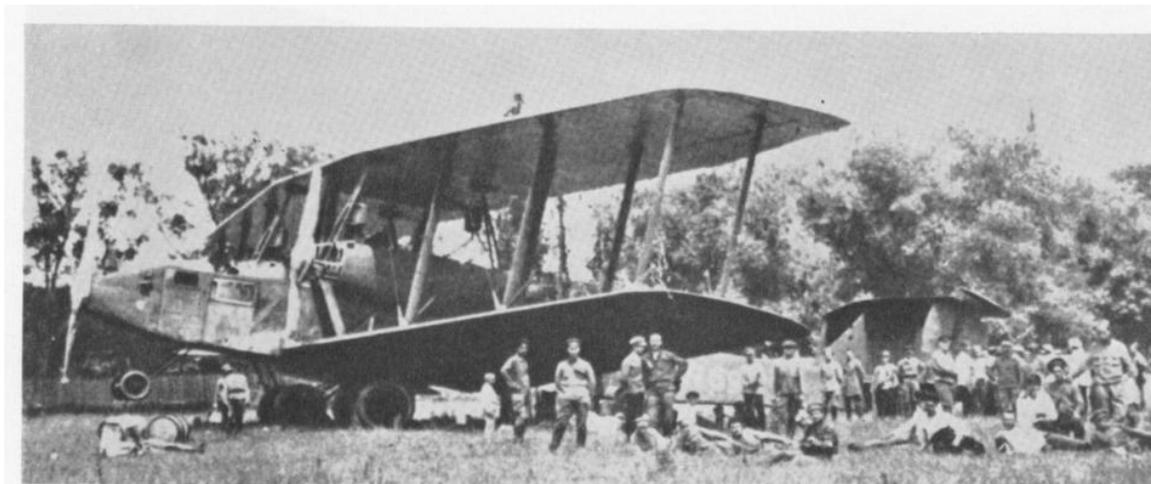
The Zeppelin-Staaken was a remarkable machine for its time and deserves further comment. It was powered by five Maybach engines and amongst its crew was a mechanic whose task was to



maintain the engines whilst in flight. Its wingspan of 42.2m (138.5 ft) made it bigger than a Boeing 757 and exceeded that of an Airbus A320 by at least 8m (27 ft). A Lancaster would have been dwarfed by it.

This wrecked example, photographed by Trevor or a comrade, is known about in aviation circles and left is a further, published view of it said to have been taken in February 1919.

The scale of the machine is demonstrated by the following picture taken of a similar type in the Ukraine after the Armistice.



And finally, to prove that it could in fact fly.....

The tiny blob on the top of the near engine nacelle is the intrepid mechanic.

