

Transcript of a letter from Geoffrey Keynes to Edward Marsh, 16 October 1915.  
*King's College, Cambridge. The Papers of Rupert Chawner Brooke. RCB/S/9*

'16 Oct  
1915

23 Bgde RFA  
III Division

My dear Eddie,

It was very nice to see you again even for so short a time ; and to talk of much loved friends that one has lost does one a lot of good. I liked very much hearing your memoir of Rupert which I think gives a very good picture of such parts of him as can be put in a memoir – at any rate according to his mother's standard by which anything the slightest bit "shocking" has to be suppressed. And obviously a really true picture of Rupert would have to include lots of light hearted blasphemy and hard knocks all round. I don't quite know what Mrs Brooke's objection is to it's being published ; perhaps she thinks that any more being written and published about Rupert <sup>just now</sup> savours too much of advertisement. I agree that there's no hurry, and I don't in the least mind its being put off for a year. But if this memoir is published I think a much amplified and quite unexpurgated version should exist in MS and be put aside for an indefinite

number of years, to await the verdict of another generation which wouldn't feel the knocks or mind the supposed "shockingness". I feel rather acutely about this myself, ~~but~~ because I don't like the idea of too mild a Rupert being given irretrievably to a complacent world. This is not meant to imply an adverse criticism of your memoir, which, as I told you at the time, is jolly well done ; but I frightfully want it not to be final.

I liked the glimpses you give of Denis ; I have wondered if there shouldn't be more, but I think it's probably just right.

You have no doubt received that box of letters etc. which I directed should be sent to you. I

don't suppose you found a great deal in it much  
to your purpose, as it was mostly a postcard  
record of daily intercourse, of value to me but to  
no one else. I'm very sorry you can't have  
the other box ; of course if you could stop the war .....  
I was rather glad to get back here ; among  
the mud and beastliness of it all, with shells  
all in the daily routine, it's easier to accept  
the war as a matter of course ; although if

as seems probablye the whole Gallipoli expedition  
ends in futility, ~~our~~ the realisation of our loss  
must be embittered , even though rather unreasonably,  
by a feeling of the bloody waste.

I believe this last Zep raid must have touched  
you up again rather nearly, but I hope  
you have escaped all right. A german prisoner  
~~which~~ who was captured during the night had a  
great game with us this morning. He had  
announced that the Huns were going to attack at  
6 a.m., and I suppose the staff could do nothing  
but believe him. Anyway everyone in the division  
was up and alert from an early hour (on a damned  
cold morning) with bayonets or pencils ready, according  
to the nature of their duties, and of course nothing  
whatever happened. It was very silly , and  
too cold to be amusing. (But I may as well  
confess it didn't affect me , as my duty consisted  
in not getting out of my flea-bag until I really  
was wanted)

Ever your  
Geoffrey Keynes'