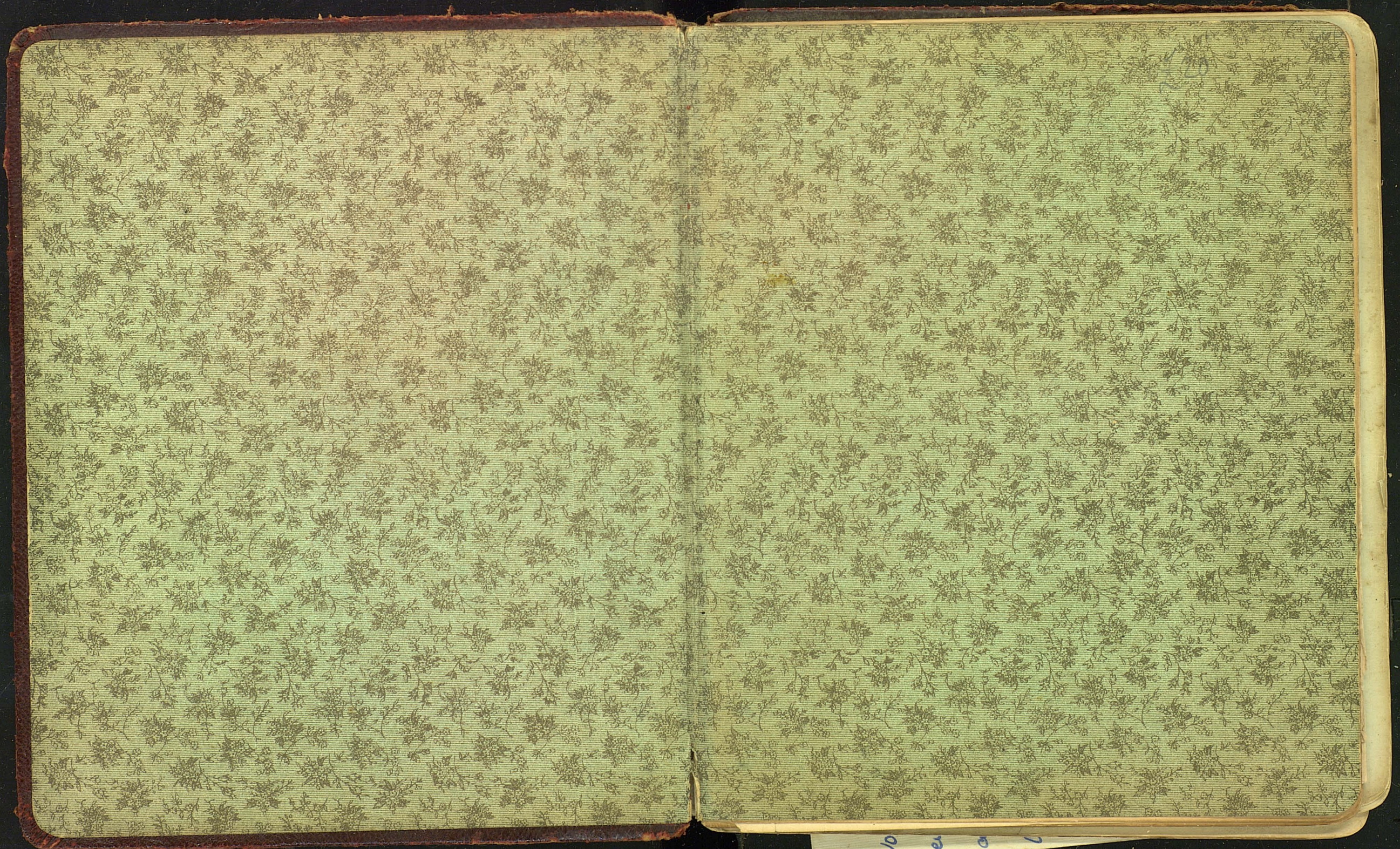




Album

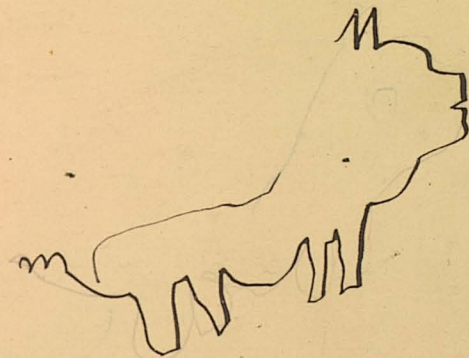


1 No es a 1

3090

7mas. 1900

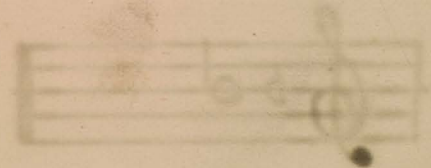
Constance Alice Moore -
Harlech
N. Wales.



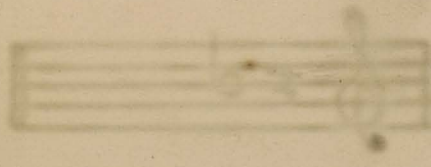
You o a o but I o the
o o n o o but o o me
then let your o m^{no} be
but change o o I o the.

Lenny Finch Walton

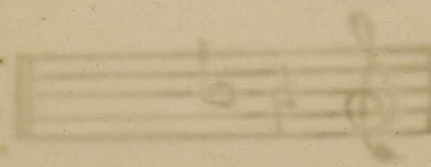
1900.



have



something



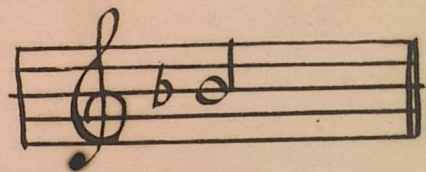
always

W. J. Scott

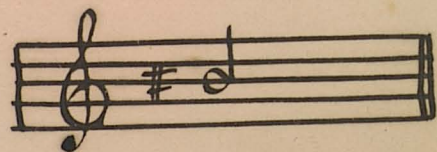
1805

1 No 2 3 4

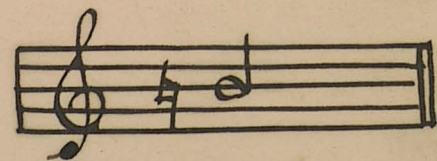
Never



Sometimes



Always



M. P. Scott.
1900.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch
To win or lose it all.

Montrose's love song.

Richard Graves.

The d

Put those Toys away my child
It is time to go to bed
The shades of night are falling fast.
~~It is time to~~ And the day is nearly past
And all the sweet fancies of childish dreams
Have long ago. Closed their wings
Sleeping the sleep of fairyland
The sleep which dreamers bring
As they have been playing like you,
^{my child}
The play of an innocent life
There is little in life like child-
- hood's days
So free from care and strife

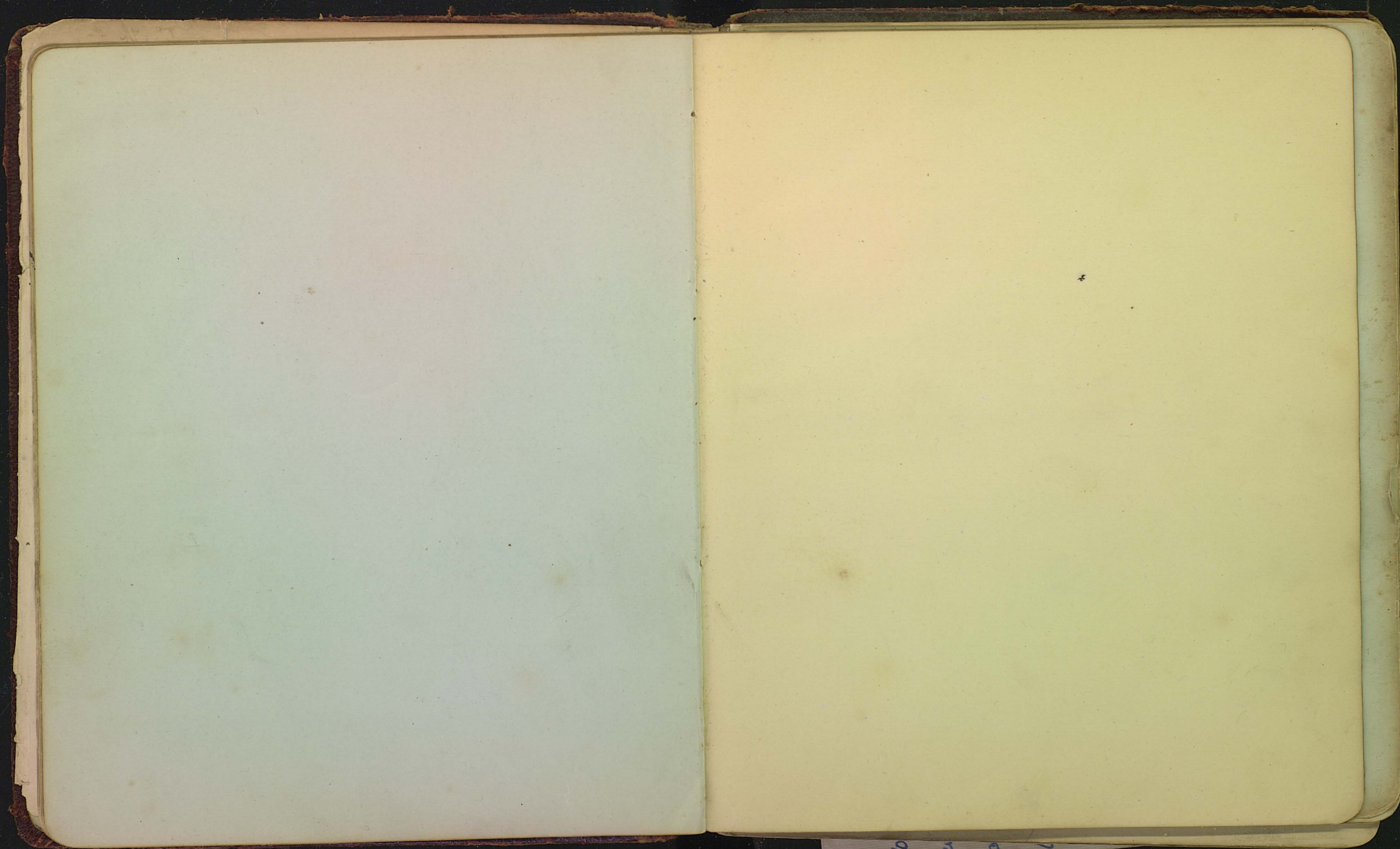
David A. Dixon

1 No 0 1



There was once an old lady in Wales
Who lived upon whisky and snails,
Upon growing a shell,
She exclaimed - "It is well,
It will save me in Bonnets and veils."

J. R. S. Furlong



1 No 2 0 1

From Motor Cycling

In days of old which vanished are
It was the horse which drew the cart;
Quoth science: "Misdirected force!"
The cart was meant to draw the horse.

Lionel. Graves.

Harlech

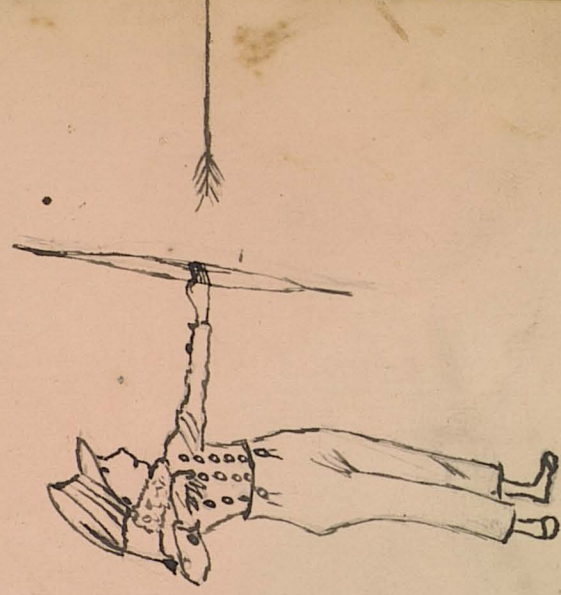
September 1902.

"The Rare Bird"

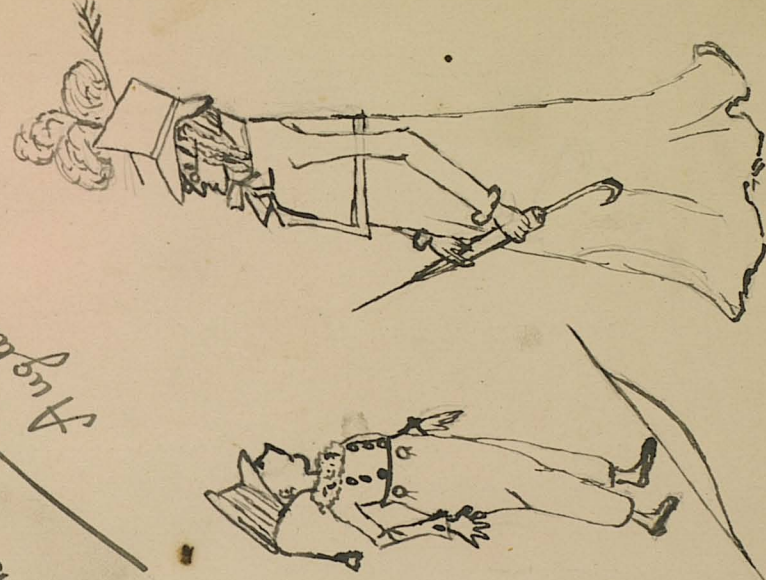


So Philip went & shot it
With his little bow & arrow
That blue & scarlet wonder on a tree,
"Aha!" said he "I've got it!
Ishaw, forsooth! a sparrow!"
It disappeared - & then he went to see.

"O Philip! said Augustus
Come bring your bow & arrow!
There's the rarest kind of bird upon a tree!
O Philip!" said Augustus
"It is rather like a sparrow
Do shoot it dead, & bring it here to me."



Copied by
Dorothy Weston - Thompson
August 1902.



Now, children, when you're playing
With a little bow & arrow
Don't shoot at what you cannot rightly see;
There really is no saying,
What looks so like a sparrow
May prove to be your aunt behind a tree!



"Come what come may
Time and the four ^{ride} ~~come~~ through the roughest day"

—
"If you hast heard a word, let it die with Ree
and be bold, it will not burst Ree."

Maidstone
Jan 6th 1900

As a rule, Man's a Fool.
When its hot, He likes it cool,
When its cool, He likes it hot
Always liking what its not.
Never wanting what He's got.
As a rule, Man's a Fool.

From rocks & sands and barren lands,
Good fortune set me free,
But from great Guns & Womens tongues
Good Lord deliver me.

To live in the Sunshine of true
Friendship.
Is Lifes Sovereign gift.

Flourence M. Young.

23. 3. 05.

A Merry Christmas.



Pamela Lyne

Dec: 1926

Stanzas from the Rubaiyat
of Omar Khayyam.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes, or it prospers — and anon,
Like snow upon the deserts' dusty face
Lighting a little hour or so, — is gone.

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried & drank deep,
And Bahram that great hunter — the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
A Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb whose tender green
Hedges the river lip on which we lean —
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen.

Philip P. Graves
15.9.01

From Father O' Llynn.

Och! Father O' Llynn, you're the wonderful way wid you,
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You're such a way wid you, Father avick!

Still, for all you're so gentle a soul,
Glad, you're your flock in the grandest control,
Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxin' the noisy ones,
Leftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick!

Alfred Percival Graves

15.9.01

MARY LYNE

DEC. 1926

In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow chair ~~may~~ afford for reclining
And a cot that o'er looks the wide sea
With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn
While I carol away idle sorrows
And bide as the lark that each day hail the morn
Look forward with hope for the morrow

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade to
As the sun shines or rain may prevail
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade to
And a barn for the use of the flail
With a cow for my dairy, a dog for my game
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow
I'll envy no statot his riches or fame
For what honours await him tomorrow

Collins

Jessie Inez Powell
August 1902.

Requiescat

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew -
In quiet she reposes.
Ah! would that I did too!

* * *
Her mind the world required,
She bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.



* * *
Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat & sound
But her soul for peace was yearning,
And now peace laps her round
* * *
Her calmed, ample spirit
It fluttered & failed for breath -
Tonight it doth inherit
The vasten hall of Death!

M. Arnold

Copied by Gladys Finch Hatton -

January 5th 1900





N. Youngman.
Nov 12th 1900.

I am a Bowrie
Coal is dug in ground

I thank you
for the World

So sweet Love
From Pamela
Lyne

One two: a ball with you
Three four: Foozled! Ah! Ler!
Five six: kick up my sticks!
Seven eight: I laid that straight.
Nine ten: bunkered again!
Eleven twelve: dig and delve.

September 9:01

I am a Bowrie
Coal is dug in ground

Thank you

MARY LYNCH
SEM 1928

one two: a ball with you
three four: Foozled! Ah! Ler!
five six: kick up my sticks!
seven eight: I laid that straight.
nine ten: bunkered again!
eleven twelve: dig and delve.
thirteen fourteen: defeat I'm courtin'.
fifteen sixteen: Gorse I'm fix'd in.
seventeen eighteen: The field is waitin'.
nineteen twenty: Swears in plenty!
twenty one twenty two: My love to you.

Amos Graves

Harlech

18 Sep. 1902

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Eden, when sweet violets sicken,
Lives within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so are thy thoughts, when thou
art gone,

Love itself shall slumber on.

P. B. Shelley

Gerardine Graves.

Harlech. 1902.

What's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it!

Shakespeare.
(Antony & Cleopatra)

Dec: 08
E. M. More.

Let them keep to their beauty meetings
 With their cups and their medals of gold -
 Let our cricketers go to Australia -
 And be caught or jolly well bowled -

But for us who have learnt to be clever
 And to part with our hat and our cheek
 Let's find some how and for ever -
 Till we pass to the haven of sleep -

W.B.B. Since then

22 111

Dear Mr. Army,

I hope

I hope



I hope you are
 very well
 Thanks a lot
 for.

I hope

I hope

H.M.S. REPULSE.

BATTLE CRUISER SQUADRON

C/o G.P.O.

Wednesday, Dec 31.

Dear Mrs Proctor!!

I can hardly believe it. It seems
 such a short time ago that we were all at Harlech.
 Many thanks for your kind letter. You addressed me
 as Midshipman R.N. - I wish I was - but unfortunately
 I am only R.N.R. - 40 - see I was given a
 Nomination from Pangbourne just for the war - and at the
 end of it I am hurled out on my arse - though
 actually I am going to do my damnest to
 transfer to the Royal Navy proper or the Fleet Air
 Arm. I am having the hell of a time. We have a
 mine belt of 151 - that soon goes. On Christmas
 day we had the hell of a time. A couple of destroyers
 came along side and we invited their officers over

for drinks. I thought the champagne cocktails pretty good
so I loomed about a dozen not realising that
they were made up of rum, whisky, gin brandy and
Curcow, consequently we were all ^{got} as pissed as newts -
I just passed out under the table and remained
there for an hour or two. Christ!! They were
strong. The Midshipmen are all a damn nice crowd
and there are several snotties from Pangbourne
most at my gun - also the Sub at the Gun Room
who I knew well. I got a weeks leave before
joining Repulse - the bastards at the admiralty
said they would not appoint me till after
Christmas and the New Year. I don't know whether I
lets go - at the girl I met at a school -

Somerset anyway she lives in Southsea and she stayed
a couple of nights with me before I joined. I could
not had a hell of a time over Christmas
with her. John Groom stayed with us too - he

It is foolish to bowl and to practise
The 'pull' and the 'thick' and the 'cut'
It is idle to try and endeavour
To drive and to hole the long put.

Away with our Hillmans and Graces
Let's know that our games are all wrong -
Away with our golf and our cricket -
Let's beat the whole world at Ping Pong.

ps. J. Anderson.
Let the fools that there be continue -
To press and to top and to toe -
At St Andrews or at Deal or at Harehatch -
At Sandwich or Westward Ho.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree.

I will arise & go now, & go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay & wattles made:
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings
There midnight's all a-glimmer, & the noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise & go now, for always night & day
I hear lake water lapping with low sound by the shore
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats

[Copied by Percival Graves] 15-9-07

Humphrey W. Best
90th Dec. 04

(copied)

A Red, Red Rose

O my love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;

O my love's like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;

And I will love thee still my dear

Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear

And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

O I will love thee still, my dear

While the sand o' life shall run.

Robert Burns

with heaps
of love
from Mary
April 1822

A

"One who never turned his back, but marched
breast forward,
never doubted clouds would break
never dreamed though right were wronged,
wrong would triumph,
He'd we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake.

Ho, at noon-day in the bustle of man's
work-time

Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward, breast and back
as either should be,

"Strive & thrive!" cry "Speed, fight on,
fare ever

There as here!"

Robert Browning

May Hooton
March 27th 1904.

Sunrise.

Come, seek the vantage of the hills;
Bright gold doth streak the East
See how the kindly night has wrought
This wonder for our eyes.

Night planned this beneath her pall,
And, with a matchless grace,
Has drawn aside her mystery,
And dazzled our poor gaze.

Ronald C. Davison.

January 1905.

Pippa's song ~ " ~

The years at spring
And days at the morn
Morning at seven
The hill-sides dew-pearled
The lark on the wing
The snail on the horn
Lods in his heaven -
Alls right with the world

1925th
Aug.

Pamela
Lyne

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one
But the light of the whole world dies
With the setting sun.

The heart has a thousand eyes
The soul but one
But the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

from the Persian.

Molly H. Graves

"My Friend shall for ever be my Friend, & reflect a
ray of God to me, & time shall foster & adorn
& consecrate our Friendship.
As I love Nature, as I love singing birds, &
gleaming stubble, & flowing rivers, & morning
& evening, & summer & winter, I love thee,
my Friend."

Thoreau.

Nannie Lambert.

July 1st 1902.

no II



Frank.
24/3/05

no I



Sheer foolishness I write you see,
In that strange corner there's naught amiss,
Should I try wisdom, that, ah! me,
Might prove worse foolishness than this.

Herbert Davis
November 1903.

She'd a smile on her face
And a rose in her hair

And she sat there and
bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair
Shackaray.

Every moment, every day,
Something good for thee I pray

Birds Forbes

43 Gloucester Place

London ¹⁴/₁₁ May
1903

J. R. Glive
Harlech.
August 1902.

الله كريم
God is merciful
الله يحفظني
God bless you

وتلبى تروشي عزيزي
وتعل عكري في الجيش
وتركب ويا حال انجليي
في الحرب الوداني
معلش
بريا اينن كرنش

Percy E. Cornish



G.V.

Nov. 1900.

Every sort of recreation^I
I have tried by land or ocean;
Some are good and others hardly worth a song;
But for absolute perfection,
Free from shadow of objection,
Commend a game of "four-in-hand" ping-pong.

^{II}
Then the cycle and the "motor"
(which in infancy as yet are)
Have developed speeds unduly dangerous;
"Death traps" I long have held 'em,
Whereas you'll find you're seldom
Runaway with by the quiet game ping-pong.

^{III}
But the worst of all my list is
That dread game, whose surname golf is;
For in it they say 't's easy to go wrong;
For we can't all beat H. Varden,
(Whom the golfers call their "hard un") —
And, in short, you can't do better than ping-pong.

Annie Graves

Harlech.

Sept. 18th. 1902

24s 4 R
24s 4 B
Ic 4 R
24s 4 me

Let us always march with our
faces towards the dawn
Hugo

W. Lloyd George
Jan 22nd 1904

POST CARD

JEROME Ltd.

20 - 29



Let us always march with our
faces towards the dawn
Hupp

W. H. Hupp George
Jan 22nd 1904

Santa Teresa's Book - Mark

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endure all
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Where God sufficeth.

C. L.

Nov^r 1900

Acquit thee bravely, play the man
Look not on pleasures as they come
Defer not the least virtue; ^{but go;}
 life's foot & span
Make not an ill by trifling in the eve.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.
George Herbert.

C 775

Lowestoft.

Dec 1. 1900.

O ye who taste that love is sweet,
Set way-marks for all doubtful feet,
That stumble on in spite of it.

Sing notes of love, that some who hear
Far off, inert, may lend an ear;
Rise up, and wonder, and draw near.

Lead life of love; that others who
Behold your life, may kindle too
With love, and cast their lot with you.

Christina Rossetti.

M. E. M.

December 1, 1900.

"The Arrow and the Song."

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen & strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

A. A. L.

Decr. 1st 1900.

When the golden sun is setting
And your heart from care is free,
When over thousand things you're thinking
Will you sometimes think of me?
June 11th 1903
Nurse Lamb



Nov 29th 1900

A.M. Youngman

Lowestoft Pier
— " —



"Loves young Dream"

Jack.
6/4/06.

Ernest. Blanford
21st June 1905

"Then you'll remember me
I shall. The longer say I ever remember

W. H. H.

Francis Hobbs 21st June 1905

"That reminds me"

of the "Merry Scipio Boy."

W. H. H.

All service ranks the same with God

If now, as formerly He Trod

Paradise, His presence fills

our earth, each only as God wills

can work — God's puppets,

best and worst.

are we: There is no last

nor first,

Alexander Poeh

L. S. 1001

When Paul's last picture is painted and the tubes
are twisted and dried,
When the oldest of ours have faded, and the youngest
Cubie has died,
We shall read, and, faith, we shall read it - his
done for an age or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall put
us to work again!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall
sit in a golden Chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league Canvas with
brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real Saints to draw from -
Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and
never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and
only the Master shall blame;
And so we shall work for money, or so we
shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and
each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Ship as he sees fit for the
God of Ships as they stir!

Copied from "The Seven Seas" by
Rudyard Kipling
(C. L. Pott)

