

THE FIGHTING TERRITORIALS

BY

PERCY HURD

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CONTENTS

PAGES

POEM : TERRITORIALS. BY AGNES S. FALCONER	7
INTRODUCTION	9
THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY	17, 149, 159
THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE	27, 150, 160
THE "SHINY SEVENTH" (7TH LONDON)	41, 151, 161
POST OFFICE RIFLES	47, 152, 161
QUEEN VICTORIA'S RIFLES	57, 152, 162
THE RANGERS	65, 153, 163
THE KENSINGTONS	76, 153, 164
THE LONDON SCOTTISH	95, 155, 165
CIVIL SERVICE RIFLES	113, 156, 166
QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS	123, 157, 166
THE "OLD LOYALS" (23RD LONDON)	142, 157, 167
WAR DISTINCTIONS	149
ROLL OF HONOUR	159

TERRITORIALS*

AGNES S. FALCONER

Where are the lads who went out to the war?
This year, and last year, and long, long ago—
With eyes full of laughter and song on their lips—
(Our sad hearts flew after as birds follow ships!)
Where are they now: do you know?

Some sleep in Flanders and some sleep in France,
This year, and last year, and long years to come—
And under the rampart that guards far Stamboul
Some are camped in a rest deep and cool,
And they heed not the bugle and drum!

They'll come, though not all! They will come from
the war!—
This year or next year, or early or late—
And come well or wounded, come many or few,
They will bring back their honour, their faith high
and true
Or will bear it to Paradise Gate.

* Reprinted from *Country Life*, with Miss Falconer's permission.

THE FIGHTING TERRITORIALS

INTRODUCTION

“John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he,
Of famous London Town.”

FOR every English boy and girl John Gilpin stands as the representative of the Trained Bands to whose guardianship in past years we Londoners of to-day owe so much of our liberties. The London Territorial is the lineal descendant of John Gilpin, and the war scars of Flanders and the Dardanelles attest his share of the heritage of “credit and renown” of his famous prototype.

Before the South African War there was an inclination to smile at the citizen-soldiers of London. Sir A. Conan Doyle says with truth, in his history of the conflict, that after the march on Pretoria and the part taken in it by the C.I.V.'s and other Territorials, no one smiled at them, “save the General who felt that he had these citizen-soldiers at his back.”

The time has not come to disclose from official records how the burdens of the present war have been distributed among our defence forces; but it is already plain to the most casual observer that the task laid upon us and our Allies in the Western campaign, stupendous in any case, would have been impossible but for the staying power and fighting qualities of the Territorials. The first and most

critical stage of the conflict saw the German host turned back from their march on Paris. The small Expeditionary Force and its reserves of Regulars had won eternal fame, but their ranks were decimated and the urgent need was for more trained men to fill the gap and help to hold the line while the Kitchener Armies were enlisted, equipped, and made fit soldiers. This gap the Territorials have filled and filled well.

The first task was the relief of Regular troops engaged in garrison duty abroad. There were the Regulars at the Mediterranean stations of Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, and Cyprus, and in India ; and the first call on the Territorials was to garrison these essential British Stations overseas and enable the Regulars there to proceed to the fighting line in Belgium and France. The rapidity with which the mobilization was effected, and Territorial battalions were despatched upon these important duties, speaks well both for the spirit of the force and for the efficiency of its self-imposed organization. What that veteran soldier, Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, said of the good work of the Territorials in Malta applies to other fields of their operations. In a special fortress order issued by him as Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Malta, on the occasion of the battalions of the City of London Regiment leaving Malta, he said :—

“It is a pleasure to his Excellency to say with truth that it has been a source of satisfaction to him to have had the Territorial battalions of the City of London Regiment under his command. Their conduct has been excellent under trying conditions lately on account of the heavy and unceasing fatigue work they have had to perform.

“Their appearance in Valetta, the smart way in which the men salute, the alacrity of the main guard in turning out, all show the efficiency of the battalions.

"His Excellency wishes officers, non-commissioned officers, and men 'God speed,' and if they go to the Front he looks to them with confidence to uphold the high reputation of the City of London Regiment."

But there was sterner work to be done than replacing Regulars upon garrison duty. Before the war had been in progress six weeks London Territorials were to be found in France, doing whatever was required of them and preparing to face the world's most highly trained soldiers. Two months before they were at their office desks, factory benches, and shop counters. But their self-imposed training in the years of peace now told. Adroitness, adaptability to new and hard conditions, good shooting, and quick assimilation of fighting lore—these were qualities which soon commended them to General Officers, and to be a Territorial was to be a much-valued man at the Front.

"No praise could be too high," said Mr. Asquith, in a speech delivered in the month of October, 1914, "for the patriotic and sustained efforts of the County Associations, or for the quality and efficiency of the Territorial troops. It is a comparatively easy thing to make great efforts and sacrifices under the stress and strain which we are now experiencing of a supreme crisis. The Territorials, without any such stimulus, in the piping times of peace, when war and the sufferings and the struggles and glories of war were contingent and remote, these men gave up their time, sacrificed their leisure, and not only in their annual training, but in thousands of cases, both of officers and men, devoted their spare hours to preparing themselves in the study and practice of the art of war. They have now been embodied for two months, and I am expressing the considered opinion of one of the most eminent generals when I say the Divisions now in camp in various parts of the country, improving, as they are, every day in efficiency, completely justify their title to play any part that may be

assigned to them, either in home defence, in the manning of our garrisons, or in the battle lines at the Front."

"I would ask them to go anywhere and trust them to get there," was the verdict of a General Officer at the Front who had considerable acquaintance with the Territorial Force in peace time; and to his testimony the special correspondent of the *Morning Post*, writing from British Headquarters, made this noteworthy addition: "No Territorial going to the Front need in the least anticipate being regarded as a 'half-baked' soldier. Quite the reverse. The Regular never has looked down on the Force; he has rather marvelled at the admirable appearance it has presented with so little opportunity, and the disposition at the Front now is very much to welcome any one, and most cordially and comprehensively to introduce them to the game."

In the earlier days of the war the pressure of circumstance forced on the Commander-in-Chief the use of any material on which he could lay his hands in whatever position it might be needed, without reference to organizational requirements, but as time went on it became possible to send Territorial divisions complete to the Front, and Sir John French has again and again declared in official despatches and in less formal ways his real admiration for the quality of the service they have rendered.

Critics of the Territorial system were accustomed to assert that at least six months' war training would be needed to make anything of these "spare-time soldiers." Within the first three months of the war Territorial units were proving their value in the firing line and earning high praise from a British Field-Marshal for their conduct in the most arduous campaign of history, while, as we have seen, others were from the earliest days of the war holding important strategic points and dependencies and so freeing troops of the line for the actual business of fighting.

Thus, in the House of Lords on May 15, 1915, Lord Kitchener was able to speak of the "high reputation which the Territorials have already won for themselves" in France; and in Sir John French's despatch published on June 12, 1915, we have this striking reference—

"During the months of April and May several divisions of the Territorial Force joined the Army under my command.

"Experience has shown that these troops have now reached a standard of efficiency which enables them to be usefully employed in complete divisional units.

"Several divisions have been so employed; some in the trenches, others in the various offensive and defensive operations reported in this despatch.

"In whatever kind of work these units have been engaged, they have all borne an active and distinguished part, and have proved themselves thoroughly reliable and efficient.

"The opinion I have expressed in former despatches as to the use and value of the Territorial Force has been fully justified by recent events."

It may also be permitted to quote the testimony of an experienced war correspondent, Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby, after the war had run its course for a whole year. The value of the service of the Territorials to their country is, he says, "so thoroughly appreciated to-day in Flanders that everywhere satisfaction would be expressed for any promise of Territorial assistance.

"The Force has had now more than a solid year of training, and parts of it have had also no slight experience of war; so that, compared with some hard hit Regular battalions, some of its units have a larger proportion of seasoned men in the ranks.

What forms, perhaps, their most interesting feature is the variety of civil employment represented, so that many a Territorial battalion could furnish assistants to every department of an army in the field.

"It has its solicitors, barristers, doctors, even a parson or two, clerks, skilled accountants, financial experts, veterinary surgeons, butchers, bakers, blacksmiths, carpenters, painters, plumbers, wheelwrights, grooms, gardeners, mechanics, to say nothing of the arts, which are always liberally represented.

"You may generally know where a Territorial battalion is located, if it remains there for any length of time, by the air of permanency produced by utilizing this varied talent. You will find its signboards beautifully finished and faultlessly erect, and the names thereon painted with the lavish labour that distinguishes a corporate pride; its horses will have an air of pampered comfort, its field kitchens will be admirably arranged, its carts show well-trued wheels and careful precautions against hard usage, its dug-outs will be built with an obvious experience of domesticity, and the gardens about them bear witness to expert handling, while if you attend one of its sing-songs you may find some genius at the piano who will play everything he is asked to play without a note of music, and cheer the efforts and laugh at the jests of artists whose names you have seen on London hoardings."

"They do it with the same efficiency and readiness as the most hardened veterans of the Regular Army." The tribute refers to the Territorials at the Front, and comes from an Army Chaplain after eight months of war service; and what testimony could be more prized by any Englishman, knowing as he does what "French's contemptible

little army" did on many a bitterly contested battlefield in the first stages of the war and is doing still? To be ranked with such heroes is to be ranked high indeed.

Messines, Zillebeke, Givenchy, Cuinchy, Ypres, Festubert, Fromelles, Hooze—*in most of the fierce contests of what may be called the third and present stages of the war* London Territorials have shared the fighting and the heroism. They have won the highest distinctions and the warmest approval of veteran commanders. And for their other and less dramatic war labours we may go to Germany for the true word. What the *Cologne Gazette* said on September 4, 1915, of their own men on the Western fighting line we may say of the Territorials who have endured with a quiet heroism and unquenchable cheerfulness, the incessant strain and imminent perils of trench defence and attack.

"It would," says this German journal, "be a grave and unforgivable offence if our people were to forget the men who, for almost a year now, have formed an impregnable defence against attack. Tied down to their trenches, which they have built by their hard labour and continually strengthened, they lie over against the enemy—often quite near to him—exposed at every moment to the fire of his rifles, guns, mine-throwers, and grenades. It is only seldom that an attack by the enemy or by themselves interrupts their compulsory inactivity in the narrow dug-outs, until, after seven, eight, or nine days, the troops are relieved. Both for officers and men the time passes without sufficient physical exercise and with nerves constantly on the strain. This is quiet heroism . . . and it is the duty of the people at home to let them feel that they are not forgotten, and that justice and gratitude is theirs for their loyal endurance."

The writer has felt it to be a privilege to record in this volume some of the achievements of London Territorials on the Western Front. It will, he trusts, assist the recruiting of these fine London units, and act as a stimulus to those who are in the stage of preparation, and even more to those who are still hanging back from service. There are other gallant London units—the Artists, Royal Fusiliers (T.F.), Cast Iron Sixth, London Irish, Queen's, Inns of Court, and others—of whose prowess and splendid services in Flanders another opportunity must be taken to speak. The undying achievements of the Territorials in Gallipoli also await their record. In both theatres of war the sacrifices of the Territorials have been heavy ; the memory of their endurance and heroism will remain one of the most cherished possessions of the World's greatest city.

In the arduous task of gathering authentic information from so many widely scattered sources the author gratefully acknowledges the expert aid of Mr. A. B. Tucker. He would also thank many enthusiastic friends and members of the London Territorial Force who have so readily lent their aid.

PERCY HURD.

HILLSIDE, JACKSON'S LANE, HIGHGATE, LONDON, N.

September, 1915.

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

"MURDEROUS and terrific battle" is the term which has been applied to the fighting at Hooge in the middle of June, and we now know that "London's Own," the oldest regiment in the British Army, the essentially territorial Honourable Artillery Company, had a proud share in the achievement.

"On June 18, north of Hooge," Sir John French has reported, "we occupied German trenches on a front of 250 yards which the enemy had been forced to abandon owing to our other local successes here." It was in one of these local successes that the H.A.C. did its part. The story, as told in *The Times* of June 22, may be recalled in part. A heavy bombardment of the German trenches in front of the village of Hooge had opened the way for a charge. The H.A.C. reached the first line trench practically at the same time as the brigade which was charging, rapidly did their work of consolidating the trenches as arranged, and then advanced across open ground exposed to very severe shrapnel and machine-gun fire. The rush forward was splendidly done, in the words of *The Times* report, and the men got into the second line of trenches and later into the third, which they occupied in face of a merciless shelling. The German fire lasted throughout the whole of Wednesday (June 16). The H.A.C. were told that they would be relieved at dawn, or shortly before dawn, on Thursday. They held on, however, against attacks in which shells containing

18 The Honourable Artillery Company

poisonous gases were freely used by the enemy, and were in possession of the trench when the relief came. The trenches have not since been retaken. The shell fire was stupefying, yet the H.A.C. never wavered, and were ready to endure it to the bitter end. Their part of the operation was carried out with precision and success, and, above all, with devoted bravery.

This engagement at Hooze in which the regiment won such high praise was the first set engagement in which the H.A.C. took part. Up till then it had done good work on the lines of communication and in the trenches, but here at Hooze it got its chance, and right well it made use of it.

It is a far cry to the days of the Spanish Armada, but the H.A.C. can span the intervening years. The 1st Battalion which was mobilized on the outbreak of the present war, went on Sept. 12 to Belhus Park, Aveley, Essex, the very place where this famous regiment was stationed at the time of King Philip's attempt upon the kingdom of Elizabeth. Before leaving for Belhus Park it was inspected by the King, and on September 18 it moved out to join the British Expeditionary Force. After doing garrison duties at various places, and being on the lines of communication, the regiment went up to near La Bassée, where it took its turn in the trenches. Since then it has done similar work near Messines and Kemmel, and St. Eloi, and in June it was moved to the blood-steeped salient of Ypres. The work done by the battalion in the early months was most hardening, making them fit for anything. This may be judged from extracts from a diary kept by a member of the regiment, who has since been given a commission in the Army Service Corps.

November 5.—Left St. Omer. Winding road up and down. Aeroplane fight rumours. Marched to try and see battle. Nothing doing owing to fog.

November 6.—March off again ; long and trying march. Passed ruined houses, scene of previous battles. Funeral shop at entrance of town gave us water. Finally billeted in a convent. Went to bed (got a long blanket) in cubicles, evidently dormitories in the usual way. Thoroughly tired and fed-up.

Sunday, November 8.—Awoke to sounds of church bells, pleasing but unmusical. Nasty rumours of trenches. Not really funk, but a nasty, uncomfortable feeling of something unpleasant to come, something one has never experienced before. Great charm of a common soldier's life is total lack of responsibility—simply do as he is told. No parade to-day, for the first time since I left home. Some refugees came in looking very famished. Church in the morning. Absolutely grand organ. Interviewed organist and went over it. Went into organ loft for afternoon service. Weird, but impressive. Church very full for both services. Significant that people in distress should turn to God. Colonel stopped in street to tell me that he was forwarding my name to the F.M. for a commission. . . . Tent 23 had a little dinner to-night, fried potatoes and onions, a bottle of red wine and coffee. Good ! I don't know when I have appreciated anything so much.

November 9.—Still in convent. People here are really most awfully good. Cleaned my mess tin for me this morning. More rumours. In fact, started one myself with Jack—that five German submarines had been sunk in the Thames. Marched off about 1.30. Marched through a portion of Estaires ; very much damaged before we arrived. Quarters over stables. Beastly cold and uncomfortable. Tent 23 again did themselves very well. Having lit a big fire, proceeded to make curry, after which sat around and smoked and told yarns. Very surprised to hear guns about 300 yards away ; still more surprised on

20 The Honourable Artillery Company

being told we were right in the thick of it. Went to bed at 8. Very uncomfortable, and no blankets.

November 10.—Woke up very cold. Got down and found that Sandy had—well, let us say—"obtained" a chicken and vegetables, which we boiled ; simply perfect, though scraggy. Then told us that we were to go into the trenches gradually, and first of all with the regulars. This is splendid, as it will give us far more confidence. Also understood that average losses for some time past have been one killed and one wounded per diem. Sounds more cheerful Inspected at 11 this morning by General. Tent 23 just been collared for picket, except myself. Sounds of great dissatisfaction immediately arise. No lunch except vegetables. Slacked all afternoon. At five o'clock paraded for (as we were told) probably real work.

Marched off in rain for five-mile march to trenches. Arrived thoroughly tired out about 11.30 in trenches. About 12 o'clock cannonade of (ours) commenced right across our trenches. Very fine spectacle, but not likely to enliven one when raining hard and wet at the bottom of the trench. Added to which, absolutely tired. No German guns answered where I was. We were reserves, and were not wanted ; consequently were relieved at 16 a.m., and started to march home. Oh, that march ! The five miles seemed never ending. I had had no sleep, except what I managed to snatch in the trench. Slippery roads from the rain, and every step agony, owing to the enormous equipment and pack—200 rounds of ammunition on top of it all. Passed through——. Just a mass of ruins, recognizable here and there as a village by a wall which had survived perhaps one of the most terrific bombardments in the whole world. And so, on and on, with only two rests all the way home, which we reached about 6 p.m. After the awful cannonade, the thing that struck one most was that the war must be over now.

November 11.—Awakened at 12 to be told to be ready at 12.30 to dig trenches at the front. Also heard that two hours after we left —, the place where we were quartered, was shelled and absolutely destroyed. Bit of luck, No. 1. 12.30 parade fizzles out, consequently am now bringing my diary up to date. Nothing else doing to-day.

November 12.—Beautiful morning; paraded at 6.30 for trench digging. Marched five miles and dug. Rather enjoyed it. But came back very tired.

November 13.—Paraded again at 6.30. Rotten morning; feeling very miserable in consequence. Marched off (how I hate marching!) and reached the trenches, when we were immediately shelled. This went on all the morning. No damage done; 31 shells over our particular trench at £80 a time.

November 14.—Paraded at 7 a.m. on a rotten morning to dig trenches. Very trying march. Eventually arrived, and were immediately shelled for the whole day. Poor — killed and three wounded. If — hadn't called me back, I should have been in it. Arrived home about 6.30, frightfully tired, and all miserable owing to the casualties and the rain. Very little food.

November 15.—Day of comparative rest. No parade till 10 a.m., and then only for half an hour. Bitterly cold. Camp fire again. Went to bed very cold. No parade. Letters from home cheered and depressed me alternately.

November 19.—Pouring with rain. Paraded at 6 a.m.; moved off acting as guards to convoy. Back to — ankle deep in mud, and holes in soles of my boots. Absolutely crippled, but struggled on. Eventually put my pack on wagon and got on much better. Rain by now had stopped. About 3 miles from — we halted, and I started talking to a man in the Scots Greys whose face seemed strangely familiar to me. Suddenly he said he saw me on Salisbury Plain six years ago. Then I remembered him, and he

22 The Honourable Artillery Company

asked if I wasn't the man who sang. After this all went well. Asked me in and gave me a new pair of boots and a pair of beautiful socks, and some cigars and tobacco. Fed me on roast beef and potatoes, sandwiches, rum, tea with milk, and gave me a tin of butter (first for I don't know how long), and matches, and he would not take a thing. All he said was, "I shall meet you one day in the Strand and then we shall see." This sort of thing helps one on the way. He cheered me up heaps and heaps.

At last we arrived, and are billeted in a convent school. Went out and bought jam and bread and grapes, and had a very fine meal with the aid of the gift butter. Isn't it strange how one may come to appreciate the everyday luxuries of life? Marched 16 miles to-day before 4 p.m.

November 17.—Nothing doing all day. Not ill: just out of sorts.

November 18.—Letters from home. Very bad night. About 3 a.m. very sick; a little poisoning, I think. Too much tinned food. Moved billet again about 200 yards. An hour's leave. Talk about being treated like schoolboys! Saw — in the London Rifle Brigade, and spent the afternoon with him.

November 19.—Very cold. Slept rather well in a bowling alley. Not very comfortable, but at least under shelter. Went for an 8-mile march this morning. Even when we have nothing to do they take us for marches. Oh, it's an 'ard life. Snowing heavily, ground all covered; made some Welsh rarebit, not bad, but rather sticky. Stewed some apples in a little shop opposite our billets. Jolly good, too. Just remembered that the other day, when we were in the trenches, a man remarked he had heard a lot of dragonflies up here. Poor devil! If he had only known, they were bullets from the rifle of a sniper. Just shows how appallingly ignorant we are about real warfare, and how surprised we shall be when we really do get it hot.

November 19.—Concert in the evening. Quite successful. Very cold again.

November 20.—Snow all over ground. Route march. Lovely morning. Enjoyed it immensely. I was only thinking how utterly repellent and hideous the whole idea of war is to an artistic nature. Simply legitimate murder. In the evening we had another concert. It was followed by Harry Tate's sketch, "Motoring," by Thomson & Co. Very good.

November 21.—Moved off at 8.30 and were inspected by — who spoke to us and made us believe that the trenches were a sort of picnic on rather a stupendous scale. Another march of nearly 9 kilometres to —. Found an orderly in the Scottish Rifles that I had "pulled" to in —. He gave me some chicken broth, and I spent an interesting afternoon chatting. In the evening we went chicken-hunting for Sunday's dinner. Managed to secure six, three of which I kept for Tent 23, and he kept the other three. No. 1 Company went off to the trenches and we spent an exceedingly cold night in our billet which was in an empty house. Several refugees also in the same house who told us that the Germans came to this château and demanded 12,000 francs, or they would destroy it. The money was paid. The Germans then looted the house, turned these people out in their bed-clothes at four o'clock in the morning, and afterwards shelled the house. They managed to get some clothes and fled here where the men of the party work in our trenches, digging for four francs a day.

Sunday, November 22.—Another lovely but very cold morning. Habit of Tent 23 to sing hymns in parts on Sunday. Very nice habit too. Had the most glorious meal since I have been out here—roast chicken and baked potatoes. On way to trenches in afternoon had a shell burst just behind us in the very place in which we were

24 The Honourable Artillery Company

a minute before, pieces flying all around us, but nothing damaged except one man's rifle which was knocked off his shoulder, and a piece knocked out of the rifle. Went on and arrived about half a mile from the firing-line when we were promptly lost. . . . We could have been entirely wiped out with one shell if they had known we were there. Another half-mile and we should have been in the German trenches instead of the English. We were taken back and shoved in a barn to sleep until 4.15 a.m. I had two belly bands, one vest, two shirts, a sweater, a muffler, my night hat, a tunic, and my overcoat on, to say nothing of wristlets, mittens, and gloves, and even then I was very cold.

November 23.—Arrived in the firing-line trenches about five o'clock just before dawn where I am writing all this. Imagine a ditch cut in the ground about 4 feet deep, and varying from 3 to 4 feet broad and extending for some miles. Big holes are cut in the side for one to crawl into for protection from shells. These are commonly known as "funk holes." Straw is laid all along the bottom of these trenches, and they are consequently fairly warm. I have a little charcoal fire burning in my funk hole. Shells are going over us the whole time, but unless one comes right out in the trench there is really nothing to fear from them. Rifle bullets keep going over from snipers with a sound like that of a big bee. It is now about 11 a.m. and I have not fired my rifle nor have I seen a German. Their trenches are about 500 yards away. We lie down and smoke and sleep or chat to one another or write as I am doing. The long night is rather awful as the strain is so great. The looking for something which never happens. The trees assume shapes and everything appears distorted and unreal. The company staggered back about 6 absolutely tired out.

[N.B.—These were German trenches converted.]

November 24.—Rested all day. Nothing noteworthy except roast leg of mutton for dinner.

November 25.—Porridge, roast ribs of beef.

November 26.—Moved off. Night terribly dark. Night march most difficult. You can just see the next man in front of you ; and if you lose touch for a moment, then it is a matter of the utmost difficulty to find your place again in the column. . . . Rain and snow make everything very sloppy.

Here ends an obviously faithful record of three weeks at the Front. The H.A.C. had over six months of this kind of life before the desperate Hooge affair of which we have spoken. Since the war began two new battalions have been raised, and over one thousand members of the company have been gazetted to other regiments. Moreover, two batteries of artillery have been supplied for service elsewhere in the far-flung war areas, and four additional batteries have been raised since the outbreak of war. Three former members of the H.A.C. are now serving as Brigadiers, namely, J. C. Wray, M.V.O., C. E. D. Budsworth, M.V.O., and Fred Hall, M.P.

Thus the Honourable Artillery Company has worthily maintained its old traditions, and these traditions date back centuries. The origin of the H.A.C. is lost in antiquity. Some historians trace it back to the reign of William II. in 1087, when certain of the better class of citizens banded themselves together as an Armed Company in order the better to protect the merchants of London from the numbers of robbers who had infested the City. However that may be, the Company received its first Charter of Incorporation on August 25, 1537, when Henry VIII. granted a Royal Charter of Incorporation to certain citizens who were known as the "Overseers of the Fraternity or Guylde of St. George for the encouragement of the science of Artillery, that is, to witt, for Long Bowes, Cross-bowes, and Handgonnes, etc." By this Charter, among other privileges, no other Fraternity or Guild could be

26 **The Honourable Artillery Company**

formed in the King's Realm without a licence from the Master and Rulers of the Fraternity of St. George. For a considerable number of years this Charter was mislaid, and it was discovered in the Rolls Chapel in 1829. A facsimile of it is now kept at the Headquarters of the H.A.C. at Armoury House, Finsbury, E.C. The Regiment in peace time consists of a battalion of infantry, whose uniform resembles that of the Guards, and two batteries of artillery with uniform like the Royal Horse Artillery.

THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE

(5th London)

IN mid-Victorian days the London Rifle Brigade earned the nickname of "The Dandies," and smart they certainly were in their Rifle uniform and shakos with plumes. Yet after the great Hyde Park review of 1860, they were declared by the highest military authorities of the day to be also equal to any corps on the ground in drill and marching efficiency. Furthermore the fact that the Brigade has provided three Gold Medalists to the National Rifle Association meetings speaks for itself. And now after nine months of the hardest warfare of modern times, a General speaks of the Brigade as "the finest battalion God ever made." When it is remembered that the bulk of the men in the ranks are City clerks, these words of high military praise show to what a state of efficiency the Territorial Force can be brought when the men are keen.

The battalion landed in France early in November, and were at once sent by train to a town where Sir John French had his headquarters. Eight days later they started on a three days' march to a little shelled-out village in Belgium south-east of Ypres.

In these early days no one quite knew how London Territorials would behave under fire. Hence the London Riflemen were at first placed with the Hampshire Regiment, and divided up, one man of the Hampshires and then one man of the London Rifle Brigade.

The first night in the trenches was a night never to be forgotten. It was freezing, and the ground was slippery with ice, and at each side of the road were ditches covered with ice. The sergeant who met the London Riflemen told them that the Germans had the range of the roads to a yard, that the least sound would bring a murderous fire, and if such a thing happened they were to throw themselves into the ditch of water at the side of the road and remain there. So it was with knees knocking together and almost holding their breath, that they crept down the slippery road. Then it happened! We owe the details to Sergeant Belcher, now V.C., as we shall see later. The leading man fell over a stray pig, and four other men fell over him. The pig set up such a squealing as never pig made before. There was enough now to draw all the fire of the Germans within reach, and the men flung themselves flat on the road and waited. Silence and vacancy! They crawled along until they came to a great crucifix standing all alone amidst the ruins, untouched by shot and shell, and in its shadow they again waited and listened.

Just sixty yards separated them from the enemy's trenches where the Germans were waiting with their innumerable machine-guns to mow them down as they crossed the strip of open ground? Time would show. Then the second catastrophe took place. One of the men had been deputed to carry a number of tins, kettles, and cans. He should have carried them in a sack, but somehow he placed them in a ground sheet and held the four corners. His fingers had become stiff with cold, or perhaps his nerve failed him. Anyhow the lot was dropped with a clatter, which in the stillness seemed terrific. Flat on the ground they again flung themselves, and for sixty minutes the sergeant kept them there, when one by one they crawled into the trenches. What the Hampshires said by way of greeting will not bear repeating. Then followed the usually trying

life in and out of the trenches, with its incessant strain upon untried nerves. One man was wounded by a piece of shell; eight regulars near him being wounded at the same time, and two men were hit by German snipers.

"You can imagine," writes a N.C.O. on Nov. 26th, "how delighted we were yesterday afternoon when, a man-hunt having been organized, five of the infamous snipers were captured by the London Rifle Brigade in a wood in the rear of our own lines. No fewer than four of them were garbed in British and French uniforms, two in each respectively. It is unnecessary to say that they will never snipe again."

Aeroplane-hunting was another favourite pastime of those early days. "We brought down two aeroplanes yesterday, and have just been shelling another," is the report of a London Rifleman on Nov. 19th, and he adds: "It is quite a bit of sport and a fine sight to watch. You can see the shells burst by a white puff of smoke. The planes have an irritating knack of just keeping high enough to be out of range."

The work of the trenches was, however, serious enough. While trench-digging a member of the brigade counted fifty-seven German shells which all fell some distance short of the mark, and then came "a dose of the real thing." "Sitting with one eye lifted over the edge of the trench, I saw a tremendous flash and cloud of dirty smoke. I ducked to the accompaniment of a sound like fifty thousand gigantic granite blocks tumbling down a colossal staircase. A young sapling growing in front of my mound fell on my head—cut off clean about where my eyes had been. The rifle fire is hardly worth mentioning. Any movement in our trenches brings a hail of bullets and the 'postman's knock' or maxim, but 90 per cent. of them go anything up to over ten feet above us."

There is a breezy cheerfulness about the home letters

from the L.R.B. men which makes light of troubles and hardships. "We have some great fun at times while sniping," says one. "The Germans, if we make a hit, put a helmet on a stick and signal back a bull. If it strikes the edge of the porthole, they signal an inner, just the same as if we were on the range."

"I was on a fatigue for getting rations into the trenches," says another. "We had to go right back into the wood where there had been terrible fighting. Our trenches were being shelled a good bit that evening, and we must have been seen, for no sooner had we got out than a machine gun was turned in our direction. Fortunately no one was hit. We got into the wood and loaded up with huge packages which one could hardly lift. We had proceeded about eighty yards when we came to a well of fresh water. The majority of the party stopped to have a drink and stopped a bit too long, as a sniper in the wood saw us and hit one of our chaps in the foot. We ran at once to what was once a farmhouse (it has now one room left in which the rations are divided up), and there our light attracted the attention of a German maxim. The Germans pounded at the wall about five yards from us. As we had to pass it in order to get to the trenches, we waited for a lull and then ran as quickly as we could. Maxims were playing on us all the way back, but they had not got the proper range. One or two star-shells burst and lit us up very plainly, and some shots from snipers came very close. We arrived back in trenches all right, but it was a very trying experience."

It was at this stage of the Brigade's experiences that one member earned a mention in despatches. He detected the position of a German maxim that was giving a good deal of trouble; took the bearings of it with a compass, and informed an artillery officer. The first shot from our gun blew it up.

One day was much like another during these months of trench work. One incident, however, deserves to be recalled. On the morning of February 26th, there was a thick mist over the trenches when "stand to arms" was called an hour before daybreak, and Corporal Jenkin set out with a patrol on duty to inspect the German sniping pits, occupied by the enemy at night, and to see whether improvement could be made in some of our own pits. The German pits were unoccupied, and from them the party took half a dozen rifles, some ammunition, helmets, and other things. Then one of the patrol was hit, for machine-gun and rifle fire was going on, and the wounded man was taken back by his comrades. Corporal Jenkin pushed on alone, crawling to a spot where, about 20 yards from the barbed-wire fencing which protected the German trenches at their most advanced point, a flag had been defiantly fluttering for several weeks. He took the flag and crawled back, under constant fire, a distance of 250 yards to the British position. The flag for which Corporal Jenkin thus risked his life is in itself but a poor thing, the red, white, and black stripes being roughly sewn together, and the black strip having evidently at one time done duty as part of a skirt. Measuring about 4 feet by 3 feet, the flag is attached by wire and cord to a rough stick, and is much dilapidated by the wind and bullets. Corporal Jenkin, it should be said, was in 1913 the best shot in the battalion, and was well known at Bisley. His skill, as a draughtsman, has been of great service at the front, and he also was mentioned in despatches.

At Easter time, the Regiment was delighted to receive a visit from its esteemed chaplain, the Bishop of London. The Bishop spent Holy Week visiting the entire British Front. He had specially asked that he might be allowed to celebrate Holy Communion with his own regiment on Easter Day. The L.R.B. were then in a most exposed

position, and the Bishop motored into the village—a village which had been very much knocked about by shell fire—in pitch darkness, only broken by the weird glare of star-shells from the German trenches about a mile away. An enthusiastic welcome awaited him from the 250 men of the Regiment who were billeted in the village, the remainder of the battalion being in the trenches. Cheer after cheer greeted him as he entered the barn, where a “sing-song” was in progress. After giving a short address, the Bishop went with some of the men to their billets and had a cheery word for each.

At seven a.m. on Easter Day he celebrated the Holy Communion in a barn, the roof and walls of which had been scarred and shattered by gun fire. Over 200 men communicated. As his service ended, there were at least 150 men of other regiments outside the building who had been waiting there since seven o'clock, and been unable to enter the crowded building. For these the Bishop celebrated again at once. The officer, who acted as the Bishop's escort, wrote, “Strange as the surroundings were, with guns firing and the crack of rifles distinctly heard, one would doubt if in any church, however beautiful, a more reverent congregation had ever gathered together on an Easter morning, or if the meaning of the great central service of the Christian Church could ever be more clearly realized, or the Sacred Presence more distinctly felt.”

How deeply pathetic this service seems now, in light of future events! Easter Day fell, it will be remembered, on April 4th, and five or six weeks later the regiment was to come under its severest trial at the Ypres salient, and to suffer its heaviest losses.

There is no need here to tell the whole story of the second battle of Ypres. All will remember how, on the evening of Thursday, April 22nd, the green clouds of poisonous gas swept down on the French Colonial troops

on the British left and drove them from their trenches, making a four-mile gap in the Allied front. It was then that the Canadians on the right of the gap put up their splendid fight, and in Sir John French's words, "saved the situation." During the next five days Territorials and other troops were hurried forward to relieve the exhausted Canadians. Among the reliefs were the L.R.B. One of the men, describing the advance of the Regiment, wrote—

"On April 17th the L.R.B. was relieved in the trench it had been holding ever since Christmas. We understood we were to have a three-weeks' rest prior to our assisting in the advance. But it was not to be. Six days after we reached our rest station we were rushed off to connect the British line where the Canadians had advanced. Our officers, I believe, were shown a position on the map, and in the evening we set out with picks and shovels and rifles to find this spot and dig ourselves in. We marched straight up a road which has become famous since August last. At about 2 a.m. we turned off to the right and dug ourselves in behind a hedge. We had just time to get some sort of cover before dawn. All that day we were shelled, but I think that the Germans mistook our position, for most of the shells dropped about the hedge on the other side of the field. Some, however, came unpleasantly near, and one dropped on our trench, killing three and wounding eleven. The next night we moved still further to the right and dug ourselves in again.

"The position we had to take up was a perfect death-trap, and during the four days we were here we lost very heavily. Beside a frontal cannonade, we had an enfilade fire from both sides. I can tell you we were very glad when we had the order to relieve another regiment right over on the left side of the loop. This position had been comparatively quiet until we got there, when the Germans

began to bombard it. We were three days in these trenches, during which time the Germans made an attack. For what seemed hours, we rapid-fired into great masses of the enemy. It was almost like being at a cocoanut-stall, with the attendant crying at your elbow, 'Come and have a shot ; you can't miss 'em.'

"However, though the Germans lost tremendously, they succeeded in digging themselves in a couple of hundred yards in front of us. At this time it had already been decided to evacuate the loop and to straighten out our line. The brigade we are attached to was to cover the retirement.

"A rearguard action is one of the most difficult things to do successfully, but we managed to retire in fairly good order, and we were actually out of our trenches a couple of days before the Germans knew we were not there. We left our trenches at about one o'clock in the morning and marched till about six. Altogether we were in reserve in woods about six days. Then we moved up into some reserve trenches again. . . . For a few days longer we had first a day in the front line and then a day in reserve until May 19th, when instead of going up into the front line again, we went the other way. We stayed that night in one of the outhouses of a huge château, and the next day a dozen real London motor 'buses came and drove us right back to our present billets. We can still hear the guns when we listen to them.

"Just fancy living a whole month expecting every minute to be blown into the air, and then to be driven right away from danger by a jolly old motor 'bus. I managed to get a seat in front on the top, and I never enjoyed a ride so much in my life."

The foregoing is a brief outline of operations during that terrible twenty-one days at Ypres. But it omits many details of the gallantry of the Brigade, and we must look

to other letters and accounts for incidents in the fighting that have won lasting fame for the L.R.B.

One of the most realistic stories was told by a Sussex man in the regiment. He describes the night of Saturday, April 24th, spent in a barn. It was cold, huddled though the men were together to keep warm. "I couldn't sleep, as a barn-mouse kept worrying round, and the distant rumbling of artillery could be heard, and scarcely stopped.

"We were called up at 4.20 a.m. It was raining and close and muggy. This was Sunday, April 25th, and we marched for nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to V—— where we stayed most of the day at a huge brewery. In the afternoon a large number of motor ambulances passed down the main road with wounded. At 4.30 in the afternoon we were all called together, and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours later we started a long and dreary march. We did not know where we were going, but the journey seemed endless. At times we halted as it was difficult to get along, the road being congested with soldiers, transport, etc.

"We gradually got nearer and nearer to the war area ; we passed through a village on the outskirts of Z—— which reminded one of a gigantic scarecrow. The place was almost destroyed, and hardly any cottage or house could be seen, but it was a battered ruin ; like phantoms, we passed through it. As we went on, a dead horse or two were to be encountered on the road, and there were queer smells. Next we came to another village where there was a dressing station ; here we chatted for a while. Many wounded were being brought in ; men could be seen lying in the road dead or wounded. Picks and spades were collected, so we knew digging was to be done. We went off again ; I was dead beat with a huge weight to carry. About 1 a.m. we got to a field and were told to dig ourselves in behind a hedge, and do it before daylight so

as not to be seen. Shells were bursting quite close, and just before we started one of our men was wounded.

"At dawn we waited, expecting an attack, but none came, and about ten in the morning we all dozed off. Throughout the whole day shell-fire never ceased; the noise was awful—the sharp and loud bang-bang of shrapnel and the shriek and report of the high-explosive shells. Yet we all went to sleep.

"It must have been 10.30 when I woke up with a frightful singing in the right ear, and a shower of earth falling on me. I looked at T. and P. They were apparently asleep. I felt I must wake T., and called him; he didn't answer, but he gave a sigh as though very sleepy. There was mud on his mouth, so I could see he had had some of the shower. I shook him, but he only gave another sigh. The stretcher-bearers were near, and I called to them to help me rouse T.; but they said, 'Oh, poor fellow—he's gone.' Then I realized that he was dead. P. was killed too.

"This frightful day grew to a close at eight, and we moved off again. Once we stopped for about an hour, and many of us, including myself, fell fast asleep on the ground. We arrived at a place at an early hour of the morning, and again had to dig ourselves in. We were tired, but the knowledge that we were digging for our lives helped us on; we made fine trenches. Through the days of the 27th and 28th, we had to put up with constant shelling; it was frightful." The writer of this letter had to go into hospital with blistered feet.

"The enemy's fire was absolutely withering, and line after line of our brave men went down," is the description of another man. "One was certain that nothing could live under such a fire, but our men got there, and the Germans turned and ran when our bayonets were ten yards away from them. The experience was wonderful and terrible.

Among so many brave men it would have been an honour to die. . . . We went on and got them well back to the woods where we had to dig ourselves in.

"The Brigade came out of the trenches at 6.30 on Saturday (May 15th), and marched to a field some distance away from the fighting line to have a muster roll. There are some things one never forgets, and that is one of them for me. I can imagine no sight more pathetic than that parade of the Brigade. Brothers were looking for one another, friends were seeking friends. We were all tired and hungry, but elated with victory. Our Brigadier expressed his pride and gratitude, and said he regretted that it was necessary for us to return immediately to the trenches and fight until such time as relief could be brought up. So in we went as we were, and continued the good work."

The story of the second battle of Ypres is an epic of gallantry done in that twenty-one days of fighting, and few of its deeds of valour will ever be recorded. Many a well-earned honour will never be granted. Mr. G. Valentine Williams, the special correspondent of the *Daily Express*, in one of his vivid despatches, dated May 22nd, described the battle: "The London Rifle Brigade are," he wrote, "now resting in a peaceful village away from the firing-line. They are a tatterdemalion lot in ragged uniforms with the tense expression of men who have looked death in the face. The General, who commanded them at Ypres, speaks in tones of deep emotion of their gallant bearing on the bloody field.

"'We look on them as part of us,' say the Regulars brigaded with them. 'They are gallant fellows, and we want them back.'

"Theirs was a gallant part. They have been in the trenches since November, and the second battle of Ypres was their first big action. . . . One of their first feats was

to lay out with machine-guns a German working-party outside the trenches. That night their trenches were swept by a perfect inferno of fire. The London Rifle Brigade sent back word to the rear that their trenches were irrecongnizable, but that they were quite cheerful, and this though the trenches were choked with dead and wounded, and men were falling all the time. Shells kept on bursting in the sides of the trenches. Sergeant Henshaw was partly buried twice, but came through the battle without a scratch. At night the dead were buried, the wounded removed, and the trenches repaired as far as might be.

One outstanding incident in the battle, so far as the L.R.B. were concerned, was a fine piece of gallantry by Sergeant Belcher. Eight men of the Brigade—Lance-Corporal H. J. Rowe, Lance-Corporal J. H. Wheatley (wounded), Rifleman H. G. Buck (wounded), C. M. Evans, G. W. Freeman (killed), H. Parker, H. H. Rowe, and R. S. Weeks (wounded)—were in a trench with Sergeant Belcher when the troops on their left were blown out by shells, leaving a gap in the line. They hung on, being afterwards joined by two Hussars. Three men were wounded and one killed, and others nearly exhausted, but every time the Germans came out, they crawled above the debris and fired, driving the enemy back. Sergeant Belcher would not give up, and his plucky stand saved the flank of his line. The rapid fire kept by him and the men with him completely bluffed the enemy, who evidently believed the trench to be fully manned. To the delight of the regiment Sergeant Belcher was subsequently awarded the Victoria Cross, and received the coveted decoration from the hands of the King at Buckingham Palace on July 5th.

"I happened to be near Sergeant Belcher when he distinguished himself," wrote a private, "and I marvel how he ever came back. The Rifles' parapet had been smashed by the German heavy artillery. Our chaps dropped by

the dozen. However, we had received instructions to stick it, no matter what happened, and you can imagine how this fired us to our very hearts. Belcher and his comrades would not give in, and the more we stuck to our job the more the shells popped over us. How Belcher escaped was a miracle, and twice I thought I had seen the last of him. The shells appeared to hover about him, and yet he escaped unhurt. When support came we couldn't help shouting a chorus of 'Bravo, Belcher!'

Another story of gallantry is told of Private Horace White. During the bombardment communication by telephone was soon broken down, and so despatches had to be carried by hand. This work White and another man had to do. It was a risky job, as they were out in the open in daylight through most of it; "but then," as White said afterwards, "it was risky anywhere while they were shelling to the extent that they were. Anyway we thought nothing of it at the time, but it was evidently more important work than we realized." Private White afterwards received a card signed by the General commanding the Fourth Division which read: "Your commanding officer and brigade commander have informed me that you have distinguished yourself by conspicuous bravery on the field. I have read their report with much pleasure."

Where all did well, it is not easy to pick out individual cases of bravery, but there is one more example of L.R.B. heroism which may be recorded, especially as the man in question lost his life performing it. The following is taken from a letter sent to the father of the man in question—Lance-Corporal V. Browne: "It was on May 13th in what has been described as the second battle of Ypres. Two of our guns, one of which was under the care of Lance-Corporal V. Browne, were under my command, and we were in support of the battalion which was entrenched about 900 yards in advance of the position which these

two guns held. At about 3.45 a.m. we were very heavily shelled, and as the morning went on, the shelling increased in severity, but fortunately without any great damage to our party in support. However, our men in the forward trench had been badly hit, with the consequence that at about 7.30 to 8 o'clock I was informed by our commanding officer that we had not enough men left there to work the gun in that position. As it was absolutely necessary that more men should be got up to the gun, I asked for four volunteers from the two teams with me who would attempt the journey, and, needless to say, Browne was one of the first to offer his services. The job was not a light one, as in addition to being shelled, the whole way we were exposed to heavy and deliberate rifle fire for over 400 yards, when we were visible to the enemy. Three of us managed to reach the trench; Browne and I unwounded and one man wounded, but unfortunately almost immediately after arrival a shell burst actually in the trench, killing Browne and two or three other men."

Can we wonder that at the Memorial Service held on June 19th, at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, the Bishop of London said that the predominant feeling on that solemn occasion was a great, a noble pride in the Brigade? As he remarked, it can never be known before a battle how a battalion will behave. That day they knew how splendidly the London Rifle Brigade had come out of the death-grip. "They were the finest battalion God ever made,"—were the words used by a General who watched the action. From letters which had reached home, the Bishop said he had learned how the words he had used when addressing the men in France—"Fortitude, my boys, fortitude"—were passed from man to man at a frightful moment when they found themselves shelled back and front by the Germans. They thanked God that He had given their comrades that gift of fortitude and courage in the day of battle.

THE "SHINY SEVENTH"

(7th London)

"DEEDS, not words," might serve as the motto of the 7th Battalion, London Regiment. It is difficult to get out of officers and men who have returned from the front more than that the battalion did what they were asked to do. The Seventh lay no claim to have done anything spectacular, but they have done their share of "steady slog" and a Brigadier-General's report speaks of their achievement at one critical period as "worthy of veteran regular troops." At Festubert, as we shall see, they earned special mention. But, as must often happen, the hard work in trenches, work that racks the nerves and taxes the strength of the strongest, is exacted as a matter of course, and meets little or no recognition, while to be present at an engagement, where the very excitement carries the men through, brings words of high commendation. It is the "steady slog" that tells, and of that the 7th have had their share and earned a name for themselves by doing it cheerfully and well.

It was on St. Patrick's Day (March 17) that the 7th left their training ground at Watford for the front. They went out at full strength under the command of Colonel Edward Faux, T.D. At the inspection, within a week of arrival in France, both Sir John French and Sir Douglas Haig expressed satisfaction with the regiment's turn out and general appearance. Then the Seventh approached the firing-line and went through a course of training. As was the rule at that stage of the war, Territorials first

alternated in the trenches with Regulars; then sections went in side by side with sections of Regulars. After about three weeks of this kind of service, the men were sent to a village to rest. These rests are, more often than not, more strenuous than work in the trenches. After twice taking its turn of duty in the trenches on its own responsibility, the battalion again went back for one of these so-called rests. An officer writing home about this time said—

"Resting is an amusing term, as we do about eight hours' actual training per day, as well as the usual daily inspection of kit, rations, feet, etc. The trenches we were in this time were a good deal more exciting than the first ones, as the *Deutschers* were only 80 yards away. Two days before we were there, they blew up four mines which did them more damage than us. They also had rather an alarming *minenwerfer*, but he was off his aim the day I was here, and failed to drop any bombs in the trenches. We had no casualties though the sniping was pretty hot, one periscope being hit (a small mirror 5 inches by 2 inches clipped on a bayonet) within a minute of being put up. It was replaced, and the next shot hit the bayonet on which it was clipped, and a chip of it cut open the face of an unlucky sapper who was standing by."

The spirit of the men while in the trenches was excellent. Perhaps some of this fine spirit was due to Colonel Faux, the C.O. "The C.O. is simply grand," said one letter home, "but I wish he would take more care of himself. Just after a 'Jack Johnson' made a fearful hole near headquarters, and another landed about 20 yards away, he was out picking some pansies to send home to his little daughter. He sets a splendid example of coolness to all the youngsters."

On May 9 the regiment was on the right of the attack at Richebourg, between Neuve Chapelle and

Festubert, and underwent pretty severe shelling. Writing home about this engagement an officer said : " Last Sunday we had a most exciting time—a big bombardment and subsequent attack on our left. We could watch the whole thing. About a square mile of absolute hell inside the German lines for an hour, during which they made no reply. Then the attack was launched and beaten back. Then an interval for a couple of hours, and then the same programme repeated with the same result. Our company kept a long-range fire from over the German breastwork to prevent a concentration behind. We then got shelled for our pains, but, barring a few slight wounds, our only casualty was one of our men who had his head cut off by a shell."

At the battle of Festubert which followed a few days later the Seventh was in brigade reserve of its own brigade, and then in brigade reserve of a regular brigade. The change of position necessitated the headquarter staff going up within a quarter of a mile of the German trenches. The Seventh were badly shelled in the reserve trenches, and were then used to support two regular line regiments, and finally they occupied the German trenches. Captain Green with a half company went still further forward. After that the Germans tried to bomb them out of the trench, but they held on for four days until relieved by the Canadians.

The battalion were in trenches on this occasion altogether for 16 days continuously, and it is doubtful whether this record has been beaten by any other territorial regiment. When relieved, and mustered at billets the men, despite wounds, shattered nerves, wet clothes, from C.O. downwards, seemed to forget everything except that the "Shiny Seventh" had made and well earned a name.

The Brigade orders contained the following reference to the regiment :—

"The Brigadier has been very much pleased and

gratified in receiving a report from the Brigadier-General commanding the 22nd Infantry Brigade at the good work done by the 7th Battalion, London Regiment whilst attached to his command, and more especially by Captain C. J. S. Green's Company when employed in the direction of — on May 16. He further mentions specially the Adjutant, Captain R. Foster, as having been of the greatest assistance in keeping him informed as to the situation."

The following Divisional Order was issued by General Barter commanding the 47th Division, on May 27 :—

"The G.O.C. wishes to express to the Brigadier-General and all units of the Division his great appreciation of their behaviour during the operations of the 25th and 26th of May. They may be sure that the news of their achievement, which was worthy of veteran regular troops, will be received with pride at home."

Among the trophies secured at Festubert by the Seventh was an improvised German trench flag. The white, red and black strips are roughly sewn together and fixed to a rough pole. This flag, with other trophies, such as German helmets, a rifle, bayonets, etc., are now in the drill hall of the Regiment at Sun Street, Finsbury Square.

A letter from a member of the Regiment, which was written on May 18, says in reference to the engagement : "Captain Green took two positions across a stream, which was up to their necks, attacked the German in flank, and had a hand-to-hand fight in an orchard. He shot three Germans with his revolver, and but that he was not supported, and had to fall back, would have done a great deal more. We have advanced over a mile through the German lines, in front of which our people have been sitting down for six months. The German trenches are infinitely strong and very well built ; but the smell and the sights ! The spirit of our wounded is magnificent. All they want is a cigarette, and a drink of water or tea."

After Festubert the Seventh went back to a town to rest, but even there they were not out of reach of shell fire.

"Our friends the enemy shell us regularly every morning and evening," says one letter. "All civilians go down in their cellars, and we occupy the best bedrooms. It's an ill wind, etc."

In due course the regiment came back to do its share of duty in the trenches, and to suffer its share of casualties. Moreover the spells of trench work were long, and the men got little rest.

One casualty on June 2 was particularly felt by the regiment, namely, the death of Second Lieutenant Brian Wood, who was universally liked. Lieutenant Wood had been a sergeant in the regiment, and obtained his commission while training at Watford. He had been specially mentioned for the cool and efficient way in which he handled his platoon at Festubert. He took up his duties on July 2, as instructor at the bomb-throwing classes. That morning a man threw a bomb which failed to explode. Lieutenant Wood went forward to ascertain the reason, and as he picked up the bomb it exploded and killed him instantly.

The country round at this time was glorious. A letter home speaks of the fields as "a perfect picture with poppies and cornflowers, and even a few shells. In fact, shells predominate to such an extent that we can only go out to pick the flowers after dusk. I have two big shell cases full of lovely cut flowers in my dug-out, so the place looks very smart." A letter like this tells its own story of cheeriness, of making the best of things. Another letter breathing the same spirit says, "We are fairly comfortable in lovely dug-outs," and it goes on to say, "You should see my breeches, not read about them. If ever it comes to running away I am safe, as the Germans will stop to wonder and admire them!"

In July the regiment was billeted in a village of which

the only drawback was, according to a letter received at home, that "it was surrounded by guns of both nationalities, and all sizes, and here was a feeling that some day, if they kept on firing, the Germans might try to hit back and blow the whole village up. It is remarkable what a lot of shelling a village takes to do that ; but, on the other hand, it is equally remarkable what a lot of guns the Bosches have got."

On one point the Regiment has always excelled, and that is in its transport. General Barter told Sir John French that the transport of the Seventh London was "always the best in the Division."

Thus the Seventh have added to the fame of fifty years by fulfilling their duty at the Front with the precision and smartness of old soldiers. Originally known as the 3rd London Rifles the unit was formed in 1860, and was scarlet coated in ordinary peace times. When the Territorial system came into force in 1908, it became the 7th City of London Battalion of the London Regiment. It kept its old uniform, with the exception that gold lace and buttons replaced the silver. It is brigaded with three other of the London battalions, and it has earned the name "Shiny Seventh," because it is the only battalion in that brigade wearing bright buttons—and very bright they are kept. As it is one of the regiments descended from the old trained bands, it enjoys, with the "Buffs" and the Royal Marines, the privilege of marching through the City with fixed bayonets. At headquarters at Sun Street, Finsbury Square, are the old colours belonging to the forerunner of the old 3rd London Rifles. The colours are interesting as, having been presented before the Union, the Union Jack has no cross of St. Patrick. Its present colours were presented by the King in 1909. The Seventh contributed to the C.I.V. and other regiments quite a large number of men during the South African War.

POST OFFICE RIFLES

(8th London)

FENIANS, Dervishes, Boers, and Germans—the Post Office Rifles have faced them all, earning distinction for the variety and value of their services, such as few Territorial units can boast.

The Rifles were raised in 1868 by Lieutenant-Colonel du Plat Taylor, C.B., at the wish of 900 members of the Post Office who had been enrolled in the previous year as special constables at the time of the Fenian scare. The title then was the 49th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers. In 1880 the Middlesex Volunteer regiments were renumbered, and this regiment became the 24th Middlesex, by which title it was known until the introduction of the territorial system, when it became the 8th Battalion, London Regiment. In 1882 the regiment formed the original Army Post Office Corps, which served in Egypt. In the campaign at Suakin it again went out in that capacity. During the South African War the regiment supplied 1100 men for the Army Post Office Corps, the Royal Engineers (Telegraph section), and the C.I.V. Two or three years ago the Army Post Office Corps was made a branch of the Royal Engineers. This left the Post Office Rifles free to become a fighting force, and the body went out to France in this capacity in the early spring of 1915.

At the outbreak of war, the battalion was at full strength, and contained many members who had seen

service in South Africa. In September a second battalion was raised, also consisting entirely of Post Office servants. In spite of the demands made by the Post Office and Telegraph sections of the Royal Engineers, a third battalion had since been raised.

After the usual training to which all fresh troops are subjected on their arrival, the Post Office Rifles went into the trenches and did their turn of duty there. In letters received from members of the battalion about this time we learn of the terrors of heavy shell fire, and especially of the small field gun which fires shrapnel at a range of about 800 yards, nicknamed "fizz-bangs," because no sooner do you hear the explosion than the shell has burst, thus giving little time to duck down. At one time the Post Office Rifles' trenches were only 75 yards from the Germans, and there was desperate work to be done at night in repairing parapets and shifting sand-bags under fire.

When away from the trenches, the battalion experienced the no doubt wise policy of C.O.'s or brigadier to keep men fit by constant work. A sergeant, wounded five days later, wrote on May 10, "We have been marching here, there, and everywhere since we came out, besides a spell now and again in the trenches. One grievance will remain ours until the end of the war, and that is the vile cobbled roads. They seem to the footsore and heavily bepacked soldier, as a special burden laid in store for him by the Evil one. Imagine yourself loaded with full pack and rifle, and carrying the additional weight of some newly arrived grub, tramping over slippery stones for miles and miles and miles, dust blowing in your face the whole journey. But, the route march finished, and given the chance of merely a wash, and there is no cheerier soul out here than the Post Office Rifleman. . . . Near one of the trenches we occupied was a tall chimney which was

demolished by the Germans after the expenditure of a thousand shells. How's that for gunnery?"

But the London citizen-soldier grows accustomed to life in the trenches with astonishing quickness and becomes almost indifferent to the dangers to which he is exposed. "One day," writes a Post Office Rifleman, "I was in a trench within a hundred yards of the Germans, and for a bit of fun we put up an old plate marked with a bull's eye on the top of the sand bags. Very soon the Germans saw it, and within ten minutes it was hit eight times, but we gave them the 'bird' as they didn't get a bull's eye. . . . The village where we rested after being up the line was always under shell fire, and in a room where several of us slept many bullets buried themselves in the wall, but even here we had our usual evening sing-song."

The village had been in the hands of the Germans three times, taken, lost, and retaken, and had become an absolute wreck. Church and cemetery smashed to pieces and pieces of bones lying about where the shells had burst in the graveyard.

The early days of May saw the Post Office Rifles in the thick of the severe fighting which preceded and led up to the engagement at Festubert. The battalion then occupied some old buildings with cellars underneath. All depended on whether the expected attack was successful and whether the Germans would break through. In the cellar was a mine, and the battalion had orders to hang on until the last. When they could do so no longer, one man was to fire his rifle into the mine, each of our men taking his chance. Fortunately the contingency did not arise. The battalion underwent a severe shelling in the firing line but they held their own. One poor fellow, killed in the engagement at Festubert, wrote in his last letter home (dated May 20), "We have been under the noise of the guns for a fortnight now, we had a terrible time all through

Monday night until Tuesday dawn ; it seemed the longest night I have ever had, and I wondered if the morning would ever come. Up to then I had been able to treat the noise of the guns with contempt, but through that night my nerves seemed to give way altogether. The moans of the wounded and dying were terrible and all helped to upset the nerves."

Those days of the fighting round Festubert would have tried old soldiers severely, and these men were Post Office servants. How marvellously well they bore the ordeal letters home indicate.

"We have just been relieved from the trenches for a short rest," a corporal of the battalion wrote on May 22. "Our battalion has had a very trying time for the last ten days. On Sunday last (May 16) an attack was made, and although we were not in the charge we took an important part, holding our front line and giving supporting fire to the attacking force. We were not new to the trenches, but what we had done before was mere child's play to this. Since Sunday at day-break the air has been full of shells. As has been said, it was truly 'hell with the lid off.' The trouble started after the Germans had lost their two front lines, and then they tried to shell us out. Our battalion's line was now the third line and came in for more shelling than the others as the Germans meant to stop supports being moved up, and I am sorry to say we lost many brave boys. . . . Our rest came none too soon, for we were all a bit knocked up. All night and day, every few minutes, shells were blowing in our trench, and then a 'Jack Johnson' and 'coal-boxes' would burst right in the trench, and 'pass the word for stretcher-bearers' was going up and down the line. Night time was the worst, for it was so hard to help the wounded. . . . The cheerfulness of our wounded was most marked. 'I know of one case of a wounded man carrying another for over a mile. I saw

another fellow with both cheeks blown out trying to smoke a cigarette."

On May 22 the battalion was relieved from the trenches for a "brief rest," and were then ordered up to the new firing line which, until a few days before, had been the German third line. This brought the P.O. Rifles to within about forty yards of the German line. In the middle of our line was a communication trench still held by the Germans. The enemy soon began to bomb the trench from a portion of their fire trench, and also from the communication trench. The German trench could not be shelled as it was too near our own line. The Post Office men rapidly built out a parapet of sand bags from which they in turn bombed the Germans. A trench mortar was also installed opposite the communication trench. In the midst of the din of bomb fighting a thunder-storm broke over the men, adding to the terror of the situation.

The next two days were spent in ceaseless fighting. Orders came to take about 400 yards of trenches which formed a continuation of the P.O. Rifle's line. Three separate efforts were made; each time the enemy was driven back about 100 yards, but by dint of perseverance, and despite heavy losses, the Post Office men took the remainder of the trenches. By this time all the bombers had been killed or wounded, and it was decided to double block the trenches as far as the Riflemen had penetrated.

The P.O. Rifles' share of the Festubert fighting at this stage of the attack was full of incidents. Thus from an account which has appeared in *The Times* we may quote these further details:—

"At 2 a.m. Major Whitehead attacked with his company towards the right, and cleared 250 yards of the trench. When that length had been gained, all the bombers were either dead or wounded, and two of the three subalterns in

the company had come by mortal wounds. It was necessary to stand fast and block the trench. Meanwhile the Canadians had taken the fort in front by an assault across the open, only to be shelled out of it. For more than seven hours the Germans bombarded with the greatest violence. By midday the platoons on the left had less than a third of their men unwounded.

As the front to defend was now, of course, longer, another platoon, with the machine-gun section and two troops of Strathcona's Horse, had reinforced under machine-gun fire across the gap on the left. They too had casualties, and in the evening, when the shelling was again heavy, the men were tired out. All day they had had neither food nor water. The trench was choked with dead and wounded, and in many places the parapet had been blown down by shells. Fortunately, a fresh company came up from support to press the bombing attack on the right, but it had little success.

The attack had to be pushed on at all costs, and next evening, at 6.30, in conjunction with an assault by the brigade on the right, it was carried on till the last bend before the little fort. The fort had to be left for yet another time. An infantry assault in the moonlight was made. When Major Whitehead jumped on the parapet the Germans had hoisted the white flag and thrown down their arms. One officer and 36 men (nearly half of them wounded) gave themselves up, along with one Canadian who was their prisoner. The booty included the trench mortar, a machine-gun, and 400 rifles, a great store of equipment and comforts, and curiously enough, a drum.

The whole section of trench captured by the battalion was under a quarter of a mile in length, and there had been a casualty for almost every yard of it. Five of the officers had lost their lives and four more were wounded. After the fighting came the heavy and disgusting work of

clearing up the breastworks and rebuilding them. On the night of the 26th the Riflemen were so much exhausted that the officers and N.C.O.'s did all the sentry duty in order at last to let them snatch some sleep. On the 27th the battalion marched away to another part of the front.

It was in this attack that Lieutenant Basil Moon, son of Mr. Ernest Moon, K.C., lost his life while performing a remarkably plucky action. Learning that Lieutenant R. Hatfield, in charge of the bombers, was wounded, Lieutenant Moon went up to the front and materially contributed to the success of the affair by his cool intrepidity. All the P.O. bombers of one detail had been killed, and there was a chance that the Germans might bomb the Riflemen before they could thoroughly block the trench. The moment was most critical. Lieutenant Moon picked up a rifle and ran along the trench parapet, picking off the German bombers until an exploding bomb blew off the lower part of his face. Even then, though mortally wounded, he wrote a note to another officer saying that he was out of action.

A corporal of the P.O.R., writing a few days after the action, tells the sequel. "We then set about removing the dead and wounded," he says, "a horrible task, worse than the fighting, for then the loss of many a dear chum came home to one. . . . We, who are left, shall be very pleased for a good rest in hopes of clearing our minds of these horrible sights. Only those who have been in a charge know of the horrors of war."

The letter goes on to refer to the writer's brother, and as he is also a London Territorial, the passage has a proper place in this book. "Do you know my young brother, E——?" he says. "He is the youngest of the four of us in the Army at present. He is in the 23rd London, and came out here about the same time I did. For a long time we have been hoping to meet. At last we met, and I shall

never forget our meeting. On the morning of May 26, the morning we took our trench, his regiment had to retire from a position some 500 yards to our front, which they had taken the night before, as they were not strong enough to hold it. E—— and his sergeant were the last to leave, and before going far were both wounded by shell fire, E—— in the left leg, and the sergeant badly in the chest. E—— refused to leave his sergeant, and carried him under fire across open country into our lines. On the way he was shot twice, but still kept on; near our trench he rested, and could get no farther, and lay for two hours shouting for help till at last one of our search parties heard his cries and brought him in. On finding himself in the P.O.R.'s trench he at once asked for me, and soon I heard that my brother had been brought in wounded, and I rushed up the trench to him, hearing on the way many remarks on his brave deed. On finding me quite safe he became very cheerful. Luckily his wounds were not serious, all being flesh ones. His only thought then was whether his sergeant would live. Very soon I got them both to our dressing station safely."

Stories like this show of what stuff the Territorials are made. Many such stories will yet be told when they come home; but many more will remain unrevealed, for no witness survives.

Of one incident of the Festubert engagement, the Post Office Rifles may be justly proud. It was they who captured a fine German machine-gun, since presented to the battalion as a tribute to its gallant conduct. Having been adapted to suit our ammunition, it is now being used with excellent effect against the original owners.

Later, it was the Post Office Rifles who captured the German fort at the end of the trench, those Germans who had remained in it offering no resistance. The Rifles took prisoners one officer and 36 men (of whom 15 were

wounded), and captured a trench mortar, 400 rifles, and a large quantity of ammunition, including belts for machine-guns.

A corporal describes how the Germans retired on May 15, and left everything behind them. "Our fellows," he wrote, "got to work and built a fine position, and then had a look round the German trenches. It was most amusing to see the boys charging into the dug-outs, and burrowing like a lot of rabbits. They found everything imaginable, from suits of civilian clothes to a hock of bacon. They threw away their own cigarettes and started smoking German cigars, which had no doubt been looted from —. Then we began to have a look in, and we were not going to leave until we got some souvenirs. We kept hunting round, and I at last found a helmet partly buried under the straw. While waiting for another corporal I had a talk with one of the wounded Germans. He said he had lived in London, where he had worked up a large business, but was recalled to Germany on account of the war. [He was evidently one of the German reservists whom we so complacently allowed to return to their country in order to fight against us.] I don't know whether he said it because we had got him 'tight;' but he stated that the Germans were no good, and that his sergeant had badly maltreated him. There were a good many German wounded, but none of the others could talk English."

Since Festubert the regiment has had its share of duty in the trenches, and rests in billets. It has also had its chances of rescue work, as witness this little narrative written in July.

"We had a little trouble with shells yesterday. . . . We lay flat occasionally in the middle of the road. Somebody would give the warning of another shell approaching. Presently I saw a woman running down the road absolutely

right off her rocker, her face smothered with dirt. I called to a pal and with his assistance got her down the road, washed her face, gave her a drink, and put her in a dug-out where (after all had finished) we found her come back to her senses, and we left her in charge of the lady of a house close by, we knew by then that she had no home to go to, having been at the mercy of the shells for over four hours. Then we heard somebody else calling for assistance, and again the trench motorists were on the go. I put my rifle, tunic, bandolier, and respirator against a post and went to dig the family who were calling for help out of their cellar. I am glad to say we saved the rest, two women and four kiddies, we got the kiddies out first, and with the aid of some more of the boys got them on a stretcher; then there were only three of us left for the two women. Well, I yanked one out, and the Lord only knows how I did it. I got her down to the hospital, where I am very pleased to say they are all, except one, going on splendidly."

This business of rescuing was kept up for over three hours, and only when sure that all were cleared did the rescuers make for a place of safety. "I found that my rifle, tunic and other things had been blown away. Afterwards a corporal found my tunic amongst the ruins of the house. My cigarette case was broken to pieces: all that remained untouched was the photo of you, dear mother, which was in the pocket of the case." Post Office Rifles are not only formidable fighters, but can evidently on occasion act the good Samaritan as well.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S RIFLES

(9th London)

THE attack on Hill 60, April 17, was a particularly brilliant piece of work on the part of our troops. The hill—it is in reality a mound to-day—dominates the district about Zillebeke and Klein Zillebeke south of Ypres close to the Lille railway. It was first mined and then rushed with the bayonet. Our men suffered heavily in the charge, but they did their work well. The hill was cleared of the enemy and occupied. In spite of a heavy bombardment, which caused many casualties, the trenches were put in a state of defence during the night. Towards morning the enemy renewed the bombardment, and at 6.30 a.m. came a determined counter attack. It was pressed home; stiff hand-to-hand fighting ensued, and with great spirit and determination and well supported by artillery our infantry drove off the enemy. Throughout the 18th the enemy repeatedly renewed his attacks, making desperate efforts to recover the position. At one time he succeeded in gaining a footing on the southern slopes of the hill, but was promptly driven back again. At nightfall the whole of the hill was in our hands, and the ground gained had been consolidated.

Such, briefly stated, is the engagement in which Queen Victoria's Rifles bore their part, and bore it well. "Thoroughly reliable and efficient" are the words Sir John French applies to the work they and other Territorial units did at this critical stage of the fighting in the

Ypres salient. Many months have passed since this memorable fighting, but this war is of so far-reaching a character that only meagre accounts are as yet available. From them are gathered the following details of the part played by the regiment, and it will be seen that in some respects it was of exceptional interest and importance.

On Thursday, April 15, the machine-gun section were ordered to man and take three guns to a position north-east of Ypres. One of the men belonging to the section relates his experiences in a letter written in hospital, and although it naturally deals only with what he actually saw, it is far fuller than any newspaper account. The letter runs as follows:—

“On Friday night (April 16) we marched out of camp at 10.15. The Colonel gave us a speech. We were the first of this regiment to take part in an attack. Hence we considered it a great honour. Again we were the only T. F. gun section that took part in the business. Well, we marched up behind two companies of the Royal West Kents and two companies of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. These two regiments were to make the first attack on the German trenches, or what remained after Hill 60 had been blown up. We sang like blazes the whole way. It was as dark as pitch; you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. We took up a position in a trench to the right of Hill 60. Our orders were ‘to fire like the very devil’ as soon as the last explosion was heard. The object was to draw the attention of the Germans in front, and to prevent them reinforcing at the hill.”

The explosion was timed for 7 p.m. on the Saturday. Most of Saturday was spent in building alternate gun positions. About 6.30 came the order to stand to. Everything was as quiet as possible. The sun was just setting, and a more peaceful spot than Hill 60 it was difficult to imagine. Punctually at 7 a loud explosion was heard.

Hill 60 was like a volcano. Simultaneously with the explosion our artillery started to shell, and rapid fire was opened all along the trenches. It was like one continuous roar of thunder, while the rifle fire sounded like hail on slates, only much louder.

"We got into action in fine style," says one Queen Victoria Rifleman. "I was filling belts as hard as I could go. Suddenly there was a terrific crash just in front. The Germans had spotted our gun, and put it temporarily out of action. Three of our chaps were buried, and the gun was on the top of them. Soon got them out, and were able to get the gun later."

Rapid fire and shelling went on for about half an hour. It seemed like years. About eight o'clock things quietened down. Later it transpired that the Borderers and Kents had taken the trench with very little loss (seven casualties).

It was after the Borderers and Royal West Kents had taken the trench that they lost so heavily. The Germans had the range to a T. They shelled heavily and made seven counter attacks during the night. Each attack was repulsed.

About ten o'clock on Sunday morning things quietened down considerably, and until the afternoon things were normal. During the day the Queen Victorias repaired the damage done to their trench, and took a look at the German trenches opposite. They were badly blown about, and it was noted that no effort was made to repair them. This seemed to presage an attack on the British lines, and about 2 p.m. the enemy started using asphyxiating gas. They put most of it on the hill and on a place called the "Dump," on which were many of our dug-outs. The waftings of the gas reached the Queen Victorias. "It makes the eyes water and irritates the throat. It's devilish stuff. To be in the gas region must have been hell; it's the only word that describes it. The K. O. S. B.'s and

the R. W. K.'s must have been heroes by the way they stuck it."

Sunday night was a repetition of Saturday, only far worse, for the Germans had brought up more guns than ever. They seemed to know that Hill 60 was to be blown up. They knew the date, indeed the very minute it was supposed to go up. "The papers say Hill 60 went up at 7 o'clock. Hill 60 went up at 6.45. I was talking to our officer, and he told me to take careful note of the time. It was 7 by my watch, but 6.45 by brigade time, which differs from local time. The Germans knew our brigade time ; hence we did them. They assumed our people meant brigade time. When the hill went up they hadn't moved a man. We could see their trenches with ease from the end of our trench which faced the hill.

On Sunday the enemy had to be cleared altogether from the hill. They were dislodged from the fire trench, and then took up a position just over the ridge. The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and the Duke of Wellington's made the charge. "They got the Germans altogether, and gad, didn't the beggars run! Our new gun position faced the hill, and we were able to blaze at 'em like the deuce. We got rid of any amount of belts. I believe nearly every shot was effective. We simply mowed them down like grass."

On Monday things were the same as Sunday—gas as usual. Tuesday ditto. On Tuesday evening "the enemy spotted us, and put over shrapnel like blazes. The first shell got an Exeter chap called — ; I was just tying him up, when one got four of us. I got it in the neck, another chap in the arm, another in the shoulder, and one was killed."

Meanwhile two companies of the Queen Victorias were detailed to go out at 9.30 p.m. on April 20 (Tuesday), two hundred yards ahead of their trenches, and take up a

position close to the top of the hill. The men were under Major Rees and Captain Westby. The advance was made at the greatest peril, for they were under fire throughout the whole two hours occupied in reaching the position. They arrived about half-past eleven. The night was dull and a slight rain was beginning to fall. Already many of the men had fallen, but at last, close to the huge crater made by the British mine, the Queen Victorias made a stand and began to dig themselves in. Towards midnight Sergeant E. H. Pulleyn was ordered to take a platoon to the very top of the hill, twenty yards distant, and fill a gap for the support of the regulars on either side of the hill. The few yards intervening were fully exposed to the German fire, for the enemy was then under thirty yards away.

Sergeant Pulleyn and sixteen of his men advanced. They had not gone ten yards when six fell. The remaining eleven went on under a fierce rain of bullets and hand-grenades and reached their position. They had not been there two minutes when five more men fell. The six who were still unhurt remained under what cover they could for a few minutes until the utter impossibility of maintaining the position became evident, and the order was given to retire. They returned, bringing their wounded, to the original position, and now they were not more than fifty left holding firmly to that dearly bought hill. The Germans did not dare to advance over the crest, but the cross-fire was terrible. The hours went by, and the enemy fire scarcely slackened. The original 150 were now reduced to 30, but they stubbornly held on.

Suddenly Second Lieutenant Geoffrey H. Woolley, an officer of another company of the Queen Victorias, appeared in the trench. He had heard of the onslaught of the night, and that the officers had been killed. So he left a secure position and made his way alone, as dawn was breaking,

to take charge of that gallant little band. His presence heartened the remnant. They held their position, and when relief came in the morning there were only twenty men left. But they had prevented the position from falling into the hands of the enemy. Lieutenant Woolley, who, by the way, is an Oxford man, has since been awarded the Victoria Cross.

Further details of this night's terrible engagement are supplied by one of the men in a letter home. He wrote—

“Trouble had been brewing for many days in the district we were in, and on the night of April 19 (I think it was) we moved up to a wood just behind the firing line. The afternoon of the following day saw the commencement of hostilities. The enemy opened a simply terrific bombardment with their artillery on our trenches and supports which lasted for nearly six hours. Every man lay down under what cover could be obtained and waited. Considering how heavy was the shelling it is marvellous how few men we lost by it. The bombardment over, our regiment was engaged in carrying up all sorts of stores to the front line in preparation for what was obviously to come—a German attack.

“It was while my company were in the trench just at the rear of the first line that things started. We had only rifles and bandoliers, but nevertheless had ‘to get on with it.’ We went up to the front, right into the thick of things. It was an awful sight. The trench filled with dead and wounded, bullets pouring across, shells bursting, grenades and trench mortars hailing in. How any one came out of that place alive is truly remarkable. The magnificent way in which our boys held their ground was a sight to see. A mere handful of ‘rabbit-shooters’ keeping back the German hordes. Ay, and so effective were we in doing so that the enemy gave up attacking us, and back they went. Sergeant Pulleyn and Corporal Peebody were the only N.C.O.’s who

went right through, and the manner in which they conducted themselves was splendid.

"'Twas a bad day for us, as the company at roll-call numbered 26 men and one officer. Corporal Peebody did fine work in attending the wounded. I had an awful shock the next morning as he did not turn up for some hours after we were relieved. When he did arrive he broke down, just as we all had done. The record of losses which he reported was very distressing. Four officers and many men—all good old comrades. But they had done their duty, and our only consolation was that we held the position and kept up the tradition of our Army. Next day it was another grand sight to see the boys under deadly artillery fire marching on as though in Oxford Street. Here again we all had wonderful escapes. We could hardly lift a rifle."

This engagement about Hill 60 was a culmination of much useful trench and other work done by the Queen Victorias since reaching France in November. The history of the body is one to be proud of. It was in 1792 that the St. George's Volunteers were first raised, and in 1892, a century after, it was amalgamated with the Victoria Rifles, another old volunteer corps. The new corps thus formed became the Victoria and St. George's or 1st Middlesex V.R.C., and was made the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps. In 1908, on the formation of the Territorial Force, a further amalgamation took place, the Bloomsbury Rifles being made one with the Victoria and St. George's under the title Queen Victoria's Rifles, 9th County of London Regiment. The 1st Battalion, as we have seen, has done splendid work at the front. A second battalion is in training at Crowborough, and a third battalion is being enlisted, and is rapidly filling up with a good class of recruits.

One picture of the distasteful conditions of the winter

trench life which the battalion endured may serve to close this brief record. A N.C.O. in a home letter written in November, after a second spell in the trenches, says: "A plank had to be laid down the middle, and you stepped off it into filthy mud and water up to your thighs. The regulars we relieved had done twenty-four hours in them and were 'whacked to the wide.' We were, of course, wet, muddy, and tired when we took over, but did our job, and did it as best we knew how; in fact our fellows are more surprising every time the way they stick it. The Germans kept sending up star-shells like a Brock's benefit night; made the place as light as day and then opened a fusillade. A 'Jack Johnson' blew one of our fellows right out of the trench, and he ran along the top and got in again, quite unhurt. A chap in my section had his rifle blown to pieces in his hand, another had a cigarette blown out of his mouth. But the luckiest was a chap next door to me. A bullet came through the bank, went through his waterproof, overcoat, and tunic, but only bruised his shoulder. When it hit him he said, 'They've got me,' and went on smoking his pipe. . . . Talk about scarecrows—mud and filth to the eyebrows, wet, togged up in sleeping-caps, etc.—we must have looked a crew as we went off to reserve."

THE RANGERS

(12th London)

"GENTLEMEN, members and inhabitants of Gray's Inn, associated for the purpose of learning military discipline."

This was the title of the military body raised 135 years ago in the days of George III. from which the Rangers proudly trace their descent.

Their motto "Excel," the Rangers owe to the fact that in 1859 the regiment was reformed as the XL Middlesex (Central London Rifle Rangers), and though upon a renumbering, about 1881, it became the 22nd Middlesex, V.R.C., the "XL" clung to the regiment. And after its part in the fierce fighting round Ypres in the present war, following upon its endurance in the trenches, who shall say that the motto is not more than ever appropriate?

"The Rangers have made a name for themselves," wrote an officer, when the incidents of the second battle of Ypres were fresh in mind. "The General in command of the brigade sent a message thanking them for the work done, and stating that the battalion was equal to any of the troops under his command." In the same division in that memorable contest were the Cheshires, and this is the impression made upon that doughty body of regulars. "No praise can be too high for the 12th London," writes a member of the Cheshires; "they have been heroes to a man." A glance at the casualty lists shows at how heavy a cost this reputation has been won.

A heavy blow befell the Rangers in their early experiences at the front. They arrived in France on Christmas Day, and, after three days of pouring rain and biting wind spent in tents above the port of disembarkation, moved to a place about twenty miles behind the trenches for a month's hard training. On February 12 began trench life with all its mingled thrills and hardships. The Rangers' first trenches lay in the neighbourhood of the famous Hill 60, and here the regiment had to mourn the loss of its two most popular officers—Major V. R. Hoare and Captain the Rev. Lionel Studd, a son of Mr. J. E. K. Studd, who is president of the Polytechnic with which the regiment is most happily associated.

"You will be glad to hear," Major Hoare wrote to Mr. Studd four days before his death, "that the boys have had their first experience under fire and have come out splendidly. There is no other word for it, and the work which we have had to do is probably more unpleasant than most other jobs, namely, fatigue work, carrying food supplies to the trenches. Of course it is all done in the dark, and the road is generally shelled to begin with, and as soon as we have picked up the stuff and started from the dump, we come under a spasmodic fire, mostly unaimed, though there are some snipers. So far there has only been one casualty in the battalion. The boys are just as steady as you could want. It was to be expected on the first night—the valour of ignorance; but the second and third nights they were just as good."

It was on the Sunday (February 14) that the regiment lost both Major Hoare and Captain Studd. A shell killed Major Hoare and three men and wounded two others. Captain Studd was hit and next day died of his wounds, while other losses at this time were Second Lieut. W. Beausire and nine N.C.O.'s and men.

An officer, who was wounded, writing home described

the sad affair. "It was," he says, "a real hard week for our first, and when we came out, after over twenty-four hours in the trenches, in the early hours of Sunday morning, February 14, Major Hoare told Captain Edgell, who relieved him, that one day of it was infinitely worse than anything he experienced all his time in South Africa. We expected a rest that Sunday night, but just as we were going to have a service about 6 p.m., we had orders to parade suddenly and proceed to Brigade Headquarters, as all troops were apparently wanted. On arrival there we were put into a barn, and anxiously waited the rest of the night to be sent off on any unknown orders to the firing line, where we gathered the position was rather serious. We had also heard that Captain Lionel Studd had been badly wounded, which was a bad shock. It is this uncertainty and hanging about, especially in the dark, which is such a strain on the nerves, and most of all on those of responsible officers—not knowing what to expect—and when new to this serious kind of game, of course the strain is most felt. Orders were at last given, when the first glimmer of dawn was appearing, to undertake the important and ticklish job of finding and connecting up the right of our own Division to the left of the next in the firing line, where it was not certain what the positions of these flanks were or even what trenches were in our hands or those of the Germans.

"In the half-light I saw Major Hoare's face was set with grim determination mixed with anxiety for the complete performance of the duty entrusted to him. His behaviour was magnificent throughout—outwardly calm, alert, and energetic in collecting and sifting information from stragglers in all conditions of exhaustion, some parties in extended order and wounded of various regiments pouring back north along the Ypres—Messines road from St. Eloi, 2½ miles from Y., and the firing line on either

side of it east and west. There had been heavy firing during the night, and one party, with a mud-smothered subaltern in front, revolver in hand, was conducting thirteen young-looking German prisoners. . . . As a result of the report to the General a new order soon came instructing us to find and support the — on the right of our division. This meant an advance over the open in broad daylight."

Wet mud, driving rain and wind—the conditions were bad indeed. "I was sent forward with two platoons with Lieutenant Newton. There was but scant cover to be found from a slight fold in the ground. After going east for 200 yards we changed direction south towards the nearest line of the trenches, I ran along and lay down behind slight cover of an old part-made trench, full of water. We were here seen by the enemy 1000 or 1200 yards away, evidently in a trench taken from us on the ridge of our line which swings round that way. Just in front of us, where the scouts and I had been along earlier, was a wounded man on a stretcher calling for help which had to be forbidden by the officer commanding a company of the — battalion in the same support trench with dug-outs in continuation of our line. The stretcher-bearers had both been hit when they went out to get him in, but there were plenty of volunteers who were not allowed to try. I had to lead the way a little further by crawling, but lying there was not getting on to our main objective.

"After discussing the situation calmly and the best way to get on and find the trench which we had to support, we went crawling on about thirty yards where the support trench was. Then I cut off to the east again, running over the open, sticky, muddy plough to slight cover ground, where I saw another position to which we could advance about 80 yards and take cover lying in water and mud behind a little bank about six inches to one foot high, with

another old trench in front which I found too shallow and full of water to occupy.

“That was the last I saw of Major Hoare alive. He stayed there under fire in a corner near the —th where he could best look after the boys.

“Then the enemy started shelling us, some short, some over, which we watched with anxiety, and one perfect shell we saw burst just exactly over the corner where, it turned out, Major Hoare had taken up his position after we left. It had killed him and three of his men instantaneously, and wounded two. One had forebodings over that shell and one other, but my heart sank with sickness when, on finding them all taking what shelter they could, I was told that he of all people that mattered was dead. . . .

“That was the worst day of my life, and as soon as it began to get dusk what a relief it was to be able to go out to my poor fellows whom I had been watching lying out there, more than twice as long as I had, like a row of corpses! Were it not for a flask of brandy, which I was thankful to have, I don’t know how one would have got some of them to their feet and away through that awful mud. It was almost indescribable, and in their condition one had to appear as cheerful as possible. And so to our billets in the cavalry barracks. When we had crawled there I was told that Captain Studd had died of his wounds. . . .

“That was the stiffest first week that any Territorials have had out here, and few, if any, have had such work under such conditions, bringing forth as it did very high praise from our Divisional General, who repeated it in other words last Sunday before we left his command.”

A second severe test came about a week later. The Rangers were then ordered to go up to some very exposed trenches at dusk until just before daybreak. They succeeded in taking up their position, remained there all night

under very heavy fire, and managed to get away quite safely to dug-outs in the rear before dawn. They stayed there all day and again at dusk went to the trenches where they had several casualties.

Meanwhile on February 16 Major Hoare and Captain Studd were buried side by side. "In death they were not divided." All ranks united to show honour to these two officers, although half a company only could be spared to attend the simple ceremony.

Towards the end of March the Rangers were moved to another point in the line where the brigade to which it belonged was stationed, and early in April returned to the Ypres district. On April 17 they moved into the trenches at Zonnebeke, witnessing on the way the blowing up and subsequent bombardment of Hill 60.

April 23-24 were fateful days in the Ypres district—the days of the first gas attack. At midnight the Rangers were relieved in the trenches and went back into reserve, but after a few hours' rest were sent up with the Suffolk Regiment on the afternoon of the 24th in support of the Canadians to fill a gap in the fighting line near the village of Fortuin, the retreat of the French Colonials having left the Canadians without any support. From this date until May 8 the battalion was fighting almost continuously in the second battle of Ypres.

"We were awakened by a tremendous bombardment," narrates a sergeant of the regiment. "We stood to and watched the fun for a time, and then were told we had got to advance in support of the ——. Then started our first real advance across open country. The fellows behaved marvellously in this advance and kept their lines and intervals better than they had ever done on manœuvres.

"I can only say what happened to my own platoon during the advance. We were shelled very heavily, one shell killing three men, and wounding many others.

Directly after that we came under very heavy machine-gun fire ; but were lucky enough to get into a dug-out. We stayed there with the bullets whistling overhead at an enormous rate. That stopped the advance until nightfall, when the wounded got back and the remainder of us went further forward into a trench which we had to improve. We could see the Germans running about all over the place about 1000 yards away. We stayed in these trenches about fifty hours, and were very glad when we were relieved by some Yorkshire Territorials. This took us up to April 26.

"The night we came out we were packed off to our old dug-outs in the field and there we stayed for about five days, being shelled all the time. Sometimes the shells would burst fifty yards away from the dug-out, shaking the earth to such an extent that one was rendered speechless for about five minutes."

The casualties of the regiment from April 24 to April 26 were extremely heavy and mostly occurred while the Rangers were supporting the Canadians when the latter recaptured the lost 4.7 guns in the famous attack on The Wood. On April 27 the regiment went back to dug-outs for six days, but even there a number of casualties were sustained from long-range shell fire.

On May 3 the front line of trenches were occupied and held by the Rangers for five days against great odds, a large number of men being lost. The battalion was relieved by the Monmouthshire Regiment on the night of May 7, but early on May 8 they were ordered to reinforce that same regiment. Whilst standing to, preparatory to advancing ; the men were heavily shelled and suffered many casualties. The advance was made about 8 in the morning. It was gloriously fine with the sun blazing down upon the men as they moved across the half-mile of open country that lay between them and the enemy's trench.

The Germans were firing not only from the front but from either side, for it was here the salient had been pushed. The companies hurried forward in open order, making short rushes. Men dropped on all sides, for the enemy's fire seemed to cover all the ground. When within about a hundred yards of the enemy the order was given to charge. But the Germans did not wait for the little company of Rangers who reached the trench. They began to retreat along their communication trench. Some fighting there was at close quarters with the bayonet, but the Rangers had taken the trench and stuck to it.

Lieutenant Dunlop, who was in charge of the machine-gun section, was wounded during the advance and a rifleman took charge and worked the gun until it was put out of action, and every member of the section was either killed or wounded. Casualties had been very heavy and the regimental stretcher-bearers were most plucky in picking up the wounded under a heavy fire. At length orders were given to retire. The band of Rangers in the captured trench—now reduced to little more than 20—found the Germans had somehow got round them. To surrender seemed the only course, but that they would not do. Between them and their own line was a company of Wurtemburgers about 160 strong. The Rangers made up their minds to cut their way through, and they just went for the Wurtemburgers. Some of them whose rifles were smashed went for them with their fists. In five or ten minutes the heroic little band were through. It was a glorious episode, and the Rangers thoroughly deserved the "mention" by Sir John French.

Sir John French in the course of his despatch, dated June 15, said: "I relate what happened in Sir Herbert Plumer's own words: 'The right of our brigade was broken about 10.15 (May 8). . . . A counter attack was at 3.30 by the 1st York and Lancaster Regiment,

3rd Middlesex Regiment, 2nd East Surrey Regiment, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and 1st Royal Warwickshire Regiment. The counter attack reached Frezenburg, but was eventually driven back and held up on a line running about north and south through Verlorenhock, despite repeated efforts to advance. The 12th London Regiment on our left succeeded at great cost in reaching the original trench line, and did considerable execution with their machine-gun.'"

A letter, dated May 14, from a N.C.O. who was wounded, may be quoted to show how severely the Rangers suffered in this engagement. A passage from the letter was as follows:— "Probably you've heard the good, brave, and steady old 12th has been having heavy losses. They were game to the backbone, from the beginning of their fighting experience, and well maintained their good name to the last. When the retirement took place, to straighten out the line north-east of Ypres, we were part of the covering force and had to help to fix up the new line of trenches north of Verlorenhock. We held them under incessant shelling for four days, and lost nearly all our officers (wounded) and a lot of N.C.O.'s and men. A and B companies were the principal sufferers. All the officers of these companies were bowled over, and one whole platoon of A company was wiped out. We were relieved by the 1st Monmouths, on the morning of the 8th, and got back to dug-outs behind the firing line about 4 a.m. The Germans started a most violent and effective bombardment of our trenches at 5 a.m., and kept it up till we received urgent orders to reinforce the very battalion that had relieved us. This was about 9.15 in the morning: . . . Just as I was about to leave my dug-out, a shell came through and 'outed' me. . . . I am told by a wounded comrade that the battalion was well-nigh annihilated. The battalion has had a record second to none in the T.F. and was well able to hold its own with regulars."

From this brief narrative it will be seen how well the Rangers have lived up to their traditions and their motto. Two or three other points should be noted to complete the record. The Rangers have the distinction of being the first corps, either regular or auxiliary, of any nation to demonstrate the value of the machine-gun. In 1882 two Nordenfeldt guns became the property of the corps, and the battalion for eight years afterwards was the only one so equipped. During the South African War the Rangers supplied detachments for the Imperial Yeomanry, Service Company K.R.R.C., R.A.M.C., and the C.I.V.

On the advent of the Territorial Force in 1908, the regiment became the 12th Battalion London Regiment (The Rangers). Unlike most volunteer regiments the Rangers did not have a final festivity on March 31 of that year when the Volunteers ceased to exist, but waited until next day when they celebrated the birth of the regiment as a Territorial unit. Four hundred and eighty men were sworn in then and there (on April 1) and so the regiment was recognized at once by the War Office. Soon after the outbreak of war, Captain K. R. Wilson, Administrative Officer, raised the second battalion, 1200 strong, in five days; and recruits are still being enlisted for the third battalion. It should be stated too that the regiment's present commodious headquarters in Chenies Street were taken over from the old Bloomsbury Rifles when that regiment was amalgamated with the Queen Victoria's Rifles in 1908. These headquarters are among the best in London. Below the drill hall is a miniature rifle range, and everything is done to make the men of the regiment comfortable at headquarters. The officers' mess room is panelled as regards the wall and ceiling and among the portraits and other regimental treasures is the sword of Captain W. B. L. Alt, who served as a Second Lieutenant in the C.I.V. and was mortally wounded at

Diamond Hill, near Pretoria, in the South African War. It should be added that the Rangers are one of the few London Territorials with a recognized Cadet battalion attached. The regiment has always had the reputation of being a good sporting regiment, and no doubt the fact that it is closely associated with the Polytechnic, Regent Street, which supplies it with a goodly number of men — there are 900 in the three battalions that are now included in the regiment—has helped to win it honours in the Territorial sports. The Rangers are also well known for their band, of which the regiment is with good reason proud.

THE KENSINGTONS

(13th London)

"By your splendid attack and dogged endurance you and your fallen comrades have won imperishable glory. It was a feat of arms surpassed by no battalion in this great war."

To have won this tribute from a soldier of the fame and standing of General Sir Henry Rawlinson is the achievement of the 13th County of London Regiment (Princess Louise's Kensington Battalion), familiarly known as the Kensingtons. It was after their gallant exploit at Aubers Ridge, Fromelles, that these words were used, and for this exploit and for their share in the important victory at Neuve Chapelle the name of the Kensingtons will, in the phrase of Lord Esher, be "inscribed for ever on the battle roll of England."

The Kensingtons, like the best of the Territorial units, come of a sound stock. When, in 1908, the Territorial regiments were established, the 13th London was formed of the old Volunteer Corps, the 4th Middlesex Rifles and the 2nd (South) Middlesex, and the regiment has since become a thoroughly local corps. Since the outbreak of war, two more battalions have been raised, and the regiment now consists of the 1st Battalion which has won high distinction at the Front, the 2nd which has been for some time under training at Saffron Walden, and the 3rd which is a

draft-producing battalion, meant to supply reinforcements to the battalion at the Front, and has now full ranks. The Home Service men of the regiment are now included in the 105th Provisional Battalion, so that all the men of the 13th are now foreign service men.

Soon after the outbreak of war the "Kensingtons" went into billets at Abbots Langley for training, and it was one of the first Territorial battalions to be ordered to the Front. The occasion was marked by the receipt of the following telegram from the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, whose name the unit bears:—

"Roseneath, Oct. 30th.

"Colonel Lewis, officers and men of Kensington Battalion, Abbots Langley, Herts.

"Just received telegram. Proud my battalion selected for service abroad. Disappointed business here prevents seeing you before embarkation to-morrow. My thoughts and wishes will ever be with you. I know from your efficiency you will do honour to your calling. Remember Lord Kitchener's beautiful words to the Army and hold God in your hearts.—LOUISE."

There were heartfelt farewells, but no martial parade, when the Kensingtons went out to face the enemy. On November 3rd they quietly slipped out of England and arrived at the British advanced base in time to be inspected by Lord Roberts on the day before his death—a privilege that was greatly appreciated by the battalion, and an event that will always be remembered with pride. On November 18th the battalion took up its place beside the troops of the Regular Army in the firing line, and bore its daily share of duty in the trenches—one half of the battalion relieving the other half in turns—with perfect discipline and, needless to say, with British courage.

The vigour of the task ahead of them was manifest from the start. There was the first night in France, for instance, in what was picturesquely called a "rest camp." "This was one of my worst nights," says a corporal writing home. "It was quite dark by the time our tents were allotted, and then, to make matters worse, rain and wind all night. I slept extremely cold." Next day began twenty-six hours of truck travelling. "Bikes, motor bikes and men bundled into the railway cattle trucks and shut up with a tin lamp. Travelled like this for a day and night. Next a spell of roads and a Mayor's house. He turned out with a lantern, and we wandered about for hours knocking people up, and at last found a sleeping-place in a disused paper-mill. This was only about twenty miles from the firing line, and we were told not to make a noise."

Rain and mud were trying accompaniments of the further marches towards the trenches, and the chances for usefulness were many.

"We have had plenty of shrapnel," says the corporal. "One beauty came over on November 29th right in the stable next door, sending bullets everywhere. One of our five despatch men staying in the place at the time was at the pump, and all he got was a pail full of mud and bricks. Only five minutes before we were all in this identical place, but, thank God, no one was hurt. Then for days we had shrapnel for breakfast, dinner, and tea. Generally at meal times they came over. We had to sit in the dark in the evening because of the great hole in the roof which would have exposed our light, and most probably brought over a few presents from the Germans.

"My first experience of the trenches was funny if not nice. We travelled on bikes part of the way; and were told not to smoke or shout. Constant orders were passed back, 'Mind the holes in the road; mind the bricks.' We

dismounted about what I afterwards discovered was nearly a mile from the trenches. We started walking and could see that most of the houses had been shelled, and at last reached the entrance to the trenches. 'Follow me,' was the order. We dropped down a ditch up to our knees in mud. All black; could see nothing, but kept plodding on. We seemed to travel miles after getting into the trenches, and in some places they were too tight for me with my equipment on, and I had to be pushed from behind. Now we are not so particular about talking and smoking, but the first night—I never want another like it."

Life in the trenches was at this time very trying—how trying those who went to them in the summer months can hardly credit.

"Each time we enter the trenches," one man wrote, "their state is worse. All the dug-outs used by our fellows to snatch a few hours' rest are flooded out." "We live in clay and eat clay," wrote another; "we wallow in clay; we are of clay, clayey; damn clay."

The sucking properties of the clay in the trenches were indisputable. "The other night when relieving our half battalion," says a sergeant, "no fewer than four men got absolutely stuck. They could not move until a shovel was procured." The difficulties of entering the trenches were increased by the darkness of the evenings. The holes made by the "Jack Johnsons" had to be negotiated, and all under machine-gun fire.

A fine spirit pervades the letters written home by the Kensingtons during their first months of trench work. To men accustomed to the amenities of London home life nothing could well be more distasteful than this life of persistent muck and mud. But, despite much hardship, there is never a word of grumbling. Here, for instance, is the way in which a N.C.O. describes his life: "You don't get much room. You get cramp. You can't wash or

shave or go for a walk. You get practically no sleep for a week—and yet you enjoy it. Getting water is the exciting job. The other day I was out with a party of five after water and coal. I was the only one armed, and a sniper fired at me and missed. He was so close that the report deafened me for a time, and the bullet shaved my head. We scratched round for a time, but could not find him.”

One of the most pleasing incidents during the trying first few weeks at the Front was the visit of the King. Half the battalion was in the trenches at the time; but the other half had the privilege of forming a guard of honour to his Majesty, and the major, H. Campbell, who was in hospital wounded, was the recipient of the present of a walking-stick from the King when he inspected the hospital.

At the outset of their life in the war area the Kensingtons were very fortunate. They took their regular turn in the trenches, but their casualties were few. A lieutenant, writing in December, tells of the marvellous escape of one of the officers. He said: “The Germans tried to shell us the other day, but did no serious damage; they dropped a shell close to a party that was digging and covered them with mud, and one officer had a wonderful escape. A shell came through the front parapet of the trench where he was standing, passed about six feet from him, buried itself in the back parapet and burst; being shrapnel, with a forward burst, most of the explosion was used up in the earth, but the concussion knocked him flat on his back. That was enough, one would have thought, but when he got up and was just feeling himself to make sure he was alive, another shell came through the parapet just behind him and the whole comedy was repeated again. This time he was flung on his face. He found a large piece of the shell lying by his side when he got up the second time.

I think it is the most marvellous escape I have ever heard of."

A "splendid piece of English pluck" may be recorded here. A young Kensington stretcher-bearer was carrying a slightly wounded man to hospital. He was shot twice; once through the thigh, and the other shot shattered one of his fingers. Still he kept cool, lowered the stretcher carefully, and took cover in the ditch. The young man was Drummer F. E. Emery, and he won the D.C.M.

Christmas Day was spent in quarters. "We had," writes a N.C.O., "a nice piece of boiled bacon for breakfast, and stew and Christmas pudding for dinner. But what a strange Christmas Day! After breakfast I and several others went to the Garrison Church. The congregation was, of course, all soldiers, mostly unwashed, and as far as the infantry was concerned, with the clay of the trenches still sticking to them. Still the right spirit was there, and the singing was most hearty. The weather changed last night, and this morning everything is covered with frost, in fact, quite Christmas weather."

New Year's Day saw a renewal of fighting. The Germans began the shelling, and soon the same round of life in the trenches began again with as much cheerfulness as conditions permitted. And what those conditions were let these incidents suggest. An officer dared to plunge into the trenches without tightly lacing on his field boots. He returned in his socks to the dug-out, and his servant had to be sent to dig out his boots. One of the men fell into an old fire trench with five feet of water; he simply stripped, dried his outer clothes and put them on again, throwing away his wet underclothing. The only answer he gave to the suggestion that he should return to billets and change was: "I'll be all right if I keep digging." That same man was wounded one day and began work again the next.

Yet he and his fellow "Terriers" were six months before enjoying the comforts of good London homes and "soft" living. The six months had sorted out the unsuitable and left those who were a real credit to the regiment and "stick anything that comes along." There, in the words of an officer, is "the secret of the battalion's success. The men stick it," and winter in the trenches means real hardships, sometimes just about as severe as human endurance can stand. They could even see fun in the rough conditions in which they lived. One addressed a letter home as from "The Knuts' Dug Out, Trenches."

A parody of an old song helped to pass the weary hours in trenches full of water—

"Come, soldier, bale the flowing trench in case it doth flow over,
For to-night reliefs will come—unless they get bowled over."

Another chorus, a favourite, in spite of its crude rhyming, was:

"It's nice to get up in the morning, standing to arms at dawn,
From five to six, in the pelting rain, wishing you'd never been
born.
And when the shells are shelling and the bullets fly o'er head,
Oh! it's nice to get up in the morning,
But it's a jolly sight nicer in bed."

Trench life, indeed, seemed rather to accentuate than damp down a native sense of humour. "We captured a prisoner," we read in a letter written towards the end of February. "He was a small tubby chap, and, curious to say, he was as drunk as a lord, wandered into our barbed wire, thinking he was going to his own trenches. One of our officers pounced on him and yanked him into the trench, where he drank a mess tin of tea, and devoured a meat and vegetable ration. His water-bottle contained some raw spirit, the cause of his downfall. He was jolly pleased and gave our fellows cigarettes." To crown all, the armed guard, when taking the merry prisoner out of the trenches

and crossing a bridge over a flooded trench, tumbled in with his charge, and it fell to the lot of the prisoner, very much concerned, to pull his keeper out, greatly to everybody's amusement.

And with all their cheerfulness there was a cool confidence in their ability to hold their own. One private, remarkable for his breezy letters, wrote, "The other night some Germans crept up to our barbed wire entanglements and were going to do the dirty when they got caught. One was captured and taken prisoner, one or two shot, and those who were left got away."

Another man, describing how five of "us waggies" had to go out to mend the telegraph, wrote: "I didn't expect to get back again—hadn't the faintest hope of doing so—but eventually my pals and I got back all merry and bright as per usual. It was a hot time, but one which I would not have missed for worlds. It is grand to be right in the middle of a scrap like that—better still to get back alive from it."

Life in the trenches brings its toll of casualties, however careful you may be, but the Kensingtons, after three months and a half of irksome trench duty, lost only two officers, Captain Gilbert Thompson and Lieutenant Leigh Pemberton, and thirty-four non-commissioned officers and men. A memorial service was held in Kensington on March 1st for these. One of the men, writing home, wrote of Captain Thompson: "We have lost one of our best officers, Captain Thompson, the Adjutant. He was showing the General round and he was shot in the head. He was one of the best; he thought of the men first and himself last. Every man is sorry at his death. . . . The men have lost their best friend." Another man wrote of him: "Out in the trenches he was splendid. He would come along and ask how we were, and always have something cheery to say. He got his feet frost bitten and asked what he should

do. I had already had some. 'See the doctor, sir,' I said. 'Not I,' he replied, 'he'll want to take a few toes off, and put me on the sick list.' And he wouldn't, with all my persuasion. When my feet got very bad I rode back three miles on his horse, and the next morning he came round to see me. He's splendid." Captain Thompson was buried in the little cemetery behind the firing line. His last request was, "Bury me with the boys, not beside the officers," and this wish was carried out.

By March the Kensingtons were a hardened, seasoned battalion, fit for anything, and the opportunity of showing what they were worth soon came to the men at the great battle of Neuve Chapelle.

On March 9th the regiment paraded at ten p.m., and was ordered to be at a certain point at midnight in order to take part in the advance. "We could take nothing with us," wrote one of the Kensingtons, in describing his experiences, "but our rations and what our pockets would hold. Even our ground sheets we left. Each man carried his rations in a sack, and two sand-bags to fill when entrenching in new positions. Our water bottles were filled with tea. At ten p.m. we were marched off. We halted on the road and our cooks brought a fine meal of stew and tea all hot, cooked in a house at hand. Then we moved on, and by two o'clock in the morning of March 10th we were bestowed in hastily made reserve trenches in rear of the brigade which was massed in and behind the fire trench. After breakfast we stuffed our ears with cotton wool which had been issued to us, and at nine in the morning began the greatest bombardment in the history of the world. There was one continuous roar for half an hour. The advance was then made. We followed up in rear, running from trench to trench, and the first thing we saw was a stream of German prisoners being led out by the Regulars. Before long we got to the fire trenches.

The Regulars had by then advanced for over a mile, but the German shots were still flying round us and we lost heavily, far back as we were."

Here we may let a sergeant take up the thread of the story of the battle—he says: "By five o'clock we were in position as reserves. Being reserves we got the full shock of the artillery fire, and well we knew it. Promptly at seven-thirty in the morning our artillery began. The concentration of so many guns—I was told there were scores of guns trained on a space width of 2000 yards—on the Germans was stupendous. For thirty-five minutes it was 'Hell's delight,' so heavy was the cannonade that many of our fellows' ears bled through the concussion. Nobody can conceive how awful must have been the plight of the Germans. Judging from the amount of shells fired, from a cursory glance at the ground we passed over, there could not have been twenty yards of ground in rear of the German front trench that had not been touched by the artillery. Shortly after eight o'clock the charge was sounded by our first line—we could not hear the bugle call because of the awful din of the artillery—we just managed to hear loud cheering, and very shortly we ourselves were pushed forward and held the original front trench. We hung on there for some considerable time and had narrow escapes from the German artillery fire, which was replying very feebly to our own artillery.

"At this point we had the opportunity of seeing many German prisoners brought in, and it was a tragic sight having to remain where we were, and let our wounded men hobble along as best they could, but we recognized that we would probably be wanted for some other business. As the German trenches in front were captured, so we advanced."

A ghastly picture those captured German trenches made. They were pounded away and gave no protection

now. The barbed-wire entanglements were blown into the trenches in parts, and our artillery fire had made great gaps in the sandbag line of protection. Where the trench had been lay the German killed. Several had shammed death when the first British line took the trench. The Kensingtons quickly got hold of these, some held up their hands with abject murmurings, "Pardon, pardon." They were turned out summarily and, even then, seemed absolutely petrified. A significant souvenir was found in the first line of German trenches—a "cat-o'-nine-tails." As the finder remarked, it "probably belonged to a German officer, who found he could lay on more weight with this than with his tongue."

The next German trench had caught the worst of the British artillery fire. The Germans inside were nearly all buried by the earth blown on to them. "Many of their faces were absolutely yellow from the effects of the lyddite, while the bodies of others lying about were similarly stained. It was a fine sight to see our troops go forward. The rifle fire and shrapnel could not stop them. The regrettable part was that all too many brave fellows fell."

The Kensingtons followed closely upon the front line. One company went well forward and got into the front line where a party of them was told off to guard a house and prepare it for fortification. The rest were set to dig themselves in trenches. "In our advance some of our fellows had extraordinary escapes. A shell burst close to us as we advanced and knocked four men down. Three of them were only stunned, for in a few minutes they got up uninjured and caught up with the remainder."

"Towards evening," the sergeant goes on to relate, "the fighting lulled and our troops were mainly occupied in entrenching themselves. . . . On the second day all our companies were withdrawn and placed in the reserve trenches. On the morning of the third day the Germans

opened the proceedings with a vengeance. Evidently they had brought up strong reinforcements of artillery, and well we knew it. Part of our trench was blown away, and so dangerous did the position become that an order was passed along, 'Double towards the right, or there's no hope for you.' I must confess that the German artillery had a fair innings for they shelled us for some four hours or so at intervals."

"Quite cheerfully and in many instances with cigarettes in our mouths," is the phrase used by another N.C.O. to describe how the Kensingtons answered the order to advance. They scrambled over the top of their trenches to rush madly towards the hill in front of them. "Of the actual hand-to-hand fighting I remember very little. The order to advance had been given, and only a bullet, bayonet or shell could stop them from carrying it out." Honours were won in scores—honours which will never be given, for the winners fell in front of that little French village, their deeds unnoticed and unrecognized.

For fifteen consecutive days after the advance the Kensingtons held the trenches they had captured, and were eventually relieved. During that fifteen days the only grumble heard was that it was about time the Kensingtons had a bath!

"You just ought to have seen the British advance," writes a Kensington, in reference to the pluck and dash of the Regulars in front of them. "They might have been practising in England—coolness personified. Absolutely I can't describe it—it was too glorious." On the other hand the Kensingtons won the admiration of the Regulars. One regiment—an Irish one—dubbed the Kensingtons the "Glorious 13th."

A congratulatory message sent to the officer commanding the battalion by Brigadier-General A. Lowry Cole, after the engagement, ran as follows:—

"The G.O.C. the Division desires me to convey to you and all ranks under your command his deep appreciation of the splendid work performed by your battalion during the last few days' hard fighting. For my own part I find it difficult to adequately express my admiration for the way in which you have fought. I mourn with you for our gallant comrades who have fallen, but the splendid cause for which they have fought, and the noble way in which they have died, must always be the greatest comfort to those whom they have left behind, and stimulate them to fresh efforts."

The Mayor of Kensington received through Lieutenant-Colonel Shirley, 3rd Battalion Artists' Rifles, the following letter from an officer of the Regular Army at the Front:—

"The Territorials have done and are doing well. Two of the best regiments out here are the Kensingtons and the Queen Victoria's Rifles. Without any ostentation, and without any praise, they are just doing their work as well as if they had been Regulars all their soldiering lives. They are really splendid, cheery, well disciplined, smart, and willing."

At this period, trench life was brightened by a flag incident, of which the late Lieut. E. N. Laurie was the hero. It was a little German flag, planted boastfully between the Kensingtons' lines and the Germans, above a board bearing the words, "Downfall of the British Empire and beginning of the German Empire." With great daring the young officer and a corporal went out at dusk and brought in the trophy, to the joy of their comrades.

If Neuve Chapelle may be said to have laid the foundation of the Kensingtons' reputation as a good fighting

regiment, the battle at Aubers Ridge between Bois Grenier and Festubert on May 9th, crowned their achievement. Their share in this fight was, in the words of General Sir Henry Rawlinson, "a feat of arms surpassed by no battalion in this great war." So gigantic is the scale of operations in this war that what the official reports dismissed in a few lines was to the Kensingtons fifteen and a half hours of desperate bloody fighting. They were, in the words of an officer of the battalion, "the extreme left, the pivot of the whole attack." The night before the attack, that is to say the night of Saturday, May 8th, was spent in front of the fire trench in a sap trench; "it was more like a ditch, but under cover." At 5 a.m. on The Day the sun was shining and larks were singing merrily overhead. Suddenly all along the line, our numerous batteries began their concentrated fire. It was "hell let loose." The order came down, "Prepare to charge in five minutes." That charge! All that most of the charging host remember is scrambling out and over the parapet and going with the crowd. "They were falling down in dozens," says one of the regiment, "and it appeared to me that they were tripping over the wires; but now I know what it was. On I went, jumped into the German trench and finished one off, when the order came 'Forward,' as all the Germans had 'gone west' here. We had to go on again across a field of mustard, with a good jump over a wide disused trench, which was half full of water, and another 200 yards brought us to a country lane 600 yards from the trench we had just taken. We took as good cover as possible in a ditch on the right of the road, which ran parallel with the trenches; we were not enough to attack, so we lay there waiting for reinforcements. Shells were bursting everywhere, and the din was awful."

Another narrative says: "The minute our bombardment ceased we were over our parapet, and charging right

through, captured the first, second, and third lines of German trenches on our front at the point of the bayonet. We swept quite through, while two companies, turning right and left, bayoneted and bombed the Huns back along their trenches for a couple of hundred yards on either side.

The next task was to seal down and hold what had been taken. According to programme the — and — (Regulars) should have advanced in the same way on their front and connected with the Kensingtons. They couldn't get through and never got through. Meanwhile the Kensingtons held on, and held on, and held on against steadily increasing German counter attacks. The C.O. was with them, though he had been on the sick list for ten days, and the day after they came down again had to go once more into hospital. The major went up with the bombing party into the German trench on the left where the enemy was, held him at bay for hours until trench mortars were brought up. But the Kensingtons' right was floating in the air. They stuck it grimly for eight hours or more—until half-past two on that Sunday afternoon. The enemy's guns and ours kept a continuous deafening bombardment the whole day. Shells were pitching everywhere and anywhere. There was a nasty enfilade fire from machine-guns which could not be located, and from snipers.

"You have done splendidly; the — are coming up to reinforce you." That was the cheering message that came from the Brigadier about 4.15 p.m. The Kensingtons did hold on, though man after man was being hit. They held on, and at last they saw the reinforcements come out. Alas! they also saw them fade away. The Germans were now coming up in force on the flanks. "Then we got the order to retire. There was nothing else to do, and it was bitter and damnable."

But to retire meant fighting a way through the German

lines. That Sunday afternoon, which should have been so peaceful, was incredibly horrible. Says one officer: "For hours above our waists in the mud and foul crawling water of the German communicating trenches, isolated and cut off by an enemy we could not see, who was steadily reducing our numbers by very excellent sniping. We were four subalterns in command of 30 to 40 men. Two of the officers were killed. The other and myself determined to wait until darkness, and then try and get through the German lines to our own."

They did get through and were back in the old trenches at about a quarter-past eight. "Our hottest time, I think, was the final scramble back over this ground to the British trench in the evening: about 120-150 yards through German barbed wire and across ground raked by a withering cross fire. It was a hailstorm of lead, bullets splitting up the ground and filling the air with the buzz of angry bees, and bursting shells. For one awful moment I was caught in the barbed wire, but managed somehow to wrench myself free. Men were being hit all about me. Somehow, I shall never know how or why, I got across the foot of our parapet. There was a slight ridge here; lying absolutely flat, it gave cover. It was still light—about 7.45 p.m.—and I told the men to wait until it was darker before the last dash over the sand-bags into our lines. . . . Lying here flat under the slightest ridge of earth, with shells bursting and whistling overhead, with bullets throwing up earth behind and before and around one—lying there I fell fast asleep from sheer exhaustion. It must have been nearly half an hour when I woke. I made the dash, scrambled up the parapet, and flung myself over and down among our own men. I never said 'Thank God' as I said it then."

Another narrative is most dramatic. It says: "The minutes slipped by, and when 30 minutes had elapsed,

we knew something was wrong. Imagine our feelings. Our little batch was being sniped; still no help. Then the officer said, 'We shall have to retire.' No sooner had we stood up than we got it; the Germans had surrounded us and were pouring maxim and rifle fire into us. The boys were going down like corn before a scythe. I got near the main trench, expecting every second would be my last, when a shout came, 'Come on, laddie.' In I jumped and found myself with about 50 men of different regiments—the Royal Irish, the Lincolns, the Berks—and they were holding only 150 yards of the trench we had captured; so the Germans were each side of us. It was then about 8 o'clock—it seemed like a year since 5.45—and I took up my position on the parapet and started blazing away at the Germans, who were slowly working their way back to us. Our artillery spotted them and blew hundreds to pieces; legs and arms were flying in the air—it was a sight! and only about 200 yards away.

"Suddenly my attention was drawn to a ruined mill about 150 yards away where a sniper was potting at me, and the bullets were going 'ping' just in front of my sand-bag. I guessed that sooner or later our artillery would demolish that mill, and that chap would have to jump for it or 'go up.' So I waited patiently and sighted my rifle on the place where I thought he would jump. Presently a high explosive shell burst about 20 yards away from it, and he jumped at the very spot I thought he would. I got him fine. I was so excited that I shouted to the boys, 'I've got him.'

"About 11 a.m. I heard a fellow out in front yelling, 'For the love of God give me water! I am dying.' He kept it up for some time, and it nearly drove me mad. Don't think I am boasting when I tell you this; any man would have done the same for another if he had anything of the Britisher in him. I went to an officer and said,

'I am going to take water to a man out in front, sir.' Well, you are doing a plucky thing and risky,' he replied. Off I went and crawled along on my stomach—the bullets were sending up a little cloud of dust, but that didn't matter much. At last I found him—shot in the stomach and both legs. He looked ghastly, and was using a dead man as a pillow. After he had had all he wanted, he told me to take a letter out of his pocket with his home address, to write to his people for him. While I was there another fellow was beckoning me, and I went to him. He wanted water, and finished off the remainder. He died while I was there. I got back all right."

The battalion had won "imperishable glory," but was reduced to a mere shadow. What was left of it—less than half—was withdrawn from the trenches and sent back to billets, and afterwards were used to act as guards on the line of communications. Before the battalion left, General Sir H. Rawlinson rode out to address the men. He said he was proud to have them under his command; that their last attack, though it could not be supported, had directly relieved the pressure on Ypres and towards Arras. "Though no accounts of your work on that occasion have been published in the Press," he added, "do not think it is not known and fully appreciated. It is known fully, and valued in the highest degree by myself and the staff of the Corps, by General Sir John French, and the Headquarters' Staff, and by the authorities at home—the War Office."

We may fittingly conclude with a letter sent by the Mayor of Kensington to Colonel Lewis. The Mayor wrote on May 18th—

"The people of Kensington are deeply grieved to hear of the heavy losses in officers and men which our regiment has sustained in the fighting of the last few days. Please let the officers and men who are

left know how proud we are of the splendid gallantry they have shown on every occasion since they have been in France. They have, indeed, won a name for themselves, and added a lustre to Kensington which will never be forgotten."

And these are the men who a few months before were earning their living in the Civil Service, the Law, and other professions, and at the counters and in the warehouses of the famous Kensington emporiums—Harrods, Barkers, Derry and Toms, and the rest, and the great firms of Selfridges and Lyons. They have indeed proved the valour of London's citizen-soldiers.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH

(14th London)

Messines, Ballowe'en, 1914.

“ Our cavalry lines were sorely pressed
Beneath the brow of a hill ;
The command was : Over the open crest
And down and among the enemy's guns, with a will !

Brave, unfaltering, on they came
To the very trenches' side,
Straight to the murderous muzzles of flame,
—A troop untested, untried !
Ten to one were their foemen set,
Thrice they reeled to the strain—
Re-formed—and charged with the bayonet
Again, again and again ! ”

(From a poem by Will Ogilvie in the “ Weekly Scotsman.”)

“ MESSINES ! ” Who heard of its existence a year ago ?
It has no place in our Gazetteers, yet it will for ever be
memorable in British history, for it was the scene of the
baptism of blood of the first Infantry Territorial Regiment
to be in action.

No one present at the “ C ” Company concert at the
Leavesden Asylum on Saturday, September 12, 1914,
will easily forget the thrill that passed from man to man
of the London Scottish when Captain James Lindsay,
Brigade Staff-Captain, mounted the platform to announce :

“ I have the General's permission to tell you that
you are to have the greatest honour ever conferred
on a Territorial battalion. The London Scottish are
to go abroad, and will probably sail on Tuesday.”

The cheering was loud and long, and in answer to cries of "Where?" the reply was given :

"To the Continent. I wish 'C' Company and all the London Scottish Godspeed. Would I were going with you."

The cheers were tumultuous but, bolt from the blue though the news was, the concert went on to its appointed end all the same. We like to think of this as a typically British touch. The next item—a boxing bout—took on an added suggestion of realism ; that was all.

A premonition had come in the message of August 27, from Lord Esher, that, as a result of a deputation to Lord Haldane, he had received permission to raise a reserve battalion for every one of the London Scottish who had volunteered for foreign service. In three days the second battalion was raised. It was true to type, for it represented the callings in which Scotsmen have excelled all the world over—Clerks, 460 ; Professional men, 264 ; Commercial men, 226 ; Undergraduates, 101 ; Apprentices, 10 ; and a Member of Parliament—Col. J. W. Greig, C.B., V.D. More than that, the reserve battalion could boast over sixty Gaelic-speaking members at its initiation, and the Doric was well sprinkled throughout its eight companies.

Within less than a week a message from Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Malcolm announced the arrival of the 1st Battalion at its first destination in France. By official decision it was split up and sent in various directions wherever it could render the best immediate service. As one of the officers remarked, "ubique" might well have been attached to the crest of the Regiment to indicate its varied usefulness at the first stage of its experiences in France.

"One of our companies is at rail head," we are told, "and there the banging of guns goes on day and night. The men as a whole have worked like slaves, and have set

a new pace throughout the country. General French also has his head-quarters guarded by a half Company of 'Ours,' and a Company formed the Guard of Honour when President Poincaré visited General French."

Every kind of job fell to the London Scottish in these early days—laying field telegraphs, supplying the military police for the Capital, escorting prisoners, unloading supplies at rail-head, carrying in wounded to hospital, and anything in the Army Service Corps line from shunting trucks to unloading big guns. Whenever the authorities wanted anything special done, the words that seemed to spring first to their lips were, "Oh, get a London Scottish."

Within a week of the comparative quietude of a Hertfordshire camp, many members of the Battalion were leading a picturesque life akin to that of ancient Britons and yet within hearing of the German guns.

"It really is an extraordinary life," says a subaltern in the *Regimental Gazette*. "A week ago to-day (Sunday) I saw you at Watford, and to-day I should have been at home with you. Instead of this we are leading the life of cave-dwellers, picturesque in the extreme, three caves with fires burning merrily, cheery lads who left their kit at Southampton five days ago, and within hearing distance the guns are dealing death and agony at every shot."

Humour, with just a touch of humiliation, was supplied by one experience of these early days. Seeing the kilted soldiers some French Arab troops thought they were Germans, and were just taking aim when a French officer rushed between them. "For our after safety some of them were brought along to have a look at our costume to get used to it."

All of which early experiences are compressed in a two-lined message from the Commanding Officer, which reads:

"The Battalion continues to do excellent work and has earned much praise."

Thus the prelude to the fateful Hallowe'en.

Let us first follow the story as told in the calm dignity of the official letters. They are as follows:—

“H.Q., 1st Army Corps, Near Ypres,

“*November 9th, 1914.*

“DEAR COLONEL MALCOLM,—I think your Battalion would like to have the enclosed letter. . . . General Allenby, commanding the Cavalry Corps, addressed it to me, because it was I who sent you on from here on the 30th October to his support, as I heard he was hard pressed, and the situation in my part seemed to be easier.

“I congratulate you and your Battalion most heartily on the splendid services you have rendered. I am very glad indeed to have you back again with the 1st Corps.

“I am, yours very truly,

“DOUGLAS HAIG.”

“*November 1st, 1914.*

“MY DEAR HAIG,—I wish to tell you how magnificently the London Scottish have behaved. In discipline and tactical efficiency they have been up to the standard of the best Regular Troops. Last night they took their place in the trenches, after a hard day of marching and fighting, as I had not enough strength to keep them in reserve.

“In the small hours of the morning, my front was broken, and the brunt of the attack came on that section held by the London Scottish. Not a man left his trench until the trenches were overrun by the enemy. They made a great fight, and accounted for hundreds of Germans. Their losses were, I fear, very great, but their staunchness enabled us to maintain the important position of Wytschaete, until the

arrival of reinforcements. The Cavalry Corps and the Army owe them a debt of great gratitude. I am sending them to join the 1st Corps; and I thank you, as well, for allowing them to help me. I regret deeply the loss of so many brave men.

"Yours sincerely,

"E. H. ALLENBY."

To which the Commanding Officer adds the following :—

"As was only natural, the action at Messines overshadowed all that followed, but I would like to take this opportunity of recording the very fine behaviour of the Battalion when sent to the 4th Guards' Brigade. In the action that followed, one has to take into consideration the fact that those who survived were still suffering from the shock of the terrible ordeal through which they passed on the 31st October and 1st November. That all ranks carried out their difficult task with the utmost credit is proved by the following letter, which I afterwards received from Lord Cavan, commanding the 4th Brigade :—

"November 14th, 1914.

"DEAR COLONEL MALCOLM,—I must send you a line of most true thanks for the splendid behaviour of the London Scottish in the very difficult position in the Brown Road Wood. To have held the line successfully with men dead beat for ninety-six hours, is a feat I am sure that will some day be written very big in History.

"I hope so much you and your men will get at least twenty-four hours' good rest.

"Yours most gratefully,

"CAVAN, Brigadier-General."

The story of Messines and Zillebeke to which these letters refer has been much embellished in a section of the Press. We shall best consult both the facts and the wishes of every member of the London Scottish if we set out a plain, unvarnished narrative of the whole affair. The interval of time that has since elapsed permits this to be done.

"Take Ypres by November first," was the German order. It was a critical moment in the German offensive which had Calais for its ultimate objective. General Allenby's Cavalry Corps, the men of which, dismounted, lined the trenches, were hard pressed, and the call came to the London Scottish to move up in support. They went in joyfully, a full battalion; they came out of it a rather thin one; but the field of Messines was watered with the blood of a far greater force of Bavarians opposed to them—Prince Ruprecht's words of hate all unavailing. The London Scottish did their part gallantly in stemming the German onset and helping to put Calais beyond the enemy's reach.

It was at the end of October that orders came to concentrate, and on October 28 the regiment was taken in motor 'buses to Ypres—the familiar London "Generals," painted grey—and a wet, slippery, and exciting night ride it was. Just as Ypres was reached the first two shells fell on the city, which had not hitherto been bombarded. On the night of October 30 the regiment was ordered to St. Eloi and were placed under General Gough's command. Next morning, October 31, it was moved in rear of the cavalry, and from there it was ordered to join General Bingham's command. It marched to Wytschaete, but when it was on the way it was spotted by a German Taube, and when it arrived at Wytschaete the village was shelled severely. Houses were falling, and the streets were practically impassable. A staff officer came up at the

moment when Colonel Malcolm was hesitating as to whether the village should be entered in these circumstances. He agreed with the Colonel, and the regiment was led to the rear of this position and formed up at the back of the woods near Messines.

Then orders came that the regiment was to deploy for attack, and to support the cavalry who were in the trenches in front. It was still the morning of October 31. The battalion moved forward to find the trenches all occupied. It lay there all day in the open under fire, and lost heavily. At dusk the battalion started to dig itself in, prolonging the line of cavalry trenches wherever there were gaps. At 7 p.m. the men heard the bands of the Germans playing, and it was said that the Kaiser and Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria were with the enemy troops opposite our trenches. Evidently the Germans intended that night to break through the British line.

The first big German attack was made at 9 p.m. They came against the whole line in thousands. The attack was beaten back by a series of charges. There were two or three other attacks made afterwards, the London Scottish doing its share with the Carabineers.

Colonel Malcolm, fortunately, as it turned out afterwards, placed one company in reserve, in a dip where there was a farm nearly half a mile to the rear on the left flank. This company was entrenched opposite a wood, and when the Germans broke through on their left and entered the wood, this reserve company held them up. The orders were to hold the enemy at all costs, for if they broke through, the whole battalion and its wounded would be surrounded. The company fought so magnificently, going three times into the enemy's lines with the bayonet, that the Germans evidently thought there was a large force behind them. Had they known how thin was the opposing line they could easily have gone right through the British

lines that day, and the London Scottish and Carabineers would have been enveloped.

Earlier in the evening the Germans, in attacking, actually got into the first London Scottish trench where they bayoneted Dr. McNab, the regimental medical officer, and several of his stretcher-bearers while attending to the wounded. A counter attack was made and the trenches were reoccupied.

It is supposed that an order to retire was given which did not reach the London Scottish and Carabineers. Consequently, at dawn on November 1 they found themselves more or less surrounded by the enemy. When the men realized their position they saw there was nothing to be done but fight their way back. The reserve company moved to the right to cover the retirement. The Germans between them and the reserve trenches appeared confused and unable to realize what was happening. This no doubt saved the battalion, for it did not seem possible that any could come through alive, so hopeless did the situation appear.

For a second time the Germans, through ignorance of what was going on and of what a tiny force was opposing them, let slip a grand opportunity. This ignorance was due no doubt to the darkness of the night.

With daylight on November 1 what was left of the London Scottish fell in at the village of Wulverghem in the rear.

The men were then ordered to occupy the trenches in front of Wulverghem, where they remained under shell fire the whole of the day. They were relieved in the evening and ordered to fall back to La Clythe. There, to their great joy, they found another 200 to 300 of their comrades. Forty men and one officer were posted as missing, in addition to other casualties, and these have since been heard of.

Later the battalion was in trenches at Zillebeke, where it suffered heavily, being shelled day and night for five whole days. The London Scottish has since been attached to a famous regular brigade, and has taken its turn of duty, "continuing to do excellent work."

The home letters of officers and men add many picturesque details to the story. We are permitted to publish extracts from the diary of one of the combatants covering both the Messines and Zillebeke affairs.

Oct. 30.—Paraded early and marched away in column—under fire. Passed through a village. Inhabitants flying. Halted for a while. Everybody throwing away superfluities. Threw away my hold-all and other odd things. Advanced again, H Company leading. "Coal box" burst 12 yards away from us. Advanced in single file along hedge, lying down occasionally. No idea we were near the Germans. H Company advanced into the open, and were met with hellish shrapnel fire. Many wounded. Laid them behind a haystack. Shrapnel fire simply awful. Were afraid we were drawing fire on the wounded, so decided to run to the shelter of a ditch 50 yards away. Ran across with S—, B—, H—, and M—. B— was shot immediately with a bullet through the temple. Stopped and saw he was dead, and ran hard and flopped in the ditch. S— was badly wounded, but got into a ditch ahead, I think. H—, M—, and I lay in the ditch—or, rather, shallow depression—for five hours, not daring to lift our heads or even to move. Shrapnel, coal boxes, maxims, and bullets were whizzing over our heads all the time. One coal box burst about five yards away, and nearly smothered us. When dusk came and fire slackened we crawled back to the trenches held by the —. Then advanced to the haystack. Saw No. 4 section wounded we had left there being attended by regimental ambulance. A— has a shrapnel bullet through both legs—in pain, but fairly

comfortable. S—— has his knee shot away, and is hit over the ear. McG—— is wounded in three or four places—— very bad. Several others.

Nov. 1.—Remembered it was Hallowe'en. Germans attacked us in quarter column about one o'clock. Repulsed them with heavy loss. Saw a party of men in kilts in our rear. Did not know if they were our men or Germans. They got within a dozen yards, when we saw they wore spiked helmets, and shot them. Were attacked in both front and rear by hundreds of Germans. Had the order for alternate men to face opposite directions. Pumped lead into the devils for over an hour. They advanced in quarter column with a brass band at their head, playing the Austrian National Anthem. After an hour the skipper on the windmill gave orders to retire to the trench by the windmill. Ran across through the German fire and held the trench until dawn. Retired to a trench about 50 yards behind. Held this for a time, and then retired gradually at a walk.

Nov. 3.—Colonel read telegrams of congratulation from General French and other generals.

Nov. 7.—In afternoon marched off as a battalion. Had a terrific forced march of about 16 miles through Dickebusch and Ypres (which was in flames and was being shelled by the Germans) to a farm, where we were billeted.

Nov. 8.—Marched over to Zillebeke and relieved the —— in the first line of trenches. Fairly comfortable. Had several exciting bursts of firing during the night.

Nov. 10.—Very hot attack by Germans, who enfiladed us and attacked by a hedge. Could hear the Germans entrenching themselves a little way ahead, and we were awake all night, giving bursts of rapid fire. Snipers answered. Had a very narrow squeak. German fired immediately after I had fired, aiming at the flash of my rifle. Should have been shot clean through the head, but

the bullet hit my bayonet and smashed it off at the haft. Several casualties.

Nov. 13.—Still raining. Relieved at 10 o'clock.

To these narratives of London Scottish participants in the fight may be added the comment of a motor-cyclist despatch-rider. "The London Scottish," he said, "had a terrible time, and really saved the whole British Army. They were only supposed to be in support, and had no machine-guns with them, when news came in of the highly critical situation, and they were led up to the trenches under shell and rifle fire over open ground—a thing very seldom undertaken even by regulars. They made a perfect advance as if they were on parade, and then later on came this awful attack. The Germans came on in masses, with bands playing, and, as I heard later, the Kaiser in person looking on (from a safe distance), and the Scots mowed them down and down till their ammunition gave out, when they leapt out of their trenches and went for the enemy with the bayonet. They were driven back into the trenches by force of numbers, and a desperate fight took place. Their medical officer, a Harley-street specialist, called McNab, was actually bayoneted in front of their eyes whilst bending down attending to two wounded men. It was bright moonlight, and he had a white badge and red cross on his arm, and even a blue tunic on, so as to be unmistakable, and was, of course, without arms of any sort."

The record of an official eye-witness present with General Headquarters completes the story of the part taken by the London Scottish in the Messines fight.

"The occasion," he says, speaking with the restraint proper to his position, "is not looked upon as a special one because this battalion acquitted itself well, for that was regarded as a matter of course, nor because it has done better than the regular battalions, who have been

doing as much, if not more, for weeks on end. It is a special event because it forms an epoch in the military history of the British Empire, and marks the first time that a complete unit of our Territorial Army has been thrown into the fight alongside its sister units of the regulars.

"On Saturday, being ordered to take up a section of the firing line to support some of our cavalry, and having advanced to its position under a heavy fire from field guns, howitzers, and machine-guns, the battalion reached a point where further movement forward was impossible.

"There it maintained itself until dusk, when it proceeded to entrench. From 9 that night till 2 a.m. on Sunday (Nov. 1) the Germans made numerous attacks on the Scottish line, all of which were repulsed by rifle fire.

"At 2 a.m. they made their great effort and assaulted the front and left of the position in great force.

"A considerable number succeeded by a detour in getting round the flank of the regiment. A large proportion of these were engaged by the companies in support and reserve, while others penetrated between the first and second lines of trenches and assailed our firing line in rear.

"While fighting with rifle and bayonet was going on, both in front and immediately behind the firing line, the reserve company still farther behind made repeated bayonet charges against the enemy, who had got round, and so prevented an entire envelopment of the battalion. Behind the firing line the scene of combat was lit up by a blazing house which the Germans had set alight.

"At dawn it was discovered that large numbers of the enemy had, according to custom, worked round both flanks with machine-guns, and a retirement was carried out. This was effected under a cross fire from machine-guns and rifles.

"Naturally, in an encounter of this nature, the battalion

suffered heavy loss ; but though unable to maintain its position it acquitted itself with gallantry and coolness in a situation of peculiar difficulty and, following the national motto of *Nemo me impune lacessit*, inflicted far more damage on the enemy than it received."

Sir John French's message to the Commanding Officer of the Battalion will live as long as the London Scottish. He said—

"I wish you and your splendid regiment to accept my warmest congratulations and thanks for the fine work you did yesterday at Messines.

"You have given a glorious lead and example to all the Territorial troops who are going to fight in France."

Colonel Malcolm's own words, as recorded in the *London Scottish Regimental Gazette*, upon his return to London, may fittingly close this narrative. He said, "With regard to those historic days, from a regimental standpoint, at Messines, also the days and long, black nights in the trenches with the 4th Brigade, and while acting as corps reserves in the H— Wood, I can only say that no commanding officer could have wished for more devoted or braver men. Mere words cannot express my feelings of pride and admiration. To all my comrades, officers, non-commissioned officers and men, I thank you, I thank you, and again I thank you.

"To the sorrowing relatives of those who have laid down their lives for King and Country, I tender, in the name of the battalion, our deep and heartfelt sympathy, a sympathy that is all the deeper, for were they not our comrades who fought at our side?"

After the Messines and Zillebeke fights came spells of trench warfare. The hope of a Christmas at home had not yet quite vanished. "We are billeted now in a charming

little house," says a piper of the regiment, writing on November 7, "with a nice garden, having a rest after our skirmish. I had a cold bath on the lawn yesterday. Just imagine me doing that at home in November."

On the immediate right and left hard fighting had been in progress, but the London Scottish seemed fairly safe behind their barbed wire entanglements, despite the continuous noise of the guns, and the nerve-racking night watchings. "My trench is in a fir wood," says a member of the regiment, "just like bonnie Scotland ; but the shell-fire has damaged nearly all the trees—to-day, being windy, they are falling in all directions. We have not had a hot meal since we came here. We have lost our blankets again in the meantime. I am just going to have my lunch of 'bully' and bread, and plain water." And again seven days later on, November 18, "Last night was the first for ten days that I have had a roof over my head. The weather has been atrocious—pouring rain, and driving, cutting snow ; but it did not get through my overcoat, which is richly caked with mud."

What a change had come over the once smart London Scottish as seen marching jauntily through the London streets to the skirl of the pipes ! "Every man almost has a beard, and you could not imagine the dirty, bedraggled crowd we are. The strain of watching through the night in the trenches is pretty awful. The nights were pitch black, and the rain came pouring down, making the trenches an awful mess. One chap gave a loud cry in his sleep ; thinking it came from the wood in front, I blazed away. We sent a burial party out in front of us one morning. There must have been hundreds of Germans lying there, with thousands further on. All we could do was just to cover them with earth. It was a horrible sight, and it is impossible for you folks at home to realize anything of the awfulness of this war. But despite all the

discomfort, I would not have liked to miss the chance of doing my part here, for it is a grand, free life—a sight better than mouching round the city."

On December 21 came the order to move once more from the pleasant rest billets. "It came in the middle of a football match, and in half an hour we were off. We marched twenty miles during the afternoon and night, rested a few hours, and went on another seven. The hurry was because some trenches had been lost, and our job was to retake them. We took them and are hanging on and strengthening them. They were in an awful mess, but we have improved them. It is much too cold for any one to stay in them long; they are situated in a cold, bleak waste of flat country, and the weather, the wind especially, is bitterly cold." And all the while the German snipers, drawn from the Jäger battalions (gamekeepers), "make sure of their work." The whole countryside was cut with trenches and dug-outs. "You can pick up pieces of shell as plentifully as stones along the wayside. The house in which I write this has no roof, and great gaping holes in the walls."

Christmas Day was spent quietly and without casualties. "Our artillery sent them over a Christmas present of a few shells, and that stirred them up a bit; but on the whole this is a soft job."

In a letter written in the first week of the New Year we get this picture of the new position. "We hold a fairly impregnable position on top of a hill, and unless the Germans have a large number of men here, which we doubt, we don't see how they can get through. Our trenches, for the same reason, being fairly high up, are comparatively dry—there are only about six inches of mud in them—while we have the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy are much more uncomfortable, judging by the water we see them baling out every day."

"The General commanding our division is keeping us on here, and there is no word of relief yet. He sees our fellows so chirpy and cheerful that he thinks they are good for more work. The beggars sent one of their 'Minenwerfen' slap into the trench yesterday. One poor chap was blown to pieces, another badly wounded, and two were thrown clean out of the trench and are suffering badly from the shock."

Relaxations were not, however, wanting. There is always hockey played with a football and entrenching-tool handles. One can always make oneself comfortable in the trenches with a little scheming. "A tot of rum keeps out the cold, and you feel as fit as a fiddler in the morning." Nearly every night when away from the trenches there is a concert, often finished by a reel dance in the flashlight.

On the Kaiser's birthday (January 27), with its big fight, the regiment was at Cuinchy, near La Bassee. The story, as told by a member of the London Scottish, is as follows:—

"Had the attack come a day sooner, the London Scottish would have lost heavily. As it was two well-known regular battalions took the damage, which was heavy. They were more or less surprised. Their trenches were blown up; the Germans came on with their rifles slung over their shoulders, laughing and talking, and carrying two bombs apiece. Under cover of the smoke from these they charged. They came up in huge masses, and it was a wonder they did not get right through. As it was, those of the Guards who were left retired about 150 yards and held them there. They sent for help, and we being just in the village, were turned out in the middle of our rest and went to their support. Then came two famous Scottish battalions (all these four regiments and ourselves composed the first brigade of the first division). In two hours we had

three brigades—the whole of the first division—on the spot ready for any more trouble. They were concentrated round Givenchy and Cuinchy, both of which were to be held at all costs, by special orders from General French. The Germans had got our firing trenches at both places, so they had to be retaken. Those at Givenchy were carried by the Sussex Regiment and the Welsh, who got them back easily enough as the ground was favourable, but lost a lot of men. At Cuinchy it was different. The Black Watch attempted it, and were shot down almost to a man. The poor beggars had to wade knee deep in mud in broad daylight, under a murderous enfilade fire from machine-guns. The two companies who attempted it were wiped out. At dusk the King's Royal Rifles crept over the ground quietly on hands and knees and succeeded in getting back nearly all the ground, but not quite. After days of fighting the British position has been strengthened, and we now hold a better strategical line than before, although not so advanced."

And so the ding-dong work of trenches, dug-outs, and reserve billets went on, varied by such incidents as the battalion sports day and an occasional concert. But on May 9 the ugly side of warfare reappeared—an attack by the 1st division. "This," says a London Scottish man, writing on May 10, "is a most wonderful life of contrasts. Yesterday we took a small part in a bloody battle ; one's ears were deafened by the roar of guns, and nerves were shaken with the sound of bursting shells. This morning I am lying in a quiet peaceful spot under a tree in an orchard beside a flower-covered pool of water, with only the distant roar of guns to remind one of the war—if only one could forget yesterday. At 5 a.m. our artillery bombarded the enemy's trenches, and at 6.15 we moved up from the field in which we had bivouacked for the night. Our brigade was in reserve to two others, and fortunately for us our

regiment was in reserve to our brigade. Between the enemy's trenches and ours there was a distance of 500 yards. Repeated attacks were made across this ground, only to be hurled back each time by shrapnel and machine-gun fire. At last it was gained, only to find a still stronger position behind, with a circular fort guarded by a perfect maze of barbed wire and a moat. The machine-guns swept round in a circle from the fort, and nightfall came with the position still untaken ; and worse still, the ground gained was so untenable that a retirement had to be made back to our old line. We had hoped to be well into the territory occupied by the enemy by this time, but instead of that all three brigades had been so cut up that we were relieved and marched down here for a rest. We ourselves were not called upon to charge, and consequently our losses were few."

The narrative may be closed here—trenches, and still more trenches, and more "excellent work done" ; always waiting for the Great Push Forward.

CIVIL SERVICE RIFLES

(15th London)

CIVIL Service Riflemen have won four distinguished conduct medals, namely :—

Private H. Harris, Assistant clerk in the Estate Duty Office, who has since been given a commission ;

Private W. H. Brantom, Assistant clerk in the Board of Agriculture ;

Private S. Lawrence, Assistant clerk in the National Health Insurance Commission ;

And Private S. W. Mills, Clerk at the Metropolitan Water Board.

All four awards were won on Whit-Monday at Festubert. The regiment was in reserve on that day, when eight volunteers were asked for to act as bomb-throwers for the Post Office Rifles, who had been ordered to attack a particular section of the German trenches. A number of men at once volunteered, and the eight were selected. After dark, these men, led by a sergeant of the Post Office Rifles, moved out in advance of the attacking company. The first German trench was surprised. Two bombs were thrown and all the occupants of the trench were killed. The neighbouring German trenches opened a furious fire on the bombing party. The sergeant and two of the men were hit, but the rest went on and got so close to the enemy's trench that every bomb thrown took effect. Of

the eight original volunteers four were killed, two were wounded, and two escaped untouched. The four survivors are those named above.

The battalion has done its share of work in the trenches, but has not taken part in any spectacular engagement. It has just done its duty, and done it right well. Lord Kitchener saw the regiment before it left, and Sir John French when they arrived in France, and the verdict of both was: "The men are splendid." General Cuthbert, their Brigadier, addressing them in stirring words, said: "You belong to a grand regiment, for whose honour, I am sure, every man of you would, if need be, willingly lay down his life. I feel it is a great privilege to have you in my command."

The Civil Service Rifles had just arrived in camp at Salisbury, in August, 1914, when it was recalled and mobilized at once. On March 17 the first battalion under Colonel Renny (late of the Indian Army), sailed for France and soon came under shell fire in the open. "The worst half-hour I ever want to spend," a N.C.O. describes it in a letter home; and he adds: "Being shelled when you are not in trenches is just awful. However, we manage to get some days of great enjoyment when things are quiet and we are back from the firing line—weather perfect, food plentiful, scenery lovely, clothes *négligé*, work *nil*. Take the rough with the smooth, I like it far better than office life, if it were not for the thought of those at home. . . . I have just dined—an excellent omelette of three eggs, salad, duff and apricot jam, half a bottle of Burgundy, coffee and a couple of cigarettes. Such are the horrors of war in 1915."

Letters from men of the regiment all breathe the same cheerful spirit, though sometimes they bear evidence that the writers were chafing at inaction. Here is a typical letter from a rifleman: "My own bloodthirsty nature

thirsts for an attack. I want to see the point of my bayonet neatly emerging from the other side of a German. . . . Meanwhile, the peephole of a firing trench must suffice."

But even a Civil Service Rifleman, tired of his London desk, would hardly choose life at the front as a permanency. "In shaping dug-outs the Council regulation of 80 sq. ft. per man has simply been treated with contempt. Our hole measures no more than 6 ft. $\times$ 5 ft. $\times$ 3 ft., and four of us had to take shelter therein. In place of the customary wall-paper, floorboards and whitewash, we get soft, oozing clay and the general odour bears no resemblance whatever to eau de Cologne."

The tragedy of Ypres, its glories torn to shreds by German shells, is well pictured in an officer's letter home, written in July. "I went into the town shopping," he says; "that is to say, I went to get something. Plenty of shops, but no one to serve you. Everything free—no one in the shops, no one in the streets, no one in the town. Shops all open, stuff lying about, beautiful furniture, china, glass, pianos, ladies' garments, bales of lovely cloths and laces lying amidst the ruins. The Cathedral is in ruins, and the view from the grand place is awesome and would strike terror into your heart. We found a Strad violin, but no good to us. I found a china service that would cost pounds and pounds, but no good to us. We can't take it away, and yet it is a pity, because it will be destroyed sooner or later. I came away, as the Germans started shelling again, and I hopped away quickly. But now the authorities have forbidden any one to go into the place, which is far too dangerous for the casual stroller. There is still one spire standing of a church, and they have been trying to hit it for some time past. They will get it one of these days, and then exit the last landmark of one of the finest towns of Belgium. Desolation, ruin, waste

everywhere. What a bill there will be to settle when all is over!"

There has been serious work to be done in digging new trenches, "so that when the Bosches wake up in the morning, they find that we have dug 500 yards of new front." At this task men are frequently killed by stray bullets.

"Last night we had a hot time. I think the enemy spotted us or heard us. Anyway, we were soon all lying as flat as sardines in a box. Bullets came over and around us like flies. Result, not one man touched. It is one of the worst jobs in the war. Everything depends on getting done quickly, and keeping still and quiet when starlights go up. . . . It is surprising how one can adapt oneself to such surroundings. I haven't had my clothes off for six weeks except to have a wash."

"One thing I can't understand (or at least I can in a Catholic way). You will find out here, walls standing, with a crucifix or other sacred images, and the wall on which they hang is the only part standing; the churches the same. A church may be shattered to bits, but the crucifix, the part on which it stands, is the only solid part in the place. This happens nine times out of ten. Can you explain it? It may be God's protest. I don't know. I fancy so, though."

In reserve, the Civil Service Rifles work pretty hard. In addition to digging, they carry water, food, post, firewood, etc., up to the firing line. Most of the fatigue is done by night. One set of communication trenches is the up line, and another the down. "They were so long and intricate that we had to have an official guide. The ground was chalky, and after heavy rain it was a bit of an acrobatic feat to get through the trenches at all, let alone dry-shod. We discarded socks and putties on these trips, and turned our trousers up above the knees. It was pretty

dark and slippery the night we came up, and we twice lost trail with the struggling, straining teams in front of us. There were a few new cuttings in the trenches, and what with trying to force one's camel-like figure round the narrow traverses, and the long unexplained waits at every turn, we realized what a big part of discipline is patience."

"You can't imagine the solid pains of bringing all your possessions, with extras, up to the firing line. In the slippery darkness the last man but one finds his rifle caught in the telephone wire. Five seconds suffice to free him. Hurrying round the next traverse, he finds the whole platoon has disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. He scrambles on, listening now and again at turnings, but in the end finds his own way up to his section of the firing, probably arriving before the others. There are trench legs as well as sea legs, as you soon find out at the cost of bruised shoulders and skinned elbows. Occasional shot and shells whistle or scream overhead, but they've left the front trench alone until this morning, when to our outraged surprise, they sent over quite a few of those quick fizz-bangs which give you little chance of ducking, and seem, from the whistling whizz which follow the bang, to be filled with the siftings of dustbins."

The latest fashion in hairdressing, at the Front, is to have none, so another regimental writer tells us. "A barbarous brigandish ruffian, unrecognizable as an erstwhile Whitehall dandy, brandishes with savage glee the closest pair of clippers the Company Q.M.S. could purchase. The trembling patient kneels before him in an attitude of devotion (holding indeed a commination service) while the silky curls that were the delight of Suburbia's maidens, are ruthlessly shorn off. The man stands up, the sun focussing on his shining scalp, takes one shuddering glance at his now blackguardly appearance, and flies headlong, to leave another innocent to the same fate."

The letter goes on to say, "Burying a dead man whose head comes off in your hands is a form of exercise not to be recommended to those with weak stomachs. There are any number of them in front of these lines, though our experiences are nothing like so gruesome here as they were during the battle of Festubert, when we advanced down a trench paved with corpses."

In its trench work, the division of which the Civil Service Rifles is a part has managed to create a record. "We have been, or, rather, will have been, in action (that means on duty either in the trenches or in reserve) for 61 days next Monday, July 5th ; that, we hear, is more than any one has so far."

Inevitably the working parties of the regiment suffered sometimes. The work is hard, and is always done under fire. An officer, in a letter home, tells how Captain Trembath was killed in one of the working parties. He wrote : "I have a sad tale to tell you, Trembath having been killed a week ago. We (C Company) went out on a working party to dig a communication trench from our lines to a captured German trench. On the way we ran into shell fire, and lost one killed and several wounded, one of whom has since died. I spent ten of the most hellish minutes of my life so far lying in a bed of decayed onions with shells bursting within a few yards. After that we doubled 200 yards across the open to the same accompaniment up to the breastworks. Just as I was getting up a shell burst directly over me. I did the smartest flop you've ever seen.

"When we'd been digging for a bit the Huns sent up a few flares, and evidently spotted us, for they opened 'rapid' on us. Thank the Lord, they didn't turn a machine-gun on ; I don't suppose I should be writing this if they had. Captain Trembath and two subalterns were hit, Trembath dangerously in the stomach and the others in the leg. The

'skipper' died on the way down to the dressing station. It was a job getting the wounded out, as the fire was pretty hot. We had a screen of one sergeant and twelve men out in the front. They all got in safe and sound, but I'm hanged if I know how they did it. One man, who was munching an apple, had it shot out of his hand between the bites! Up to our withdrawal I hadn't had my boots off for a month, ditto clothes. *Some life!*"

In billets, as in the open, life is always perilous at the Front. Says a N.C.O.: "One chap, our armourer-sergeant, was sitting in a room with three others downstairs, while upstairs nine men were sleeping in another room—their house was ten from our billet. A shell came through the room where the nine men were sleeping, through the floor in the room where the other four men were, and exploded. The sergeant was blown through the partition and cut his head by a falling brick, otherwise unhurt by the shell. The other three were not touched. Lucky chaps! We had another man in a dug-out when a shell came and buried him, with the dug-out on top of him; he had 50 wounds on his body; his luck was out."

Those who do not know sometimes speak of Englishmen as "unadaptable," if one may use such a word. They have belied their character in France. The London Territorials were mostly clerks in city offices before the war—in the case of the C.S.R. in Government offices. Yet they have learnt quickly, not only to be trustworthy soldiers, fit to take over the work of Regulars, but also to make the most and the best of the outdoor life they have to lead.

"The other morning," writes a N.C.O., "I did a little bit of reconnoitring, found vegetables, fruit, and twelve beehives; so came back to the guard-room and took my smoke helmet and a pair of leather gloves (which I use for wire-mending), and another man similarly armed, then

sallied forth to battle with the bees. After turning over a hive and kicking the bottom off, I got some damp straw in a damp sack and smoked the bees out, then with a knife and two large biscuit boxes I cut away as much of the comb as would fill both tins, then replaced the hive and took them back. We had honey for every meal—so you see we don't exactly starve."

The same humorist gives us this exact account of what "rest" means for the Civil Service Riflemen—

"Thursday night. Relieved after a very long turn in the trenches.

"Friday night. Started from here at 7.30 p.m. and marched to a place not far from the trenches, and dug, dug, dug, until 1 a.m. Saturday.

"Saturday we had free.

"Sunday. Réveillé at 5 a.m. Marched to a place. Pushed goods wagons about on the railway. Unloaded wagon with barrels of cement, iron and planks, which had to be carried about 400 yards. Had dinner, then unloaded motor lorries of barbed wire, sandbags and planks. Loaded up several A.S.C. wagons and marched back to the billets by 6.30 p.m.

"Monday. Breakfast at 8 o'clock. Paraded for inspection of everything we carry, and had bayonet exercise and drill. Dispersed at 11.30 p.m., and it is 1.30 now. We are to go on a working party to-night.

"This is resting, and after a week of this, we may go back to the trenches, and I hope we do, because we have a much easier time in the trenches than out."

Another letter, dated August 18, should be quoted to show how constantly the battalion has been on duty. The writer says—

"The brigade is out of the trenches at last. We were

the last battalion to leave the firing line, coming out on Tuesday, August 3. We were relieved by some of Kitchener's Scotties in the afternoon; went through two miles of c. t. (communicating trench) to a village and had dinner. We left there about 10.30 p.m., and had an all-night march to this place about fourteen miles behind the firing line, so that we are now out of range of shell fire for the first time for weeks.

"We had the delusion that we were coming back here for a rest and leave but—men propose and generals dispose—we've had neither. Our routine here is *réveillé* 6 a.m., parade outside billets 8.15 a.m., company 8.30 a.m., battalion 9 a.m., company training until about noon; parade again 1.45 p.m. until 4 p.m., and we have had the rest of the time to scrub and shine for the inspection to-day. The rest of the brigade has been inspected, and their verdicts were good, very good, and perfect, so there only remained for us 'a very special battalion,' 'absolutely perfect.' We have to scrub our equipment out here, you know, and polish the buckles.

"We've had one thing here worth leaving the trenches for, and that is a hot bath. We had a march of about six miles to a certain mine fitted up with shower baths, and it was a treat, the first hot bath since we left here on the 4th May.

"Our platoon-sergeant is undergoing a course in machine-guns, the next sergeant ditto in barbed wiring, leaving one sergeant to be platoon-commander, and he has unfortunately clicked orderly-sergeant also, so that he is in a bit of a tangle.

"We haven't been out of the trenches long, but are already tired of it. It is rumoured that a certain private paraded sick the other day, and asked the M.O. to send him back to the trenches for a rest. We certainly don't work so hard while we're up at the front. We do anything

up to sixteen days in the trenches, come back about five miles for a week, when we usually have three nights out in working parties, and then up to the firing line again, but we have the day to ourselves. Bon, eh ?”

A closing word upon the regiment's proud traditions. It is descended in a special manner from the Loyal Volunteers of London, founded in 1798. In that year Somerset House raised two companies of Light Infantry and the Bank of England a corps numbering 400 to 500. [The Bank of England, though not strictly speaking a branch of the Civil Service, has always been associated with the Civil Service Rifles.] In 1802 corps were raised from officials in the Customs and Excise. These corps passed away with the other old volunteer corps that had been formed in Napoleonic times ; but in 1859 the Audit Department decided on the formation of a Rifle Corps, and in 1860 the Civil Service Volunteers came into being with King Edward (then Prince of Wales) as Hon. Colonel, and Lord Bury (afterwards Lord Albemarle) as the first commanding officer, while Charles Kingsley was the first chaplain. The regiment was first known as the 21st Middlesex ; then, in 1880, as the 12th Middlesex. It was given the title of “ Prince of Wales's Own ” at a dinner given in 1898 at which its Hon. Colonel, the then Prince of Wales, was present. On the introduction of the Territorial Force the regiment became the 15th Battalion (County of London), the London Regiment (Prince of Wales's Own Civil Service Rifles). Since the outbreak of war the regiment has raised two more battalions. The 2nd has been in training at Saffron Walden, and the 3rd at Richmond.

QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS

(16th London)

THE Kaiser and the Queen's Westminsters are old acquaintances.

In 1891, during a State visit to his grandmother, Queen Victoria, the German Emperor sprang upon his kinsman, the Duke of Cambridge, then Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, a desire to inspect a typical Volunteer regiment. His Germanic Majesty may have wished to put to the test the value and war-readiness of the volunteer complement of what he was fourteen years later to call, and repent having called, "General French's contemptible little army." The month was July, and the regiment, consisting for the most part of business men, was widely scattered and preoccupied at that period of the year; but Sir Howard Vincent was equal to the occasion, as he was during every moment of the 24 years of his untiring command. Short as the notice was, he promised the Duke that the Queen's Westminsters would not fail him, and they did not. The Kaiser named 6.30 a.m. as the hour, and the lawn at Buckingham Palace as the place of inspection. In order to be at headquarters at the parade hour, 200 members, living far afield, had to spend the night upon a shakedown of straw in the Queen's Hall, and to the minute the regiment, some 800 strong, paraded before the Kaiser and the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.). The portrait of himself, the special work of the German Court painter, which the Kaiser

presented to the regiment as a memento of the occasion, is no doubt now appraised by the officers' mess at its proper value.

It is a long and honourable record of which the Queen's Westminsters can boast, from the days of the powdered hair and queue, the shako and "Brown Bess." Its forebears include the gaily caparisoned Westminster Light Horse Volunteers of 1779; when, in 1803, England was seized with the fear of a Bonaparte invasion, and 380,000 volunteers flocked to the standard of King George III, the City of Westminster sent its quota of 4727 infantry; the two old sixpounder guns which flank the entrance to headquarters at Queen's Hall, Buckingham Gate, are a remnant of Gordon Riot days (1795); and the battle honour "South Africa 1900-1902" which graces the arms of the regiment bears witness to the fact that 300 officers, non-commissioned officers and men took part in the Boer War.

But honourable and distinguished as are these records, they are a pale prelude to the services of the regiment during the present war. By the aid of letters from actual combatants the writer is able to piece together the main part of these war services in diary form, carrying the narrative down to the latest date permissible by military exigences, and in this pleasant task he has had the kindly co-operation of Major P. J. Canning, V.D., the enthusiastic unofficial historiographer of the regiment, who ended 43 years' service in 1907 as the senior captain of volunteers in the United Kingdom. The narrative in diary form has general interest, because the experiences it details were more or less those of all the London territorials who have gone to France and Belgium.

Sunday, Aug. 2, 1914.—Q.W.R. go into summer camp on Salisbury Plain. On arrival, orders to stand by. Brought back to town same night.

Aug. 3.—Q.W.R. embodied.

Aug. 4.—Ordered to mobilize.

Aug. 16.—Q.W.R. move to Laverstock Green, near Hemel Hempstead. Billets in farms.

Sunday, Nov. 1.—No. 1 battalion moves from training ground, Laverstock Green.

ROLL OF OFFICERS

Lieut.-Col. R. Shoolbred, T.D., D.L., commanding.

Majors : J. W. Cohen, T.D., N. B. Tyrwhitt.

Adjutant : Captain H. J. Flower, K.R.R.C.

Medical Officer : Sgt.-Lieut. H. E. Murray, M.B.,
R.A.M.C. (attached).

Quartermaster : J. H. Kelly.

Nov. 2.—Crossed to France with Liverpool Scottish Territorials as boat companions ; "Very nice men." "Lovely voyage" ; many slept on deck all night. Officers' swords collected, made up in bundle and sent home.

Nov. 6.—Reached first destination, barracks at St. Omer, 15 miles from front, with Royal Irish regulars. Remained till Nov. 10 practising field work, trenching, route marching, and musketry. Roads, cobbles and granite blocks. Shrines about every six houses. In the fields no hedges or ditches. "The Germans having blown up the railway bridges we wander all round the country."

Monday, Nov. 9.—Inspection by Sir John French. A sure and welcome sign.

Nov. 10-12.—Moved up by stages to Belgian frontier. At the little Flemish station on the boundary line, in the waiting-room of which some of the officers slept, found the windows all broken by the Germans, who had cut the telegraph wires. Refugees fill the rooms. Saw German

aeroplane shelled ; a thrilling sight. Now only three miles from front trenches and within sight of Armentières, on fire after being shelled by the Germans. Form part of 18th brigade, 6th division, with four regular regiments, East Yorks, West Yorks, Sherwoods, and Durhams, and with 5th division making the III. Corps. Inspected by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts at Erquinghem-sur-Lys ; probably the last he saw.

Nov. 13-14.—Always on the move despite drenching rains. Guns booming all round and shriek of shells. All getting accustomed to atmosphere ; had a look at latest pattern trenches. "Every one gives us a warm welcome and offers to do all they can to help." "Very odd living in empty schools and houses, but we manage to accommodate ourselves to it. You must not be surprised if when I come back I start cleaning my knife on my trousers."

Sunday, Nov. 15.—Bad weather, church parade cancelled. "Spies caught hourly, and are being dealt with." Two ladies who cook for our officers in billets say that when the Germans were here they bade them not be frightened because of Germans ; let them only wait until the British "savages" arrived.

Nov. 16.—Orders to form battalion with four double companies instead of the original eight single companies.

No. 1 Company go into reserve to 16th brigade and come under fire. "London seems far more frightened at the Germans than any one over here."

Nov. 17.—No. 2 Company go into reserve to same brigade and come under fire.

Nov. 18.—Sixteen days since landing in France, and now in the trenches. The battalion moved in about 11 p.m. to relieve a cavalry regiment whose colonel was wounded in the shoulder a short time previously. No. 1

Company took first turn in the front trenches ; No. 2 were in support in a village and had their first taste of bullets. No. 3 Company went into reserve of 16th brigade. No. 4 Company, in support trenches, spent half the night digging ; "stray bullets made it exciting." Snowstorm followed by severe frost. German trenches from 70 to 700 yards away. "Now and again we see them digging and have a pot at them."

Nov. 19, 20.—Trenches by companies in turns. "All seem extremely happy and jolly ; plenty of food, tobacco, cigarettes, and few matches." "Excitement of a little battle keeps us warm, for at a late hour in the dark the enemy opened fire on us with machine-guns and rifles. It was so dark we could not see if they were out of their trenches or not. They let us have it pretty thick ; bullets were whizzing all about the show. We of the Queen's Westminsters returned the compliment until the Germans ceased firing. The fellow next to me had his bayonet blown in half by a bullet, and another a few yards off had his bayonet damaged."

Nov. 21.—"War does not seem, out here, as bad as one would imagine, and the nearer to the actual fighting we get the more comfortable things are. When in rest billets we are in deserted cottages, and when in reserve go into some farmhouse in rear of the trenches. The companies in front trenches are relieved by those in support every 48 hours." "In the trenches it is very cold. I have never been so cold in my life although wearing two Burberrys and my British warm."

Sunday, Nov. 22.—"To-day we are in heaven, as we are billeted in a cottage two miles behind the firing line—a cottage that had to be evacuated, as it is within range of the enemy's big guns. We have found a mattress to sleep on, the first mattress, with one exception, that I have slept on since August." "Aeroplanes are like taxis here,

and cause a lot of amusement. We bolt like rabbits when we see one, and then watch it being shelled from cover."

Nov. 24.—"We live in caves beneath the trench known as dug-outs—not deep enough to allow me to get my head and legs in at the same time. The worst part is at night, for we have to keep getting up to go on sentry duty, two hours on and four off. We crawl in and out like animals; in fact we live very like animals. We have no table-knives, and have to use our clasp-knives; about one plate between four of us and two mugs. We have an old pot or saucepan in which we bore holes; in this we make a fire and place it in a niche in the side of the trench. It is like a little underground colony stretching all along the firing line. The dug-outs sometimes fall in when the ground above is soft and wet, so we prop them up with wood and sandbags."

"The Brigadier says he considers the battalion a good digging one, as the men work quietly and without talking. Companies are lent to other brigades to dig trenches. The battalion is named in General French's despatch in favourable terms. Three generals have praised the battalion for the work done. They all said the Q.W.R. were smart, and had good discipline."

Nov. 25.—"The battalion has now been exactly a week in the trenches, and has been under fire the whole time. The German snipers are always busy, heaven knows where they conceal themselves; but so long as one remains in the trench one is practically safe from rifle fire. And their artillery fire has not worried us, though we can hear it going over our heads. Occasionally our guns give the Germans a bad time. A quarter-mile of cabbages and barbed wire lies between us."

"German sniping is great sport. I don't suppose the Government will mind our wasting a few rounds of

ammunition if it keeps us happy, and I believe we have bagged one or two Germans. My present job is to prevent the machine-guns from freezing up, as they have done the last few nights." "I wear two thick vests, a flannel shirt, a flannel-lined coat, a woolly, a British warm, a comforter, and a Burberry, and still I am cold ; but we are happy and cheerful, and our appearance does not worry us." "Last night was very wet, and as there was only one shelter for about half the section, I was standing in the rain all night and am a bit tired. As a result of the rain the trenches are in a beastly state. As you walk along your clothes rub against wet clay, and I am mud from head to foot. It is absolutely no good trying to keep clean. To-day we have been digging hard. The enemy has been sniping all day—result, *nil*."

Nov. 26.—"Much annoyed to-day by German snipers, so I got on to a bank above the trenches with a disguise of straw tied round my head and tried to spot some of them with my glasses. I failed, but spotted a German officer in the window of a house about 800 yards away. Fulton (Lance-coporal A. G. Fulton, a Bisley King's prize man) joined me, and sent a bullet through the window, and the enemy went down with a flop. It may have been mere fright, but I don't think so."

Nov. 30.—Artillery duel and very active sniping. Few men hit, but not seriously.

"We had a smart capture last night. Two of the machine-gun section (Lieut. Baker and Rifleman Roche) were out in front of the trenches to explore and passed some of the German snipers. Thinking it time to return and passing along a ditch they encountered three of the enemy. Our men had only an entrenching tool and a revolver between them. They shot one of the enemy and captured the other two, bringing them in as prisoners. They belonged to the 179th (Saxon) Regt.; one was 25

years old and married, and the other 18. One of the prisoners said their casualties had gone up considerably since the Q.W. occupied the trenches."

"It would do you good to see us after a spell in the trenches. Stock Exchange men, bank clerks and the like covered with mud from head to foot, unwashed and unshaved for a week. My beard is luxuriant, but, I regret to report, rather sandy in colour. With a woollen Balaclava on my head, filthy overcoat and boots and putties I have not taken off for a week, I am fit to represent the firm at any West End function. We live in holes like cave men. We have had to make new ones, sleeping meanwhile in the open November nights. With two others I have dug out a fairly decent place, roofing it over with twigs and mud. When we come out we shall make excellent navvies. For City men we have shaken down wonderfully, and our health generally is very good."

Dec. 1.—"Located a German machine-gun emplacement and sent back word to the gunners. They soon came along with a telephone, laid as they came, and a large scale map on which we located the house. Then the guns behind planted four shots plump through the roof. It was most interesting. The ease with which the range was got, the guns laid and the shot fired was wonderful. The battery, two miles behind us, 'phoned us each time they fired, and each time we heard the shot overhead before we heard the grunt of the guns; the shell travels more quickly than sound. The Germans have been trying to find the whereabouts of our batteries for a week, but without the slightest success."

Dec. 2.—The King inspected the regiment, which was represented by Major Tyrwhitt and eight men at a place some miles back. The gunners fired 21 shots into the German lines in succession as a royal salute.

Dec. 3.—Raining to-day, more slushy than usual. "Just had goatskins served out, fur outside, reaching to the waist ; we look like Thibetans or Eskimos. They are simply grand for keeping one warm." "The stuff that is more precious than gold out here is chocolate. It makes life so much easier in the trenches when you have chocolate and papers to read. You have no idea what a sight I am—mud and dirt all over. The other day they took 120 of us out of the trenches and marched us to a certain town, where we had beautiful hot baths in big vats. We have had long new vests issued to us. We have been very busy lately enlarging the trench and making dug-outs to sleep in. The roofing is planks and straw with earth put on top, and is quite waterproof. The curtains are made with waterproof sheet, and at night-time let down, so we are very snug."

"Dec. 5-12.—The position of our brigade is the most advanced of the whole line, so we are holding on only. The other battalions of the brigade are all regulars. The General said we had worked in ten days quite as hard as a regular battalion had done in three weeks. He is an awfully nice man, and a V.C., and comes round the trenches very often, and seems to take a keen interest in every one."

"There are three strands of barbed wire in front of our trenches, on which are hung old tin cases, etc., to make a noise if touched. One gets no exercise but digging, and you walk sideways, as the trenches are narrow."

"We live in small square holes, covered with earth in rear of the communication trench. Neighbouring farms provide as much wood and straw as we want, and we are fairly comfortable."

Up to date 4 Q.W.R.'s killed, 11 wounded.

Dec. 16.—Rained ever since 9th. "Trenches flooded ;

in some parts up to our knees in water, and soft, slimy mud, blankets soaked, but we keep cheery; spend all day and night clearing them or digging others and improving them with brushwood and bricks, until every one is dog tired. The trenches fall in with the wet every night and have to be dug out again in the morning."

"We have been moved from the 18th to the 17th Brigade, but in the same division. The regulars in our brigade were very pleased to see us, as they were able to obtain leave. They cannot understand why we volunteered to come and fight when we need not have done so."

Dec. 18.—"Marvellous escape to-day. We were billeted in a school which had been deserted and was well within range of German guns. About 11 o'clock we had just had rifle inspection and were all sitting in this room cleaning our swords when there was a loud bang and a shell fell in a field about 100 yards away. No one took any notice of it. Presently another loud crash, and two shells fell in a garden about 30 yards away. One or two fellows went out to look, when suddenly there was a huge sheet of flame in the room and a tremendous crash of falling glass, plaster and wood. The room was filled with blinding smoke and debris. We then rushed out, and were told to scatter in a big field. As we got there a shell burst like a flash over our heads. After that we got no more shelling that day. By what seems a miracle, only one man was killed and a few injured. Needless to say we moved our billets. In the afternoon we went back to collect our kit and rifles. My word, you ought to have seen that room! There was a huge hole through the roof, and a mass of splintered wood and glass on the floor. If the shell had not exploded slantways none of us would have been alive to tell the tale."

Sunday, Dec. 20.—"Holy Communion in a cinema, as

all churches here are shelled to bits. The church at ‘Bois Green’ was razed to the ground by 100 Jack Johnsons, because soldiers were billeted there, and not a house untouched. The chaplain is very cheery.”

“We have now had many days in the trenches and few out. ‘Rest’ in billets after trench work consists of sleeping fully dressed and ready to march off at 5 minutes’ notice, and sometimes going and digging for some other battalion. The word ‘rest’ is irony. Bath once a week in a vat of boiling water, 10 men at a time and 2 officers. They iron the men’s kit and give them new and clean clothes. Our worst trouble is walking after being in the trenches; your toes seem to go to sleep and refuse to go. It is most funny to see us come out of the trenches for our ‘rest.’ We all have about one to two inches of mud all over us, our faces included, and a ten days’ growth of beard. We shamble along in semi-darkness, carrying socks and coats, lamps and blankets on our backs, like a lot of tramps. Besides, we are all soft and fat, having had no exercise but digging, and all promptly get footsore after about 1½ miles of walking.”

“Things seem at a deadlock round here; neither side can do much, as both are strongly held. The Germans sometimes give us a mixed bag of shrapnel and ‘Little Willies.’ One sportsman whose house is over the way gets hit by a shell about once a week. He patches up the hole and goes on living there. He will have a new house soon.”

Christmas Eve, 1914.—An amazing Christmas Eve. Up till about 4 p.m. our guns were shelling the German trenches, but then stopped, and a little rifle fire was kept up until it became dark. About 5 p.m. “the Germans in the trenches opposite to us started to sing, and then they yelled out, ‘Merry Christmas, English, and no firing to-night, or to-morrow; be Englishmen, and play the game.’ Some

one said 'All right.' They sang and we sang, they invited us to their trenches, saying they had beer and whisky, but of course no one was silly enough to chance it. Slack rifle fire started again, and then fell off for a time. All of a sudden, in the moonlight, we noticed two forms loom up, making straight for our trenches. Well, our chaps, seeing that they were not armed, never fired, but let them come right up. They said, 'Don't shoot, English,' so a couple covered them with rifles, while two more brought them in. They said they did not want to fight, and one showed us a photo of his wife and child, so we gave them a smoke and handed them over, but before they went they said, 'It is not war; it is murder.' Later on they put lighted candles on the tops of their trenches, and we did likewise, and then sang carols in turn, each showing their appreciation by cheers and clapping."

"After a time we shouted out to them to send a man halfway and we would send one to meet him with some cigarettes. After a little hesitation they did so, but were evidently nervous, as one man found three of the others waiting for him, and even then they would not allow another of our lot to go out. We kept the singing up until about 11 o'clock, but there was a little in various parts of the line throughout the night. During the time one of our officers arranged with them that neither side would fire until Christmas night, but they fired a few shots, which I am glad to say our fellows ignored. I shall ever remember Christmas Eve, 1914."

Christmas Day.—"I heard cheering, singing and blowing of trumpets and the Germans shouting to our men. The reason was that Christmas was to be a truce between the two brigades opposed. Our men were wandering in front of and behind the trenches smoking cigarettes, and the Huns had braziers on their trenches. Not a shot was fired. We all joined together, smoked and talked aloud."

"Stand to arms at 6.30 a.m., when we sang 'God save the King.' They replied with cheers, etc. We then lit nightlights and candles arranged all along the top of the trenches for decoration, and sang carols. The Germans and ourselves then did as we liked, walked about on top and in front of the trenches, and not a shot was fired all day. We exchanged cigarettes and grub, shook hands, and some exchanged addresses to write to each other after the war. They sang some German carols, one of which I had heard just twelve months before played by a German band at Crouch End."

"The Germans are all dressed alike—pork-pie caps, jack boots (ah!) and grey uniforms with red facings. They gave me cigars, buttons, and their shoulder knot. It was the 107th Saxon Regiment, from Dresden. Some of them were bank clerks. They looked rather pale most of them, mostly between twenty and twenty-four years of age, some younger, and are pretty well educated, a good many of them speaking English. One German said he would be glad to get into an '87 'bus for Kilburn' again. They had been brought from Germany in closed railway carriages, and were given to understand that they were just outside Paris."

"We helped bury each other's dead in the afternoon, six men and one officer of each side going out to do it."

Other features of the day were a short service with two hymns; the arrival of Christmas cards from the King and Queen, and a present from Princess Mary, and a football match between the regiment of the Germans and the regiment on the left of the Queen's Westminsters "until one of them kicked one of ours and had a punch on the jaw. The game finished then." One of E Company went too near the German trenches and was taken prisoner. They explained, and said they could not help it because he

might have seen something too precious to them. They said he would be well looked after.

"The Christmas dinner was fine—chicken, sardines and bread, and your Christmas pudding. Then muscatels, figs, and other dainties, and a bottle of champagne. My aunt, we did well. We hailed the Germans, and they us. Every one was a friend. We changed cigarettes and rum for wine, shook hands and talked. Buttons, badges and caps were swopped. I have one button and a pfennig which I will hang on to like grim death."

"Heaps more grub to eat than it was possible to manage. For breakfast I had cold ham and tongue, the latter provided by my hutch companion, bread, jam, and hot *café au lait*. Dinner: meat, potatoes, haricots, carrots, and onions—all together in a tin, with the natural juice (fat and jelly). I soon heated it up and made a good stew. We had some more tongue, Christmas pudding, dates, figs, muscatels and almonds, chocolates and many other sweets."

"There are four of us in our dug-out, and we each had a tinned ration of meat and vegetables, which was followed by a Christmas pudding, mince-pies, almonds and raisins, and red and white wine. What a feed! And a glorious wood fire going all day. Cigarettes, tobacco, and cigars from the Germans galore. What strange warfare!

"It will surprise you, but I will tell you what I wear in the trenches to keep warm: two thick undervests, two flannel army shirts, two pairs of pants, a cardigan jacket, tunic, a fur skin coat, then my overcoat, and, if it rains, a waterproof cape, a pair of mittens, and woollen gloves. I forgot the body-belts. I have three of these on, and, when keeping guard at night time, I wear a balaclava and thick muffler.

"It is real winter here now, and snowing hard. I have

put some mustard in my boots, and changed my underclothes, and feel much better, as we have had wet feet. The trenches are up to our knees in places in mud and water, and we have to walk through it 5 or 6 times a day."

"The weirdest Christmas Day any Q.W.R. ever spent."

New Year's Day.—"The battalion is back in the trenches in a different place—two miles down the river from the old Town, which is held by the Germans, but we have just got its edge, and that accounts for the fact that some of our trenches are only 80 yards from the Germans. Our trench is on the top of a high dyke with a slope down to the reserves just behind, and is quite dry. The officers are in good cover, and sleep in bunks as in steamers. The Commanding Officer and Regimental Staff are close up to the firing line. The country around is flooded. Beyond the river is Belgium, but we are not allowed over the bridge."

Jan. 5.—"The river on our east flank is rising rapidly and may flood our trenches, the end of which is a barrier of sandbags across a road (full of water), and you must crawl out by day on planks, and if you fall off you get wet, but we can get a constitutional on a brick path in the rear of our huts. It rains the whole time, and some huts leak frightfully—still this is the best place we have struck yet, and looks like a chicken farm with its hutches and people going in and out."

Jan. 8.—"An unlucky day, Captain Shattock and Riflemen Roche and Tibbs killed, the latter a stretcher-bearer attending to Roche."

Jan. 9 to 15.—"Still in the trenches, where we have been since the 1st. Have not shaved, washed or changed, or even taken off my clothes, during the whole of that time. About 100 yards from the trenches the Germans hold a

village, Frelinghien, from which they snipe, their trenches being about 10-20 yards in front. Their artillery shelled some houses about 200 yards behind our trenches, at a farm they thought we occupied, but it was empty. We were told that our heavy artillery meant to demolish the German village, and we had to keep low in case any of the shells burst short. In half an hour our artillery poured a perfect rain of shells on the village and German trenches, all of which were demolished and rapidly evacuated. It was better than a Crystal Palace firework display, and you could not hear yourself speak, and the village was a mass of smoke, brick dust and falling houses. Only one shell burst short, but did not hit us."

"The River Lys near our trenches has overflowed its banks. The trenches are in a terrible condition and need constant attention. We have to build them up with sandbags. Those in billets carry planks and sandbags and take up rations for those in the trenches."

"I have heard how Mont (Captain Shattock) was hit. His trench was very low, only 80-100 yards from the German line opposite us, and it is certain death to put your head up in the daytime. He was directing some men firing and looked over the top to see the result, and was immediately hit in the head, and fell unconscious and died 2½ hours afterwards."

Jan. 22.—The battalion came out of the trenches to-day, after many days, during which time most were unable to shave. A draft of 250 men under Captain Malins left London for the front.

Jan. 23.—Spent the morning learning how to throw bombs—quite exciting, for they may go off before being thrown at the enemy. Rubber Wellington boots, served out for walking about in the trenches. We are in future to do spells of 'days in' and 'days out'—two companies in and two companies out, so we shall get the same trenches, which,

now that the River Lys is going down, are quite comfortable, and not dangerous unless men needlessly look over the top, as we have periscopes and iron plates with small loop holes.

Jan. 24.—Some fine days, and beginning to freeze again. "The newspapers make out that you at home seem worried by the Germans ; they don't worry us."

Jan. 25.—"We were in the trenches when the Artillery shelled the town opposite us. The gunners believe they caught a good few Germans. They dropped several high-explosive shells on a brewery behind them and blew it to bits killing the snipers who fired from the top of it.

"Some of our men out here have been selected as officers for the New Army, and are going to be specially trained at our base. We are due in the trenches tomorrow for a five days' spell, then a five days' rest, and so on alternately."

Feb. 5.—The Germans made a violent and sudden attack last night on our right, about two or three miles away, between Frelinghien and Houplines. The row was awful and excited us a bit. The attack only lasted about an hour, but was so furious that our first line troops were surprised and obliged to fall back. The Germans attacked in considerable numbers and advanced from their trenches suddenly, supported by a terrible cannonade. However, our men did not delay in coming back, and, when reinforced, made a counter attack which was happily successful. All the lost trenches were retaken by the English. The losses were relatively high. Near Armentières are several zones which may be termed neutral zones, since neither the Germans nor the Allies are able to hold them. We had to stand to and prepare to move out of the trench, presumably to attack, but our assistance was not needed.

Feb. 7.—First touch of Spring at last.

Feb. 28.—No change in the position of the battalion during the month. Alternately in the same trenches, and at rest, the work has gone on with little or no variation. Sniping on both sides has been the rule, sometimes attended with fatal or serious results, as the roll published in the newspapers from the General Head Quarters of the Expeditionary Force testifies. Drier weather, the subsidence of the floods and constant work and repair have much improved life in the trenches.

March 2.—Captain H. R. Townsend-Green was unfortunately shot in the trenches this evening and died on the morning of the 3rd.

March 10 and 13.—It is not yet known whether or not the battalion was involved in the severe fighting that has been reported in the despatches published.

April.—Since last summary there has been no change in the conditions of affairs of the 1st battalion, with its alternative turns of trenches and billets, always in the same neighbourhood. Apart from sickness, the casualties have been mainly through sniping and shell fire.

April 26, 27.—The 3rd draft left Watford for the Front. The 3rd battalion moved from London into camp at Richmond for training with other battalions of the brigade.

The 2nd battalion remains at Watford, where it is in billets, having marched from London on March 22nd for training with the rest of the brigade.

April 30.—Letters from many retired members of the regiment resident abroad, in such widely distant places as Honolulu, Cairo, North Sydney in Australia, Nairobi, Johannesburg, and with General Botha's forces in German S.W. Africa, continue to be received with congratulations at the success of the battalion at the front, and in the

recruiting for the other battalions, and with best wishes for its welfare. Many of the writers have joined the Colonial Forces.

For the rest—trenches, unceasing service cheerfully and efficiently done, and—silence.

THE "OLD LOYALS"

(23rd London)

THREE lines of German trenches attacked and captured at Givenchy, and a trench thirty yards long held for sixteen hours against the Prussian Guards. That is an outstanding feature of the proud record of the 23rd London Regiment, formerly the 4th V.B. East Surrey Regiment or the "Old Loyals" as the regiment is called from its motto, "Loyalty unites us." Eight hundred men attacked, but only four hundred came out unscathed. The glory was won at a heavy price, for the death roll was long, but the Prussian Guards are not easily defeated.

Major H. S. J. Strenfeild, who commands the battalion at the Front, and led the Givenchy attack, has described the attack in a letter to the Adjutant of the regiment, from which we are permitted to quote :

"We first heard that the battalion was to participate in an attack on the German trenches on the evening of Friday, May 21st, and on Saturday morning the Adjutant and I, with all the company commanders and several platoon commanders went to the trenches from which the attack was to be launched, for the purpose of making what reconnaissance we could. Our guns had already started cutting the enemy's wire entanglement with shrapnel at this time, with the result that our trenches were being subjected to a certain amount of retaliation in the way of high-

explosive shells. Unfortunately Captains Watkins and Archbald managed to get in the way of one of these shells, and the concussion knocked them out.

"The attack, as originally arranged, was to have taken place on Sunday night, the 23rd, but for various reasons had to be postponed until the night of Tuesday, the 25th. This was unfortunate for us, as it had been intended that the battalion should be launched into the attack without doing any previous work in the trenches. Owing, however, to this delay, and the fact that the trenches from which the attack was to be made had been subjected to an almost continuous bombardment for nearly three days, the 22nd, who had been holding them, was somewhat exhausted and required a rest, and we were therefore put into the trenches on the evening of the 24th, twenty-four hours before the attack was timed to take place. We had a comparatively quiet night, but wire-cutting operations were resumed by our guns at daybreak, which evoked the customary retaliatory shelling on the part of the Germans.

"This shelling continued with varying intensity during the day, and resulted in the fire and communication trenches being rather seriously knocked about, and in our sustaining between forty and fifty casualties, including Second Lieutenant Stevenson, who died of his wounds that afternoon.

"At about 2.30 p.m. we got a telephone message that Captain Fearon had been wounded in the arm, and this left 'C' Company with only one officer—Second Lieutenant M. A. Ballard, who had only joined the battalion some six weeks before—'C' being in the front trench. This made it absolutely necessary for us to alter our dispositions, although very little time was available for this manœuvre. However, thanks to Captain Fearon's great pluck in returning to the trenches as soon as his wound

had been dressed, we were able to change over 'C' and 'D' Companies without accident.

"Of poor Ballard I cannot speak too highly. He had the company thrown at his head at the last moment, and it was impossible to get him the assistance of any other officer. Until he received his wounds, he directed and led his company like a veteran.

"It had been arranged that our guns were to bombard our objective until exactly 6.30 p.m., at which time they were to increase their range. And the infantry assault was to take place, the 24th Battalion going in on a one platoon frontage on the right, and the 23rd on a two platoon frontage on the left. The extent of German trench we were to take was about 500 yards in length, and the depth of ground to be covered varied between 350 yards on the left and 100 yards on the right.

"At the appointed hour, the leading platoons of both battalions went over the parapet as one man, ours (Nos. 13 and 14) being led by Lieutenant K. E. Wood and Company-Sergeant Major Hammond, and the German trench was captured with comparatively few casualties. The infantry holding it put up extraordinarily little fight, but it must be remembered that they had been subjected to a very severe bombardment for a considerable time. Private Galloway, of the Signalling Section, ran out a telephone wire with the leading platoon, and we were actually in communication with the captured German trench within three minutes of its having been taken. Unfortunately this line was very soon cut by enemy artillery fire, and later in the proceedings Galloway lost his life in trying to lay another.

"Before our front line was halfway across the intervening ground, the Germans began to get busy with their machine-guns which, according to their usual practice, they had emplaced in position, which enabled them to enfilade the

attacking troops from both flanks, and the succeeding lines of the attack suffered somewhat heavily from this cause.

"The whole of the German trench was found to have been badly knocked about by our artillery fire—so much so that it was impossible to get the men into it, and all that could be done was to hold the original outer side of their parapet. The result of this was, naturally, that there were no traverses, and although each man had taken two empty sandbags across with him, they did not go very far towards the erection of suitable protection from enfilade fire. Extra supplies were sent up as quickly and as frequently as possible, but it was a matter of great difficulty as the ground between the two trenches was under very heavy fire, and a large proportion of the carrying parties were hit in getting across. However, on the advent of darkness the work of consolidation was able to be proceeded with with rather more success. Sergeant (now Company Sergeant-Major) Oxman did absolute wonders in organizing and supervising the construction of these all-necessary traverses, and practically by himself, built one on the extreme left of our line which was instrumental in more or less neutralizing the fire of an enfilading machine-gun on our left flank which had caused us many casualties. It is a rather wonderful fact that Sergeant Oxman had no fewer than seven bullet holes through his cap, clothing, and equipment, and yet came out of the engagement unhurt.

"As soon as it was dark one of the supporting battalions—I believe it was the 21st (First Surrey Rifles)—started a communication trench forwards from our own to the captured line. The same was done on the right flank by the 22nd Battalion (the Queen's); these trenches were complete enough to be of great use before dawn. As soon as it began to get light our heavy howitzers got to work

on the machine-guns which had been giving us so much trouble, and soon silenced them, but we then came in for most unwelcome attention from some medium-calibre German guns which were situated somewhere on our right flank, and which enfiladed us without cessation with shrapnel and high-explosive shell during the whole day—it was to these guns that most of our casualties were due.

"About 11.30 a.m. on the 26th it was decided that there was no immediate fear of a counter attack, and that it would only be necessary to hold the captured trench fairly lightly ; and orders were sent up that it was to be evacuated with the exception of about one man to every six yards. Lieutenant Entwistle was by this time the only officer, with the exception of the adjutant and myself, who remained unwounded, and he, together with an officer of the 21st, led a mixed party of some sixty men of the 21st and 23rd Battalions along our extreme left, where they captured a German strong post which had been giving a good deal of trouble, just before a company of another brigade which was attacking it, got there. He then brought his men in through our own lines about a mile farther north and rejoined quite safely.

"The machine-guns had been sent up to the captured trench rather before midnight on the 25th, and, as you will expect, did extraordinarily well. Lieutenant Clinton was wounded in the knee during the night, but after having his wound dressed, returned to his guns ; and when it was decided to withdraw them, I believe, carried one out himself.

"We were finally relieved by another Territorial battalion in the trenches we had captured, about 4 p.m. on the 26th, and withdrawn altogether, and sent some miles back for a rest. We marched into our rest billets with sadly thinned ranks, but a certain number of

men turned up in the course of the next forty-eight hours.

"I have mentioned very few individuals. This is because everybody did so well that it would hardly be fair to put anybody in the limelight, but I think a word might be said for the stretcher-bearers who had a particularly heavy and arduous job which they performed with the utmost devotion. No fewer than 480 wounded men from various units passed through our regimental aid post during the twenty-four hours."

Like many London regiments, the 23rd has a history which has been recently narrated in a concise and interesting booklet by Captain Albert Larking of the battalion. It dates back to the times when Napoleon was threatening to invade this country—1788-1815. The Newington Surrey Volunteers' Association was formed in 1799, and in the officers' mess at the dépôt of the 23rd County of London are the two colours presented to the Newington Association. In the course of time—in 1859 when Volunteer Rifle Corps were formed—the old Association was succeeded by the Southwark 7th Surrey Rifles. The 26th Surrey Rifle Corps, which was in 1880 amalgamated with the 7th, was raised in 1874. The amalgamated battalion was subsequently denominated the 4th Volunteer Battalion East Surrey Regiment. It furnished 13 officers and 235 N.C.O.'s and men for service in the South African War. When the Territorial system was introduced in 1907-8, the regiment became the 23rd Battalion London Regiment.

When in August, 1914, the present war startled the whole world, the 23rd was on its way to its annual camp, but was at once recalled and mobilized. During the autumn and winter months the men received their necessary war training at St. Albans, Luton, and Horley, and embarked for the seat of war from Southampton on Sunday, March 14th. The battalion at once proceeded to the war

zone, forming part of the 47th London Division under Major-General C. St. L. Barter, and, as already stated, came into action at Givenchy on May 25th and 26th.

Since the outbreak of the war the Regiment has raised two additional battalions; the 2nd Battalion is at Bishop's Stortford, and the 3rd is at the dépôt at Clapham Junction.

LONDON TERRITORIAL DISTINCTIONS FOR GALLANTRY IN THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN

THE following List makes no pretence to completeness. It has been compiled with the greatest difficulty from many scattered records, and is the best that is possible at the present time.

HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

Lieut.-Colonel E. TREFFRY—C.M.G.

Major A. L. WARD—D.S.O.

Captain (now Major) M. G. DOUGLAS—Military Cross.

Captain G. F. T. MURNANE—Military Cross.

Second-Lieutenant L. W. MCARTHUR—Military Cross.

Company Sergeant-Major (now Second Lieut.) E. F. H. MURRAY—
D.C.M.

Corporal W. N. FRAMPTON—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in laying and repairing telephone wires, often under heavy fire, both at Kemmel during December, 1914, January and February, 1915, and later on at St. Eloi. He has shown the greatest coolness and indifference to danger.

Private M. HILL—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in laying and repairing telephone wires, often under heavy fire, both at Kemmel during December, 1914, January and February, 1915, and later on at St. Eloi. He has shown the greatest coolness and indifference to danger.

Private (now Sergeant) A. L. LASKIE—D.C.M.

150 London Territorial Distinctions for

Acting-Corporal D. T. JONES—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on January 6, 1915, near Kemmel, when he crawled out of his trench and gave water to a wounded man who was in great pain, and remained lying beside him all the afternoon under heavy fire.

Drummer A. J. STIFFIN—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on January 6, 1915, near Kemmel, when, at great risk, he crawled out of his trench and applied first-aid dressing to two wounded men under heavy fire.

Private (now Second Lieut.) R. CUTLER—D.C.M.

For gallant conduct near Hooge, on June 16, 1915, when he worked for over an hour without cover, and under heavy shell fire, in digging out a signaller who had been buried by shell fire.

Mentioned in Despatches—Lieut. G. F. T. MURNANE ; Pte. A. L. LASKIE.

LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE (5TH LONDON)

Sergeant BELCHER—Victoria Cross (see p. 38).

Colonel EARL CAIRNS—C.M.G.

Major BATES—D.S.O.

Captain OPPENHEIM—D.S.O.

Second Lieutenant (temp. Lieut.) CHARLES WILLIAM TREVELYAN—
Military Cross.

For conspicuous gallantry and ability on May 13, 1915, when in charge of a trench to the east of Ypres. The troops on his right having been compelled to fall back owing to the destruction of their trench, Lieutenant Trevelyan with great skill reorganized the defence of his position, and, although unsupported, succeeded in maintaining the safety of our line at a very critical time.

Captain HUSSEY—Military Cross.

Sergeant E. A. ADAMS—D.C.M.

For conspicuous zeal and devotion to duty in repairing telephone lines both by day and night under continual shell and rifle fire, it being largely due to his personal work and supervision that communication was maintained.

Sergeant W. F. POTHECARY—D.C.M. (Commission).

For great gallantry and resource on several occasions in reconnoitring the enemy's front near La Gheer, and obtaining valuable information. On one occasion he crawled up to within ten yards of the German trench and investigated a supposed mine.

Lance-Corporal T. H. STRANSOM—D.C.M. (Commission).

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty on all occasions. Lance-Corporal Stransom has shown himself quite without fear and has set an excellent example to his men.

Sergeant R. V. TODD—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty on May 13, 1915. When the neighbouring troops evacuated their trenches he mounted a machine-gun on Wieltje road, no cover being available, under a very heavy shell fire. Later on, learning that the machine-gun team in the front trench had had several casualties, he volunteered to take up a fresh team, a distance of 800 to 900 yards, under heavy fire, and reached the trench with two men, both of whom were severely wounded in the advance. He displayed great gallantry and rendered conspicuous service throughout the day.

Mentioned in Despatches—Second Lieutenant W. L. WILLETT ; Corporal T. H. JENKINS ; Private R. E. PECK.

THE "SHINY SEVENTH" (7TH LONDON)

Sergeant T. E. G. HAYWARD—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on May 16, 1915, at Festubert. Sergeant Hayward continued to lead his platoon under a heavy fire after he had been wounded during an attack. He displayed great coolness and bravery and set a fine example to the men with him of devotion to duty.

Private A. E. DAY—D.C.M.

For gallant conduct on May 16, 1915, at Festubert. During an attack on the German trenches, he rescued a man, who was unable to extricate himself, from a water-course, and succeeded in bringing him into safety under a heavy shell fire.

POST OFFICE RIFLES (8TH LONDON)

Lance-Sergeant W. A. G. HEATHER—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on May 25 and 26, 1915, at Festubert. After the stretcher-bearers of the advanced companies had been killed or wounded he volunteered to assist, and remained working under a heavy fire, until every wounded man had been dressed. On previous occasions he had displayed great coolness and courage, and given a fine example of devotion to duty. Was before the war a clerk at the G.P.O.

Acting-Sergeant F. C. MOREL—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry and ability on May 26, 1915, at Festubert. During an attack on the German trenches, when all the bombers had been killed or wounded, although without previous experience he volunteered to act as a grenadier and did so with such skill as to materially contribute to the success of the operations. Also mentioned in despatches for volunteering to reconnoitre a stream in front of the enemy's lines, and had to crawl within 15 yards of them, June 6. Sergeant Morel was a postman before the war.

Company-Sergeant-Major R. J. PEAT—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on May 25 and 26, 1915, at Festubert. The supply of bombs running short, he collected as many as he could find, and took them himself, under a heavy fire, to supply the grenadiers, and when they had all been killed he threw bombs himself without any previous experience, until he was wounded. In time of peace Sergeant-Major Peat was a parcel postman at the South Western Office.

Private MILLS—D.C.M.

Private Mills is a postman in the E.C. district, and won the medal for gallantry in attending to the wounded under fire.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S RIFLES (9TH LONDON)

Second-Lieut. GEOFFREY HAROLD WOOLLEY—V.C.

For most conspicuous bravery on Hill 60 during the night of April 20-21, 1915. Although the only officer on the hill at the time, and with very few men, he successfully resisted all attacks on his

Gallantry in the Western Campaign 153

trench, and continued throwing bombs and encouraging his men till relieved. His trench during all this time was being heavily shelled and bombed, and was subjected to heavy machine-gun fire by the enemy.

Lieut.-Colonel R. B. SHIPLEY—C.M.G.

Captain S. J. M. SAMPSON—Military Cross.

Sergeant E. C. BURGESS—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty on January 1, 1915, in searching for and tending wounded under heavy shell fire, and remaining in a barn which was being heavily shelled till all the wounded had been got out.

Lance-Corporal H. D. PEABODY—D.C.M.

For the great gallantry and endurance displayed, and for the excellent service rendered, in the fight for the possession of Hill 60.

Sergeant E. H. PULLEYN—D.C.M.

For the great gallantry and endurance displayed, and for the excellent service rendered in the fight for the possession of Hill 60.

Company-Sergt.-Major ALBERT JOHN SHERIFF, King's Royal Rifle Corps (attached 9th Battalion London Regiment)—Russian Cross of the Order of St. George, 4th Class.

Mentioned in Despatches.—Captain S. V. SHEA; Colour-Sergeant A. SHERRIFF.

RANGERS (12TH LONDON)

Lieutenant-Colonel BAYLIFFE—C.M.G.

Captain W. K. VENNING—Military Cross.

Lieutenant JOHN KINNINMONT DUNLOP—Russian Order of St. Anne, 4th Class, inscribed "For Valour in War."

Rifleman HUBERT GEORGE SALISBURY—Russian Cross of the Order of St. George, 4th Class.

KENSINGTONS (13TH LONDON)

Colonel F. G. LEWIS—C.M.G.

Captain EDMUND GIBBS KIMBER—D.S.O.

For conspicuous ability and coolness in leading his company and getting it into position under a heavy fire south of Farm

154 London Territorial Distinctions for

Delangre on May 9, 1915. He held on to his position for six hours, with heavy casualties, until nearly surrounded by the enemy, and then extricated the remnants of his company.

Private J. H. WOOD—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on May 9, 1915, near Rouges Bancs, when he went across twice between the enemy's breastworks and the British breastworks carrying messages under a very heavy fire, and eventually brought back a party with ammunition, several of whom were killed while attempting to get across.

Acting-Sergeant P. R. PIKE—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry and ability on May 9, 1915, near Rouges Bancs, when, in charge of a bombing party, he cleared the enemy's trenches for nearly 100 yards. The supply of bombs running short, he crossed the open under heavy fire, and brought up a fresh supply. Later, on learning that the bombers on his right had not gained the enemy's trenches, he went to the assistance of the machine-gunners of another regiment, and held the enemy until the order to retire was given.

Lance-Corporal R. A. E. STARKEY—D.C.M.

For great gallantry and devotion to duty on May 9, 1915, near Rouges Bancs, when he continued to work his machine-gun with the left blocking party with the greatest coolness and bravery while the enemy's bombs were continually bursting around him. Finally his gun was disabled and he himself wounded.

Drummer F. E. EMERY—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on December 8, 1914, in assisting to carry a wounded man on a stretcher, although himself seriously wounded. He completed his duty, and then immediately collapsed.

Sergeant F. W. SHEPHERD—D.C.M. with Clasp.

For gallant conduct on several occasions, especially on November 19, 1914, in rescuing a wounded man whilst under fire, and again on December 4 for voluntarily leading a search party over ground exposed to the enemy's fire. On May 9, 1915, during the operation near Rouges Bancs, he made his way from the firing line for over 400 yards to the enemy's breastwork with a telephone line. Before he reached his destination the line was cut. He crawled on to the Signal Section and started back, laying another line, which he eventually got through. He was under a heavy fire the whole

time ; fourteen men had already been killed and wounded passing over the same ground. He subsequently carried two wounded men to a place of safety under a heavy fire. His conduct throughout the action was magnificent.

Private V. E. COHEN—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on May 9, 1915, near Rouges Bancs. Private Cohen was the sole survivor of the left bombing party, and although himself wounded, continued to throw bombs with great courage and coolness until too exhausted to move.

Mentioned in Despatches—Lieutenant-Colonel LEWIS ; Captain the Honourable E. COKE ; Captain PRISMALL ; Captain G. THOMPSON ; Lieutenant R. MACGREGOR ; Second Lieutenant R. G. MALBY ; Quartermaster and Hon. Lieutenant RIDLEY ; Corporal R. C. JOLIFFE ; Lance-Corporal N. GALT ; Drummer W. FORTH ; Private V. O. LANDER.

LONDON SCOTTISH (14TH LONDON)

Lieutenant-Colonel B. C. GREEN, T.D.—C.M.G.

Captain C. H. CAMPBELL—D.S.O.

Captain J. PATERSON—Military Cross.

Sergeant N. MCGREGOR LOWE—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry and marked ability and resource consistently shown throughout the campaign, when he constantly acted as a scout in front of the entrenchment, often under a heavy fire from snipers and machine-guns. He supplied sketches and much invaluable information in connection with the enemy's trenches and wire entanglements.

Lance-Corporal D. A. STEWART—D.C.M. and Russian Medal of St. George, 4th Class.

For conspicuous gallantry and marked ability consistently shown throughout the campaign. He was constantly employed as a scout in front of the entrenchments, often under a heavy fire from snipers and machine-guns. He supplied sketches and much valuable information in connection with the enemy's trenches and wire entanglements.

156 London Territorial Distinctions for

Corporal J. S. STOTT—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry and marked ability and resource consistently shown throughout the campaign. He was constantly employed as a scout in front of the entrenchments, often under a heavy fire from snipers and machine-guns. He supplied sketches and much invaluable information in connection with the enemy's trenches and wire entanglements.

Lance-Corporal F. A. J. MACFARLANE—D.C.M.

For gallant conduct on December 23, 1914, in going out from his trench for a distance of 200 yards and carrying a wounded officer into safety.

Lance-Corporal W. L. SANDERSON—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry at Givenchy, December 22, 1914; took two German prisoners when armed only with his wire-cutters, which he held up as a revolver while he ordered the Germans to surrender.

Private R. GORDON—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on December 23, 1914, at Givenchy, in assisting in the rescue of a number of wounded men, under the greatest risk.

Sergeant ROBERT WILLIAM EMSLIE—Russian Cross of the Order of St. George, 4th Class.

Mentioned in Despatches—Lance-Corporal H. G. LATHAM; Private A. S. LAMBERT; Private O. WINTERBOTTOM.

CIVIL SERVICE RIFLES (15TH LONDON)

Private W. H. BRANTON—D.C.M.

Private H. HARRIS—D.C.M.

Private S. LAWRENCE—D.C.M.

Private S. W. MILLS—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on May 24 and 25, 1915, at Festubert, when assisting as bombers in an assault on a hostile trench by another regiment who were short of bombers through casualties. A very fierce resistance was experienced, and out of eight men supplied, four were killed and two wounded.

Gallantry in the Western Campaign 157

QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS (16TH LONDON)

Sergeant A. G. FULTON—D.C.M.

For great devotion and consistent good work during the whole period his battalion has been engaged.

Corporal J. B. HILL—D.C.M.

For great devotion to duty and consistent good work during the whole period his battalion has been engaged.

Private J. H. POUCHOT—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on January 8, 1915, in going, in the face of a heavy fire, to the assistance of Corporal Roche and Private Tibbs, who had both been mortally wounded.

Sergeant ERNEST WILLIAM ADAMS—Russian Medal of St. George, 2nd Class.

THE "OLD LOYALS" (23RD LONDON)

Sergeant A. J. BRIAN—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on May 25 and 26, 1915, at Givenchy, while working a machine-gun under a very heavy rifle, machine-gun, and shrapnel fire in a captured German trench. His general conduct and bravery had set a fine example to others.

Compy.-Sergeant-Major T. HAMMOND—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on May 25 and 26, 1915, at Givenchy. Sergeant-Major Hammond, by his coolness and bravery, gave the greatest encouragement to the men of his company. He led an assault and was the first man in the German trenches. Throughout these days he gave a fine example to all with him of great devotion to duty.

Compy.-Sergeant-Major A. C. HEGGIE—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on May 25 and 26, 1915, at Givenchy. After all the officers of his company had been wounded he led it with the greatest courage and ability, and set a fine example to his men of devotion to duty.

Sergeant R. H. OXMAN—D.C.M.

For conspicuous gallantry on May 25 and 26, 1915, at Givenchy.

In his efforts to consolidate a captured position under continuous shell and rifle fire, he exhibited remarkable ability and fearlessly exposed himself throughout the night, no less than seven bullets penetrating his clothing and equipment. Twice during the night he crawled into the open under a very heavy fire and assisted the wounded lying between the lines. His fine example gave the greatest encouragement to the men with him.

LONDON TERRITORIALS' ROLL OF HONOUR

MANY circumstances make it impossible to hope to present at this stage of the war a complete record of the brave men in the London Territorial Force who have laid down their lives, much less of those who have been wounded. The Author has done his best in the compilation of the following list from available sources. No one is more conscious than he of its inevitable imperfections.

HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

Killed.—Capt. Newton; Capt. W. C. Hayden; Lieut. G. M. Bazin; Lieut. A. N. V. H. Ormundsen; 2nd Lieut. J. S. Leeds; 2nd Lieut. W. G. Hoare; L.-Cpl. E. Buckney; Ptes. A. L. Davies; P. Fitch; H. H. Parsons; Maxwell Green; T. L. G. Turnbull; H. E. Comber; L.-Sgt. E. Hoyle; Sgt. S. D. Allan; Ptes. G. S. Grundy; R. Williams; E. F. Gardiner; M. Green; Co.-Sgt.-Major R. U. Green; Ptes. L. J. F. Benham; J. G. Graham; Cpl. A. C. Johnson; Ptes. F. W. Barnes; G. F. Davies; C. R. East; L.-Cpl. W. M. Phillips; Ptes. J. Roberts; F. M. Bate-man; Sgt. J. Corbet Browne; Ptes. E. M. Medhurst; P. Pilgrim; A. H. Welsford; R. F. W. Abbott; E. Barrett; G. H. Capel; D. J. Clare; F. H. Fisendon; G. H. Godfree; L.-Cpl. H. H. Hatton; Pte. C. L. Henry; Cpl. J. C. Jobling; Pte. H. D. Jones; L.-Cpl. R. F. Kent; L.-Cpl. F. Lashmore; Pte. O. H. Lewis; Sgt. S. A. K. Money; Cpl. B. J. Moorat; L.-Cpl. E. R. Munt; Pte. G. J. Neal; L.-Cpl. F. A. Openshaw; Ptes. G. E. Pearse; F. J. Milne; A. V. Jones; Sgt. A. E. Thomas; Pte. C. A. Webster; Sgt. J. C. Dale; Cpl. R. S. Tate; Ptes. A. D. Paull; C. S. Smallman; Kenneth Powell; P. C. Stone; Julian A. H. Woodhouse; W. H. Chittick; Sgt. T. W. Dowsett; Pte. A. C. Drysdale; L.-Cpl. P. S. Lampard; Ptes. P. Holman; P. W. Pakeman; A. H. Woodhouse; J. L. Elmslie; H. E. Percy; G. Goodman; L. Inskip; M. G. Jameson; S. C. Lindsey; A. C. Parry; C.-Sgt.-Maj. H. B. Pitts; Pte. E. H. Russell; L.-Cpl. W. A. Smith; Ptes. E. J. Snow; A. C. Southwell; L.-Cpl. H. Tindall;

160 London Territorials' Roll of Honour

Pte. A. H. Wigg ; L.-Cpl. J. B. Reid ; Ptes. J. H. Morum ; E. L. Sprunt ; L.-Cpl. K. S. Boyd ; Ptes. C. W. King ; E. R. Withers ; L.-Cpl. F. T. Derry ; Ptes. L. D. Pepperday ; W. C. Bunnnett ; A. Jenkins ; N. Lansly.

Died of Wounds.—Lt. C. Tatham ; Pte. Louis Hopkins ; L.-Cpl. Smart ; Ptes. P. C. Ellis ; M. Fuchsbalg ; H. A. Godby ; K. Powell ; H. J. Sandle ; E. H. Lindemann ; C. R. Fowler ; F. D. Lenton ; T. L. G. Turnbull ; Cpl. A. F. Vertue ; Ptes. L. G. Harris ; F. E. Clark ; F. Archard ; H. H. Last ; M. H. Lemmon ; N. P. Russell ; L.-Cpl. C. Sturt ; Cpl. A. F. B. Littlewood ; Ptes. H. R. Poulain ; W. Pearson.

Died.—Ptes. G. Kitson ; V. Tebbitt ; W. Oldham.

LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE (5TH LONDON)

Killed in Action.—Capt. G. H. Morrison ; Lieuts. R. Lintott ; H. B. Price ; K. Forbes ; G. H. Cotter ; S. M. Lines ; H. R. W. Gooding ; R. Lintock ; Ptes. W. G. Allison ; E. W. Baldwin ; D. W. Bartlett ; T. Bond ; L.-Cpl. A. M. Booth ; Ptes. L. G. Burdge ; E. Butler ; L. J. Colebrook ; J. N. Coleman ; C. H. Cooke ; H. S. Dixon ; Sgt. A. P. Featherstonhaugh ; Co.-Sgt.-Maj. G. L. Frank ; Ptes. S. E. Garrod ; E. H. Gumprecht ; L.-Cpl. J. L. Hampton ; Ptes. N. W. Haseldine ; T. A. Hewitt ; T. R. Higgin ; H. S. Jarvis ; L.-Cpl. C. Jenkins ; Ptes. W. L. Jones ; S. G. Kelsey ; H. B. Kerry ; W. Killip ; W. H. Kirk ; J. Kirkwood ; H. Lamb ; S. C. Legg ; J. Light ; Bugler W. H. Long ; Ptes. P. A. J. Matthews ; R. H. T. Moore ; G. Northam ; S. G. Parr ; A. R. Pidgen ; J. E. Reynolds ; Sgts. M. J. Ring ; C. Rolfe ; Pte. G. B. Smith ; L.-Cpl. L. H. Teakle ; Ptes. H. D. Vallentine ; A. L. Warren ; Cpl. H. R. Wimble ; Ptes. J. F. Wynn ; A. Pritheroe ; F. L. Dunnett ; D. A. K. Pile ; L. M. Potts ; L.-Cpl. M. Roach ; Ptes. W. L. Sutton ; E. Thornton ; E. J. Ward ; Sgt. E. Warner ; Rfsmn. A. R. Bassingham ; H. C. Cooper ; E. Corble ; S. Herbage ; H. M. Knight ; T. Sanders ; A. A. Daniel ; R. C. Watkins ; H. Webb ; H. W. Appleton ; J. P. Gardener ; Cpl. B. M. Schonberg ; Pte. A. Steward ; Cpl. F. L. Banks ; Rfsmn. L. F. Bartlett ; P. Bates ; P. G. M. Brown ; V. R. Browne ; R. P. Cannell ; Cpl. A. A. Claridge ; L.-Cpl. W. S. Claridge ; Sgt. H. S. Coulson ; Rfsmn. J. W. Dawson ; L.-Cpl. A. C. Day ; Rfsmn. G. W. Freeman ; W. F. Galpin ; Cpl. L. Hawkins ; Rfsmn. P. R. Hoad ; L. D. Lloyd ; S. T. Lund ; P. McElwee ; Ptes. E. L. Cooper ; C. F. Young ; Sgt. S. E. Peddell ; Ptes. F. K. Slatter ;

London Territorials' Roll of Honour 161

W. T. Powis ; W. D. Shaw ; P. T. Underhill ; Rflmn. W. J. Harries ; Pte. L. Jenkins ; L.-Cpl. Arthur Daphne ; Rflmn. F. H. Madley ; J. V. Marsh ; Sgt. W. R. S. Marshall ; L.-Cpls. E. Parker ; E. G. Paxton ; Rflmn. C. A. M. Piper ; C. S. Powis ; J. W. Prebble ; B. H. Richardson ; E. D. Schæffer ; F. Sidnell ; Cpl. E. D. C. Slow ; L.-Cpls. F. E. Sparks ; G. Townsend ; Rflmn. J. R. Wagstaff ; V. A. Wood.

Died of Wounds.—Capt. E. L. Large ; 2nd Lieut. R. P. Hamilton ; Rflmn. C. M. Bell ; T. A. Pace ; C. A. Escare ; E. W. Rimington ; R. W. Offin ; S. J. Conduit ; S. T. Lund ; W. Soden ; A. J. Frank ; W. Hampton ; H. F. Harvey ; W. Hodson ; C. H. Johnson ; H. F. Lovesey ; Cpl. E. Smith ; Rflmn. G. Truman ; T. E. Wadsworth ; W. F. West ; N. B. Wright ; C. J. Elliott ; H. Eyres ; O. Tilley ; H. M. Van Koest ; Ptes. S. E. Pearse ; H. Atkins ; R. V. Bevan ; Sgt. T. S. Jolly ; Ptes. E. S. Markhillie ; A. H. George ; W. K. Peppiatt ; S. Robbins ; C. E. Pike ; F. P. Bennett ; A. D. Gibson ; Cpl. W. G. Hopkins.

Died.—Rflmn. M. Meredith ; E. J. Bradley ; Cpl. H. A. Petty ; A. V. Barrett ; F. Pooter ; Bugler E. Garton.

Capt. C. E. Church-King ; Lieut. R. N. de D. Fernside-Speed.

THE "SHINY SEVENTH" (7TH LONDON)

Killed in Action.—Capt. W. Casson ; Lieuts. A. A. Ferguson ; A. J. Smith ; 2nd Lieut. B. P. P. Wood ; Ptes. F. N. Bosher ; A. D. Eady ; A. Payne ; A. E. Shorter ; L.-Cpl. J. Baker ; Ptes. A. Kilby ; C. R. King ; W. Luckhurst ; S. Weeks ; C. Wicks ; B. B. Boast ; L.-Cpls. T. B. Bubb ; C. L. Crossingham ; Co.-Sgt.-Maj. W. Howes ; Ptes. E. Lynch ; S. W. Bowles ; F. King.

Died of Wounds.—Lieut. J. H. B. Fletcher ; 2nd Lieut. L. O. H. Squire ; 2nd Lieut. A. R. K. Aitkens ; Cpl. E. J. King ; Ptes. J. K. Allan ; T. Wade ; E. W. Carew ; P. G. Jay ; C. Moore ; C. Rolls ; H. Walters ; J. Chenington ; A. J. Harvie ; H. H. Hulland ; H. D. Brooke ; J. H. Hotten.

Died of Gas Poisoning.—Pte. W. McLoughlin.

Died.—Pte. W. Lloyd.

POST OFFICE RIFLES (8TH LONDON)

Killed in Action.—Capts. W. L. Russell ; L. R. E. West ; Lieuts. R. B. Halfeld ; N. C. Maclehose ; 2nd Lieuts. W. A. C. Brooks ; R. Maccabe ; O. J. Lawrence ; B. O. Moon ; Sgts. A. Dunn ; A. E. Gurley ; H. Hodson ; C. R. Tapsfield ; A. J. Trelwing ; C. W.

162 London Territorials' Roll of Honour

Weaver; Riflman. F. M. Archer; W. E. Alloway; J. T. Beasley; J. H. Baker; N. Baker; R. H. Bishop; A. C. Botting; A.-Cpl. J. B. G. Brand; Riflman. A. E. Cawthorne; W. Conabeer; A. R. Card; A. R. Cooper; A. L. Dudley; J. J. Dodds; Riflman. F. J. Ebdon; V. E. Finch; B. E. G. Freeman; J. S. Gatehouse; Bglr. G. R. Graves; Riflman. S. H. Gilder; E. C. S. Geard; Cpl. J. G. Gordon; Riflman. C. T. Hall; O. G. B. Harl; H. J. Harris; A. E. Hunt; C. G. Johnson; W. M. Judge; A. C. Knapp; S. W. B. Lardner; Cpl. P. Laidlaw; Riflman. M. H. Maddison; E. McGrevy; E. W. Masters; B. B. Maquire; R. J. McCluskie; A. A. Nunn; Cpls. J. P. Parker; H. Parker; Riflman. A. J. Pine; Cpl. J. P. Parker; Riflman. E. G. Postlethwaite; E. Pausey; W. J. Rayner; J. Ramus; A. Skerratt; A. C. W. Snaith; G. C. Summersby; D. Sibley; E. W. Stimson; S. G. Strike; W. J. Sear; W. F. E. Tackley; Riflman. F. H. Tarrant; R. J. Thomson; A. Toleman; A.-Cpl. H. J. Taylor; Riflman. J. C. Tonks; E. J. Truman; R. L. Weston; R. Weaver; Riflman. F. Wade; R. J. Ward; A.-Cpl. W. L. York; Riflman. C. H. Woodward; Ha. Wildman; J. Wilkes; W. H. Stretton; J. Conrey; S. G. Mansfield.

Died of Wounds.—Riflman. W. H. G. Harris.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S RIFLES (9TH LONDON)

Killed in Action.—Capt. G. B. J. Fazakerley-Westby; Major T. P. Lees; 2nd Lieut. D. L. Summerhays; Ptes. L. F. Avila; F. Allsop; J. Clarke; L. C. Ebers; E. S. Fryer; R. Galley; C. Martin; L.-Cpls. L. Morgan; R. W. Maurant; Ptes. H. B. Nichols; W. Santler; L.-Cpl. F. Turner; Ptes. W. Uglow; A. R. Alwin; C. Arthur; C. Bowdon; L.-Cpl. W. Gough; Pte. H. Hart; Riflman. A. N. Elliott; V. Fusier; C. Kirch; J. Warne; A. H. Wright; Pte. C. F. Elliott; Riflman. A. Warner; Ptes. C. Beare; R. C. Brinton; B. Brooker; L.-Cpl. W. R. Brookes; Ptes. H. E. Clegg; J. S. Davies; Cpl. H. A. Farrar; Ptes. W. Fisher; P. G. Ford; C. A. Foucar; R. L. Gibbons; G. C. Greenleaf; F. G. Hale; L.-Cpl. F. Hardwick; Ptes. F. W. Hill; C. Joiner; F. D. Maisey; L.-Cpl. G. C. Moncur; Ptes. L. H. Needham; R. Newling; L.-Cpl. J. W. Parsons; Ptes. B. J. Pearson; H. W. Purkiss; J. R. Reynolds; L.-Cpl. N. H. Smith; Ptes. S. W. Smith; D. C. H. Stevens; L.-Cpl. A. F. Taylor; Ptes. J. Van Ryn; W. O. Weedon; L. K. Wilkinson; E. H. Wilson; S. Wright; V. H. Young; Cpl.-Bglr. J. R. Venning; Riflman. G. Clark; Cpl. E. A. Creswell; Riflman. G. W. Gillate; F. W. M. Hallett; F. M. Herford;

London Territorials' Roll of Honour 163

Sgt. F. A. Hooper ; Rifleman. L. Lipscombe ; J. E. Puylett ; L.-Cpl. H. T. Tippard ; Rifleman. G. E. Wyatt ; L.-Cpl. A. M. Butterwick ; Sgt. W. J. Clayton ; C.-Sgt.-Maj. J. H. Fairall ; Rifleman. G. H. Bray ; C. T. Mason ; L. H. Swann ; W. H. Truscott.

Died of Wounds.—Capt. John C. Holmes ; Ptes. T. R. Brand ; D. Dixon ; H. Dunn ; L.-Cpl. A. Hoellen ; Ptes. R. Hopkins ; W. Kneale ; — Methofer ; P. Walsh ; Sgt. R. Skinner ; Ptes. F. Vernon ; H. G. Eggleton ; Rifleman. R. G. Warley ; H. A. Welch ; L.-Cpl. F. H. Dore ; Pte. F. S. Horne ; Bugler J. W. King ; L.-Cpl. H. A. Tavernor ; Rifleman. H. Gore ; J. A. Solly ; B. A. Stubbs ; G. H. Toll ; T. B. Canby ; E. Jamieson ; Sgt. H. B. Adler ; Rifleman. W. R. Donovan ; E. G. Vining ; A. W. Tozer ; W. L. B. Leech ; J. P. R. Cooke ; L.-Cpl. G. Webb.

Died.—Ptes. E. F. Slade ; A. C. Gunnell.

RANGERS (12TH LONDON)

Killed in Action.—Major V. R. Hoare ; Lieut. L. N. Walford ; 2nd Lieuts. W. Beausire ; H. Wildsmith ; L. S. Nicholson ; L.-Sgt. C. W. Comber ; Cpl. A. Walker ; L.-Cpl. C. G. S. Rawlings ; Rifleman. C. G. Carpenter ; B. H. Cook ; L.-Cpl. G. Humphries ; Rifleman. S. Rush ; W. Wing ; A. V. Isaacs ; Cpl. A. G. W. Hogg ; Rifleman. H. S. Hedge ; H. C. Whittingham ; C. Goldsmith ; E. W. Barge ; W. Whitehead ; Sgt. F. L. Hawes ; Rifleman. G. Carter ; R. G. Dix ; T. E. D. Quay ; T. Joys ; A. F. Gull ; E. Ashton ; P. Boynton ; A. W. Carroll ; J. H. Stacey ; J. R. Watson ; G. Brassington ; E. Elvin ; J. W. Hall ; F. C. Luck ; G. Lipka ; F. S. Peters ; T. T. G. Pulsford ; T. W. Ponting ; G. Thomas ; G. J. Empson ; Sgts. H. Coles ; T. Killick ; Rifleman. W. F. Andrews ; R. Bonnett ; A. A. Baker ; T. C. Barr ; J. Casey ; W. F. Collins ; F. Fincham ; Sgt. F. Harvey ; Rifleman. P. J. Hilleard ; A. H. Preddey ; R. W. Potter ; H. A. Schultz ; E. Toone ; F. Tildesley ; S. Whiles ; A. Manning ; F. L. Nash ; C. Sumpton ; H. D. Southam ; T. H. Davis ; A. C. Glen ; B. F. V. Gilders ; A. Port ; N. D. Ross ; F. H. Stanton ; E. A. Warne ; G. Haffenden ; J. W. Plested ; F. H. Stanley ; L. H. Barnes ; R. E. Hedges ; F. C. Tate ; J. G. H. Hammond ; G. R. Busher ; L.-Cpls. L. W. Blattman ; A. Mann ; Rifleman. D. Dawson ; F. Hatcher ; A. W. Moye ; J. A. Stevens ; J. Short ; Sgts. C. K. Bowtell ; J. S. Gammon ; H. C. Hawkins ; F. E. Bake ; Rifleman. V. Day ; W. D. Cadsden ; L.-Cpl. C. C. White ; Rifleman. G. Ashpole ; C. Cartwright ; R. W. Claxton ; F. C. Gregg ; G. E. Nash ; T. Parish ; F. W. Parslow ; F. W. Page ; E. S. Norman ; A. F. Matthews ; G. J. Godwin ; A. V. Hillman ; E. H. Jones.

164 London Territorials' Roll of Honour

Killed Accidentally.—L.-Cpl. E. E. Taunt ; Riflman. A. Allison.

Died as Prisoner of War.—Pte. P. L. Jackman.

Died of Wounds.—Capts. A. H. Arbuthnot ; L. F. Studd ; Riflman. H. R. Lewis ; J. Houlihan ; L.-Cpl. H. S. Dilke ; Co.-Sgt.-Maj. N. B. Barker ; L.-Cpl. J. L. Parr ; Riflman. A. C. Mylam ; G. Hansford ; L. F. Wallington ; N. J. Lawrie ; F. S. Bird ; A. F. Edwards ; H. Routh ; E. Haynes ; T. S. James ; A. Fanning ; C. Tibbits ; H. Smith ; A. Askew ; L.-Cpl. C. R. Jessop ; Riflman. S. Saunders ; H. E. Meade ; L. B. Adams ; T. Edwards ; W. G. Clements ; R. J. Charden ; E. H. Pearce ; E. W. Grant ; J. B. Brown ; A. M. Pradier ; A. E. Norfolk ; A. Moulds ; Cpl. J. H. Semple ; Riflman. A. V. Cox ; T. T. Heath ; P. L. Jackman ; C. Mapplethorpe.

KENSINGTONS (13TH LONDON)

Killed or Died of Wounds.—Capt. and Adj. G. Thompson (Connaught Rangers) ; Capts. A. Prismall ; H. W. Barnett ; E. C. Gates ; T. S. Lukis ; R. B. Herbert ; Lieuts. R. M. MacGregor ; W. G. Burn ; M. O. Sewell ; T. E. G. Leigh-Pemberton ; T. E. Turner ; 2nd Lieuts. H. E. Stern ; E. C. Castelli ; N. E. Lawrie ; R. G. Malby ; Ptes. C. G. Marsh ; J. E. Petherick ; C. Hewitt ; H. A. Abrahams ; Sgts. H. Andrew ; R. H. Ball ; Cpl. W. H. Belston ; Pte. W. S. Belston ; L.-Cpls. H. Bentley ; J. Bicheno ; Ptes. N. C. Bradnock ; T. J. Brown ; C. C. Castelli ; E. Chevis ; L.-Cpl. H. G. Clarke ; Pte. W. Coombs ; L.-Cpl. F. A. East ; Ptes. J. Finn ; H. Fobbs ; Cpl. A. Freeman ; Ptes. A. Gamble ; W. Ginsburg ; F. Harris ; W. Hollick ; G. N. Hunt ; Drmr. P. W. Hurst ; B. Hyde ; A. A. Mulford ; Ptes. W. F. King ; L. E. Moat ; L.-Cpl. L. O'Brien ; Ptes. A. Parsons ; H. J. Perry ; G. F. Pitts ; D. Sargeant ; P. Branscombe ; B. Burns ; E. J. Burns ; W. G. Caley ; W. L. Carter ; Sgts. E. C. Chamberlain ; A. W. Cockett ; R. G. Cook ; Ptes. V. C. Cohen ; J. A. Collins ; V. Cotter ; H. A. Croxford ; G. W. David ; A. W. Dermott ; H. Dowd ; A. S. Dyson ; Cpl. J. Edwards ; Ptes. C. Forrest ; J. H. Gunn ; R. Gammon ; J. G. Gibbons ; G. Harris ; W. J. Harris ; G. H. Heaver ; Sgts. A. H. Heden ; R. Jenkins ; W. McLean ; F. Munton ; Ptes. J. Hewitt ; M. Hind ; H. Hodges ; T. G. Hoy ; S. O. Keen ; C. Hutchinson ; Cpls. F. Irving ; W. A. Marks ; W. S. Norman ; P. J. W. Palmer ; L.-Cpls. V. O. Lander ; G. R. Palmer ; R. Peddler ; Ptes. L. Lane ; H. W. Lee ; H. McEntie ; T. McNamara ; F. Marlow ; T. C. Micklemore ; A. M. Newman ; H. W. Pentland ; W. Plummer ; Sgts. F. W. Pocock ; H. Somerville ; T. C. Southwick ; R. G. Wallace ; Ptes. W. E. Pollard ; A. J. Pooleu ; E. H. Pownall ; V. Reid ; T. Renton ;

London Territorials' Roll of Honour 165

T. Rix; J. Robinson; P. F. Scull; S. W. Sherwood; H. E. Sidey; H. J. Smith; W. E. Smith; A. G. Spurr; B. T. Tattle; W. Wain; A. F. B. Walker; E. Whittaker; A. E. Whittingham; R. Willicombe; E. N. Woollett; A. H. Goddard; A. Hill; L. Lane; H. B. Mortimer; E. A. Vernon; D. Elder; C. G. Marsh; Cpl. A. E. Newman; Pts. J. E. Petherick; L. Wolfe; J. Goodwin; C. C. Whitwell; Rflmn. J. C. P. B. Carter; T. R. Fishenden; J. Hoad; V. Champion; Sgt. C. S. Gill; Ptes. C. A. Heaver; H. J. Perry Drmr. A. W. Mulford; Ptes. J. Hardes; R. M. Bartlett; Sgt. F. Sitch; Ptes. C. Smith (1434); C. Smith (1994); E. W. Squire; P. E. Tarver; H. Walden; J. W. Warner; L. C. Wharton; G. Widginton; Sgts. J. B. Chennels; W. J. Mackie; Ptes. H. Danes; L. Foy; A. Jarrett; Cpl. W. Jenkins; Pts. L. N. J. Martin; D. T. Ray; H. J. Smith; W. Stringer; A. Thear; J. Young; J. T. O'Mara; J. H. O'Hara; W. R. Ramsey; W. Raworth; W. Brown; W. H. Burns; Sgt. W. Burtham; Ptes. R. G. Cattell; H. Clarke; G. Cliburn; B. Gay; Drmr. J. Grant; Ptes. T. H. Hallinan; H. L. Hardcastle; H. L. Hardy; C. J. Heal; R. E. W. Hunter; G. R. Hyde; H. Ings; A. S. Jarrett; J. R. Kirby; A. Medus; J. P. Mist; L.-Cpls. D. J. Parker; E. Ross; Ptes. G. V. Seels; A. Shute; W. V. Simmons; A. K. Smith; R. Scott; A. Sebley; L. Spencer; A. J. Wilson; L.-Cpl. G. N. Woodley; Drmr. E. V. Field; Pte. A. E. Ruddock; L.-Cpl. A. G. Holtum; Ptes. A. Jagger; S. Carr; H. W. Farmer; A. McKenzie; J. Mahoney; T. Proughton; F. Saunders; J. H. Shepherd; H. W. Smith; A. W. Aland; H. G. Stephens; C. T. Bacon; B. H. Brind; J. R. Brooks; Arthur Gordon Millington; Dudley Graham Millington; W. Butler; J. Hardes; W. H. Cheeld.

Died.—Ptes. L. Bowles; F. L. Moorey; R. B. Underhill.

Died as Prisoners of War.—Ptes. E. H. Pilgrim; W. J. Crush; F. Phillips.

LONDON SCOTTISH (14TH LONDON)

Killed in Action or Died of Wounds.—Capt. Angus McNab, M.O.; 2nd Lieuts. R. G. Ker Gulland; E. F. Findlay; Col.-Sgt. H. R. Aitchison; Sgts. N. M. Brown; S. Pears; L. Purvis; E. A. Smart; R. F. C. Yorke; L.-Sgts. W. H. Burton; A. W. Kitcher; Cpls. J. Davie; W. D. Goudie; J. G. Hutton; J. Kinross; K. S. McDonald; H. Morton; R. H. Robertson; J. Steedman; L.-Cpls. W. C. Black; J. Carey; T. Clough; W. Drummond; C. F. Hodgson; H. B. Husband; H. Latham; J. Mackenzie; G. F. Mathieson; J. W. Mathieson; W. N. Millar; A. R. Petrie; Ptes. G. W.

166 London Territorials' Roll of Honour

Aitchison ; A. F. Alexander ; J. Baldie ; K. Barclay ; G. Bicknell ; Piper L. F. Binnie ; Bugler M. S. Bryce ; Ptes. J. Burns ; L. H. Caldwell ; A. W. Callander ; D. Cameron ; J. G. Campbell ; H. L. Caulder ; T. Crafter ; W. Crichton ; N. W. Crooke ; J. D. Crouchley ; W. W. Davidson ; Bugler W. F. Dunlop ; Ptes. F. W. Fea ; M. G. Fluck ; H. M. Fraser ; J. C. Frew ; W. Gibson ; J. A. Gilfillan ; H. Graham ; W. Greig ; F. G. Innes ; J. I. Innes ; J. G. Johnston ; G. G. Jordan ; O. W. Knight ; R. B. Kyle ; C. G. P. Laidlaw ; E. V. Laidlaw ; T. Laing ; W. Laing ; W. S. Liddle ; M. C. Lochhead ; J. O. McCarogher ; A. H. Macintosh ; A. A. M. McLean ; A. C. Maclean ; H. O. MacLeod ; F. L. Mahon ; A. M. Morten ; D. B. Murison ; T. P. Naismith ; A. F. North ; D. J. N. Ovens ; F. C. Peters ; G. E. Randall ; R. E. M. Richards ; J. Scott ; C. G. Seaton ; J. F. Smith ; J. R. Stewart ; L. V. Turner ; L. F. Walford ; F. J. Walker ; C. A. Wallace ; E. L. Williams ; C. S. Willis ; J. L. Wilson ; C. Wyles ; C. V. Burt ; Cpl. W. H. Burton ; Ptes. K. M. Bentley ; R. F. Copland ; T. W. Clough ; L.-Cpl. W. Davidson ; Pte. A. T. Moffatt ; L.-Cpls. J. Wilson ; A. R. Petrie ; W. T. Mackie ; A. B. Stark.

CIVIL SERVICE RIFLES (15TH LONDON)

Killed in Action.—Capt. A. E. Trembath ; L.-Sgt. J. Smith ; Cpl. H. Barlow ; Ptes. A. E. Snellgrove ; H. Norris ; L. H. Fereday ; A. A. Moody ; P. H. Steane ; T. E. Flook ; L. J. Fennell ; S. E. White ; A. M. Sharp ; H. S. Winslow ; F. R. Smith ; W. S. Curtis ; A. J. F. Tracey ; D. B. Shanks ; C. Fearnley ; G. G. Pennington ; P. A. L. Madell ; T. A. Hiscox ; B. Roberts ; J. W. Burnett ; F. C. Davis ; A. H. Lynden.

Died of Wounds.—2nd Lieuts. R. Chalmers ; H. R. E. Clarke ; Sgt. J. H. Turner ; L.-Cpl. G. S. Searr ; Ptes. R. B. Pulman ; T. G. L. Haughton ; W. C. Wade ; C. E. Pearson ; S. Marchant ; J. H. Bunce ; E. M. Theobald ; J. F. Armstrong ; L.-Cpl. Douglas B. Kent.

Died of Disease.—Pte. W. E. Little.

Died.—L.-Cpl. A. E. Scott ; Rflmn. C. H. Taylor.

In addition 7 Officers wounded, 13 N.C.O.'s and 61 men.

QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS (16TH LONDON)

Killed in Action or Died of Wounds.—Capts. M. M. Shattock ; H. R. Townsend-Green ; R. S. Dickenson ; Lieut. D. H. Hutchison ; Cpl. R. de R. Roche ; Ptes. P. H. Tibbs ; J. D. Ingram ; Sgts. M. S.

Rogers ; C. C. N. Mighall ; Trpr. H. J. Newnham ; L.-Cpl. G. A. Pearce ; Sgt. J. Hayden ; Ptes. F. E. Kidner ; W. J. Waddington ; S. A. Billing ; Rflmn. C. E. F. Dutton ; E. W. Hunt ; L.-Cpl. W. T. Jones ; Rflmn. F. E. Kidner ; C. R. Leward ; E. F. Reekes ; R. P. Robinson ; L. Thomson ; R. W. White ; C. G. Willis ; H. L. Winter ; A. F. Silvester ; S. E. Edwards ; J. A. Flick ; Co.-Qmr.-Sgt. E. C. Whiskin ; Sgt. H. O. Goffin ; Rflmn. F. Rands ; H. L. Amsden ; H. G. Clarke ; A. E. Dyster ; W. A. Kerl ; F. McGillivray ; L.-Cpls. T. T. B. Matthews ; V. Thornton ; C. H. Bingham ; F. C. Regaux ; Rflmn. S. W. Pallett ; J. R. Phillips ; A. G. Thompson ; F. L. Webb ; C. A. Winterton ; J. H. Rowe ; W. T. Bushell ; F. C. Reed ; G. H. Burtenshaw ; P. Jones ; W. Ridden ; E. B. Senior ; R. Dawes ; T. J. Capper ; W. C. Mercer ; H. Goble ; R. J. Parsley ; S. A. Pulford ; R. H. Coxon ; F. B. Helps ; C. W. Pattin ; Cpl. R. Tucker ; Pte. H. Brook ; L.-Cpl. J. Cunningham ; Ptes. H. D. Cox ; A. Holmes ; H. A. Holme ; H. H. Saxton ; Sgt. W. G. Wright ; Ptes. C. Gore ; L. S. Tait ; Sgt. C. S. C. Wilson ; Ptes. A. Brand ; R. W. White ; C. G. Willis ; O. R. Hoyle ; E. W. Hunt ; C. R. Nevard ; R. P. Bell ; R. G. Ranson ; P. C. Kronenberger ; Vernon Hall ; Athole Stanley Ford ; L. W. Perry ; L.-Cpl. F. W. Whelbourne ; Sgt. G. G. Wachter ; Cpl. R. Hines ; Rflmn. A. W. Powell ; A. W. Rolfe ; — Sexton ; J. D. Thornborrow ; F. L. Webb ; E. G. C. Williams ; F. H. Bowman ; C. E. Thompson ; B. Anwell ; R. T. Ims ; V. Hall ; C. T. A. Crompton.

Died.—Sgt. H. C. Chapman ; Rflmn. C. H. Jones ; C. Parker ; R. Brooks ; A. Moorat.

THE "OLD LOYALS" (23RD LONDON)

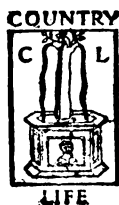
Killed.—2nd Lieut. H. E. Handley ; Sgts. R. A. Ellis ; A. Guliver ; D. Marshall ; W. Poole ; H. V. Simpson ; R. A. Yeo ; Act.-Sgts. W. J. Pace ; P. J. (? T.) Ross ; L.-Sgt. J. G. Allen ; Cpls. G. F. Burridge ; P. Chappell ; J. Dew ; A. G. Drewett ; W. G. Evans ; F. C. Hart ; D. Nelson ; D. T. Warren ; C. Whenmouth ; L.-Cpls. W. F. Atkins ; A. Barrett ; W. F. Beardwell ; A. P. Bird ; H. S. Burton ; A. J. Darby ; E. R. Hall ; F. J. Hawkes ; W. A. S. Hoffman ; W. Malyon ; H. W. Martin ; F. W. Maylin ; C. C. W. Mitchell ; F. Rushton ; R. Stuart ; Vibart ; T. S. Waterhouse ; J. G. Wood ; Ptes. Akers ; A. Alderick ; J. M. Attlee ; J. L. Aubury ; H. R. W. Banks ; G. F. Barden ; F. C. Barnes ; J. G. H. Batty ; A. V. G. Bedford ; W. M. Bennett ; A. Bickmore ; A. G. Biggin ; S. G. Biggs ; D. A. Blackadder ; G. F. Boast ; A. J. J. Bott ; B. H. Bourne ; G. T. Boxall ;

168 London Territorials' Roll of Honour

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