

Shinglestreet

By

Authors and authoresses

Compiled and edited

By

Lucy Wellesley Colley

Privately published

1918



Republished 2007 by Keith Burton

Notes from the publisher

When reading this book you have to take into account that not only the way of life was very different but it was a period of great change when it was written, late 1910, Queen Victoria was on the throne Britain ruled a vast empire and for the first time there was social mobility. You no longer had to be born rich you could actually become rich. The industrial revolution was at its height. Factories were churning out goods at an ever increasing rate, rail ways were spreading around the country and with them came opportunity and wealth. Places like Felixtowe now were booming, converted within a few years from isolated fishing hamlets to large towns with railway stations hotels, piers and public houses built with a speed and enthusiasm that it would be impossible to imagine to day. There was intense public pride and patriotism all was well with the world and Britain ruled the world. But by the time this book was published 1918 the world had changed. The nation was in mourning millions killed on the battle fields of the world at places like Verdun, Ypres, Somme and Vimy Ridge hardly any family was unaffected sons and fathers gone for ever. Thousand of women who never married because their boyfriends had been killed. There love had been so great, there loss so deep, that a life of celibacy was better than the thought of defiling the memory of there lost love ones. The British Empire had passed in four short years from enthusiastic youthfulness to reserved middle age and by the time those children who had sailed and romped on Shinglestreet beach had reached old age the British Empire was dead and gone forever.

My thanks to Sarah Magittai who spent hours at the computer typing out the book from a faded photo copy.

Keith Burton

PREFACE

This work is not a romance nor is it historical. The writers do not desire fame; each one has written his memories of the holiday home, and they whisper to us – "Come! Be a child once more with Lads and Lassies that used to be".

Their writings will show how they found a bright light in the darkest skies, and could only see the golden sunset in the holiday home. They have steered their boats to port, with love and kindness, so we can safely leave them without comment.

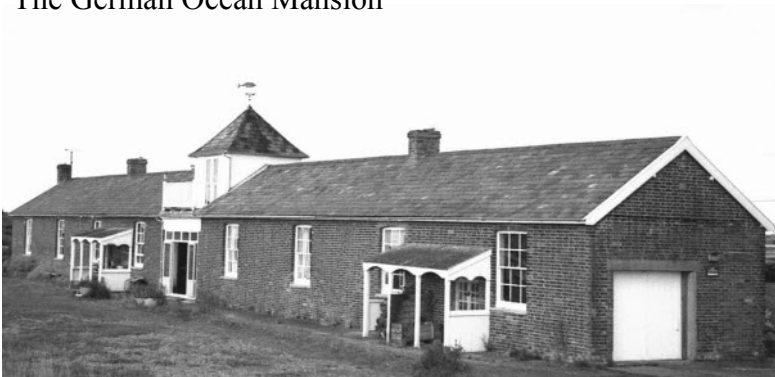
I feel sure all will close this book with a smile and say: - "but trifling remembrances, yet they tell of pleasant things and a happy home. I would like to wander on the shingle beach, and listen to the cry of the sea-birds and the murmur of the rolling waves".

The reader will not find many dates – the simple reason of this is – the lads and lassies that used to be, wish to think the days of youth are not long past. Dates would lift the *curtain!*

A boy's will is the wind's will; and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

L.C.

The German Ocean Mansion



SHINGLESTREET

God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each, one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.

(Kipling)

These words of Kipling are indeed true, we all have a magic spot, a garden, a flower, something loved and perhaps gone beyond recall, but not forgotten.

My magic spot is on the east coast of Suffolk, utterly away from the world, far away from its noise and hurry and strife – far away from the sands where the children dig castles and paddle. Peace, and simple life were found there. A quaint, sweet spot, with strange old-fashioned and silent wooden cottages, scattered along the sea-shore, where the waves of the ocean fill the air with continuous murmur, and sea-birds whirl uneasily about; the golden brown shingle tossed up by the waves looking like fairy islands peeping out of the water.

This snugly hidden village is called Shinglestreet, and consists of two bungalows and a few quaint little groups of fishermen's cottages, a Martello Tower at one end, and a Coastguard Station at the other. On the land side are beautiful green marshes, with the song of the lark singing joyously all day, - the grass gaily mixed with red clover and meadowsweet; beyond on the high ground, an old church is seen resting among the trees.

The village is situated at the mouth of the river Alde, which runs parallel to the sea-shore for twelve miles and at Aldeburgh turns inland.

In this quiet spot I made memories for my tomorrow. Sometimes I dream of what has been, and might have been, and all that is now changed, and friends who are

dead. I feel a secret pain when I think of the large merry family, alas! who can never be all together again – each one now having separate ends in life and some, homes of their own.

But sometimes I am back again in the Bungalow on the beach, with all the sweet memories fresh, my children young, wading and fishing for whitebait in the big clear pools of sea-water in the golden banks of shingle, or sailing their toy boats. I hear the gracious sounds of water over pebbles, I see the fleets of fishing vessels, barges laden with hay, and the smoke of the steamers smudging the long level of the bright horizon.

On days of wind and storm, or sunshine or calm, this wild spot is beautiful with its shadows on the deep, blue water, and the network lines of golden shingle; and all that is associated with it, brings back thoughts of friends, some now in distant lands, others in their sleep in the quiet earth – but all in my garden of memories!

Because of these memories I love Shinglestreet. When my thoughts wander to Shinglestreet often a wee ghost of a child visits me and softly kisses my hand, talks to me of angels and Heaven, and leaves me full of sunshine. But now this child has become a man and is helping me to make a collection of holiday stories of just those sunny hours – a journal of happiness, of memories tender with the love of brothers and sisters, children and friends.

Oh! The delight of the holidays spent at Shinglestreet and all the unaccustomed things we did. Just read about them, and be happy.

A June Day

A Sail to Felixstowe

A June day – breathing its softness, its hush of summer over the world, the air song-laden with the lark's voice up

in the blue sky – a sweet-smelling air of white clover and new-mown grass, and countless sounds of summer. We started for Felixstowe in the *Claudine*. The party consisted of Mrs. Petre, her son Tom, Philip and myself. The ocean, that great highway of the world, lay as gentle as if its bosom had never disturbed the repose of anyone.

We had a delightful sail. The summer colouring was beautiful. On the long coastline white foam was breaking on the beach. And the beauty of the opal tints of blue and gold, as the sea-waves flashed up against the sunlight, made us think of a lovely garden of flowers. It was very different on our return journey! Now we were all glad to sit in the shadow of the great sail, which flapped and never filled. We longed for a good breeze.

We spent a pleasant time at Felixstowe, and met the London mail train at 8 o'clock, for we expected Reggie. He was very glad to see us and hear we had brought the boat, for he was very fond of the sea, and not a bit sorry to find he would not have 12 miles to drive to Shinglestreet.

The evening had become very sultry. Alas! The little wind there had been during the daytime had dropped and the sea was a dead calm. It was 9 o'clock when we left Felixstowe and the tide carried us out about ten miles from the land. Mrs. Petre and I thought the sky looked very dreadful, for great storm clouds blotted out the fierce red sunset.

We watched the terribly threatening sky most anxiously. At last we told the men our fears. They cheered us and said the storm was behind us, and we could run before it, so really it would help us get home, for the wind had died down entirely.

Mrs. Petre and I sat so that we could not see the black clouds and said the Rosary, and waited to see what would happen.

The sea all round us became a desolate grey, and lightning played along the horizon.

The storm burst upon us suddenly in all its fury; the wind blew hurricanes. Mrs. Petre and I were terror-stricken and said our prayers in a loud voice. The men managed to haul down the great sail. The boom struck me; I did not feel it much at the time for I was excited and wondered if our boat would be able to keep afloat in the rough sea – which was black – absolutely black, like ink! It was thrilling and weird, and when the rain came, each drop was like a drop of fire in the dark water.

The boat was driven by the wind and was at the mercy of the waves, which foamed and hissed about the bows as we cut along. We had no lamp and not even a match; we knew our position was critical, for we were practically in the path of the great steamers for the Hook of Holland.

The lightning was terrible. It lit up all the ocean round us, and Reggie decided to run the boat under the lee of the shore, so asked us to watch for the sea mark on the cliff near Bawdsey, when the land was lit up by lightning. None of us spoke after we had seen the mark, but left all to Reggie.

Suddenly through the blur of the rain and storm we saw that we had come quite close to the shore in comparatively calm water, but the blue lightning played like demons amid the water.

Then came an awful moment! Sea and land lit up with a blinding flash and we were deafened by the crash of thunder that followed; the men leaped overboard in an instant and fixed the anchor ashore. A moment after we were all on the beach, which was rough and rocky, and the appalling darkness made the seawall equally dangerous. We decided to return home by the sea wall, and Philip instructed us all to follow him closely, as there were deep dykes on each side of the wall. The excitement was as great as the danger. Suddenly I found myself falling down and down, till I landed on Philip's back! Mrs. Petre heard me cry out –

“Oh dear! I have *followed* you,” and she just saved herself from following *me*. At that moment a vivid flash lit up the creek that cut through the sea wall, into which we had fallen.

After this accident Philip would not continue on the sea wall, so we returned to the boat. Mrs. Petre objected to go in the boat again, and Tom took her under his care to walk to Shinglestreet by the sea, a distance of seven miles of rough and difficult walking.

Philip helped us into the *Claudine* and I steered her whilst he and Reggie towed with the anchor chain from the shore. The night continued dark except for the vivid and dreadful lightning, which at times made us quite blind.

It was in the grey of very early morning, with the lightning still playing about, that we reached Shinglestreet, all perils passed, and kind friends waiting to welcome us. Mrs. Petre and Tom arrived safely.

WHITEWINGS

*August 4th 18-. The Whitewings arrived at Shinglestreet from Orford in a gale of wind for the Ocean race. The Commodore, Mr. A. H. E. Wood, was full of enthusiasm and a stern resolution to race, even in a **tempest!** Willie's record here follows of this wonderful race.*

A DAY'S RACING AT SHINGLESTREET OF THE WHITEWINGS

told by Willie, a member of the Club

The 4th of August, the date fixed for the ocean race, that was to close the racing season of the year, turned out to be in every sense of the phrase, a *tough'un*.

The fleet of eight boats was towed down the river during the morning hours, and the various members of the Whitewings Club lunched at 12.30 at our Bungalow.

By half past two most of the boats were under way, and it was noticed that in each case the members had decided to sail with one reef in their main sails, and their full fore-sails, the only exception being no. 4, Mrs. Wood's boat, which was sailed by a friend supported by the village carpenter.

The quarter of an hour gun having been fired at 2.30, the race started at twenty minutes to three and the boats were off at the quarter, Mr. A. H. E. Wood going well away, followed by Mr. John Colley, and both decided to beat back to the Northern mark by making use of the calmer water in-shore. Mr. Geo. Walton rounding the southern mark third, elected to take a long leg out to sea, in the hopes that the strong favourable tide would be of more benefit to him than the calm water in shore.

The rest of the fleet rounded the first mark, headed by *The Kipper* sailed by Philip Colley, with *The Wanderer*, '*Alf a mo*, *Conamur* and *Emerald* following. The *Emerald* was the only boat to follow Mr. Walton and take the heavy seas that were running in the tide-way, a venture attended with very great success.

The outcome of the beat home saw Mr. Walton in *the Wagtail* with a nice lead, the result of having made use of the strong sea tide. Mr. Wood in the *Viva*, closely followed by the *Petrel*, were second and third; the *Wanderer*, *Emerald*, *Kipper*, '*Alf a mo* and *Conamur* following.

The second round brought no change excepting for the *Emerald*, which dropped into the rear.

The third, and so last round, proved to be full of event for during their run down to the Southern mark the *Viva* entered into a luffing match with the *Wagtail*, and Mr. John Colley, in the *Petrel* took the advantage offered him, and ran through from third to first place which he retained during the final beat in spite of the efforts made by the *Viva* and the *Wagtail* to catch him.

The order of the flag [for] this grand race was: 1st John Colley, 2nd A. H. E. Wood, 3rd George Walton, followed by the *Kipper*, *Wanderer* and *Emerald*.

Tea followed at our Bungalow, discussions and nautical talk from the brave men who had sailed in a sporting manner the dangerous race, with a gale raging and high seas running.

And *two* among them were *lads* under 15 years of age.

We often prepared expeditions for friends when they came to stay with us, and the favourite one was to sail up the river to Orford to see the old Church and Castle. One occasion I can never forget and I recall it with pleasure:-

A SAIL UP THE RIVER TO ORFORD

It was a beautiful Autumn day – one of those days with many changes – sunshine, then clouds – where but a minute before every object was cut out in gold. Summer had passed away but had left her trail of sweetness behind. The swallows were assembling for their long flight to the south. The sea-birds were dipping their plumage in the white foam, uttering discordant screams, as if they were giving the last sigh for the departing Summer.

Off and on during the sail up the river, Orford Castle Tower peeps up amid the trees which surround the grassy entrenched mound upon which the old Keep stands; while on the sea side, Orfordness Lighthouse, and passing ships come in view, for a bank of shingle not more than a quarter of a mile wide separates the river from the sea.

The wind blew cheerily and the sun shone through a golden haze, softening everything, and the murmuring splashing sounds of the water as the boat sailed swiftly on, broken by the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of oxen, and the voices of children in the field, heard for a moment, then lost again, just as the breeze rises and falls, were

sounds that served to promote rather than interrupt meditation.

Orford is a quaint old-fashioned village; the half-timbered cottages make the quay picturesque, and are relics of past prosperity and departed grandeur.

The silent streets, the old Castle and the Church hushed in sleep, are the last links with the ancient days. The Church is interesting but ruinous; its once beautiful Norman Chancel is a complete wreck, but few will fail to admire it in its decay.

The date of the Chancel seems from its style to be earlier than that of the Castle, which is beautifully ornamented, but most of the decoration inside the Church is entirely destroyed, and the restoration is not good.

As we left the Church a sad sight met our eyes. In a sweet corner of the Churchyard, where the blue violets had dropped their blooms long ago but the grass was still quite green and daisies peeped out, a black-robed little maiden, so fair, so frail, lay on a new-made grave. Her golden hair, like a cloak fell over her black dress. Care, anxiety and the shadow of suffering came into this picture, and we were filled with pity and a sense of the fleeting of all things.

The sky was all aglow with dying tints, and all things around us were transfigured, and our hearts were strangely stirred with vague yearning and a consciousness that human life and our destiny were mysteriously reflected in the sad scene now before us. Nothing could equal the stillness. A little boy fluttered here and there, like a white butterfly, the soft breeze blowing his fair curls as he ran about picking daisies, putting them on the grave near his sister, smiling sweetly like a dream angel.

This child did not understand life's toils and its sorrows. What could a baby know of death? Oh death! What a mystery thou art! The little girl on the cold grave slowly learn-

ing the great lesson of sorrow and suffering; the baby running after butterflies, unconscious of any trouble, yet in perfect harmony in the picture.

The child's grief seemed too delicate for human sympathy, and we hurried away with a prayer for the living and dead.

We went to look at the Castle, alas! A sad and subdued party.

The beautiful old Castle was formerly the centre of the town. Beyond the fact that it is early Norman, nothing can be told of its origin. Ralpe de Coggeshall, the Abbott of Coggeshall in Essex, relates a marvelous story of a sea monster which was caught by fishermen at Orford, and for a time kept in the Castle. This is the legend:-

Some fishermen took in their nets a sea monster resembling a man in size and figure. He was given to the Governor of the Castle, who had him kept as a prisoner. The creature was very hairy but had a bald head and a long beard. He could not speak any language, but they tortured him to find out if his voice was like the human voice, and it was.

One day the keepers netted in a portion of the sea to allow the man-fish to take a swim. He dived under the nets and escaped, mocking his keepers from the safe side of the nets, and disappeared for ever!

This wild legend still lingers at Orford and about the Suffolk coast.

The Castle is a ruin, and very little is left of the interior. There is one large circular chamber that has been floored and made safe for visitors to rest in. This room has a Norman fireplace, and all the walls are hung about with weapons of questionable antiquity. I may say that with the exception of the Chapel, hardly a relic of ornamental work remains.

After our visit to the castle we went to the quaint gable-ended inn for tea, where we learnt the history of the chil-

dren in the Churchyard. Their mother had died suddenly, and the eldest child, the little girl we had seen, was inconsolable, spending most of the day on her mother's grave.

On our return to the quay, we had to pass by the Church, and the sad figure was still there, her arms round the grave and the baby-boy asleep at her feet. The butterflies had gone home to sleep, the daisies had shut their eyes, the shadows were creeping across the old dial, and the church clock tells the hour of the waning day. A spell is woven of shadow and failing light, the chimes of the bells in the old clock-tower float over meadow and river; - we must hurry to our boat, "for time and tide wait for no man".

Quietly we glided down the broad river, with a gentle breeze, which seemed in sympathy with our feelings. Echoes came of the long, low wash of the sea, and the plaintive cry of the gulls, making us think sad dreams.

But after all! There is no such thing as *death*. It is only faith changed for sight, and weariness for happiness and rest.

So changed my thoughts as breaking bubbles; as the memory of the day returns to me now, and the picture of the desolate little girl with her sweet baby brother, teaching us the lesson that our dear Lord knows what is best, I behold Love guiding His hand, and all the sad bereavements, which appear so very grievous at the time, are really sent in mercy, for they draw us closer to God; each trouble adds but another link to the golden chain.

MOTHER'S TEA PARTY

Perhaps the scene in Orford Churchyard may have left some tinge of sadness in the reader's mind, so I think I cannot do better than place here an interesting paper by Bobbie, which gives a graphic account of a Tea-party. It will not fail to amuse, indeed, and even instruct, in the sense that you will learn a little more of how things were done at Shinglestreet in 18--.

BOBBIE'S REMEMBRANCE OF MOTHER'S TEA-PARTY.

“You never can tell, when you do a deed,
Just what the result will be;
But with every act you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you never may see.”

One summer at Shinglestreet Father and Mother decided to entertain all the school children from the two villages Alderton and Hollesley, to a grand tea party.

A day was fixed and Father set to work with zeal to provide entertainment. Dancing was to take place on the lawn, or *shingle*, and an entire fair that was travelling the country, was hired for the day. A band and a comic singer came from Ipswich. Mother also took in hand her part of the organisation of the feast. All orders for the good things required were given to local tradesmen, and quantities of fruit, cakes, bread, butter and sweets were commanded.

Some days before the event, supplies began to come in, and all were stacked in the coach house.

To our astonishment, not merely the quantity ordered was brought, but huge carts turned up in procession loaded with comestibles! Mother held up her hands in horror, but a tradesman tried to reassure her and said: “Never mind, Madam, best to be on the safe side, we'll take back what is not wanted.” One item was a huge supply, Oh! so vast, of small round cakes.

The day of days for the children at last came, and the children began to arrive in crowds, they never ceased coming! Farm waggons, carts and carriages crammed full of people, and by no means all *little people!* The fair was filled, the swings worked, they danced on the tennis lawn – indeed there seemed a great many people! A policeman said he thought there must be 400, and he would not be surprised if more came, for all the neighbouring villages who had heard of the “Treat”, were known to say that they would go to it, for they were sure to be welcome.

Mother was truly alarmed at the great multitude and wondered how tea could be made for so many and what they would drink out of, as only a few dozen cups could be produced.

Prominent amongst the dancers was our cook! So Mother hastily went to the house, which was deserted except for a poor kitchenmaid, nearly in hysterics, standing looking at her small fire and kettle. Mother had a bright idea, and sent for the Chief Officer of the Coastguard Station. He at once ordered his men to light a big fire on the shingle and to put plenty of large boilers of water on it, and sent two men with big baskets to collect the cups and mugs from the Inn and the cottages. At 4.30, gallons of tea and plenty of cut bread and butter and cake, waited for the company.

Thanks to the Chief Officer’s help, merrily and noisily the great feast went on. The guests were all blessed with good appetites.

Whilst we were employed carrying round food we noticed that the women had brought umbrellas, though it was a fine day, and we also noticed that they went away with very fat umbrellas! The policeman said he feared some of the guests were taking away with them more than their own share!

We stood in a weary circle and watched them depart, not merely children, but mothers and fathers, brothers, sis-

ters, grandmothers on both sides, and aunts paternal and maternal! All the women with huge umbrellas on a fine summer's day!

Oh! I declare, its beginning to rain! Lucky! they brought their umbrellas. One old dame in forgetfulness raised hers and lo! out rushed and rolled and jumped streams of little cakes!

Needless to say our cupboard was bare when the day was over – not even a crust of bread for our supper, so we poor, tired out people all went hungry to bed! We flattered ourselves that our tea-party had been a tremendous success – but made up our minds *never to do it again*.

The tradesmen, of course, had *nothing* to take backexcept their pockets full of money!

Today I am dreaming with a smiling face, so this next story shall be about the children, who were given a week's holiday and the yacht to go wherever it pleased them. It was now late in September, so it was the last expedition before the yacht was dismantled and put up for the winter.

A HOLIDAY ON THE YACHT

There was a difficulty about settling where the holiday party would go to for *Wife* (Miss Coleman) did not like the sea, and the schoolroom party would not go without her. At last someone made a suggestion for going up the river to Aldeburgh. This was at once decided on.

The morning of the start was sunlit and smiling – the seagulls riding on the surface of the waves, and gathering in noisy companies on the shingle. The party on the yacht was equally noisy, *Wife*, Bessie, Bobbie, Laddie and Billie, and myself (Mother), a merrier set could not be imagined! Oh! Dear, I have forgotten to mention good old Bob, a black retriever. We all loved Bob and he loved us; but he was not loving to other people. To see him inspect a man of

shabby aspect was most exciting! He generally bit a piece out of the man or his trousers – he wasn't particular which part he got!

We left Shinglestreet with a fair tide and very little wind, and *Wife* was quite happy. We arrived in Aldeburgh in time to take a walk in the town before our tea-supper, and the children bought some cakes and sweets. After supper we were very cosy, the boys played the organ they had brought and we planned out all we wanted to do the next day; they the boys enlivened us by singing a song – “Never mind the weather, love, you and I together, love,” – so the time passed happily. But sad to say as the evening advanced the wind got up, and soon after we had retired to bed, a fierce storm raged, and the water round the old jetty became very rough. We could hear the angry breakers on the shingly beach, on the seaside of the narrow piece of land that separates the river from the ocean; I think the most it can be at this part is 200 yards. We pitched about and the yacht groaned, it seemed a creature in agony. Poor *Wife* passed a bad night and couldn't sleep. Once Billy rubbed his sleepy eyes and asked her if she was sick and sang out “Never mind the weather, love”; but this did not comfort her as she was so utterly wretched. It was a disagreeable night for all of us, and *Bob*, on deck, was whining and barking.

After a dismal rough night the morning proved wet, and the water was rolling mildly over the low shingle beach, as though weary from last night's storm.

We were sad at breakfast, for we longed for sunshine, and it was a wretched, soaking morning, and little chance of it clearing. The boys tried to keep up their spirits and sang: “Never mind the weather, love! You and I together, love!”

At eleven o'clock the sun came out and we lost no time starting off for the expedition along the coast to a place called Thorpe. We were told we could find beautiful shells

there, and that there were sandhills and brown rushes. We thought it must be a fascinating place, and the children said they could have a romp on the sand-dunes. We left the yacht in high spirits, one of the crew putting us ashore in the dingey a great mass of seaweed floating past us, a sign of fine weather, we thought.

We passed through Aldeburgh, walking on the beach, and I took turns in carrying the basket of our lunch. Presently we came to a creek; over it there was a small foot bridge, and water surrounding it. The big storm during the night and a high tide had flooded the flat land and made it look like a great lake. We held a hot debate as to what we ought to do. I proposed we should take off our shoes and stockings, and wade to the bridge. To this at once there was a chorus of approval from the children, but *Wife* would not agree to paddle. However the children won the day for themselves. *Wife* sadly said she would find another way, and join us on the other side of the creek. The children, *Bob* and I started, the boys bare-legged and sturdy, chattering and splashing like magpies. *Bob* went in front of us giving little whines and low grumbling barks; he soon had to swim. The children did not mind how deep they had to wade, but I thought of my petticoats – we wore petticoats in those days. Needless to say I got dripping wet! When we arrived safe on the bridge *Bob* gave himself a mighty shake and sent the water flying out of his coat all over us.

We looked round to see how *Wife* was getting on. The last we had seen of her she was running wildly on the sea wall, which twists about by the side of the creek. Now she was still running! At length she realized that she could not reach us by the sea wall, and in desperation, called out to a young man who was in a punt. He went to her at once, and to our astonishment, she got into his horrid boat, yet she was always terrified even in the yacht's dingey. We never knew how she was able to make up her mind to get into the cockle-shell of a boat with an unknown man in a

few clothes; no wonder she was pale and exhausted when she joined us! Billie at once sang out "Never mind the weather, love! Never mind the boat! You and I together, love!"

How we tormented *Wife*! We asked her if she sat on the man's gun! For he was duck shooting; he had shot at least one *Duck*, you see! But she had arrived, and so there was joy among the party, even *Bob* was glad, and barked and frolicked.

The sun had cleared the fog away, and the sands were glittering as the merry party arrived at the big sand-hills. Alas! We found it a fishy-smelling place with plenty of midges and flies. However we found a nice spot where we could sit down and have our lunch. Old *Bob* wagged his tail, as the provisions were handed to each hungry one; I fear his share was very small, and it slipped down his throat like magic. Why, he could have swallowed the whole lot, but we took good care he didn't do this.

We walked a long way on the soft sandy beach looking for shells, *Bob* bounding far out where the tide lay low. It seemed a pity to turn back, but it was getting late and the days in September are so short.

At supper Billie was very restless, and wriggling about and upsetting everything near him. We all begged him to keep quiet, for we were so tired; he would have it that gnats were biting him. *Bob* got excited and restless, so we sent him on deck, and gave him a bone and some biscuits. Again Billie had the most dreadful fidgets, and scratched and scratched until we all began to scratch. Sleep was impossible that night; we had to wage an incessant war against our unseen enemies. I have heard it said that "It is better to invent a pretty idea than to tell an ugly truth." But if I break away from the actual facts, there would be ever so grave a risk of spoiling the holiday tales; therefore, I fear I must own to the ugly truth. When daylight came we

found our eyes were half closed, our noses red and we were otherwise disfigured by the gnats and sand-fleas.

Was not this a tragic ending to our expedition? The sailors found the yacht full of fleas, and it took them ever so long to free it of the pest.

We will let Eddie, one of the lads that's gone, tell us a story now. He is at present a busy man, and I think we ought to be very grateful to him for it; but he does not grudge the time it has cost him to write about the holidays at Shinglestreet.

EDDIE'S STORY

I returned home in early June, and as none of the family were leaving town for a month, Frank and I went in advance to Shinglestreet. Servants, we had none – Charlie, our boatman, and his wife were to keep house for us, and much to Kate's anxiety, we left matters entirely in her hands. Charlie would come at the end of breakfast, and pulling his forelock would announce: "Nothing in the house, gentlemen, for luncheon," (it seemed the same story every day) We were not to be tempted by cold last night's remains, so we used to tell Charlie to provide something for dinner, and we would sail off somewhere in the yacht for lunch.

Strawberries were plentiful – but sugar – there never was any *more!* Cream was ordered and never failed us. How we came to order ourselves this one commodity, I do not now remember. We told Kate to order some more sugar at once. Imagine our amazement when, after only two meals, Charlie's head appeared through the doorway with a touch of his forelock and *no more* sugar sir. We later discovered that Kate ordered sugar and other things as she was accustomed in her cottage.

Breakfasts were good; lunch, we always had to sail in search of, and by the time we returned some dinner had

been foraged. So far, all went very well owing to the abundance of excellent vegetables and strawberries from the garden, - a variety of well cooked vegetables makes up for any shortcoming in the meat line.

A difficulty arose. Sunday was coming, and we must perforce get to Felixstowe for Mass. How was this to be done? Bikes or Boat? No real alternative. We could not bike; where was the energy coming from? We decided to breakfast early and sail. The tide of course, on the first Sunday, was foul!

Where would the wind be? We had intended to cook our breakfast en route to save our caretakers early rise on the Sabbath, but Charlie expostulated. They would be up, and in all probability the wind would prevent us from cooking anything at sea.

First Sunday. Fine morning, good breeze but fair. We laughed at Charlie, and told him that a calm day like this we could have managed cooking. Charlie looked pensive. "Choppy sea and stiff breeze outside, sir; 'fraid you'll get wet."

Charlie was right, and we had to ease all the sails for fear of a soaking before church parade. Had we not breakfasted at home, lunch after Kirk would have been our first Sunday meal.

Off Felixstowe in good time; who was to drop anchor? A twofold danger. Up in the bows the unfortunate one was sure to get wet, even if he did escape falling overboard. We must toss up. And now, what shall I call it? Chance, Providence or what? I do not recollect ever winning a single toss during these holidays, though we pitched for innumerable anchor droppings, weighings and lunches. (I most certainly paid for *all* our Sunday luncheons at the old Felix, no small item!)

After I had dropped anchor, a boatman from the beach put us ashore. These three or four Sundays were all worked successfully; in good time for Kirk, a Sunday parade, followed by what we termed our *weekly* meal. One incident befell me. Frank one Sunday went off with some friends. I arranged to wait for him at the Felix Hotel. About 11 a.m. I arrived at the Felix and was ignominiously ejected! It appears that they were troubled by the local folk, who strolled in, had a look round, and then went off without financially assisting the establishment. I was taken for one of these! I met Frank and begged him to go to the pub for lunch, but Frank had no such intention and strode into the Felix. Then kindly calling for the Manager he explained that he had invited a friend to luncheon, (I presume he had for the moment forgotten he had won the toss,) and that he had been turned out. No words could describe the scene that followed this! Had we been royalty we could not have been better cared for the rest of that Sunday, and I think it left its mark on the Sundays that followed, though Frank had with him the same objectionable individual, or *paying guest*.

We usually arrived home about tea time and, leaving the boat to Charlie, made off at once for Kate's good meal. So passed four or five most enjoyable Sabbath days, and we were sorry to miss our Sunday

expeditions when the family and Chaplain arrived early in July.

One week day Frank and I sailed to Harwich, our real motive being, I need hardly say, *lunch*, Kate's larder being empty, no very unusual thing for her.

While in Harwich Harbour we passed one of the Royal Navy training vessels, a fully-rigged sailing ship. I wanted to take its photograph. We were nearly in position when Frank called out: "Hurry up, I must gibe." "Hold on a bit," cried I. Any sailor knows that on the verge of a gibe, if you

'hold on' it may come unexpectedly – so it did, in this case, and the boom caught my head fair in the back.

Why the camera did not go overboard? Why I was not killed? Why Frank laughed so heartily? Why the photo was so good, as the family-book testifies – are questions I have never solved to this day.

Few, if any, of the Shinglestreet party had been round the *Shipwash*, a lightship which lies off Orfordness. So one Sunday four of us with Father Cassidy, set off to sail round the Lightship, a merry party in the face of a strong wind, which increased when we got outside the harbour. Our boat was small, but fast and dangerous, the mainsail being too forward for her size. It was a very wet job, and we discovered that there was but one oilskin aboard, evidently the strongest man was going to have the remains. "Let's toss," was the cry at once from the weaker members of the crew, - it had eventually to be given to Father Cassidy. The aft deck of the *Una* was the only chance left to keep dry. One, no more, could stand there. Another cry, "Toss for it". However, I who had paid for mine host's dinners at the Felix, and dropped and weighed innumerable anchors, as before mentioned, won this desirable standing site! But it availed little, we all got back soaked.

The foaming sea hissed about the bows as we cut along leaning at an angle which made it difficult to stand on the covered deck. With the wind blowing a gale and the sea gurgling and foaming round us, with great excitement we sailed round the *Shipwash*, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

After the *Shipwash* adventure, Eddie goes on to tell us about a *Novice*. You may be astonished and want to know what a novice is. I will tell you. *The Novice* was quite a new style of racing boat, so new indeed that there was not another like her on the whole East Coast. In shape she was not unlike a large saucer! She was decked but had no cabins or bulwarks. Her centre-board was steel, and her sails enormous, quite beyond the ordinary boats of her size. She infuriated anyone who tried to sail her, for she was really like an airship, very rapid in turning, and as swift as a bird.

A “NOVICE”

By Eddie

There was a regatta at Harwich in August, not the usual one as this is held earlier in the year, but rather a second one. I do not remember if it extended over both Friday and Saturday, but it's of little importance. Certain it is, however, we slept at Harwich the Friday night on the old *Waratah*, and again on Saturday night, this last night much against our wish.

Reggie and I had taken the *Novice* to race her on the Saturday, and the *Waratah* accompanied us and we slept on board her.

Nothing of note occurred during the Friday or the race itself, except round a buoy. The *Novice* was doing badly and the weather conditions were against her, but round that particular buoy some of the boats were together and there was a gibe.

Now, unless you are acquainted with the *Novice* you would not see how *pleasantly* we were placed. Imagine yourself on a railway line and a train passing over you, yet there is room for you if you lie flat, and you have an idea of the situation.

We were doing our best to escape the boom of our own craft, when we were disturbed by a deal of shouting. Would

anyone lying between rails under a train, as flat as possible, pay any attention to shouting? Well, a second after our boom had cleared us, the big boat next to us also gibed and swept our decks with their boom. How we personally escaped our neighbour's kind attentions is not known.

On Sunday a family picnic had been arranged for Orford and the *Waratah* was wanted. So we left Harwich in the *Novice* and the men were to bring on the yacht early on Sunday morning.

After vainly struggling against a foul wind and tide, we were forced to return late that evening to the yacht. Our search for food produced two eggs, which we tried to 'scramble' to increase their volume, but they wouldn't *scramble* so were a failure.

Early to bed, early to rise. There was Mass at 8.30 in the Martello Tower, and we were going to be in time for it. We made a good start, and to save time pulled up our centre-board, and cut down Languardfort Point. Alas it was an expensive short cut – shallow water and a high swell outside made mountainous waves at this point, though all were not breaking.

We hoped for the best and survived one or two of these huge waves, which were coming broad side on. Presently we went through one, cutting it like a knife, and were completely under water for some seconds, coming out drenched. The big wave had wet our sail some six feet up. Poor us! Early morning – no breakfast – drenched!

The wind freshened as we neared Shinglestreet but we had now no need to try to keep dry, and eventually arrived safely in the little harbour.

Were you ever on the *Novice*? Did you ever try to pick up a mooring? Hard enough on an ordinary boat, but on the *Novice*, - well – on the *Novice* I have heard the man at the helm, not very *politely* talking to some of the crew in the

bows for missing the mooring buoy! But after a time when the man at the helm had had a try to pick up the buoy himself, and missed it, it seemed to quiet him, and afterwards I noticed there was no big 'language', only "stand by for another shot." I believe I had as much *Novice* as anyone, anyhow. I was *crew* when we *twice* in five minutes ran the *Novice* high and dry, under full sail, on the beach at Shinglestreet – a unique feat for one of her size! This particular morning I succeeded in catching hold of the buoy, but I had to choose between staying with the buoy or the *Novice*. I chose the *Novice*, and away we went, but not clear; our centre-keel fouled the painter of a boat attached to the moorings, and we went about that pond, or harbour, with boat and moorings, a laughing stock to all who saw us.

Eventually we brought up, and left the *Novice* to the care of one of the men, and hurried off to Mass. Had we been sitting in water up to our necks we could not have been wetter. But we heard Mass and left a pool of water in the Chapel. A change and breakfast made whole men of us inside and out.

Let Mother add a word about the Novice. I went on the trial-trip of this renowned boat, and was capsized in midstream on the river in a bad squall – I survived to tell the tale and laugh about it!

Miss Coleman wishes to help to add to the diary of Shinglestreet holiday-life with the sayings and doings of her schoolroom children, and her story comes next.

WIFE'S STORY

Having resided eight summers at Shinglestreet, I have been asked to add a chapter to this most interesting narrative. Shinglestreet was an ideal place and quite unique, for never have I seen any place like it.

It reminds me of what I imagine a Colony, such as New Zealand, to be like, where the people have their own characteristics, customs and language, peculiar only to themselves.

Very amusing incidents occurred during my sojourn there, a few of which I must relate.

The coast is studded with Martello Towers, one of which we converted into a Chapel. The work of Sacristan sometimes fell to me, and one morning after Mass, seeing everyone had gone, I carefully locked the door, forgetting our good Priest, who was making his thanksgiving. In the midst of a sumptuous breakfast, when our minds were more concentrated on the eggs and bacon etc. than on the Reverend Father (who, by the way, was not over punctual), the following message was brought to the house. "The Reverend Father be that took bad that he rushed to the top of the Tower and be a-waving his arms about frantically."

It was only at this message that I remembered what I had done, and giving up the key, I left the breakfast table and fled to the schoolroom, feeling ashamed of meeting the good Father again for a time. However, we met at lunch and he assured me all was forgiven and forgotten.

The diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria was kept in grand style by us at Shinglestreet, and although Mr. and Mrs. Colley were away at the time, they had made all arrangements for the entertainment of the people and the whole village was en fete. The children and I were en fete too and we had some little East-end children from London with us, who shared in the fun and enjoyed everything immensely. At one time during the day I saw a great chase going on between a boy unknown to me and one of those poor little girls. There was a great noise of screaming and shouting, and I feared something or other had happened. In the end, to my great relief, the child rushed breathless to me in the beach-tent, and said the boy had been chasing her with a

hard scrubbing-brush to brush her hair! I could not help feeling amused at this incident, for poor Nellie was known by her untidy hair, which hung over her face in rat's tails. The boy no doubt thought she was much too untidy for a Jubilee and so tried to apply the scrubbing-brush, but Nellie did not see the fun of it and was only too glad to take refuge with me.

The people of Shinglestreet were honest, straight-forward and kind, and would do anything for us.

Their expressions were somewhat different from ours. If a person appeared in black they would say; "Have you *missed* anyone?" and if a child seemed naughty they would say: "Don't be *mischieful!*"

I could relate numerous other incidents, but these are enough just to show the part I played there, and I can truly say that I always look back upon it as the happiest time of my life.

What Miss Coleman has said of the Shinglestreet people is indeed true, and I cannot refrain from drawing a picture of an old sailor, who could always be found seated on a bench at his cottage door, smoking his pipe.

AN OLD SHINGLESTREET SAILOR

This old sailor was a universal favourite in the village and the oracle in the tap-room at the Life-boat Inn, where he delighted all visitors with his stories of ship-wrecks and sea-fights, and told them of the dreadful flogging he had when in the Royal Navy, for no real fault, but because he was the last man down from aloft during a review.

At seven years old he was put with a shepherd to mind sheep all day. He never went to school, so could not read or write. When he was fifteen years old he ran away and went to sea. He became a cook on a large sailing ship and was well paid. One day when his ship was in port, he went

ashore and was taken by a press-gang on board a man-of-war. After that his life was most dreadfully hard, and when he was too old to be able to work any more, he was discharged on a pension of two or three shillings a week. When we first made his acquaintance he was just eighty years old and his wife was sixty-six. One day the wife expressed a wish to be instructed in the Catholic Faith, and often the old sailor would be eager to question his wife about the things I had told her, and some years after her death the old man told me he would like to be a Catholic. He had never been baptized in any church, and he knew very little about religion. He was difficult to instruct for he was very deaf, and we had to shout into his ear all we wanted to teach him.

One day the Priest said he thought the old sailor was ready to be baptized, so I went with a friend, a girl who was staying with us, to the old man's cottage. We found him sitting on the beach. He had put a plank of wood on boxes away from all the houses, so that we could sit down and shout as much and as loud as we liked and not be heard by the village folk. He sat between us and we took it in turns to talk to him or rather *shout* to him. We told him he must try to think over all the sins of his life and be very sorry for them and tell God he was very sorry, and be very humble, for God had been so good and merciful to him for so many years. He then began to weep copiously and the big tears rolled down his weatherbeaten face, and between his sobs he began to tell his sins. We couldn't stop him, he shouted out terrible things, so we ran away. The village gossips, standing at their doors, wondered at the curious scene on the beach and couldn't understand why we were running away and leaving the old man alone, shouting!

NELLIE AND BESSIE

I must tell you a funny little story about Nellie (Vaughan) and our Bessie. They were ever so fond of bathing but *no one* was allowed to see them in their bathing costumes! Every morning they took the little boat called the *Red Rover*; it was one day repainted *black* by mistake! – but Bessie said the red paint had come to an end before it was the *Red Rover's* turn to be painted; nevertheless it continued to be called *Red Rover*, and the two girls loved to paddle themselves in the boat to a big pool formed among the shingle banks, where the water was smooth and not very deep.

One morning when they were bathing, they saw a small boat sailing towards the river. The sea was very rough and a big north-east wind blowing. The girls thought the boat was in difficulties, and wanted some help. They remembered that father and brothers were going to Orford to race, surely it must be them. They watched the boat with some anxiety as it seemed in imminent peril of upsetting. It struggled and swayed against the wind and tide on the dangerous bar of the river, and at times seemed under water. It pitched and bobbed like a cork and once disappeared behind a great wave, and then the girls hurried to warn the men at the Coastguard Station. They darted madly up the shingle beach, screaming for help. The men in the watch-room heard their cries, and we at the Bungalow even heard them and all ran to see what was happening. I saw the two girls in wet bathing dresses running fast towards the Coastguard Station, their feet bare and their legs looking very long. The men did not hesitate a second, but ran their great boat down into deep water, and eight of them, with the Chief Officer, jumped into it and away they went. They had a hard pull against wind and tide and high waves, but we encouraged them from the shore and had the greatest anxiety for our little boat battling on the bar, when suddenly we saw it glide smoothly into calm waters

and quietly sail up the river to the moorings of their racing boats. We waved and shouted to the Coastguard men to return, but they thought our frantic signals were made that they might go swifter to the rescue of our little boat. At last they understood, and returned by a long swinging stroke with the wind at their back. Apart from the fright we had had and the danger to our people, it was very funny to see the bathing costume race! Frank paid salvage money and stood drinks to the men, lest they might be slack another time and think we were larking at their expense. The men were very pleased.

THE FIFTEENTH OF AUGUST

August the 15th, _____. A day all the family kept with great solemnity as the feast-day of Our Lady's Assumption, and the birthday of our own dear Mary.

The little Catholic children of the village were told they might gather flowers in our garden, and adorn the Lady Altar for the Feast.

The Chapel at this time was the winter boathouse. It made a pretty Chapel with its varnished waggon-roof [sic]. We had Father Cassidy, S.J., with us now as Chaplain and Eddie was Sacristan. The flowers in the garden were gay and bright, mostly marigolds and dahlias – all very simple.

I saw the children, when they had finished all their decorations, kneel and say a "Hail Mary". How beautiful they looked! Their little fat hands that had picked and patted down the flowers in the vases, were now clasped in prayer, their big eyes wide open and with serious faces gazing up at the statue of Our Lady. On this feast-day the Chapel looked lovely with the bright flowers.

There was a beautiful perfume in the Chapel and all the people who came to Mass, (there were about 50 present)

noticed this, and asked what flowers we had put on the Altar for their perfume was exquisite.

At breakfast the large family party spoke freely about the delicious perfume, and Father Cassidy did not hesitate to declare that he had never inhaled so heavenly a scent, - of course there was no incense used in the Chapel as it was only a low Mass.

After a while Eddie, the sacristan, came in late for breakfast, and we all wanted him to tell us what he had said in explanation of the perfume. "So you too" he said, "have noticed it. Well after putting all the vestments away and waiting till everyone had gone, I turned out all the vases to see if I could find out which flower was smelling so sweet. Marigolds are bright, but I defy anyone to say they exactly have a nice perfume. As for the other flowers I found they were just the common sort we were always in the habit of using, and no one could own to an apology for a sweet perfume."

Then with one voice we all declared that here in our poor little boathouse Chapel had been a touch of the super-natural beyond those of the mysteries of our holy Faith; the little village children brought the sweet heavenly perfume of Mary's presence at the moment their innocent *Ave* ascended above, after their little fat hands had patted down the flowers in the vases to her honour on her Assumption day.

KING EDWARD THE VII'S CORONATION

We illuminated the Bungalow with coloured fairy lights, which we hung close together the full length of the house.

At 9 o'clock the festivities began with a Concert on the beach in front of the house. It started in real loyal style with the singing of "God save the King." All the village people, men, women and children sang heartily, and were ac-

accompanied by the old Carpenter on his Concertina. The first song – “Beautiful Isle of the Sea”, was sung by Mrs. Gibbins, the wife of the Chief Officer at the Station, with great taste and feeling, all joining in the chorus – “Be-u-u-tiful Hile of the Sea”. This was followed by a duet, sung and acted by Nellie Vaughan and our Bessie – “The Spider and the Fly”. They made a tremendous hit, the people had never heard a song they liked so much before, and vociferously cheered the singers; needless to say, they were *encored*. Frank and Eddie’s names were on the programme to sing a duet, at the moment, however, they were not to be found. After a short interval a sailor sang – “I may be crazy, but I love you!” a song in which he even surpassed Grossmith. He responded to the cheers of the *ladies*, whose hearts were no doubt touched, by singing it again.

This wonderful Concert was brought to a conclusion amid hearty applause, and an explosion of gigantic rockets, and the firing of the bonfire, which we heard afterwards was seen for miles by sea and land. Mr. Gibbins, the Chief Officer, had a lot of life-saving rockets fired off.

A cold supper was provided for all. It was a merry meal; cold meats, tarts, cheese and beer – tea and smokes real good old English cheer.

Prominent amongst the company were two very smart, strange young men, who helped us in everything, and waited on everyone. We heard after that they were visitors and had only arrived on bikes at 7.30; finding they could get no supper at the Inn, they joined us on the beach for the Concert, playing the piano and otherwise making themselves agreeable and useful, so they got their supper for nothing.

Some months after the Concert, Frank was in the China department at Maple’s, buying a tea service for Charles Burwood (our skipper), and on giving Shinglestreet as an address for the goods, the young man serving him said: “I know that strange place. I went there once with a friend,

on bikes, and we found the people keeping the Coronation with a Concert on the beach, and in all my life I never enjoyed myself more”

Long Live the King!

I have just received from Calcutta the following charming article, written by Phil, alias Laddie, alias “the Nipper”; it is really very clever, and well recalls the smart win for Judge, Sir Joseph Walton’s yacht, sailed by “the Nipper” and “the Kipper”.

A FRAGMENT.

THE LAST RACE OF THE WAGTAIL

by

A LAD

“Oh! The *little* more, and how *much* it is!

And the *little* less, and what *worlds* away!”

Browning

The Judge was anxious and beastly cold; for after sitting the whole afternoon through an August blizzard, (it was the year of grace 1906) with Teresa in the *Claudine* watching the Whitewings race at the Orford Regatta, he had come ashore, as they beat down the upper reach for the last time, to see them cross the line led by his own boat the *Wagtail*, sailed by “the Kipper”, Mr. (then *Master*) William Wellesley-Colley, with “the Nipper” (Mr. never-mind) hauling the jib sheets.

Teresa was bored and a little hungry. Now pacing up and down the quay, now standing and shading his eyes, the dear old Judge felt his faith in his young skipper waver.

With a big easy lead round the last buoy, the *Wagtail* taking long-legs into the tide was being surely overhauled by the *Mona* carefully hugging the shore.

Why this apparent carelessness in one so well versed and tried in the wiles of the race?

Had he not this very afternoon, after an indifferent start, beaten through half the fleet of nine boats in a short 200 yards? A feat accomplished purely by a keen appreciation of the changing winds and eddying tides.

This race now so nearly won, surely could not now be lost! Ah! – What was that?

Teresa sneezed – and the *Wagtail* – what does she do? The *Mona* is close upon her, and now she tacks and tacks again, and the Judge chuckles as he sees his own boat carefully nursed on the *Mona*'s weather. Slowly and surely they draw apart again and the *Wagtail* slips home a winner safe and sure.

And now dear reader, my brief sketch shall close. My pen is unworthy to tell of the famous sponge cake and the good tea set forth for weary mariners by mine host of the Castle Arms.

If you have ever been to Orford – but why ramble on after promising to cease?

Let imagination rove where memory is sweet, and where no memory is, let imagination be.

Philip has given us the next article. We find it nice and kind of him to grace our beautiful book with something from the Master of the "Mansion's" pen, especially as he can give us details that others cannot; we are very grateful to him.

THE MASTER'S RECOLLECTIONS

When we first went to Shinglestreet to spend the summer months, our friends, had they all come to see us, would have exclaimed: "How very uncomfortable!" Truly we were very much in the rough, but we were all young then, and what a difference that makes! We had a sailing boat, a hor-

ribly dangerous thing with big sails and a huge lead keel. A yacht club was at once formed, and the queerest lot of craft used to compete in this club. We sailed our boats on a handicap, we were scratch and gave about half an hour. The Club lasted two years; we had plenty of members and had great sport. No one knew anything about racing rules; we had not even a copy of them amongst us. We were a willing lot and had no disputes. We made something of a wicket and did a lot of cricket, several matches. We had bikes, and played a lot of golf at Felixstowe. We had some rough ponies and carts; it was quite a funny sight to see us all making for Church on a Sunday, ten miles along the worse road in England! Well, things altered. We got a Chaplain, we bought a yacht, Sudbourne Hall was bought by Mr. Wood, a yachting enthusiast from the Solent, who owned anything from a half-rater to a thousand ton steam yacht and a 25 knot torpedo boat. He started a sailing Club. We all joined and had the greatest sport for several years.

Wood was a pattern captain, always considerate and determined. I can still see his face as he used to say "*Read your rules*". Wood, of course, was easily our best man, but we came next, and with our two boats easily came out at top. Our success at Orford gave us a good position in the Club; Jack won our race on the first day, Frank on the second day. Wood was only second on each day. Coming in on the second day he called loudly for his sailor, Thorn. I thought he was in a hurry to hand his boat over and join the Committee to attend to Regatta business. Not a bit of it! He was thoroughly upset at his double defeat. He believed that Thorn had been neglectful and that his boat was foul. She was put in her cradle and hauled up in a trice; she was found as clean and polished as a new pin!

The boats were built by Sibbick of Cowes, who at that time was at the top-of-the-tree as a builder of small racing

boats. We have a houseful of pots, salvers, and baskets, the winnings of many races.

Wood was very enthusiastic, and I remember the first August of our boat-racing we had races of sorts every day of the month.

Sir Joseph Walton came to live at Shinglestreet during the holiday time and joined very fully in every possible sport. We made a good large tennis ground. Our friend, Captain Hope, who really brought us to Shinglestreet, having died, we succeeded to his garden, with which we were very successful; Sir Joseph took his house.

We gradually collected a whole fleet of small boats, the perpetual racing of which made all the boys splendid sailors. I could say a great deal about the golf, the yachting, the boat-racing, tennis, cricket, bathing, and shooting; but the shooting was perhaps the very best thing we did, and I want to say something about it.

There was a large Colonial College adjoining us. Our first shoot was half their place, next we got it all, and finally had Captain Cobbold's shoot also. The whole lot came to three or four thousand acres of partridge land of the very best. It included some hundreds of acres of heath, on any of which there was to be had a good day's sport. The boys taken generally had no turn for shooting. Frank, Ned and I did it all, the others only came out on an odd day. Besides the mainland shoot we had for two years an island opposite Orford that was full of rabbits. Ned went there once with Bob, who promptly missed a hare, he looked after it and said: "Well, Ned, I'm glad I missed the great big old rabbit; he would have been awfully tough!!"

When September came we used to go out every day; we could get from ten to thirty brace each day. In October we had drives with eight guns, and on a good day would get 100 brace. Later on we shot pheasants, we could have two or three very good days; when we had Cobbold's shoot we

used to get 400 pheasants. I suppose a good year would be 400 pheasants and 1,000 partridges, 150 hares and a couple of hundred rabbits. Frank took very kindly to shooting and became a very good shot. The Waltons were always ready for every kind of sport, the Judge usually shot with us. Jack Walton once put a charge of shot into George's leg. There was great tribulation over this.

The boys had an odd way of spending a wet day. They would go right through the marshes, getting through the dykes as well as they could. By always bearing to the right they would eventually strike the river, in a terribly grimy condition. They would plunge in and swim home and arrive beautifully clean. There would be a great array of clothes on the house rails the next day!

I was with my wife one sunny breezy morning watching two of the boys in a birch-bark canoe. They were paddling out against the wind, turning when they found a place smooth enough and letting the wind blow them in. Though the wind was only brisk there was a very steep little sea. Presently the canoe turned a complete somersault backwards! If we had not seen it we should have thought it impossible. The same thing happened once to Ned in a small dingey, but then he was alone and sitting in the stern, the bows were well up. There was a dead calm but a heavy swell was breaking on the shore. Ned met the swell and was turned over just as the other two were.

Here you have a rough sketch of the sporting side of our Shinglestreet life. I have never been anywhere so surrounded with opportunities for all sorts of sports. I have said nothing about riding of which we did a great deal. We had a great common just behind us about ten miles square. It was seamed in every direction with grass rides, these gave lovely gallops. There were golf links at Felixstowe, at Melton, and at Aldeburgh; we used them all at different times, they were all good. We used the yacht for the Aldeburgh links, sleeping, breakfasting and dining on

board. Up with the lark in the morning and overboard while the men cleaned everything up and got breakfast ready. A wagonette would be waiting for us by the hard at ten o'clock and would bring us back at night, lovely golf and finally the very soundest of sleeps.

Our visitors always wanted to go to Lowestoft, just one day's sail, to do the broads and to see Norwich Cathedral. I never forget our diners on deck in the Lowestoft yacht-basin. We used to moor stern on to the pier, the band was within a hundred yards of us, with a wind-sail up to keep off draught, and plenty of cushions – the dinner hour and the smoke afterwards, was an ideal time.

There was often a company from London doing light Opera in the Pier Theatre; this was a great asset.

In the holidays, with all the boys at home, it was a very joyful life. They all grew up at last and went their various ways, the rough free life at Shinglestreet was no longer wanted.....another volume of life was closed.

Dear Margaret Sibeth – or rather as I should call her now – Sister Margaret Mary of the Blessed Sacrament, has lovingly descended from the Mountain, at my request, to give us some short account of her Shinglestreet experiences. I put it next.

“BUBBLE AND SQUEAK”

Yes it was all bubble and squeak those jolly summer holidays at Shinglestreet. What a large and merry party used to gather at the “Mansion” on the shingle! Uncle Philip and Aunt Lucy, (to begin at the beginning), Mary and Bessie, Reggie, Frank, Jack, Eddie, Joe, Robbie, Phil and Willie, these and sundry other cousins not in the direct Shinglestreet line, Uncles, Aunts in the direct (I speak for myself), and friends formed the party. Of course though it was a Mansion it couldn't hold all these! But we fed there and

only slept about the place in the fishermen's cottages, I mean the overflow did this.

In the morning we all went to Mass in the old Martello Tower and I wish I might let my pen flow on to tell you of the beauties of that high act of adoration where Jesus is sacrificed as God and becomes food for the children of men, but my task is now to speak of earth, not Heaven.

Expeditions, picnics, and adventures we had in abundance. Sometimes we were all day in the yacht – sometimes we amused ourselves at home, bathing in the morning, croquet matches all afternoon, then tea on the beach or on the island. This was great fun, and at a large fire we made toast. Truly the toast was rather black and very smoky and you wouldn't have liked it much in doors, but out on the beach it seemed delicious.

In the evenings, after dinner, we had a lot of songs, "Dum Crambo" and all sorts of romping and nonsense – and when at last "good nights" were said we trudged away over the shingle in the starlight to our respective cottages to bed.

We had some adventures too. Once I remember we were a large party on the *Waratah* sailing to Lowestoft where we were to spend a week. I think nearly all the party were on deck and we were sailing happily along when a sudden violent squall came which very nearly capsized us. The yacht went over sideways, and the big sail dipped in the sea. Some of the party were dipped in the water too! It was wonderful they didn't fall overboard; and two individuals who were taking their ease down below had a splendid shower bath from the sail which emptied itself down into the cabin as the yacht righted herself. We were all rather scared and the two sailors looked grave. However we soon after sailed safely into Lowestoft harbour, where we all spent a very pleasant week in the yacht-basin near the bandstand.

Twice my brother Ned had escapes from being drowned. The first was at Orford, when he went headfirst overboard from the deck of the *Claudine* leaving only heels above water, which Aunt Lucy promptly seized and landed him on the deck.

The second time Ned courted death by water was when paddling at low tide after having tea on the island, he got into a hole and would most certainly have been drowned if cousin Eddie had not rescued him.

Many adventures and escapes we had, some of them comical enough too, - but we always came out of them all right and nobody ever minded, we all took them as part of the fun of those happy-go-lucky, Bubble and Squeak Shinglestreet holidays, when we were blithe and gay.

‘WIFE’S’ FURTHER REMINISCENCES

We did not always confine ourselves to the water, and during one summer particularly, Bobbie and I went in for inland amusements.

We had a very quiet pony at that time called Tommy, and Bobbie wishing to try his hand at driving, said that he and I should go inland and explore. At first I hesitated, as neither of us had any idea of driving, and the child was scarcely 10 years old, but when we tried all went so well that I soon forgot my fear and we went miles and miles into the country.

On one occasion we drove to a Vicarage six or eight miles out, where the family were old friends and not too well off in this world’s goods. We took with us a large quantity of beef as a present and returned with our cart full of lettuces, flowers, and all kinds of garden produce. The drive out was delightful and we had a warm welcome and a good tea. Coming back it was a perfect evening, and Tommy trotted along to the rippling of the brooks and the singing of Bobbie, and we all three were very happy.

On another occasion there was a servant short at the Bungalow, and it was suggested that we should drive over to Felixstowe (10 miles) and get a charwoman from there to fill the gap for some time. Bobbie always equal to the occasion, said, "Oh, lovely, Wife, let's go!" of course I could not refuse, so off we started for our 10 mile drive, neither of us knowing much more about driving than at the first. We put up Tommy in the town, and at length brought back the charwoman, with all her belongings tied up at the back like a big bundle of washing, and drove into Shinglestreet, quite triumphantly about 8 o'clock, very pleased with ourselves. We were always jogging about the country after this, returning sometimes nearer 9 than 8, and to Bobbie's credit, we never had a single accident, but I believe his Mother was always relieved to see us home again.

Sometimes we had a tedious wait for our pony to be harnessed after putting him up, and Bobbie once exclaimed, "Never mind, Wife, you shall not wait one single minute longer," then going into the stables, he brought out Tommy, harnessed him, and we drove off triumphantly without the help of anyone. We laughed as we drove home, and after that, the harnessing and unharnessing often fell to dear old Bob, who took the greatest care of me and was a delightful companion in all our drives. We often gave Tommy a rest and went rambling on foot into the woods hunting for wild plums and sloes. Bobbie was a wonderful climber and would be up a tree in a moment, munching the plums and throwing some down for me.

Another time I took the boys one afternoon to an old oak, known as the Grandmother's tree, for a picnic. It is a wonderful tree and the boys all loved climbing it and found (as they called them) "armchairs" among the branches. My intention was of course to remain at the foot of the tree, but no sooner were the boys up in it than they called out "Come along, Wife, we've found a fine armchair for you, and its quite easy to get up." Of course I tried and true

enough, it was easy and the chair was comfortable. I was enjoying my siesta when we heard horses' footsteps, and the boys looking out exclaimed, "It's Father and Mother!" When the dog-cart came past, the boys' heads peered out of the top boughs, and shouted "Hulloa, Hulloa!" Mrs. Colley supposing the boys to be alone (which was very unusual) called out to them "And where's Miss Coleman?" and Bob answered in the coolest way possible, "Wife? Oh she's up here in her armchair!"

The dog-cart drove on, but it was not the last I heard of my climbing feat as you may imagine.

There was an old woman in the village who became a convert, and we were in the habit of going to see her often. Towards the end she was very ill, and became bedridden, and coming one evening from ministering to her wants we were accosted by an inebriate neighbour, who abused us for walking into the cottage without knocking and taking the old lady's delicacies. Considering there was no one in the house but the poor old lady, I am not aware how he thought we could get in, but so it was.

The children were waiting for us outside, and we were all standing in a group with Bob the dog, when a scene took place, and very funny it was! The nasty tipsy man shouted at Mrs. Colley, "Call yeself ha lidy?!" I felt very irate at this, and said to the man, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to address Mrs. Colley like that!" Then he turned on me and said: "And who hare yer to give yerself sich hairs?" All this time Bob was making frantic efforts to get loose, and had Bobbie not held him fast by the collar he would I am sure have flown at the man's throat. The very next day we met this same man in his sober moments, when he touched his hat with a pleasant "Good morning," evidently having quite forgotten the event of the preceding day.

We also went blackberrying, and on one occasion I completely lost Bob and could not imagine what had become of

him. Searching in all the bushes I at last heard a faint voice saying: "Oh, lorst! Oh, lorst!" and running to the spot I found poor Bobbie on his head in a big blackberry bush, perfectly pinned down and unable to move; he had fallen from the branches of a plum tree.

Bobbie soon after this adventure went to Stonyhurst, and very much did I miss him. His great thoughtfulness and care of me always, particularly when his mother was away, was remarkable in one so young and I shall never forget it. After he went to school the two younger ones and I had to console ourselves as best we could without him, but we all missed him dreadfully.

Phil and Willie were wonderful sailors, and it was their delight to race at Orford, after joining the Yacht Club; these were my two last boys.

Sometimes we all had a picnic on the river at Orford or Aldeburgh, and sometimes tea on the North Weir

At one time a very great friend of mine was kindly invited to the Bungalow, and delightful fun we all had in getting whitebait. The moment lessons were over we used to go across to an isle in the dingy with a regatta of small boats attached by string, and landing at low water we used to find the whitebait in hollows in the shingle. They were capital hot on toast for supper.

So the summer days passed happily by. The place was called by visitors "Fairylnd", and to me it may be best described in the words of one of our greatest poets:

"Merrily, merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
Over the islands free;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand
Hither, come hither and see."

Eddie favours us now with a few dog-extracts from his Diary. I never knew such dog-tales could be entertaining, but I find truth can be as amusing as fiction, just as it is said to be stranger. Tell me your opinion after you have read these extracts.

EXTRACTS FROM EDDIE'S DOG-DIARY

Extracts from my diary.

5th July. Back again from Rome.

Staying a few days at 31, went off with Father to a Dog Sale, bought a dog – Jumbo by name – returned home through Hyde Park – Jumbo escaped. How? Not related, - (it is hoped he was being led, a strange dog can scarcely be expected to follow). Both gave chase. Father could always beat me at the 100 yards (in theory), this time we practised and so somehow it was me to capture. Jumbo later presented to me. (Legal doubt as to right of possession – solved – Jumbo hooked it – captured by me – so, *my* dog! (next scene)....Jumbo and I at Shinglestreet. Both being trained. Jumbo too fat!...No more can be gathered from the diary save the final entry in September when shooting had begun, as follows – "Jumbo no use, condemned to be shot." (*note*) – awful sentence repealed, and instead – "Jumbo to be given to anybody." Some difficulty in finding *anybody*.....Father Cassidy, S. J. hearing of the terrible fate awaiting Jumbo, unless *anybody* turns up, moved by pity, becomes *anybody*. – Jumbo great success at Hodder, but, alas! At length falls into bad ways, becomes a poacher and finally is heard of no!

It was I think this hot summer – O dear me! Weren't they just real dog days – that everyone had at least one dog and ayes we had – a license (*sic* Diary). Father hurried off on the 11th of August to Scotland for grouse shooting leaving word that he wanted a game license. Towards the end of the season, down at Shinglestreet, said license had to be produced, and by some *extra*-ordinary error, it was found

that father personally was permitted to keep *another* dog, and there was no sort of mention of game-shooting! ...-...- Dogs dogged us everywhere!

A Dog on Trial. - such a nice beast came, shooting dog of course, and I made him such a nice kennel at the end of the house. This dog we were to return if it did not turn out well. It was mid-night and I was -trying - to go to sleep, but this *nice* dog made such a *beastly* noise sleep was out of the question. Frank was next door to me - match boarding separated us - and we tried unsuccessfully to convince each other that it was his duty to get up and quieten the dog, for the general good, but neither of us moved.

After a time Bess came to my door. "Eddie, there is a dog barking just outside my window." Poor me! Bad luck put my room first! Nothing for it now, I must see to the dog. I hurried out of the front door *en route* for the other side of the house. Were you ever in one of two ships that met? Dog - kennel - I - all in a heap! Thinking the beast was at Bessie's window - but he wasn't, he had dragged his kennel to the front! Lucky for me he was a tame doggie!

Now, dogs are dogs, and at Shinglestreet it was endless dogs. Punch and Judy, auld Bob, Dick, Frank's dog, and Father's dogs, (I dare not mention *Rent* - his ghost would bite), and lastly *my dog*. - look at the Diary and note some special entries about my dog.

One dog nobody owned became *my dog*. My dog bit me, luckily not badly. I am said to have barked only *once* and then recovered. My dog - now no longer *my dog*, presented to a policeman, trouble, - policeman barking - shot!

My dogs all seem to have ended sadly! Hope I shant be a "sad-dog"!!

But if I begin to keep on giving you dog-extracts, where shall I stop? However, two to conclude *tout*.

Early pheasant shoot (in Diary Oct 5th). Outwoods being done, keeper said plenty pheasants in small copse. Beaters carry same. Out comes good old Punch! Had Father seen Punch emerge, he would have been sent to death or to anybody. However, being loved by us all, we hid his crime from Father, and old age killed him, not shot.

Dick was a friend of Punch's, and I had once the pleasure – (*sic* diary) – of bringing Dick all the way from Stonyhurst to Shinglestreet. At one of the big stations I saw the guard and some of the porters in full chase of Dick round the platform. I got out of the train and captured Dick; guard very annoyed. "Take your dog, sir? What! In the carriage? Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

None of my dogs, alive or dead, ever came through 'the window'. A cat did though, at No. 31!

J. B. P'S SHINGLESTREET IDEAS

I was *never* at Shinglestreet in all my life – then how comes it that you intrude yourself here in our beautiful book – (I fancy I hear you remark)....

Having been ordained at Christmas in 1894, I got away for a few weeks early in the New Year.

I invited myself to spend a week at S. H. P.'s ever hospitable and charming house, Tor Bryan, at Ingatestone, and had the happiness of saying Mass at the Hall and at the Alms Row for the old Petre pensioners. Then after blighting for a week the said Tor, I took my microbes to Ipswich, where our friends the Colleys had a *hangar*. It was a lovely house and Bess spanked me up in a smart pony cart from the station. Their spare bedroom, *pink* I think, was very luxurious, but it could not prevent me from *breaking out*. If 'cattle' had been my genus you would have said I had "the foot and mouth" disease, but the biped form affected only the nose and eyes, and was known by the generic name of

Cat-arrh – (something to do with *cattle*, you see!) I don't think it was skating with little Stella Magnus that gave me a cold, - but it *was* skating with someone, *or* by myself at Tor Bryan, that *did*. Philip changed his MA into MD for the moment and prescribed. *Hot, unsweetened Gin!* Bess used to mix the beverage at night, and act as cup-bearer while I sat chatting in the family circle before the cosy drawing room fire; microbes and 'grief' were soon drowned by so sweet and unsweetened creatures.....But!.....Oh yes! Well, to come to the point.....

What's-his-name, their coachman – (the same who asked Ned if he minded confining himself to dirtying *three* pairs of boots a-day!) – took Lucy and me to Shinglestreet (this was my *first* visit) in the dog-cart. Mine hostess insisted that I should sit in front, she sat behind. I noticed that when we arrived we fortunately had not *dropped* her!

At first sight of the 'Mansion' at Shinglestreet I thought it was poor Captain Scott's South Pole arrangements I saw, only the latitude didn't fall true! I refer to the German-ocean-Bungalow. Look at the picture at the beginning of the Book, and you will see what I mean.

There was a big kitchen at one end and at the other a state-bedroom. In between were common bedrooms and a drawing room (not a *with-* one as it had to be used as a passage). I may remark in passing that I noticed the clock might be considered the *striking* object in this apartment.

I remember the Chaplain of those days was a man averse to buttons and used to wait till Lucy had made her final use of the *passage* at night, before indulging his fancies. One night he got wrong information from the boy-scout (Willie) of the enemy's (Lucy) movements, and he was taken by surprise in woeful *dishabille* with the lamp on the carpet between his knees, reading!

Of course the dog-cart-trip was only made to see the *cage*, not the *birds*, as it wasn't yet *nesting* time, being still only January.

I *Came*, I *Saw*, and I was *Conquered!* I knew now that Shinglestreet would be found engraved on my heart after death, though we did *not* give up the keys of the "Fortress", (Lucy put the key of the *kitchen* door in her pocket when we left)

How fascinating are old family servants. How could the two Miss D's dismiss their old butler, John, just because he said that he had grown *grey* in their service?! So, the old family coachman when he had brought Lucy and me safely to Shinglestreet, and we had unloaded ourselves, pulled out his watch and said: "Mum, I give you till half-past *one*." There was no help for it, so Lucy and I had to be obedient, and at half-past one, precise, we both withdrew from the *with*-drawing room and its lovely adjuncts, and I said goodbye to the *river*-sea and the marshes, and got home in time for Bessie's loving cup. It didn't drown sweet Shinglestreet memories, I took care of that, and you have the fruit of my forethought now, - just 20 years after.

The *second* time Shinglestreet and I met was in the summer of 18.... Philip was *un*fortunately away, so fortunately I was able to be fitted in. If you remember the ground-plan I gave you, it will be evident to you that one hadn't got to sneeze in a bedroom, otherwise you would give the cook in her kitchen at the other end of the tube, a great shock and she would drop the frying pan, then "all the fat would be in the fire". Oh the most wonderful things that came out of that kitchen!

I said Mass in the Martello Tower and thought I was in the Catacombs with the early Christians, only now the Christians were not *early*, and I had to linger over preparations to give them time to arrive. Joe, who is now a Maori, served Mass.

We got up athletic sports after breakfast, there had been sausages at it – and Willie won nearly all the prizes, which were sweets. Margaret and May Sibeth, and mine hostess's

two daughters had a bike race on the shingle (!); it was, as you can imagine a *scratch* and *no* one got in. I took the hurdles with Frank and Jack, and the others, - we *all* got in - one *after* the other!

I was taken to see a little old woman ill in bed. I tried to console her and spoke of the goodness of God to us, quoting the Divine words about a hair of our head not falling etc. Lucy told me afterwards that she was perfectly *bald* and *that* was why she always wore a cap, (it would seem my '*Cap* fitted' that was why she wore it.)

How the poor old lady came to lose her hair, I don't quite understand, as she never scratched her head unless there was ... "something" ... *in it*, and she never could have had very much in her brain as she was not particularly clever. However, it is certain that any good chemist could have given her something to *keep* it *in*, even if it was only a *tin*-box!

This eventful visit to Shinglestreet terminated with tea on the island, which was a sort of wild *sand*-dune, only it was *shingle*! At night, *not* having come to dear Shinglestreet to waste my time in sleep, I strolled off to the Waltons and talked, ...not *dry*-ly.

I could tell you heaps of other things, but must conclude now with the single fact that I got off to the station amid the good wishes of nephews and nieces, and of others, arriving safely in town at a very late hour. Long Live Shinglestreet!

Eddie's god-mother, (our beloved Sacred-Heart nun, Sybil,) has written us a few charming verses with his vocation as the inspiring thought. Dear Sybil was always at Shinglestreet in spirit watching over her god-son, and this I find sufficient reason to allow me to reproduce these verses in our Shinglestreet Book.

The Chosen Flower.

by The God-mother of a Shinglestreet Laddie, and future S.J.

In the vale of Juda, far away,
Where crystal streamlets flow,
Where purple hills their domes uplift,
And sun-lit skies bend low.
The flowers, human-like, breathe out
A story, old and sweet,
Of how a Trav'ler passed them by,
With weary, bleeding feet.
And more the Violet droops its head,
In Juda's woodland shade,
Than when in other climes of earth
Its silent home is made,
For Jesus, meek and humble look'd
Upon the flow'ret there:
And who will marvel or will doubt
The blossom since more fair?
Anon the Lily whispers how
Its robe grew spotless white
When from the Purity divine,
It caught one ray of light.
And when were bent those tender eyes,
On the splendent Rose upturned,
The love in that sweet glance outpoured,
Its petals crimson burned.
Yet blossom frail, howe'er enriched,

Tho' flower of Galilee,
Thy beauty fades – not Heaven born,
Not thine, Eternity!
For passing, thine's a-loveliness,
E'en on this desert earth!
The touch of Jesus' hand it bears,
And in His Heart has birth.
Deep in the *soul* this beauty lies –
The *soul* which answer gives
To that same look upon it cast –
"For Thee henceforth I live!"

"STAR OF THE SEA"

by Mother

Stars that will shine for ever
Fortune cannot touch or stir,
The graces that Mary has given,
Or the trust that we give to her.

It seems to me that I am writing more than my share of this Book! I must apologize for again troubling the reader.

We sailed in the yacht to Spithead to see the Fleet gathered in the Solent in honour of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

We left Shinglestreet with a favourable wind, but after Margate the weather was not so fine.

The yacht was hurried along by the increasing wind, and it became very rough so that some of us remained in bed. There was a mist driving down the Channel, and near Dover it became so thick we had to anchor. At sunset the fog quite cleared away and we proceeded on our journey.

We arrived at Southsea in sunshine the next day, and everyone alert; the great warships sullen and silent, looking like fierce crouching lions watching in grim defiance. There were hundreds of small boats all rushing about, and turning up the water they made the yacht roll incessantly. On the land it was a scene of bustle and confusion, sailors of every nation crowding the trams and restaurants.

All day long the small boats were stealing in and out among the long lines of warships like winged sea-birds skimming the blue expanse. At night the sight was extremely grand. If you looked towards the island you saw Ryde lit up, the houses rising tier upon tier. The illuminations were very brilliant, and the sea, with thousands of twinkling lights from the Fleet, looked like a fairyland.

The second day we sailed in the yacht through the lines of battleships, and had a grand view of each ship. Our sail was cut short by a big storm which we saw approaching, and it was very quick work getting into a safe berth in Stoks Bay, when the storm broke with crackling thunder. A terrible crash made us think the thunderbolt had fallen on the yacht. The long rolling echoes reverberating among the great ships, as though in actual war. It was a wild and curious scene after the calm and beauty of the day. The storm lasted an hour, then the thunder ceased only to give place to the cannon for each ship commenced a salute of twenty one guns for the Prince of Wales, who passed through the lines in a yacht at 10 o'clock.

The boom of the cannon did not disturb one who had retired to his bunk during the storm and slept peacefully till morning.

The next day the boys returned to London by train to their work, and Philip and I left in the yacht for Shinglestreet. The wind was fair and the sea calm. When we were off Ramsgate I wanted to stop the night in harbour, but the men were loth to waste time when they had a fair wind and

tide, so persuaded us to proceed on our way and we went by the outside channel so the sands were between us and the land. Soon a black cloud came down on us and we were in a second enveloped in a dreadful fog.

The sailors were surprised and did not know what to do, for they were quite lost and could not sail the yacht, so had to anchor. They were very grave and Philip strode hastily and quietly below. I saw the skipper lie flat on his front near the bowsprit, evidently to watch for signs of the Lightship, if the fog lifted. He told us he could take the yacht into safe anchorage if he could only see the Lightship for a single minute.

There was a frightful silence! The oil spread on the monstrous waves was truly very awful and the black fog seemed to shut us up in some strange prison, and the sea was getting decidedly rough.

At first I thought of all the happy ones at home and in my heart said goodbye to all my dear ones. Then I thought of my heavenly Mother and so I started the holy Rosary, this gave me peace and I forgot the fog, the "Star of the Sea" and me. Oh! What great things are accomplished by the holy Rosary. The Joyful mysteries and the sorrows and glory of the Divine Mother. The Sorrowful mysteries reflect the joy of hope and the glory of *endurance*. The Glorious mysteries reflect the joy of *victory*.

An extraordinary aid came just as I had reached the end of the Glorious mysteries – Mary, "The Star of the Sea," illuminated the Lightship! For a few seconds the bright light showed the ship in a ball of fire. The skipper gave a shout and rushed to the compass, and was just in time to take his bearings before the fog closed round us.

Now with confidence he ordered the anchor to be weighed and all sail set, and in five minutes the yacht was leaping ahead like a wild horse.

Our salvation came at the time of our greatest need, for the wind had risen and the sea was rough.

Philip came on deck when he heard the shouting, and asked anxiously what was the matter. The skipper told him how he had seen the lightship for a moment in a most brilliant light, and he thought it might be two miles off. Philip stood by the helmsman with his watch in his hand, for he did not believe they had seen the Lightship, as the fog was so dense. There was a silence – no one spoke. I could see Philip was getting impatient as from time to time he looked at his big watch; the helmsman never took his eyes of the compass. Suddenly there was a great boom! And in an instant we were rushing madly past the Lightship, which loomed out of the thick fog like a great black rock. We tore by it through the foaming water. A supernatural feeling then took hold of me of great happiness, it seemed to me as if the portals of Paradise were flung open. It was a victory for Mary "Star of the Sea". Her dear hands which wrapped the Infant God in swaddling clothes had been helping us – to safety. We anchored by the Nore Lightship, and early in the morning we started for home, which we reached that afternoon, after a very rough night.

Supernatural aid I have often experienced, and I think if people would more often put their faith in prayer, it would be quite common. I remember being told about two children who were lost in the woods at Burnham Beeches. Their parents, finding the children did not return home, and the night was dark and cold, went with some friends to look for them in different parts of the wood. At last when it was perfectly dark, giving up the hopeless search, the poor mother began to retrace her steps and as she walked she chanced to look out towards Maidenhead; there she beheld a very brilliant light and her two little children in the midst of it, walking steadily along towards home. The light shone with a very deep golden glow, as bright sunshine, lighting up the trees, hedges and roadway. The light

diminished and then, as the little Catholic children drew near, totally disappeared. The children affirmed again and again that a most beautiful lady had come to lead them home. She smiled, but never spoke a word, they said. Was not this Mary, the Queen of Heaven?

Oh, Mother, pray often, pray always –

For your children!

Mary, Lady Mother bright!

Thou canst! Thou wilt! Thou art of might!

Love of my heart, my life, my light!

Pray Thou for me both day and night!

Benson

May Sibeth will now tell us something of her childhood impressions of Shinglestreet; she was often there with dear Margaret, the nun, and Ned, and their parents, Theodore and Dorothy. I have a delightful picture of May and Gerald, taken on one of these visits, which I will put on the next page.

SHINGLESTREET POPPIES

by One of them.

Shinglestreet, that happy hunting ground for adventurous spirits, used to seem an enchanted place to me. It had something about it half fearful, and half fairy-like, but quite delightful, quite different to anywhere else. There was a peculiar charm about the lonely grass common that separated it from the outer world some miles away; and a feeling of unaccustomed freedom and pleasure came with the drive from the station in a high dog-cart, up and down over the wavy surface of that grassy plain, with every now and then a bump and a good shaking over the rutty places – with the fresh sea wind in one's face – and the sound of the

waves on the shingly beach when the drive ended. Queer little village with one single row of small houses, and one straight path for a street! Then sloping spaces of shingle down to the sea. There were such interesting things everywhere – the place seemed to be a kind of treasure island. After stormy weather you could pick up lumps of amber on the beach, among the drift-wood and sea-weed; and it seemed more precious than diamonds to the lucky finder, while there was a fascination in the mere fact of seeking it among the wet and shining pebbles.

Then there were strange yellow poppies, that grew up out of the shingle, quite near the sea too, sometimes. Those were fairy flowers to me then, though perhaps they would seem quite ordinary things now; but I have never seen them growing anywhere else.

When one tired of the beach there were the sea-walls with footpaths along the top, and deep ditches full of muddy water, and sea-weed and shells beside them. And the big Martello Towers that were ogres' castles to me – fearful and most wonderful, but oh! so interesting – especially a ruined one that had been half swept away by the sea in winter storms.

There were some empty fishermen's cottages too, built of wood, very old and dilapidated. I was sure they were haunted, and that goblins danced in them by night at least. And there was a fearful joy about playing near them and then finally making one's way over the broken fences, through the tangled garden, and at length screwing up courage to climb in at a paneless window and explore the dark interior with bated breath. Once a big boy-cousin was in hiding, rapping in hollow places and groaning horribly. Not even after he had revealed himself could I give up my idea that there were real goblins there. Outside some of the cottages that were water-tight and neat, and occupied by nice chatty old boatmen with blue jerseys and red faces, and grey beards, there were figure-heads from some old

ships, all gaily painted, and very cheerful-looking, leaning against the tarred wooden walls of their cottage, and in some cases with nasturtiums and canary creeper twining about them. These to me indeed were ogres in reality – even in the morning sunshine. And though I loved to lean against the white painted palings of those cottage gardens, and to gaze with awe upon the grotesque wooden Neptunes and Brittanias – yet I was glad that those gay little gardens, with their neat paths of shingle bordered with large white shells, were between me and my ogres!

What holidays we spent there – on the sea in boats – on the beach picnic-ing! That was the Shinglestreet of my childish days, wild and free, unusual and delightful. –

I wonder what it looks like now?!

The sub-Editor has been heard to remark that if prizes were being awarded to the different writers of poetry and prose in this Book, the following delightful fragment by Bess should be given the first prize. See! How cleverly the writer raises your expectations, and then....and then! If there was one line more to – "fragment of Fragment" it would cease to be perfection, and so the charming work of Bessie.

A FRAGMENT OF A FRAGMENT

by a Lass.

When we were at Shinglestreet Father bought a wonder pony for me from Mr. Chalmers. I was very proud of it and promised Jack Walton to give him a show on the grass in front of the house.

Bobbie and I were going out together, and knowing the pony would be very hard to hold, I instructed Bobbie to stand still while I put it through its paces. To my horror I found Bobbie careering wildly round! I called out and asked him what he was doing, and he shouted back "This beast has

had too many oats! And it's got a white mark on its neck that it hadn't yesterday."

On looking again I discovered he was on the wrong horse, and one he certainly couldn't manage. As soon as he got his brute under control, we got him off and saddled the right horse which indeed certainly had a resemblance to the previous one and we started off a second time without any more shows!

DAY DREAMS

by Violet

I am standing on a bank of shingle, so big and vast to the left of me, that it looks as if it could go on for ever. But I know the mighty tide rushing on between its river banks will lose itself in the land not 10 miles from here. I remember Uncle Reggie (S.J.) told me this spot was almost by the Bar of the river Alde, and called Shinglestreet.

Today the loving tide seems coming to meet me, and the big storms of the last few days have formed two curtains of shingle almost shutting me out from the world behind....I can see the red-tiled roof of the "German Ocean Mansion". This is the name given (I suppose by the fisherfolk) to the long row of cottages that my father-in-law has turned into a big holiday house for his eight strong sons, and his two dear daughters, perhaps above all to bring back the red roses to his pale faced wife. Partly I expect for the same reasons, Judge Walton has built the pretty Bungalow to my right, about 300 yards away. It looks quite large and grand, in the middle of tiny cottages, some but one storey high, spotted here and there, and such tiny gardens dressed with shells, so very small that they would do for Marise and Cuckoo's dolls' house.

It was at Lady Walton's bungalow that I first met Mary. How little I thought then that some day I should marry her eldest brother.

The Judge had come over one morning in his yacht, with Teresa and his old Father and Mother and little Joe, to meet me and our dear old friend, Bishop Knight, at Felixstowe Ferry, that we both might lunch with them. I can see this moment the Judge casting up his eyes at the luff of the big sail and every time shewing his marvelously beautiful teeth. We were warmly welcomed by Lady Walton and dear old Father Wallis (R.I.P.) who often had to tramp 10 miles to visit us at Felixstowe, where we had charming rooms with Mgr. Talbot (Provost of the Westminster Diocese). We had left him behind and for this reason, after one pleasant day, in spite of the pelting rain which came down just as we were going to start, we could not accept the hospitable invitation of our hostess to stay the night. We were obliged to face the storm and catch the last boat to Felixstowe, a drive of 10 miles, through marsh land, and the three villages round Shinglestreet. I think Hollesley came first, then Alderton and Bawdsey, each with its 14th Century Church.

We were soon wet through, and we met my father-in-law also driving, but looking as unmindful of the fury of the storm as the white clouds we now and then passed dipping their heads as far into the mud and puddles as they could. I remember thinking he must be as much in love with moisture as I am. I was truly anxious about the dear Bishop, for he had sciatica, but happily he did not seem any the worse. I can still see Mgr. Talbot's rapture at our safe return.

I am walking along the shingle where Mummie has found such glorious amber. I can look along and see the village Inn hiding itself in a corner. I believe in olden days it was the meeting-house of smugglers, and I think I can see them bringing in lovely and wonderful gifts to the newly

married landlady, Mrs. Langmaid. She is so very beautiful that when I look at her, I think of red roses and honeysuckle climbing over a porch. I love her best bedroom where I have slept on a huge feather-bed. I can see the tall piano with its front of magenta silk; the big horse-hair sofa, the plates from Felixstowe hanging on the walls, the looking glass dressed in green, and the round table with books. I think there was a Pilgrim's Progress there, a large Bible and a globe of wax flowers. There were also wonderfully coloured specimens of sea-weeds and shells. I have peeped over the settle at night, and seen old fishermen smoking and drinking ale, and an old sailor over 80 years of age was pointed out to me, who to this day had the mark of the cat-o-nine tails, which he declares was ordered because he was the last man aloft.

It is time for me to go in, I am really benumbed. I have been pressing my elbows on the arms of my chair, and dreaming that I was standing in front of the "German-ocean Mansions". Before I dozed off I was going to tell my three children (Philip, Meg and Amabel) a story about Billy their Uncle.

Billy was 8 years old when I first knew him, just the age of you, Meg. He was always dressed in red, in honour of the Sacred Heart. He had the most lovely curly hair, with golden glints; no, - it was not pale, - it was red, as rich as his dark brown eyes. It was so curly, I wondered what it felt like to have it brushed and combed! He was always ready to play, sail a boat, or go for a swim with his big brothers. When he was only 10 years old he won the first prize of £15 in the Orford White-wings club race. Your Father will tell you all about those wonderful boats, and if Philip saw one he would want to try to make one.

Well, I was going to tell you about my first visit to the "German-ocean Mansion". The very moment you stepped in you found yourself in the drawing room. It had fire places back to back, and one day I found the chimneys full of

books that your Uncle Ned had hidden there, because he disapproved of them. He used to take care of the jam, cake and biscuits. The room had a dado that Mrs. H. Petre and her dear boy Tom had presented. You would have liked it, Amabel, as it had a curious animal on it. There was a nice piano and lots of chairs and a sofa, and at night lots of lamps, and grandpa used to drop the lamps and one night one caught fire. You had to pass through the drawing room to get to my room; I think there were five little rooms at this end, one after the other.

Mary used to keep her bicycle in her room and Bessie used to keep all her dresses on the top of each other on a chair! My little room had a hole in the wall, so high up that one could not look through, only talk through. In those days I did not like to sleep alone, but I did not feel lonely with that dear little hole. Once when night fell and I had to go to bed, I began to wonder if this were the room where dear old Father Wallis had died, (R.I.P.). I said my Rosary, held my relic of the true Cross in my hand, but do what I would, I could not go to sleep.

Suddenly, to my great joy and relief, I hears a voice calling loudly, "Violet, - Violet!" it was Billy, and I gladly and equally loudly called out - "Yes", and the next thing he said was - "Do you ever feel as if an old man was leaning over your bed?" I called out, "Oh, Billy! Did Father Wallis die in this bed?" but not another word would he utter. I called, I entreated, and at last Miss Coleman came in, and sat with me a bit, assuring me that I was not in Father Wallis's room, and promised to keep her door open. Then my loneliness passed and I fell asleep and dreamed that I had Patrick my beautiful Collie, with me.

The next time I went to Shinglestreet I did take Patrick; he had been ill, and I was afraid to leave him. I arrived with him and Reggie just at 7.30p.m. when all the family and Nellie Vaughan (now Mrs. Rhodes) were assembled in the room with the dado, and Grannie's canary asleep. I can see

the dear old Bishop, his sweet, pale, patient face, aglow with pleasure at seeing us, and also Uncle Reggie (S.J.) – both are now dead - whom I was longing to know. Suddenly the most horrible yelling and yapping of dogs was heard. I can see the canary cage swing. The three dogs in possession, - a lovely black retriever, a black and white spaniel called Punch with long feathers on his legs; he could carry an egg in his mouth without breaking it, - and then Jumbo, your Uncle Frank's dog, - all set upon Patrick. Punch bit him on his nose, and he cried so much that Judy's heart went out to him, and she tried to lick his wound, and for ever after they were staunch friends. I can see Bob, Joe and Grandpa trying to separate the dogs, and the Bishop stopping up his ears. I can't remember the big, black dog's name but he was as fierce as he was handsome, and he wouldn't allow one of the family even to pass his kennel without barking, but he was so clever, he could walk quite a long way on his hind legs. One day Granny had given a little boy some eggs in a paper bag, and I saw him walking behind the little boy, who was quite terrified, but he stuck to his eggs.

I cannot go on any further.

I am turning my eyes to my last visit to "German-ocean Mansion". I can see a little fair girl one and a half years old. She is as pale as her white frock, and her large eyes are as blue as the sea, and her hair the colour of primroses. She is playing with a Jack-in-the-box that Uncle Frank had bought her. Joe has taken her photograph and Granny has gone in for a moment. Now she is running so fast on the hard concourse. My heart is in my mouth, - I am afraid she will fall down. I must get her to come and look with me at the queer animal on the Dado.

The red light shines out under the deep grey of the sky.

Ah! – my little baby girl is now playing with the Angels, and little Anthony, Bessie's baby is with her, they both went when the snow came, and I try to tell Almighty God, I am happy to give up my treasure to Him.

JOTTINGS

by Bobbie

When Oliver Twist asked for more, he didn't get it, - poor lad! But when Mother asks for more, she has to get it, since her wish is law. So here are a few more jottings on Shinglestreet.

The stable was always full of horses, and when I was young, I was the proud owner of a pony. Bess and I used to ride each morning before our breakfast. It was Bessie's suggestion, needless to say. She promised to call me, and did so faithfully each morning at 6.30, but alas, when she returned ready she always found me asleep again!

Tommy, my pony, would never leave Bessie's pony; if he was forced to go behind or lead the result was violent kicking. Now, one sandy track on the common only admitted of riders in single file; even there care was needed, as I found out, for huge gorse bushes flanked it on either side. One morning when the gorse was all in bloom Bess led the way down this path at a sharp canter and I struggled with Tommy to make him follow in spite of his violent kicks, - at times he almost stood on his head! Bess was careering down, heedless, harsh lass, of calls from the rear, when suddenly there was a final cry of despair, and Tommy stood beside her with a look of satisfaction on his face, but I had disappeared. The last violent kick had sent me head-first into a huge gorse bush, of which every bristle penetrated. Ugh! I emerged in a sorry plight.

Later on, after the days of Tommy, when we returned for the holidays, Father said he had a new horse which I could

ride. Mary also had a new horse, and Jack Walton, who happened to be there, expressed a wish to see them. When they were led out, he remarked "How very alike they are". "Nonsense" said father, "they are not in the least". Mary thought not also, hers always seemed on the point of bolting or bucking, while Father's was a quiet animal.

The next day it was arranged that Bess should take her mount and I should ride Father's on the common. We mounted with the family looking on. When I got on, a little nervous at a strange animal, which seemed remarkably lively, at once Jack Walton said "Why, that is the other one, its Mary's horse." "Nonsense" said Father, "that is mine". We proceeded and soon I began the remarks which Bess, preoccupied with a fresh and troublesome animal, responded to in the following manner. "I say Bessie. This horse does not seem very quiet, its got a lump in the middle of it; in fact, it seems like bucking". "Don't be silly, Bobbie. It's a perfectly quiet animal." A minute later: "Bessie, I don't like this brute. Its going to bolt and I am horribly at sea". At this moment Bess looked up, there was a scream, - "Bobbie, go back at once; I won't go with you. You are on Mary's horse". When I arrived back Jack Walton was in fits of laughter, and father was rubbing his chin in a puzzled manner. We changed horses, and I found the new mount certainly quiet, and it had 'no lump in the middle of it'.

Ned and I were always larking and playing pranks on one another. Frank teased Ned about his Roman nose and Ned retaliated by pointing out that Frank had his hair cut in the French fashion, (the real fact was that he was becoming bald). One summer Ned came back from Rome, and since he only needed English clothes for the three holiday months, he invested in several suits of flannels, of which he was mighty proud. Unfortunately, the flannels met disaster one by one till there was left but one suit, of which great care had to be taken. One hot morning at low water Frank suggested to Ned a bathe on the other side of the

harbour. Now, at low tide there was but three feet of water in the shallow part of the harbour and a sediment of thick, horrible mud beneath. Ned cocked his eye at the shallows, and replied, "Well, yes, but no foolery," for they were to cross in a Canadian canoe. Frank promised and they started. Of course, before they had gone a dozen yards, each perched on an end of the canoe, they began to fool, then to splash each other, and finally, in the tussle, over rolled the canoe, and Ned's last carefully kept flannels went into the mud! The last we saw of him that fine morning was a vanishing spectre of mud on a bicycle, making for Woodbridge, twelve miles off, to buy more flannels.

The two Canadian canoes that we had, caused much amusement. Finally, the two were lashed together with poles at a distance of six feet. A huge mast and sail were reared and the catamaran thus formed became a thing of great attraction.

It would go a great pace before the wind, but it would not beat against the wind, and even with a beam wind and a paddle used as a side board it slowly went to leeward though traveling at a tremendous pace. One morning there was a very strong off-shore breeze, and we put out the catamaran, Frank getting into one canoe and I into the other, and then we started off tearing up and down the harbour with this delightful beam-wind. Slowly we made leeway across to leeward, and as we were passing the mouth which gave into the open sea at high tide, my paddle, which I was using to leeward as a side-board, slipped, and I fell overboard. The Catamaran and Frank shot through the mouth of the harbour to sea and were fast making for Holland. Father, heading an excited party, tore round to the outer arm of the harbour to the rescue. But there was no boat! Meanwhile Frank swept backwards and forwards twenty yards to sea and the family rushed about the beach shouting words of useless advice. The adventure ended happily, for Frank skillfully manoeuvred the Catamaran

back to the mouth of the harbour where it was promptly seized.

For several years we went regularly every summer to the Lowestoft regatta, and at times raced a boat in some event. I remember the summer that I was allowed to go with the party for the first time after a deal of coaxing! The morning of departure arrived, and we were about to get into the dingey, which was waiting to take us aboard the yacht, and when Mother went to say goodbye to Laddy (Phil) he declared he would not be left behind, and there was a tremendous scene. Finally Mother was won over. "Well, run and pack some things, and we will wait for you". Laddy returned in three minutes with a broad grin on his face but precious little besides. Mother looked astonished and asked: "Well, what have you brought?" Laddy, in his blue jersey and short knickers held up a solitary pair of socks! "This is all I shall want," said he. He was afraid of being left behind!

It was a still morning and when we had gone about 15 miles we were becalmed. There was a good swell coming in, so the yacht rolled and rolled till we almost to a man felt a little uncomfortable. We were most of us sitting astern, except those who had gone below for a snooze. Laddy, standing a little for'ard, became greener and greener. At last he must have reached his limit, for he stamped his foot and shook his head and went to sit down on the coach-head, exclaiming: "I'll sit it down. I'll sit it down!" and did, the determined little fellow. After this we became very drowsy. The men seemed watchful and a little anxious; they expected a sudden storm and squall, and could not tell from which direction it would come.

I was comfortably asleep in a bunk below, when suddenly ...crash! I was hurled into the middle of the cabin. Shouts and cries resounded from the deck, and the *Waratah* was apparently on her beam ends. I struggled to my feet and lurched to the companion ladder, but when I tried to

mount, a deluge of water came down and hurled me back. I made sure now we were over and fast going to the bottom. In a few seconds however, the yacht righted herself and we were apparently thrashing along under a heavy breeze.

What had really happened was this: a powerful squall had suddenly struck us from the land, the opposite direction to that from which it was expected. The yacht was hurled onto her beam ends almost and the main-sail half buried in water. When she righted herself all the water from the sail was chucked down the companion, which led those below to think that we were over, and that green water was coming in. Well, we reached Lowestoft and had a most successful visit!

Evidently Bobbie must have been one of the "two individuals who were taking their ease down below" mentioned by Margaret, who "had a splendid showerbath. I had forgotten who were below when the main-sail emptied itself.

On the next page I put Mary's account of how we celebrated one of her Birthdays. It harmonizes characteristically with Shinglestreet memories.

A LASSIE'S BIRTHDAY

Mother insists that I should write my part in the Shinglestreet book. It is going to be a small part because everything has been written already, except the account of a dance got up by Bessie and Nellie Vaughan for my birthday.

They invited some 'nuts' from the Colonial College, in spite of having too many men to start with, and being anxious to make a great success of their party, they collected a few girls (farmers daughters) who were most deadly dull and bad dancers. One man staying in the house, thought he would help Bessie, so without a word to anyone he took

himself off to the village of Alderton and purchased numerous articles and something to make a wig of.

The night of the dance, Father came to Mother in a great state of mind. He said there was a most terrible woman getting through a window; he thought she was mad or something else. In the meantime, the 'terrible' woman had managed with great difficulty, on account of being quite unused to skirts, to get into the house without being seen, as she thought, to be inspected, and then introduced by Bessie. We could not make out who this 'terror' might be, and one of the 'nuts' from the college, at once went and asked her to dance. They started, but only got half way round the room when the lady became hopelessly mixed with her skirts and hurriedly retired, calling for safety pins in a base voice. There was a commotion, and the visitor had her wig pulled off and Father's terrible lady was found out.

Another event I shall never forget happened during the holidays when once there were more visitors than we had room for, and I went round Shinglestreet, trying to get a bedroom. At last a cottage agreed to take my friend, Ivy Segrave, so I arranged the room very smartly and drove off to Woodbridge to meet her train. The carrier brought the luggage, as it was too much for the dog-cart. Ivy and I arrived at Shinglestreet, and as she only had a dressing-case, we decided not to go to her room till bed-time; she made use of my tiny room. Bed-time that night was rather late, and several of the family went forth to take friends and relations to their rooms. Ivy's room was the farthest off, and when we got there we received a shock. There was already a lady asleep in bed, and waking the owner of the house, all we were told was, that the bedroom had been let to Lady Walton, for one of her visitors, some time before, and the stupid woman thought I came from Lady Walton's Bungalow; so here was a nice muddle! Ivy very sleepy, and no bed to be had. One of the boys gallantly gave up his

room and slept in the drawing room on a somewhat dilapidated sofa, and the next day he fitted up the beach-tent as his bedroom.

I had a few riding adventures while we were at Shinglestreet. Once my favourite mare, Miss Jummy, deposited me, while galloping hard, down the furrow of a ploughed field. Miss Jummy had a wonderful trick of jumping to one side and back, so quickly that one could hardly believe she had ever changed her course; when she played this trick to the off side, going at a great speed, she nearly always got rid of me, but not quite always. On this occasion, yes, I stood on my head, and Miss Jummy arrived at the end of the field and seemed much surprised at finding herself alone! Bessie was with me in a fit of giggles; my voice and Bessie's cob induced Miss Jummy to return to her muddy and somewhat dilapidated mistress, and by letting down the stirrup I was at once able to mount myself, and then we rode home, and managed to get into the Bungalow without being seen. Mother was nervous about Miss Jummy and I was very fond of the mare, so when I was so stupid, we used to pretend that all was as usual. Dear me! – what a lot I have written!

Dear Mary Petre, of Tor Bryan, (Ingatestone) has written us a clever paper called "A Watery Episode". I like it so much that, in spite of the sub-Editor having without the slightest right already disposed of the First Prize – I hereby declare that the "Episode" has prior right and must be awarded the First Prize, in default of a higher.

A WATERY EPISODE

by a Lass

Some of the maddest, merriest times of my early youth were spent at Shinglestreet. This quaint little village on the east coast of Suffolk chiefly consists of a few fishermen's

cottages, a Martello Tower, and a Coastguard Station. It is a veritable paradise for children.

A gay and unrestricted crowd of young people we used to bathe, or paddle, and picnic on the beach, feasting on scones and roast potatoes, which we cooked on a small stove in the beach-tent. The potatoes were generally of the consistency of bullets inside, while outside they were burnt as black as coal. We dipped them in the sea to cool them, and this served a double purpose, as they came out nicely salted as well. In spite of the drawbacks I have enumerated, we found them quite delicious.

One of the great excitements were the local regattas, and we often attended them in full force. On one most memorable occasion we sailed up to Aldeburgh in the yacht *Wara-tah*. It was a perfect August day with a fresh breeze, the sky was a clear blue and the water sparkled in the sunshine. We were all feeling in particularly good form, and great was our joy on arriving at Aldeburgh, to find an extra large and most exciting fair going on. I think there must have been at least seventeen of us, young, ardent spirits, spoiling for a rag, so we speedily set to work to enjoy ourselves on Roundabouts, and in swinging boats, while the small boys proceeded to knock down all the coconuts, and smash all the bottles in the shooting galleries with most unerring aim. I have never seen it equaled since, but I don't think the gypsies were best pleased.

Then we found we could purchase for the sum of one penny, bags of confetti, and better still small tin squirts full of water. We soon laid up a stock, and then – what fun we had! We all rushed madly about screaming, squirting water and flinging handfuls of confetti all over the place. Very soon the Fair presented a deplorable appearance; there were big pools of water all over the ground, and confetti lying in heaps in every available spot, while the rest of the visitors had fled before our wild onslaughts. Then the gypsies became very angry and wrathfully told us, if we didn't

depart they would "boost us out." This threat sounded distinctly alarming, so we came to the conclusion we might as well return to the *Waratah* for tea, for we were beginning to feel very hungry, and most unpleasantly wet.

I found our kind hostess hiding behind a large gypsy van laughing helplessly, her arms full of coconuts, blown-glass vases, and other treasures won by the prowess of the small boys. At her side a damp little girl wept dismally – the ragging had been too much for her feelings.

When we returned to the yacht we found that another of the girls was missing. A search party was organized, and after some difficulty she was discovered on the beach, decorously watching the last boat races. She must have been a very well-brought-up child, with really nice manners, for, deeply shocked and pained at our disgraceful behaviour, she couldn't bear to be seen with us, so she wandered away alone, amusing herself as best she could, until she was found, and brought back to the yacht.

As for the rest of us, we never enjoyed ourselves so much. We went home damp but happy with a large supply of squirts in anticipation of many future "rags", when wet sponges and cans of water also played an important part.

A LAD GOES OUT SHOOTING

by the marksman

I was not due in Rome till towards the end of October, so was able to stay on at Shinglestreet for the shooting till towards the middle of the month. Occasionally, when we were having a day off, Frank and I would bike, with guns on our backs, to the "Folly" wood, and we generally managed to bring home wood-pigeons, sufficient for a pie. One afternoon we had walked as far as Dumbboy cottage, sure of bagging a stray partridge or pheasant – rabbits were barred, - but hares, owing to hare-soup and jugged hare,

were not to be excepted, and to be sure of no mistake we had no idea of getting more than one. The fellow who had not shot the beast was to have the pleasure of carrying it home. As luck would have it, I shot an enormous animal, and was delighted, not at having bagged it, but because.....Frank had to carry it! Alas! I was crowing too soon, for just by the bridge on the creek, another stupid beast got up, and Frank shot it. Poor me! We were both wondering how we could carry them home when Booth, the baker, came by, and we found room in his cart.

It was at this spot that I lost one of my famous slippers; a noble pair of shoes! Bessie objected to them as they would not stop on – at the heel. I went flap, flap, if I may so express it, about the house, and I am very sorry everyone rejoiced at my loss. We had come on bikes just before tea, to see if we could find anything about Dumbboy. I was in a small piece of cover when a pheasant rose. I put one leg forward preparatory to shooting the bird. The foot of that leg went down into a hole. I fell over, and missed the bird, and on recovering could not find my slipper anywhere and had, to my great grief, to return without it.

We had been out shooting all day, a large party, and had lunched at one of the farms. After dinner that evening someone helped himself to whiskey, and having a thirst, had a good drink. It is impossible to describe the contortions that followed. Someone suggested the doctor quick – poison was named! An investigation disclosed that the shooting lunch whiskey bottle had come in, and now whatever it contained, certainly was not whiskey. We never asked the housekeeper at the farm what she had substituted for the whiskey she had *borrowed!*

AN AUGUST SAIL TO HARWICH

by Jack

Thou art so restless sea, because thy depths
Are peopled with an ever widening throng
Of men and women lost from off great ships,
Whose voices mingle with the murmuring waves,
And in the wind that sweepeth off thy breast;
So shalt thou restless be until the end,
Then Earth and Sky shall roll away in flames,
And from the Heavens shall come the words divine
-Give up thy dead, O sea, for they are Mine.

G. Townshend

It was a sunny and cloudless day in the middle of August, when most people would have been glad to have rested under the shade of some friendly tree and waited until the evening before venturing on anything strenuous.

But it was not so in the little fishing village of Shinglestree, where the keen pure air and gentle sea breeze made one forget it was a hot summer day, and long to be astir and doing. "Ned, - said I, (trying to catch a glimpse of him through the clouds of smoke that poured from his after-breakfast pipe) - "it's a glorious day, barring a bit of local fog, with I think won't last, and there's just enough breeze to land us at Harwich for lunch; what say you? The *Petrel* is ready at her moorings, and there's a flood-tide at 2 o'clock. The conditions are just about perfect.

"I'm your man," - said Ned, with a grin knocking the ashes out of his pipe, - "I'll just slip into some white bags, and we'll be under way before 10 o'clock," - and emitting a fresh volume of smoke by way of clenching the matter, he stepped into the house, and I heard him shouting "We shall be back to tea, - Mums, just going to slip the *Petrel*

along the coast a bit and see if we can find a breeze." I was aboard undressing the *Petrel* when Ned came off and we were soon busy setting the sails.

There was but a ripple on the sea and the *Petrel's* great white wings gleaming in the sunshine and catching the gentle breeze, glided us over the bar, and with the flood-tide beneath us the village of Shinglestreet was soon lost in the summer haze. There is no more peaceful spot on a fine summer day than the sea when one is afloat in a small craft; the warmth of the sun, the soft sea breeze, the little dancing waves lapping on the polished keel, and the graceful movement of the boat swaying to the touch of the wind, produce in one a feeling of content and joy in being alive.

I have wandered in the snow-clad Alps, o'er the plains and valleys, and through the deep stillness of the forests, but nowhere has the voice of Nature spoken more grandly, nor God in His immenseness been nearer than in the vast beauty of the sea, that restless stretch of water that so resembles the soul of man in all its changing moods.

And so we sped on, sometimes chatting and joking, and at times lost in thought. Bawdsey and Felixstowe were passed, and after a short beat into the harbour we brought up at some moorings under Harwich quay.

The pleasures of a day like this are simple, and consist in living and enjoying every moment. We went ashore for lunch, and explored this old town which seems to belong to another day.

After an interesting ramble, we embarked again and were soon busy setting the *Petrel's* sails.

"I think that sits pretty well," – said Ned, with a note of satisfaction, as he surveyed the well-fitting mainsail. I muttered an assent, as I thought of the hauling I had done under his instructions. "Will you cast off," I remarked casually, determined to avoid that dirty job, and I busied my-

self with the main sheet. Ned clambered forehead, and I noticed he had a twinkle in his eye which surprised me. "What's that fellow shouting on the quay," – I said; and caught the words...."a couple of reefs and a heavy wind outside."

"That's it" said Ned, "more work to be done. We're in the shelter here; a stiff wind has got up outside, and we shall want a couple of reefs."

With much grumbling we set to work and reefed her down. This was a big job, and during the operation I fell overboard, to the great amusement of Ned. I put up with his taunts for a bit, and consoled myself with the thought that he would not keep a dry skin beyond the bar. I seized the helm, inwardly pleased at having at any rate jostled him into handling the moorings. To my astonishment and chagrin he managed this with ease, remarking that these new moorings were so very convenient for a fellow to handle nicely!

We headed out to sea in the teeth of a south easterly wind. The blue sky was gone, dark clouds hung on the horizon, and the *Petrel*, champing at her bit, lay down to her work. Swish! A heavy sea struck her and drenched us with spray, but she was up and at it again, and seemed glad to show her quality. We shipped some heavy seas across the bar, and were busy with the bale; jokes were over now and work ahead.

There was a strong headwind home and a big sea running, so quickly do conditions change, and we must be home before dark to make the harbour. I thought gloomily of Ned's boast of being home for tea. The evening closed in and before Bawdsey, the sun set in a bank of clouds. The joyous day had closed in anger. In evil plight we struggled on, and the lights of Shinglestreet presently raised our hopes. Gradually they became clearer, but the flood-tide had now set in and our progress was slow.

Dinner time had passed, and although Ned made no remark, I knew that his mind was on a well-lighted room with a merry meal in progress. "Ned, - says I - the lights are pretty clear now. Can you make out the harbour lamps?" "Yes, says he - we have nearly got them on now; just give a hand on the main sheet, and we will fetch right in." We were passing in now among the shoals, and the sea was a veritable caldron. We did not speak. The boiling mass of water in the dark sent a cold shiver through us. Suddenly we struck a shoal. There was a bump followed by a grinding noise; the *Petrel* lurched like a drunken man, and water poured into the well. Then a heavy swell lifted her, and amid the tumult of the breakers, we staggered forward into the haven beyond the shoals. Our strenuous work was now over. Charlie as ever was on the look-out; he put us ashore and moored the *Petrel*.

Our dearest Mums waited for us at the door and putting aside any anxiety she felt, tended our wants. Cold and wet, we were glad of a change and a good supper; and with a quiet pipe and whiskey before turning in,.....reflected how things are not always what they seem - and the best of summer days may but a deceiver be.

If you will try to keep a secret, I will whisper the name of the writer of the next paper....the great, holy Father Cassidy, S.J. He nearly always was with us for part of the summer holidays and delighted us by his genial ways.

THE SKIPPER

by a Padre

Shinglestreet!.....what a crowd of memories the name evokes - all of them, without exception, bright and happy, and recalling summer holidays spent in an ideal spot on the Suffolk coast.

A few huts of timber stretching along the shingle – no staircase, no climbing, the waves coming at times up to the very door and never more than twenty yards away – life on the shingle there seemed as near as possible to life on board ship.

A fleet of boats and racing yachts at anchor a few yards away, were always in readiness.

Sometimes the genial Skipper who was the founder and owner of the Colony, would take the entire family in quest of ruins along the coast, or visit a neighbouring town; Felixstowe, with its new hotel, was one of the most attractive. The Skipper was at his best on these family trips. A regular old Salt, and a prize winner in yachting himself, he knew the points of his boat as well as he knew the points of the compass.

The Chaplain was never left behind, and as the old Padre's seat was near the rudder, to humour him the Skipper dubbed him steersman, but only a sorry steersman he proved to be.

"Watch the pennon at the top. That will tell you the direction of the rudder," shouted Skipper; and the Padre blundered on;.....but listen.

We had a jolly day at Aldeburgh, and after a festive meeting at the Hotel, from thence bustling away to get home before dark, time was pressing – so the Skipper took complete command of the *May-fly*. "Hand in that sail, Bob." – "Pull out the oar, Ned."

The Chaplain was a mere passenger for the nonce, sitting by the side of the Lady Abbess.

We had made little way when a cry of alarm came from the skipper – "By Jove! We're on the mud bank." And beyond all doubt he had shot us onto a mud-bank. The Skipper himself, – *not* the Chaplain, had landed us on the mud-bank!

The incident was never forgotten, and after this if the Padre's seamanship was ever questioned, it was always met with, by "Ay, Ay. No mud bank here, Sir."

REFLECTIONS

by Billie

Oh, the ignominy that youth must suffer to attain the reserve so essential to man! How well my memory serves me of that hour of tribulation.

Yachts, fleets of yachts, were entering the river, all with white sails and shining hulls carefully prepared for the Oxford Regatta.

The yachts had come by sea, *of course*, but the owners came by *train*, and yet today people will tell you that men are not as they were, - *Reflect* - then if so, let us be thankful.

I (*though it is me as says it*) in my anxiety to protect my father's estate - a feeling doubtless bred in my blood - faced Major Howard, the proud duck-pond lover and owner of the *Katey*. He, the delicately nurtured creature, had the audacity to walk on my father's preserved footpath instead of ploughing through the soft knee-deep shingle!

And now my memory (the *sensitive* one) returns to me fresh and unsullied after years between. In my endeavour to remove this stubborn trespasser, I am lifted from the ground, my *father's* ground, and have severe punishment administered to me on a part of my body that makes me blush to think of and powerless to relate.

Oh, the debasement!...oh, ye gods! - that Billie Colley should come to such a pass! I cannot forget, but I can and will be silent on the close of this tragedy.

Ah, it was a day of misfortune! My mental resourcefulness had yet to suffer an overpowering blow.

I see a small dark boy, with eyes – *what* eyes! Dark, wide-awake, and how they twinkle! I know something is coming, - and it *comes* – "Billie, if I had an apple and you had a bite, ... what would you do?" – "Chew it!" says I....."Wrong! – *Scratch* it!" says he.

I am thankful that day is over.

A TRIP TO DUNWICH

by a visitor (Theodore Sibeth)

After two or three dull rainy days, which had somewhat damped our spirits, the morning of the 10th of August broke sunny and fair, with a beautiful soft easterly breeze. Suddenly, in the middle of breakfast, someone called out, - "Mother, can't we go to Dunwich today? I've been talking to Wyard, who says he thinks it is going to be fine, and the breeze looks like lasting for the whole of the day, and the tides are suitable for a trip to Aldeburgh, or even further up." Some of the older members of the family could not help admitting that the suggestion was good, and we forthwith determined to finish our meal as quickly as possible and prepare the hampers for luncheon and tea. We all set to work with a will, and in a very short time all the necessaries in the way of provisions and wraps were aboard, also all those who had made up their minds to embark on this interesting expedition.

Being a very large party, quartered in several different houses, some being fond of the sea, and some preferring riding on horseback, others on bicycles, we frequently got up two or three expeditions, so as to suit all tastes, meeting in the evening at the festive dinner table at "German Ocean Mansion".

Once started and well out of the mouth of the river, we crept up the long bank of shingle that forms the coast line

all the way from Hollesley Bay up to Orford-Ness Light-house. As the small bay at Dunwich is rather shallow, we had selected the *Claudine* a flat-bottomed centre-board boat, instead of the *Waratah*, so as to effect a landing on our arrival there. With a nice little breeze we made good headway, passing Aldeburgh and then going about another eight or nine miles we reached Dunwich in the middle of the day, after a very pleasant sail.

Of the ancient village or town of Dunwich only a few houses still remain, as owing to the cliffs having been by degrees washed away by strong tides, bit by bit the place fell into the sea. At present half of the Church is still standing quite on the edge of the cliff, and some people say, that with a good eye, it is possible to see coffins in the churchyard standing out of the cliffs; the writer, however, was not gifted with sufficiently good eyesight to detect any. As far as the remaining portion of the Church is concerned, it is clearly only a matter of a short time before that probably too falls into the North Sea.

On arriving close to the shore, we found that the ebb-tide had already set in, so we had to drop anchor at a safe distance to avoid getting stranded. Two local boatmen launched their small boats and came to enquire if we wished to be taken ashore. Their kind offer was promptly accepted and after we had shipped into their frail craft, made merrily for the beach, where there was quite a lively little surf and breakers about two feet high. "Jump ashore quickly," was the order, and out went three or four boys, to find themselves up to their waists in water. Then our excellent hostess, with a determination that we should not be done out of our lunch, made a sudden jump for the shore, holding in her hands a pile of plates at least a dozen in number, the bulk of which naturally slipped away and fell into the water, the greater part of them getting broken. As she was in no way hurt herself, we had good reason to feel thankful, and we were able to indulge a good laugh at this

**WORK AS IF THOU HADST TO LIVE FOR AYE,
WORSHIP AS THOU WERT TO DIE TODAY.**

O Lads!_____OLassies!_____O Winds!___O Birds!
_____and all things that make music for a space,
_____the end has come _____ the Book must be
closed!

All the happy memories of the holiday life in the little vil-
lage by the sea, so well described by the Lads and Lassies,
have given me wings that bear me back to times which
cannot come again!

They who love not old home feelings, and delight not in
calling up images of the past, live in a land unvisited by
poetry.

Now Lads and Lassies "that used to be", remember happi-
ness and joy are not gifts, we all have them, and it is our
own fault if we let them go. Hand-in-hand with love they
will remain with us even in old age, when things are in a
mist and we are waiting for the Angel to take us to Eternal
Love.....!

Often when the Lads and Lassies were but children, and
my life was one great labour of love, at night-time I would
wonder how things would go on the "morrow", for some-
times my work was a little step ahead,...but mostly a mile
behind! – but joy and happiness gave me strength to begin
a fresh day of work – with the ever lasting tread of little feet
and high voices calling "mother".

Out of this home have come Lads and Lassies with Faith, -
courage, self-sacrifice, and many fruitful works for heaven
– God bless them!

Now, dear Lads and Lassies, -
Cast the PAST into the Mercy of GOD,
PRESENT into His Love,
FUTURE into His Providence.

Our task is finished, and we must
say.....Farewell !

L. C.

