ze blood?
nk rot!
judgment:shall come.'

d perhaps this was the way ic side of Robert's nature, he Great War. If so, it was me time that he could only addrent of his upbringing,

times, remained extremely letimes, when she proposed satisfy a private whim, but by providing a change of

ample, feeling perhaps that suddenly told him: 'I must off on bicycles somewhere.' 'packed a few things and he nights were coldish and best way was to bicycle by Plain past several deserted nemselves near Dorchester, had met not long ago when orary doctorate. Hardy gave . It was a memorable visit, which ranged from Nancy's oned,' said Hardy. 'I knew to the future of free verse, land, adding humbly: 'All old styles, but try to do a

they bicycled on to Tiverton h Nancy's old nurse. Nancy bught a great deal of trouble op, and Nancy 'helped her ning the prints that she was dusted the stock, and took



Robert in uniform. Robert sent this photograph to his parents with the inscription 'Ever your loving son, Robbie'.