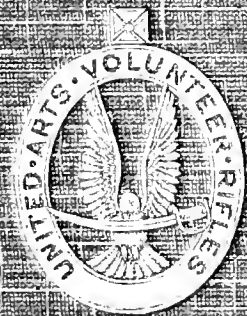


A RECORD OF THE UNITED ARTS RIFLES

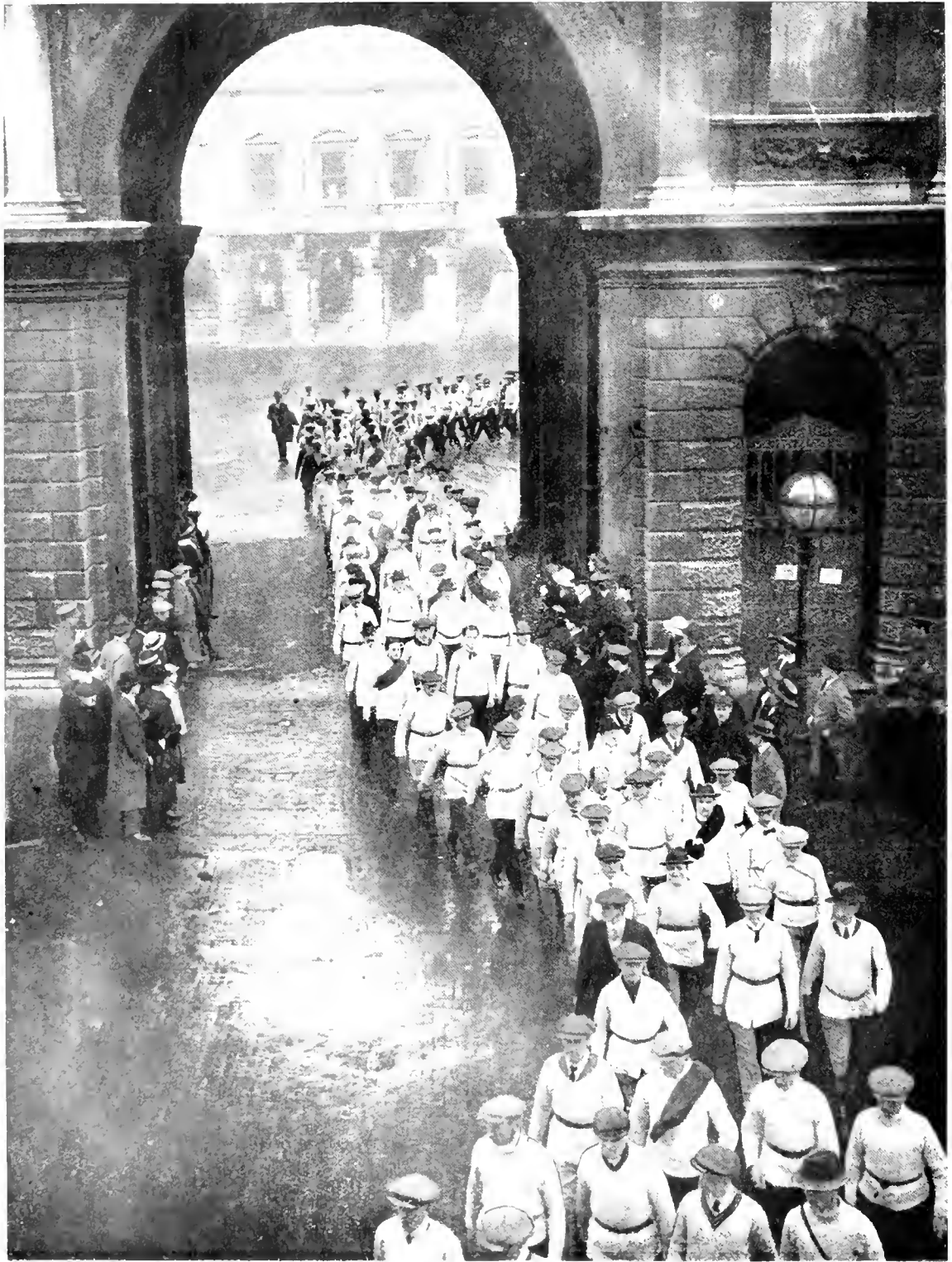
1914-1919



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THE UNSHRINKABLES
NOVEMBER, 1914

Photograph by Horace W. Nichols

Frontispiece

A RECORD
OF THE
UNITED ARTS RIFLES

1914—1919

EDITED BY
EDWARD POTTON
LIEUT. AND ASSISTANT ADJUTANT

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PREFACE

IT is regretted that exigencies of space have made it impossible to print all the matter—pictorial and otherwise—written and offered for this volume. For the same reason it was decided not to publish a list of those who have joined the Corps from its formation. Such a list, owing to deficiencies in some of the earlier records, could be neither complete nor accurate, and would necessarily include the names of hundreds of men who stayed but a short time and took little interest in the Corps.

I have had much advice and assistance from Major Crombie, Major Perman and Captain Quin in the selection and arrangement of matter; and thanks are also due to the Proprietors of "Punch," "The Sketch," and the "Daily Sketch," to Messrs. Bassano, Mr. Stoll-Bailey, Mr. Messenger and Mr. Steggals, for kindly placing photographs, and in the case of "Punch" articles, at our disposal. Most of the remaining photographs are the work of Mr. Horace W. Nicholls and the Topical Press Agency. The excellent cartoons of Mr. J. H. Dowd and Mr. Rex Osborne have been a great asset to us. Unfortunately very few photographs of the Battalion taken during 1917 and 1918 have been available. Owing to the stringent regulations against the use of cameras during the latter years of the War, and the fact that as our work became useful and more strenuous so it ceased to be spectacular, hardly any photographs were taken.

I find that I have omitted from the "Record" any reference to the select band of men who, during 1916 and 1917, performed the thankless duty of escorting military prisoners—a work that not only consumed much time but required a good deal of moral courage and tact. This duty was undertaken by about sixteen men, but the brunt of the work fell upon some six or seven—Private (afterwards Sergt.) W. H. Bond, Private (afterwards Lieut.) C. Taylor, Private (afterwards Lieut.) L. W. Harris, Lance-Corpl. S. J. W. Scott, and Privates G. Thomas, Lawson Wright and A. H. Stoll-Bailey, while C.Q.M.S. Ford undertook the unexciting duties of orderly-sergeant. On one occasion Privates Taylor and Thomas, with the help of handcuffs and other persuasive methods, succeeded in conducting and handing over a really refractory prisoner who had already

escaped from more than one Guards' escort; while, on another occasion, Sergt. Bond and I escorted to the Tower a gunner and his dog, an Irish terrier of sorts, who had followed his master from France and refused to be parted from him in his home troubles.

Should any members of the Motor Squadron feel aggrieved at the absence of photographs of the squadron, they must lay the blame on their own members who, having good pictures in their possession, have failed, notwithstanding repeated requests, to place them at my disposal for this book.

E. P.

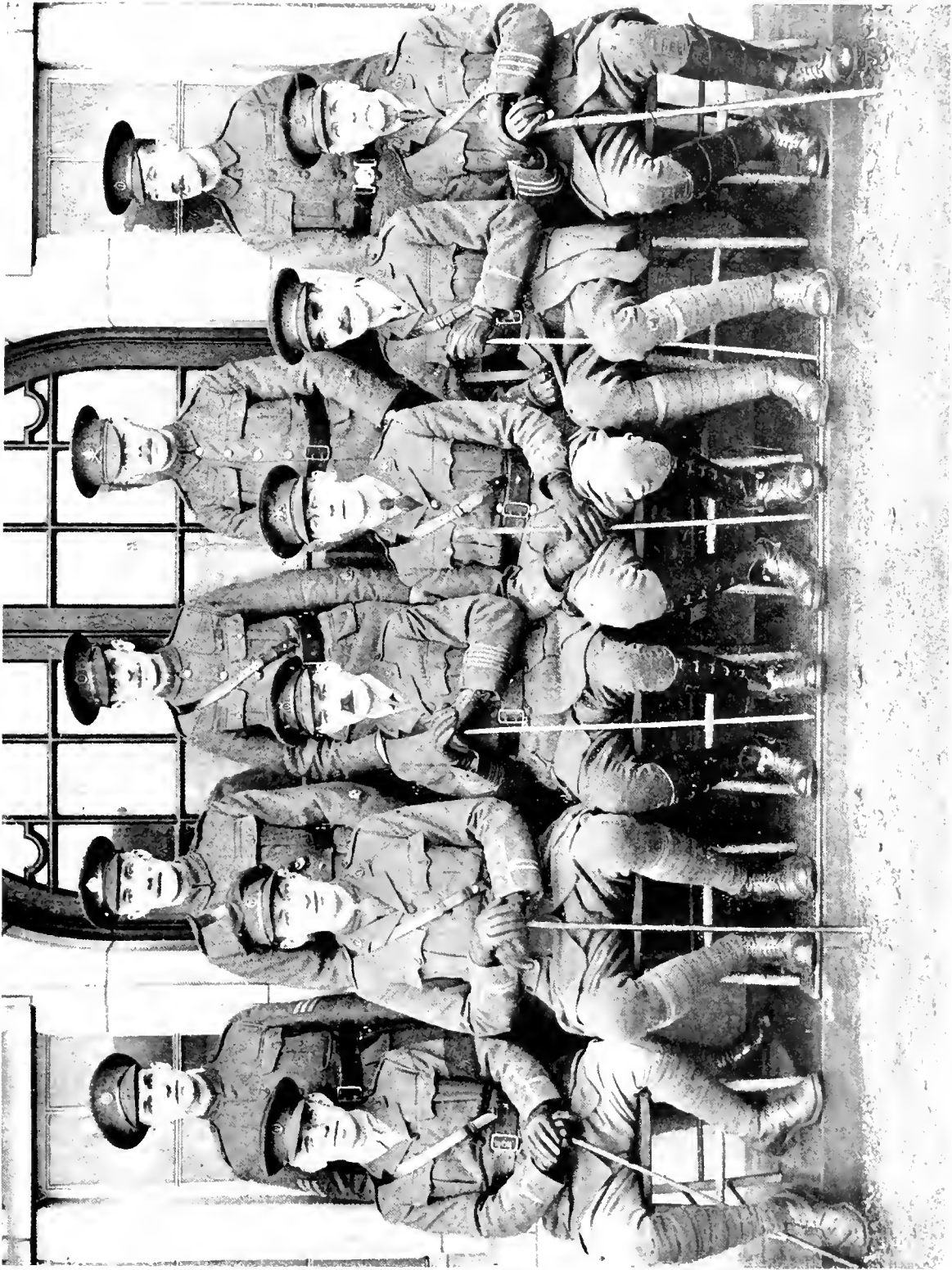
CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. A TRIBUTE. By Lieut.-Col. J. G. Gordon Casserly	1
II. THE BATTALION. By Major A. E. Crombie	4
III. A RECORD. By Lieut. E. Potton	7
IV. GUARDS AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT DUTIES. By Corporal F. Sulley—	
I. Guards in General	28
II. Hyde Park Corner	29
III. Grosvenor Road Bridge	32
III. Anti-Aircraft Work	39
V. THE UNITED ARTS OVERSEAS. By Capt. W. H. Ansell, M.C.	49
VI. THE LIGHT SIDE OF THE UNITED ARTS. By C.Q.M.S. Charles Emanuel	51
VII. A VERY LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF A CAMP AT CHURT. By Private Walter Jerrold	61
VIII. FANTASIES FROM "PUNCH." By Lieut. J. Fayer Hosken—	
I. Sentry-Go	63
II. The Bridge-Builders	66
III. Our Whitsun Camp	68
IV. A Surprise Visit	70
V. Camp Quartermastering	72
VI. Our Regimental Sports	76
VII. The Use of the Rifle	78
VIII. Manual Exercises and other Incidents	81
IX. Night Operations	83
IX. ROLL OF HONOUR	86
X. A NOMINAL ROLL OF THE STAFF AND UNITED ARTS COMPANIES, 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON VOLUNTEER REGIMENT	87

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE UNSHRINKABLES	<i>Frontispiece</i>
BATTALION STAFF, November, 1918	<i>facing page viii</i>
LIEUT.-COL. J. G. GORDON CASSERLY, LIEUT.-COL. C. L. WILLOUGHBY WALLACE, CAPT. H. G. SHEARS	2
CARTOON FROM "PUNCH"	p. 3
MAJOR A. E. CROMBIE	4
THE LORD DESBOROUGH, K.C.V.O.	6
LUNCH AT TAPLOW COURT.	8
A CONSULTATION AT EARL'S COURT (Sir Arthur Pinero, Major-Gen. Sir A. Turner and Mr. Gerald du Maurier)	8
INSPECTION AT EARL'S COURT, 5th October, 1914	10
FIELD DAYS IN RICHMOND PARK, November, 1914	12
OUR COLONEL'S FIRST SIGHT OF US (Colonel G. S. Ommanney)	14
"COVER THAT REAR RANK!" (Captain A. Holmes Gore)	14
INSPECTION IN REGENT'S PARK, 25th July, 1915	16
MOTOR SQUADRON AT HEADQUARTERS, July, 1915	16
ENTRENCHING WORK AT WOLDINGHAM, 1915-1916	18
LORD FRENCH'S INSPECTION, Hyde Park, 17th June, 1916.	20
BREAKFAST, Epping, 9th September, 1917	22
COVER OF CONCERT PROGRAMME, New Theatre, 13th January, 1918 (Bernard Partridge)	24
OUR SERGEANT-MAJOR	26
R.Q.M.S. KINMAN	26
"1914, 1915, 1918" (S. Strube)	p. 27
REX OSBORNE'S CARTOONS—	
The C.O.; Our Adjutant, 1915-1916; Our Adjutant, 1916-1918; Orderly Room; Bombing	28
A Sheepshooter; "D" Company; "B" Company; Art Militant; A "B" Company Stalwart	30
OTFORD CAMP	32
GROUP OF OFFICERS, Otford, August, 1916.	34
RANGE PARTY, Chevening	34
OTFORD: "A" and "B" Companies; "D" Company and Motor Squadron	36
EPPING, September, 1917: Hotchkiss Gunners; A Morning Wash	38

	<i>Facing page</i>
R.S.M. A. R. UTTING; C.S.M. F. HUDSON	40
BIVOUAC, Epping, September, 1917	40
C.S.M. A. J. DRIVER; C.Q.M.S. WALTER FORD; SERGEANT C. L. HARDING; SERGEANT C. E. SOUTHWELL	42
FOUR ORIGINAL "D" COMPANY STALWARTS: C.S.M. Kendrick; C.Q.M.S. Emanuel; Sergeant Babb; Sergeant W. H. Bond	44
C.S.M. ALLEN GILL; SERGEANT WITHERSPOON; SERGEANT F. A. TOWLE	46
"NOT VERY UNITED ARTISTS" (H. M. Bateman)	<i>p.</i> 48
"EXPLOITS OF THE U.A.V.R." (S. N. Babb)	50
INCONVENIENCES OF MILITARY LIFE (J. H. Dowd)	50
ENTRENCHING WORK: Woldingham and Churt	52
"SOME OF THE BIG GUNS": Sir John Lavery, A.R.A.; Sir Frank Short, R.A.; Sir George Frampton, R.A.; Sir F. R. Benson; and Arthur Hacker, R.A. (J. H. Dowd)	54
ENTRENCHING AT EPPING, 1917	56
TADWORTH CAMP, August, 1917	58
A GREAT ADVANCE AT TAPLOW COURT (J. H. Dowd)	<i>p.</i> 60
ACADEMY DAYS (J. H. Dowd)	<i>p.</i> 62
CHURT, August, 1915; Major Gordon Casserly; Battalion Parade	62
CHURT: GROUP OF OFFICERS	64
—— "GENTLEMEN, THE KING!"	64
—— BRIDGE BUILDING	66
—— DRUMHEAD SERVICE	68
—— "D" COMPANY QUARTERS	68
—— FIELD OPERATIONS AND ROUTE MARCHES	70
—— THE CAMP	72
—— OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'S	74
—— BATTALION SPORTS	76
—— CAMP LIFE	78
—— CAMP KITCHEN; THE RIFLE RANGE	80
—— "A" AND "D" COMPANY GROUPS	82
—— "B" AND "D" COMPANY LINES	84
OFFICERS: STAFF AND RIGHT HALF BATTALION, November, 1918	88
TEST ROUTE MARCH, 19th May, 1918	90
NO. 2 PLATOON "D" COMPANY (PHARMACISTS), WINNERS OF CUP COMPETITION, 1918	90
"MEMORIES" (E. Wallcousins)	<i>p.</i> 92



STAFF-SERGEANT ALLEN ROBERTS ONION R. S. M. A. R. ULLING C. S. M. H. A. WIST STAFF-SERGEANT F. C. KIMMAN
 CAPT. J. B. QUIN MAJOR A. E. CROWLEY CAPT. H. G. SHIPARS MAJOR E. S. FAH
 SECOND-IN-COMMAND COMMANDING OFFICER ADJUTANT MEDICAL OFFICER
 BATTALION STAFF, NOVEMBER, 1918

I

A TRIBUTE

By LIEUT.-COL. J. H. GORDON CASSERLY

INDIAN ARMY (RETIRED)

HONORARY COMMANDANT 1ST BATT. (UNITED ARTS RIFLES) COUNTY OF LONDON
VOLUNTEER REGIMENT

AT the clamour of the bugle in that fateful August of 1914, the artists of London were among the first to answer the dread call. The sculptor flung aside his chisel, the painter his brush, the writer the pen, the musician his instrument, the actor the buskin. They held out their empty hands for rifles and flocked to learn the soldier's trade which hitherto they had almost despised. Those too old to join the colours would not be denied the right to defend their country and banded themselves together in one of the earliest-formed Volunteer Corps, the United Arts Rifles. In it many a singer, sculptor, artist, author and actor, first got the military training that fitted him to uphold the honour of his country on many a bloody battlefield the world over. In Gallipoli, in Mesopotamia, in Flanders and in France sleep for ever men who first learned their drill at Earl's Court or Burlington House. They did credit to the corps in which they were first enrolled. Yet their older comrades who never left the shores of England served the Empire as truly and guarded it well in the tragic days when the fate of the world hung in the balance and a Hun invasion seemed imminent.

To me as one who had played at being an actor, an author and a journalist, the United Arts Rifles appealed strongly; and I gladly offered my help to the Corps in the early days of its existence. And I look back on the years of my association with it with feelings of pride and affection—pride in its efficiency and its record of good work, affection for my friends in it—and they number, I hope, every comrade of mine in it. In my long service in the British Isles, in India and China, I have done duty with many corps; but never have I known one in which the discipline was so perfect, so willing and so intelligent as in the United

Arts Rifles. In many months' active command of it I had only one case for orderly-room, and that a trivial one. Accustomed to Regular regiments composed of young and strong men, I used to marvel, nevertheless, at the spirit that animated and upheld all ranks of the Battalion in long and toilsome marches and manœuvres. Elderly, nay, undoubtedly old, men whose most strenuous exertion for years had been a round of golf, who ordinarily would not walk five hundred yards in London if a taxi-cab were available, swung along like boys in a twenty-miles' march or breasted the sandy slopes above Frensham Pond with the vigour of youth. Members of the best London clubs, used to every comfort and luxury, they took their turn cheerfully in camp in performing the most servile tasks and slept uncomplainingly in barns and stables and on the stone floor of Churt schoolhouse. Men long past military age—despite their assertions to the recruiting-officer—like cheery Dalhousie Young and the popular Sir Frank Benson, found duty in England too tame, and, denied the privilege of fighting, went abroad to succour the wounded of our Allies under fire—one to experience the horrors of the Serbian retreat, the other to win the Croix de Guerre on the battlefield.

With sorrowful pride I recall the heroic self-denial of younger members of the Corps. Of one who came to me in 1915, to explain apologetically that he had been unable to join up at the outbreak of war, having a wife and child dependent on his earnings, but that now, having at length secured their future, he wished to enlist—and did so, only to fall in action shortly after. Of another with his foot on the ladder of success, the heir to a peerage and Parliamentary secretary to a Cabinet Minister, having, too, a charming wife and child, who put everything aside to join the Army. Of poor Holmes Gore who used to come to me every night straight from the Haymarket Theatre to be coached up in military subjects until two or three o'clock in the morning to fit him to take a commission—poor Gore, destined to be killed in Gallipoli four hours after landing.

Every calling represented in the Corps paid the toll of blood—architect, journalist, actor; Alwyn Ball, Watson, Trevor Roper, all fell in battle. Men of all professions did credit to the United Arts. A Royal Academician, Solomon J. Solomon, achieved perhaps the quickest promotion on record—one day a private in an unrecognised volunteer corps, the next a lieutenant-colonel in the Royal Engineers. An actor, Basil Foster, in three years rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel and General Staff Officer in the Royal Air Force. Nor was Commerce far behind. Of the men who worked hard all day in the City Offices and then came to drill in the bitter cold of winter nights, Crombie succeeded me worthily and efficiently in the command of the Battalion as a major, and Perman became a capable and highly-thought-of Volunteer Staff Officer.



LIEUT.-COL. J. G. GORDON CASSERLY



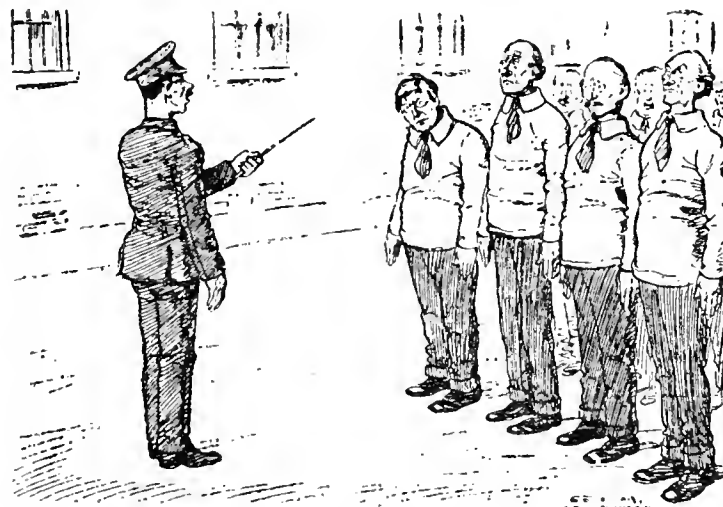
LIEUT.-COL. C. L. WILLOUGHBY WALLACE



CAPTAIN H. G. SHEARS

In the old days the muster roll of the Corps was almost a copy of the Roll of Fame of English Art. What celebrated names it held! Sir John Lavery, Sir George Frampton, Lieut.-Col. Solomon J. Solomon, Sir Frank Short, Bernard Partridge and the late Arthur Hacker; those after-dinner "Rivers of Eloquence" Shannon and Tweed (those who were present at a dinner given to Lieut.-Colonel Willoughby Wallace and me at the Chelsea Arts Club will understand the allusion), Derwent Wood, George Lambert and others of the Chelsea Arts Club platoon. Actors like Sir Frank Benson, Bouchier, Allan Aynesworth, Godfrey Tearle, Huntley and Fred Wright, Nelson Keys; musicians and singers like Thomas Dunhill, Plunket Greene, Howard Jones, Dalhousie Young, Allen Gill; poets like Emile Cammaerts; novelists like Arthur Applin, Temple Thurston and Keble Howard—why, it reads like a "Who's Who" of the artistic and literary professions!

Perhaps the need for Volunteer Corps has really passed and the United Arts Rifles may never fall in again on parade—on earth. But while life lasts let the memory of the Corps and its friendships endure! And while I live I shall never forget the Battalion of which I am proud to be the Honorary Commandant.



SERGT.-INSTRUCTOR: "What's yer name?"
SIR ANGELO FRAMPINGTON, R.A.: "Frampington."
SERGT.: "Well, 'old yer 'ead up, Frampington."

By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

II

THE BATTALION

BY MAJOR A. E. CROMBIE

OFFICER COMMANDING 1ST BATT. (UNITED ARTS RIFLES) COUNTY OF LONDON
VOLUNTEER REGIMENT

THIS book is not intended to be an official history, but a collection of articles and photographs of a more personal nature, which it is hoped will form a souvenir of considerable interest to all who have been on the Roll of the United Arts Rifles.

It is not perhaps the proper place for these remarks, but I make no apology for taking advantage of this, the only opportunity of recording my appreciation of certain facts and services which, although not always in the limelight, contributed very largely to whatever success the Battalion may have achieved.

Foremost among these I wish to put the *esprit de corps* which invariably pervaded all ranks, and which was especially noticeable during those reorganizations of platoons and companies unavoidably necessary on more than one occasion. The contraction of four companies into three and again into two, naturally tends to cause a certain amount of friction. In our case it entailed reduction in rank for some and loss of all prospect of promotion for others; nevertheless, the spirit in which this was accepted by those most affected and the undiminished keenness with which they "carried on" with their job, is to my mind one of the finest things in the history of the Corps. I was obviously precluded from making much comment at the time, and I welcome this chance of expressing my sympathy and recognition of their sportsmanlike attitude.

I had almost uncanny good luck in the selection of Staff, and of "specialist" Officers and N.C.O.'s. They seemed to revel in hard work, and they made a name for themselves not only in the Brigade, but at London District H.Q. For the time and money spent on the Volunteers the Government not only expected, but took steps to ensure that it received, full measure of services in return. The A.C.I.'s and other Orders and Regulations grew and flourished like the green bay tree—even the apparently simple process of enrolling a recruit eventually



From a painting by Sydney Kendrick

MAJOR A. E. CROMBIE

became swathed in tangles of red tape, although it was nothing to the process of getting him discharged, should he afterwards apply for discharge for good and sufficient reasons. Clothing, arms, equipment, mobilization and instructional stores, arrived in an unending and ever increasing stream, and as for the number of "returns required in triplicate"—well, I am truly thankful I was not the Adjutant or the Quartermaster.

It may be news to some that a complete mobilization scheme was worked out for the Battalion which provided for every foreseen eventuality until we reached our appointed rendezvous in Essex or Surrey, as the emergency might require. The exact roads by which we were to march from H.Q. were known, halting places appointed, and billets and other necessary accommodation surveyed and fixed; and (by permission of the respective managements) our billets and Coy. H.Q.'s for the first nights were arranged for in the Albert Hall and Royal College of Music. Officers and men for special duties, guards, piquets, escorts (even the names of the fatigue party, the exact hour and minute of the day, and the conveyance in which they were to collect the reserve ammunition from Hyde Park Magazine) were selected and their orders ready for them in writing. All mobilization equipment and stores, with the sole exception of gas masks, were in the actual possession of the Battalion. Horses and transport were earmarked, and a scheme was evolved by means of which the whole of the Battalion could be warned for mobilization within a few hours by merely telephoning or telegraphing a single code word to half a dozen individuals. What a far cry from the early days in 1914 and 1915, when we clamoured in vain for "recognition," with but little idea of its full meaning! All these arrangements, together with the organization of guards, anti-aircraft and other duties, obviously entailed a vast amount of work of a clerical and monotonous nature on the part of those officers and other ranks responsible, and I wish to place on record the cheerfulness and amazing energy with which they coped with its ever-increasing volume during 1916, 1917 and 1918.

It is impossible to over-estimate the debt which the Battalion owes to the enthusiasm and "intensive culture" bestowed upon it by Lieut.-Col. Gordon Casserly, happily since appointed our Honorary Colonel. Though unfortunately he had to leave us towards the end of 1915, the traditions which he created and the high standard of efficiency set by him, left an indelible hall-mark on the Corps and have been of inestimable benefit to it during the final three years.

The thanks of the Battalion are due to the Council of the Imperial College Union and to their courteous Secretary for the kindness and hospitality shewn to us during four-and-a-half years. The free use of these Headquarters was a great asset to us, and at times our presence must have caused much inconvenience.

We also owe a debt of gratitude to our President, Lord Desborough ; to our Chairman, Sir Arthur Pinero, and to many other prominent members of the dramatic, artistic, and musical professions, for their practical interest in the Battalion from the time of its formation.

Our task is done, and although happily it never became necessary for us to resist an attempted invasion, we have the satisfaction of knowing that what we set out to do we in great measure accomplished. I have no hesitation in saying that in the autumn of 1918 we were (apart from physique) a more efficient fighting unit than many of the Battalions sent to France in the earlier days of the war. Our anti-aircraft units saw real service, and our guard duties and other emergency work at all events saved considerable expense to the country.

On looking back, an outstanding feature is the great number of good fellows one has met in the Battalion and the many firm and lasting friendships for which it is responsible. Every effort has been made to provide means of meeting and some place where all may keep in touch. What final shape this may take I cannot say, but at present two very successful steps in this direction are in the large number of members who have joined the Camera Club (particulars obtainable from E. Potton, The Camera Club, 17 John Street, Adelphi, W.C. 2), and in the United Arts Lodge, No. 3817 (Secretary, Chas. Edwards, Belle Vue, Chiswick Mall, W. 4).

It was my intention at the outset to mention no names, but I feel I must make an exception in the case of the compiler of this book. The compilation of the "Record" in Chapter III and the collection, editing, and general arrangement of the other matter, is due to the assiduous and unaided labour of one man. Thanks, praise—or blame—must be meted out to our old friend Potton.



LORD DESBOROUGH, K.C.V.O.

III

A RECORD

1914—1919

By LIEUT. E. POTTON

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT

THE UNITED ARTS CORPS does not claim to be pre-historic: it cannot even allege a pre-war origin (and in that it is no worse than the New Army), but it can claim that it was formally brought into being at a meeting held thirteen days after War was declared, and that it existed in embryo at least ten days before that date, requests to join the committee having been sent out by Mr. Raymond Roze on the 5th or 6th of August, 1914. It was born in the early days of war, before enthusiasm had given place to the grim determination of the subsequent years of the struggle; when men of all ages and conditions, even though they could not for various reasons then join the Army, were bent on doing *something* to help their country in its need. Like other similar organizations which sprang up then, or shortly afterwards—for the United Arts was possibly the first, certainly one of the first, Volunteer Corps to be formed during the War—it persisted and survived, having outlived the knocks which it had to encounter in the inception of the movement.

Towards the end of August, 1914, squads of strange looking men of all ages in white (at any rate they were supposed to be white) sweaters, and often without hats, could be seen drilling and marching in the grounds of Earl's Court Exhibition. Their drill was poor, and they made all sorts of mistakes, but so few people visited the Exhibition at that time that their earliest efforts were for the most part mercifully hidden from the public gaze. Later in the autumn, in October, a move was made to the Royal Academy. In effect the curtain was then up, and the white sweaters and their owners were more or less in the public view. From that time onwards, on almost any afternoon, a long trail of men could be seen filing out of the Royal Academy quadrangle. Collectively, they still did not know much

about drill or tactics, but their mistakes were not then so obvious, they were all keen to learn, and their drills and long marches were making them fit. There were many opinions as to their identity; curiosity sometimes prompted brass hats to look into the Academy Quadrangle to see the very latest thing in War, and they left—amazed. Some people said that these men were German prisoners, others thought they might be convicts. There were even suggestions that they were boy scouts, a subtle compliment which some of the older men possibly appreciated. But no one suggested that they might be soldiers! On Sundays these men often marched fifteen to twenty miles. Sometimes they took bands with them, but not the same band, for any self-respecting band that had been on one march never wanted to try another. Again, the white sweaters could be seen—or felt—in Hyde Park after dark. Their night work was then truly wonderful and thrilling, and the park chairs and seats scattered here and there provided many opportunities for casualties. The bone of contention was generally the Serpentine Bridge, and some of the after-armistice discussions as to whether the attacking or defending force had been successful, though justifying the epithet of the Corps as thinkers, threatened to outlive the War itself.

These men in white sweaters (hence the title of “the Unshrinkables”) drilled with outlandish weapons—any bit of old iron they could find—attended lectures and marched and doubled and tired themselves out, little recking of the good-natured amusement and some ridicule which they encountered from the people who throw cold water on any movement of which they are not themselves a part. But to say more of this epoch would be to poach on Mr. Emanuel’s preserve. Besides the simple chronicler is—or should be—confined to a record of solemn facts; and statements of fact are generally dull, even though—possibly because—they are truthful.

Mr. Roze’s original idea was to form a Home Defence Unit composed of men engaged in any of the artistic professions who were ineligible or for good reasons unable to enlist in the New Army or Territorial Force. The title suggested for the Corps was “Home Defence Corps—Artists’ Battalion,” but it was at once pointed out by the Officer Commanding the Artists’ Rifles that this title was misleading and infringed a name which that Battalion had borne for upwards of fifty years. In order to meet these criticisms the title was changed to “United Arts Force,” a name by which the Corps was known until it became a recognised Volunteer Battalion in January, 1915.

Mr. Roze’s letter to the papers bore immediate fruit. Offers of service poured in from artists, musicians, actors, architects, sculptors, authors and journalists. Many eminent members of these professions enrolled, all expressing willingness to drill and make themselves efficient for home defence.



LUNCH AT TAPLOW COURT

SEPTEMBER, 1914

[Of the members in this group, at least four—Col. Ommalley, Capt. Holmes Gore, Capt. Trevor Roper and Raymond Roze—are dead.]



A
CONSULTATION
AT
EARL'S COURT
OCTOBER, 1914

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER

SIR ARTHUR PINERO

MAJOR-GEN. SIR ALFRED TURNER

A Committee was formed and a circular issued, containing "an urgent appeal to all the Members of the Dramatic, Musical, Literary and Artistic Professions to get themselves into a state of military efficiency, so that a prepared unit may be ready to come forward when the War Office calls upon the services of every able-bodied man for Home Defence.

"The Force is open to all Members of the Professions mentioned, including Art Students and the Staffs of Theatres, who from professional or other unavoidable reasons are at present unable to join the active or Territorial Forces, and is to afford facilities for drill and rifle practice under fully qualified Army instructors, until final instructions have been received from the War Office."

Matters progressed so well that the Committee was able to hold the Inaugural Meeting of the new Corps at the Bath Club on 17th August, 1914, Lord Desborough presiding, the other members of the Committee present being Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir Thomas Brock, R.A., Sir Edward Elgar, O.M., Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Lavery, A.R.A., and Messrs. Bertram Mackennal, A.R.A., Henry Arthur Jones, Oswald Birley, John Coates, H. V. Esmond, Harrington Mann, William Nicholson and Raymond Roze. Sir Arthur Pinero was elected Chairman and Mr. Raymond Roze Hon. Secretary and Treasurer. A letter from the War Office was read expressing sincere thanks for our "generous and patriotic offer" but regretting that official sanction to the Force could not be given until the 100,000 men for whom Lord Kitchener had appealed were raised. When that had been accomplished, the War Office promised "their serious and immediate attention" to the offer. As the result of a personal interview with the Secretary of the Army Council, permission was given to enrol members and to drill and carry on rifle practice on certain conditions, the main thing being that nothing should be done to prejudice the success of Lord Kitchener's appeal for recruits. It was also announced that Mr. H. Payne had offered the use of the Earl's Court Exhibition as headquarters and drill ground for the Force.

After six weeks of further negotiation and organization, during which drill was carried on assiduously at the Earl's Court Exhibition, another Committee Meeting was held at the Bath Club on 29th September, when Lord Desborough, the Chairman, was supported by Sir Edward Poynter, Sir Thomas Brock and Messrs. Arthur Bouchier, R. P. P. Rowe, Alan Francis, John Lavery, Dion Boucicault, William Nicholson, Vereker Hamilton, James B. Fagan and Raymond Roze, together with Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, Major Willoughby Wallace, and Messrs. J. D. Langton and J. Wilson-Taylor, who were not members of the Committee. It was announced that 689 members had been enrolled, most of whom were painters, musicians, actors and journalists. Special squads had been formed by the Chelsea Arts Club, H.M. Office of Works and the Queen's

Hall Orchestra. There was a feeling among some members of the Committee, headed by Mr. Gerald du Maurier and Mr. Cyril Maude, that a purely Home Defence Force did not quite meet the case, and efforts had been made to form a separate unit for Active Service among members of the dramatic profession. These efforts, however, were without result, and the formation of a special service section of the United Arts Force was found to be impracticable and unnecessary. Any member wishing to join the Army could do so, and already more than twenty members were reported to have joined up, after going through a certain amount of drill with the Force. The Signalling Section was stated to be progressing under the instruction of Mr. Dalhousie Young.

The Force grew in numbers and by the beginning of October was 900 strong.

On Sunday, 5th October, Major-General Sir Alfred Turner inspected the Force at Earl's Court. There were about 450 men on parade and a very creditable march past was followed by an address by Sir Alfred Turner.

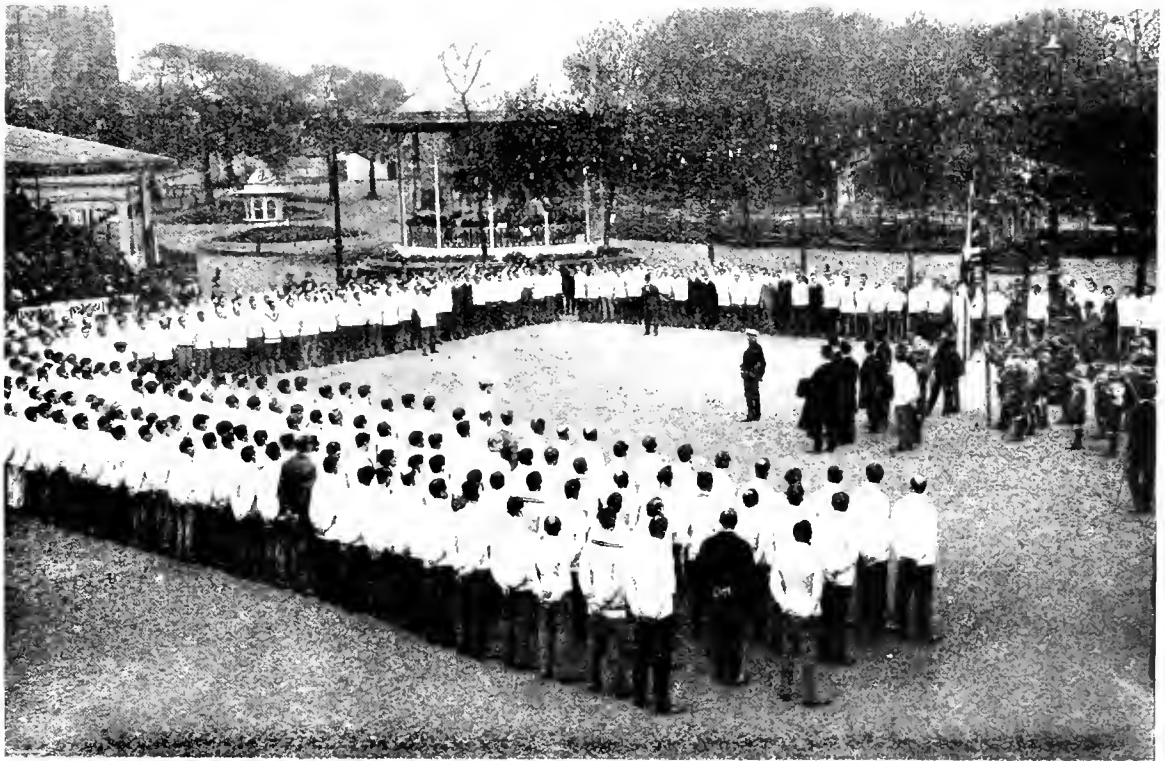
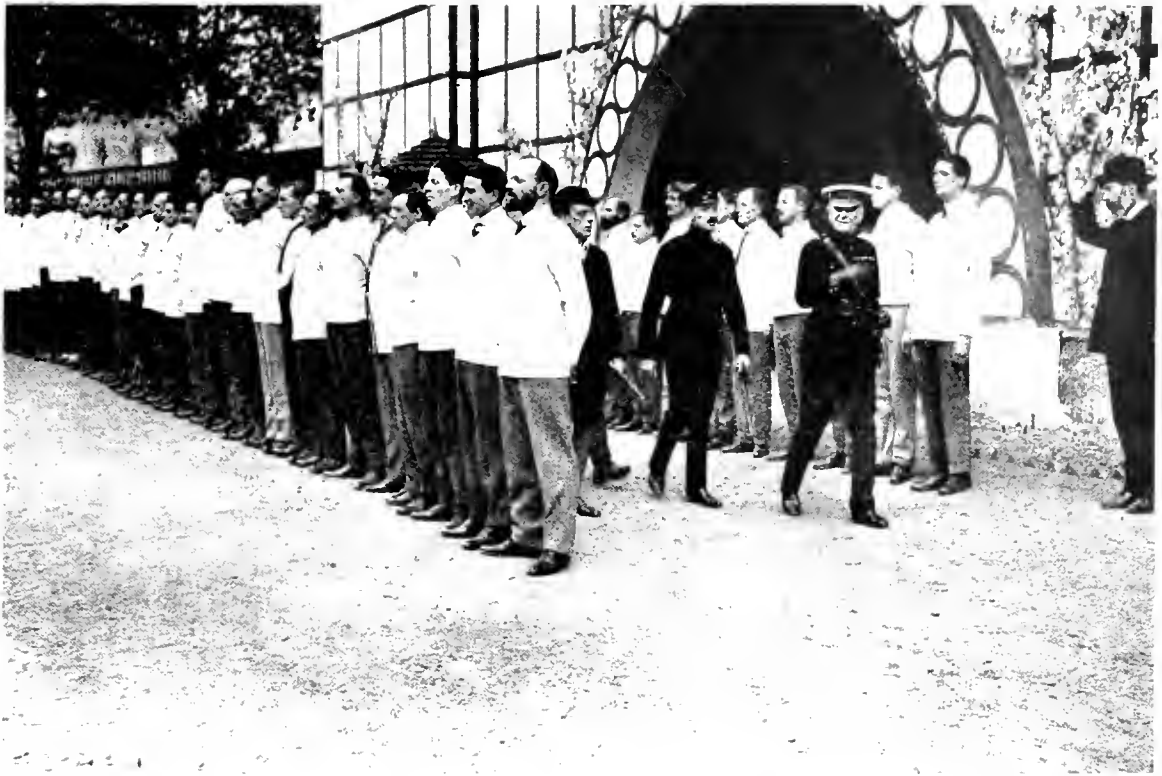
The Council of the Royal Academy having placed part of the building at the disposal of the Force, the headquarters were duly transferred, and the next Meeting was held at the Academy on 27th October, Lord Desborough again presiding, the Chairman, Sir Arthur Pinero, being also present.

It was stated that Colonel Ommanney, lately Commanding 2/3 Q.A.O. Gurkhas, had been offered the command of the Force, and Major Willoughby Wallace, late of the 1st Royal Irish Rifles, the Adjutancy. The appointment of a Finance Committee, consisting of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alfred Butt, Messrs. J. D. Langton, Dion Boucicault and J. Wilson Taylor was also announced. Thanks were given to the Royal Society for the use of some of their rooms in addition to those lent by the Royal Academy, and Colonel Ommanney reported that the membership of the Force had increased to 1605. He called attention to the route marches and Sunday camps being held at Taplow Court, by permission of Lord Desborough. Another item announced at this Meeting was that formal permission had been given to drill in the Green Park, Hyde Park and the quadrangle of the Royal Academy.

Colonel Ommanney commanded the Corps for a very short time, he having been appointed to the command of a battalion of the New Army.¹ At the General Committee Meeting held on 6th November, his retirement from the Corps was referred to with regret, and a special vote of thanks to him was passed on the motion of Lord Desborough. On Colonel Ommanney's retirement, the Adjutant, Major Willoughby Wallace, took over the acting command of the Corps.

The members of the Corps had now been drilling for more than two months and the War Office had so far given no definite indication as to its view of our

¹ Colonel Ommanney died during the War.



INSPECTION BY MAJOR-GEN. SIR ALFRED TURNER
EARL'S COURT, 5TH OCTOBER, 1914

efforts. The foundations of a voluntary association, bought into existence for an unprecedented object, were necessarily not yet on a very secure basis. Without War Office recognition it was not at all clear what was to be the ultimate status or utility of the Force, and many of the younger spirits of the movement were already becoming restless. They simply wanted to "get a move on." Discussions took place as to the financial position of the Force and resulted in a petition signed by 150 members being presented to Major Willoughby Wallace, requesting him to ask the General Committee to appoint active members of the Force to serve on the Finance Committee. Steps had already been taken to carry this suggestion into effect, but in view of this and other matters upon which a full discussion was desirable, it was decided to call a General Meeting of the Members to discuss the whole position of the Force. This Meeting was held at His Majesty's Theatre on Sunday, 18th November. The theatre was packed, and for an ordinary performance would have resulted in a liberal display of "House Full" boards. The Chairman, Lord Desborough, was able to announce that the Army Council had appointed and recognised the Central Association of Volunteer Training Corps as the official controlling body of all Volunteer Corps in the United Kingdom. He then read the conditions under which the Army Council was prepared to give such recognition. The United Arts Force by its affiliation to the Central Association became a recognised unit, and the Commanding Officer, The Adjutant, Mr. Trevor Roper, Mr. Holmes Gore and Mr. J. D. Langton were appointed a Special Committee to draft rules to control and guide the military and civil departments of the Corps.

Major Willoughby Wallace, who had been nominated to the adjutancy by Mr. Raymond Roze, was unanimously appointed Commanding Officer by the Meeting. But, unfortunately, Major Willoughby Wallace did not stay with the Corps long. The demand for capable officers for our rapidly expanding Army was pressing, and Major Wallace was appointed to the command of the 2/8th Battn. of the Hampshire Regt. (Isle of Wight Rifles). His retirement was announced at a parade held on Sunday, 20th December, and subsequently reported officially to the Committee Meeting on 29th December, which accepted the announcement of his departure with regret.

Major J. H. Gordon Casserly, I.A., was appointed Acting Commanding Officer by Major Willoughby Wallace. Major Casserly happened to be in England on sick leave, and had for some time been helping the Corps to become militarily efficient. He has since told us that shortly after his arrival in England he had seen the Corps carrying out wonderful movements in a most unmilitary manner during one of our Richmond "stunts." Being attracted both by the strange appearance of the white sweaters and the obvious keenness of the men,

he had taken steps to find out what particular breed of lunatics we were, and, being satisfied as to our respectability and comparative sanity, had come to us. A most fortunate chance meeting for the Corps.

The "recognition" accorded by the War Office did not err on the side of liberality. It was hedged round with all sorts of reservations, but it was better than nothing, and the United Arts and all other Volunteer Corps had to make the best of it. No arms or equipment were then available for Volunteers, all the energies of the War Office being directed to equipping the New Armies. Thus the Corps was thrown upon its own resources and found the provision of weapons a formidable problem. From the outset the Force scorned the dummy rifles adopted by similar bodies. A photograph published in some of the papers of 28th and 29th October, 1914, is labelled "The Arts Force get their new rifles." The "new" rifles were long, heavy and dilapidated enfields and sniders used for drill purposes. One member described them as "neolithic flintlocks." They were no light burden on the long marches undertaken by the enthusiastic "Unshrinkables" of that day, and were too clumsy for efficient manual drill. Moreover there were no bayonets. To overcome these difficulties and to suppress the jocular remarks of the man—and boy—in the street, who sometimes suggested that we had raided a museum for our ancient weapons, efforts were made to obtain modern .303 rifles and bayonets, and at the Committee Meeting on 29th December, Mr. Raymond Roze stated he had a unique opportunity of securing a large quantity of modern rifles, and had bought several hundred of these rifles on his own responsibility, together with 10,000 rounds of .303 ammunition. The all-important bayonet was still beyond our reach, being unobtainable at the time.

The rifles obtained were .303 Martini carbines, and were either sold to the members outright at £2 10s. apiece, or lent to any member making a deposit of £2 2s. The ammunition was taken over and the £70 paid for it by Mr. Raymond Roze refunded to him by the Corps. A number of similar carbines were afterwards obtained from another source. These were hired by the men who were not already armed at 6s. a year, and with some bayonets subsequently acquired, formed the standard weapons of the Corps until the issue of Government arms.

The desire for purely military control was gradually squeezing out the civil element; this and Mr. Raymond Roze's own inclination led to the severance of his active connection with the Corps. His resignation of the Hon. Secretaryship was announced at a Committee Meeting held on 11th January, 1915. He was unanimously elected a life member of the Grand Council, and the Chairman, Sir Arthur Pinero, expressed the appreciation of himself and the Committee of Mr. Roze's work for the Corps. He said that "Mr. Roze had not



FIELD DAYS IN RICHMOND PARK
NOVEMBER, 1914

only founded the United Arts Force, but had given all his spare time and energy to its management, and they all owed him a debt of gratitude for the conception and initiation of the Force—a movement which was a pioneer one.”

Finance was now a pressing problem, and it was decided to make an appeal for subscriptions and to give a matinée in aid of the Corps' funds. This matinée, arranged by Mr. Gordon Parker and Mr. Foster, was held at the Haymarket Theatre on 26th March, 1915, and resulted in a substantial addition to the funds. An “all star” programme included Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Marie Löhr, Miss Phyllis Bedells, Miss Mary Grey and Miss Helen Haye, Messrs. Arthur Bouchier, Plunket Greene, Allan Aynesworth, Harry Dearth, Harry Tate, Nelson Keys, Hayden Coffin, Basil Hallam, Courtice Pounds and Fred Wright.

The first part of the history of the Corps was closed by a General Meeting held at His Majesty's Theatre on Sunday, 24th January, 1915, under the Chairmanship of Sir Arthur Pinero, at which the new rules, passed by a small committee consisting of Sir Alfred Turner, J. Wilson Taylor and F. R. Benson, were, with some slight additions and amendments, adopted unanimously. It was also decided that the United Arts Force should adopt the title of the “United Arts Volunteer Rifles” (“a club for voluntary organised military training for Home Defence”), and that persons engaged in “artistic crafts” should be eligible for membership.

This Meeting may also be taken substantially to mark the end of the “white sweater” period of the Corps, a paragraph of the minutes of the Meeting recording the fact that “Mr. E. H. Dove and Mr. Perman then paraded wearing the proposed pattern of uniform suggested by the Central Association of Volunteer Training Corps.” Members will agree that these two “models” were artfully and well chosen to set off the beauties and hide the deficiencies of the much discussed grey green uniform, which was afterwards associated by all Volunteers with the hideous G.R. scarlet and black brassard.

A badge had been designed for the Corps by Mr. S. J. Solomon, R.A., then an active member. This badge was worn by the Corps until its disbandment. The design, striking and artistic, has been called by the irreverant the “duck and skewer.”

The composition of the Grand Council of the Corps,¹ elected under the new rules, was as follows :

¹ It may be said here that after the War Office took control of the Corps in the autumn of 1916, this Grand Council and the General Purposes Committee became non-effective, and in 1917 were replaced by a simple Finance Committee, consisting of the Commanding Officer, Second in Command, Assistant Adjutant, Quartermaster and two representatives from each Company. Major Perman and Captain Shears also became co-opted members.

President :

THE LORD DESBOROUGH, K.C.V.O.

Chairman :

Sir ARTHUR PINERO.

Vice-Presidents :

Major-General Sir ALFRED TURNER, K.C.B. ¹	Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.
Sir HUBERT PARRY, Bt., C.V.O.	„ GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.
„ EDWARD POYNTER, Bt., K.C.V.O., P.R.A.	„ HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.P.
„ WILLIAM RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A.	„ CHARLES STANFORD.
„ THOMAS BROCK, K.C.B., R.A.	Mr. JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.
„ ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.	„ CYRIL MAUDE.

<i>“A” Company</i>	<i>Company Representatives :</i>	<i>“B” Company</i>
Mr. G. W. LAMBERT, Coy. Commdr.		Mr. PLUNKET GREENE, Coy. Commdr.
„ W. S. KEIGWIN, 2nd in Commd.		„ ALWYN BALL, ² 2nd in Commd.
„ CHARLES KENYON.		„ SPENCER WATSON.
„ GORDON PARKER.		„ G. P. JACOMB HOOD.
„ F. S. WATKINSON.		„ S. SHEPPARD.
„ T. LEIGHTON PEARCE.		„ A. D. PERRY.
„ F. DERWENT WOOD.		„ H. C. WATSON. ²
„ HERBERT PERKINS.		„ F. A. TOWLE.
„ W. A. STEWARD.		„ T. M. RONALDSON.

“C” Company

Mr. WILLIAM EVE.
„ H. CONSTABLE.
„ R. H. DEWHURST.
„ C. TRYON.
„ A. T. BROWN.
„ H. P. ELLETT.
„ C. E. TURVEY.
„ F. EDMUNDS.
„ A. J. T. ABEL.

“D” Company

Mr. ALAN FRANCIS, Coy. Commdr.
„ W. H. BOND.
„ A. PERMAN.
„ CALDERON.
„ S. D. JOLLY.
„ O. DAVIES.
„ E. W. CARTER.
„ A. HACKER.³
„ C. E. EMANUEL.

At the first meeting of the Grand Council held at the Royal Academy on 26th January, a General Purposes Committee was elected under rule 15. This Committee consisted of the President, Chairman, Commandant and other *ex-officio* members, with Sir George Frampton, Messrs. Dalhousie Young, Blyth Pratt, A. J. Dreydel, Perman, Hacker, Staveley, Bell, Constable and Ellett. The Hon. Walter James was appointed Treasurer; Messrs. Cole, Dickin and Hill, Hon. Auditors; Mr. J. D. Langton,⁴ Hon. Solicitor; and the Acting Adjutant (Mr. Holmes Gore), Secretary. Major Casserly, Acting Commanding

¹ Major-General Sir Alfred Turner afterwards intimated that as his position in the Army precluded him from becoming a member of the Corps, he could not accept office as a Vice-President. Sir Alfred Turner, a good friend of the Corps in its infancy, died November, 1918.

² Killed in action.

³ Died, November, 1919.

⁴ Mr. Langton died 7th November, 1918.



Drawn by J. H. Dowd

OUR COLONEL'S FIRST SIGHT OF US
(COLONEL G. S. OMMANNEY)



Drawn by J. H. Dowd

"COVER THAT REAR RANK!"
(CAPT. A. HOLMES GORE)

Officer, was confirmed in the Command of the Corps. The first meeting of the General Purposes Committee, held a few days later, heard, with much regret, of the impending resignation of Mr. Holmes Gore, the Acting Adjutant and Secretary, on his being gazetted as Captain to the 2/8th Hampshire Regt. (Isle of Wight Rifles). No man had worked harder for the success of the Corps in its early stages than Holmes Gore. None was keener to see active service. He was truly a heroic figure. At an age when no one could have pointed a finger at him had he stayed at home, he joined a foreign service battalion, went to Gallipoli some months later, and was killed a few hours after landing.

Holmes Gore remained with the Corps until his departure to take up his Army work early in February, 1915, when he was succeeded as Acting Adjutant by Mr. A. J. Dreydel. One of the last circulars signed by Holmes Gore was a notice of the first Annual General Meeting of the Corps at the Haymarket Theatre on Sunday, 28th February. This notice also announced the transfer of headquarters to the Imperial College Union "by kind permission of the Committee of Management," as from 28th February, 1915, a home in which most of the life of the Corps has been spent. Another circular issued by Holmes Gore as Acting Adjutant at the same time marked the beginning of an era of cordial relations between the United Arts and the Artists' Rifles who had, no doubt rightly, objected to the attempted assumption of a name so much like their own on the original formation of the United Arts. This circular suggested that any man who desired to join the Territorial Force should join the Artists' Rifles (28th County of London Regt.) "as probably the most sympathetic to members of this Corps." Members between the ages of 18 and 39 were informed that unless they signed the undertaking to enlist "if specially called upon to do so," as stipulated in the War Office letter to Lord Desborough (20—Gen. No. 3604—A.G.I.), before February 20th, they would automatically cease to be members of the Corps. This War Office undertaking led to wholesale resignations from the Corps. A good many of the reasons given for resignations were not very convincing, and it is presumed—and hoped—that most of these weak-kneed brethren were roped in under the subsequent Military Service Acts. Up to this period some 200 members had left the Corps to join the Army, many of them having obtained commissions. Seven of the most active and efficient members of the Corps had gone with Col. Wallace as officers in the 2/8th Hampshire Regt., of which he had taken the command.

The First Annual General Meeting was held at the Haymarket Theatre on Sunday, 28th February, 1915, Sir Arthur Pinero being in the Chair. At this meeting the President, Chairman, Vice-Presidents, Grand Council, Treasurer and other Officers were re-elected and the bye-laws drawn up by Major Casserly

adopted. Other matters discussed were uniform and rifle range facilities. The proposed formation of a Central London Regiment to consist of the United Arts, Inns of Court Reserve, Old Boys, Architects and London Volunteer Rifles was announced and at the next Committee Meeting on 5th March (being the first held at the Imperial College Union), Major Casserly reported that the Corps would be known in future as the 1st Battalion (United Arts) Central London Regiment, the Regiment being a Volunteer form of Brigade, of which seven were formed in London alone, each Regiment averaging about 4,000 officers and men.

At a meeting of the Committee on 19th May, Mr. Perman was elected Hon. Secretary of the Corps, but as he had been appointed Acting Adjutant on Mr. Dreydel obtaining a Commission in the R.N.A.S., he resigned the Hon. Secretaryship a few weeks later, and on 28th June, Mr. H. Picton Ellett was appointed in his place. On 29th September, Mr. Ellett was also appointed Hon. Treasurer on the resignation of the Hon. Walter James. These offices were afterwards held by Mr. F. W. Davy and Mr. Bushell respectively.

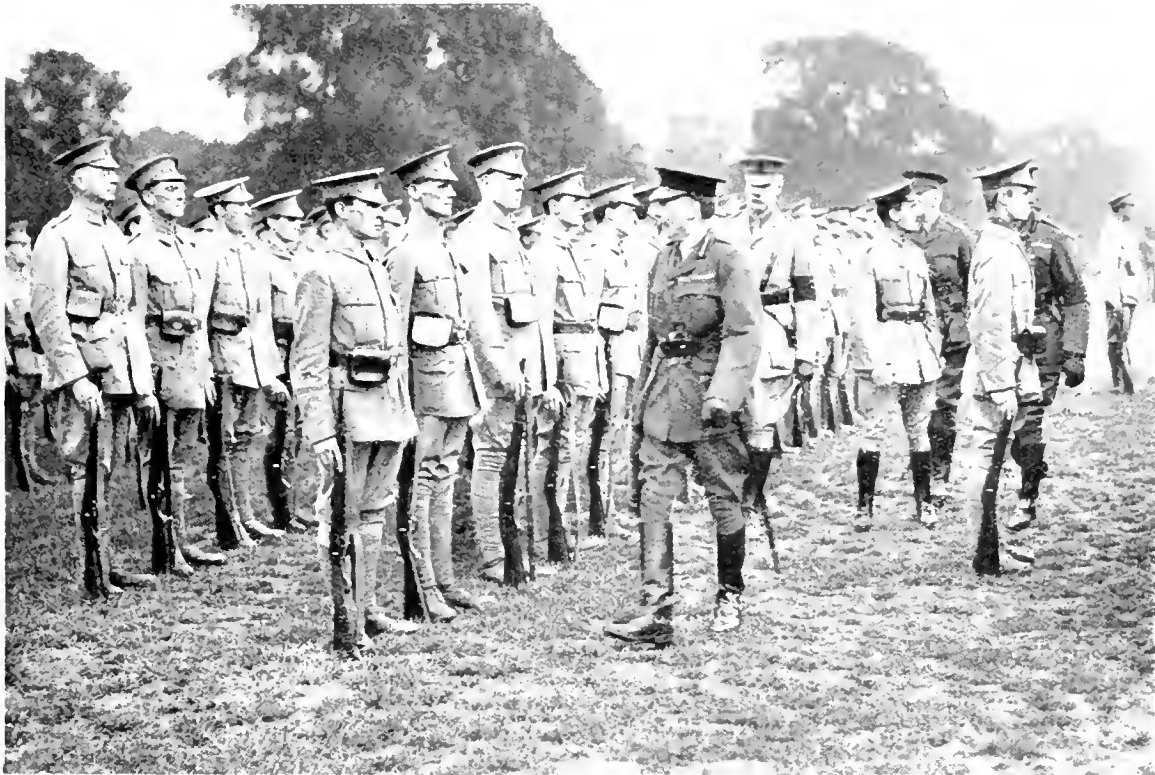
Major Casserly worked hard for some time with regard to a scheme for the formation of an O.T.C. in connection with the Corps, but it was not approved by the authorities and nothing came of it.

The results of the attention given to Field Work in the training of the Battalion were apparent at the first inspection in Richmond Park on Saturday, 3rd July, 1915, by General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., whose remarks upon the operations carried out were as follows:—

“I saw this Corps doing a tactical problem under the Sub-Commandant, so that the Corps was entirely under command of Volunteer Officers. The attack was done efficiently and well. The orders, which were written, were complete and well drawn up. The Officers were most efficient, all ranks were steady and distances properly kept. The Regimental Motor Squadron acted as Cavalry, scouted, made a flank attack, and supported most efficiently. The Battalion was quite efficient, and just as good as a Regular Corps. They carried out this operation in Richmond Park, and consequently could not do any entrenching of positions taken, which was a pity, but under the circumstances could not be helped.”

The Sub-Commandant referred to was Major Crombie, Commanding Officer from 1916 to 1919.

At the Guildhall recruiting meeting held on 30th June, the Lord Mayor presided, and he and Lieut.-Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd appealed for recruits for the Central London Regiment. Unfortunately the appeal yielded only seven men at a cost to the Group of about £60. The reservoir from which recruits had hitherto been drawn seemed to have run quite dry. No doubt the War Office attitude towards the Volunteers at this time had much to do with the lack of recruits.



INSPECTION BY BRIG-GEN. HON. F. C. BRIDGEMAN
REGENT'S PARK, 25TH JULY, 1915



MOTOR SQUADRON
HEADQUARTERS, JULY, 1915

"Motor Cycling" Photograph

The Central London Regiment was inspected by Brig.-Gen. the Hon. F. C. Bridgeman in Regent's Park on Sunday, 25th July, 1915. It was a vile day, but the turn out was good, the regiment, consisting of the United Arts, Inns of Court Reserve, Old Boys, Architects and London Volunteer Rifles, having about 2000 men on parade. Although the ground was wet and slippery, the march past was very well done. It was the first inspection of a complete regiment of Volunteers, and showed the excellent progress made by the men during the ten months they had been in existence.

The only suggestion ever made by the War Office for the employment of men from the V.T.C. on the Western Front came in September, 1915, when the Corps was asked to furnish names of men willing to do a minimum of one month's entrenching work in Flanders. But the conditions were not particularly generous. There was to be no pay, pensions, allowances or any other claim on public funds, and but few men could afford to volunteer for the service under these conditions. Owing to objections by the military authorities in France—the Volunteers not having then been attested and regularly enrolled—the scheme was abandoned.

A little later in the year, the Battalion was asked by Headquarters, London District, to concentrate its energies on trench digging in connection with the southern defences at Woldingham. Company training and ordinary Sunday parades were suspended; a house was obtained at Woldingham as headquarters, and in response to Major Casserly's appeal, Sunday parades were well attended and a fair number of men went down for week-ends, and some for longer periods. The Woldingham trenches, the first efforts of the Corps on the London defences, were reported on favourably but, being constructed on an elaborate system, with dug-outs and revetment throughout, the work was necessarily slow, and progress was also hindered by bad weather on Sundays—the days that really counted for working purposes. On many a Sunday 100 to 150 men mounted the steep approach and commenced work, only to be driven back by a deluge of rain. By the time the men reached Woldingham House they were literally what Mr. Mantalini would have called "a demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body."

The launching of Lord Derby's Scheme raised the question of the training of attested men under the scheme. In order to encourage these men to join the Corps, it was decided to admit them for training purposes without subscription, and it was arranged to issue posters and leaflets in order to help recruiting generally. In the preparation and distribution of these bills Captain Blyth Pratt rendered great service to the Corps.

Allies, not eligible for ordinary membership, were from time to time elected hon. foreign members of the Corps. The minutes of the meeting on

31st July, 1915, record the unanimous election of M. Émile Cammaerts, the Belgian poet, who became a regular attendant at camp and trench digging parades.

The Corps has had many good friends, several of whom have given both time and money in order to further its interests. Among these was Mr. F. W. Bois, and on 23rd February, 1916, the Committee unanimously elected him an hon. member "as some mark of their appreciation of his kindness and efforts in the cause they were all trying to promote." Several old friends of the Corps had already been elected non-combatant members. These included :

Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir Edward Poynter, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Thomas Brock, Sir Henry Craik, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir George Alexander, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Sir William B. Richmond, Sir Thomas G. Jackson, and Messrs. Dion Boucicault, Arthur Bouchier, Allan Aynesworth, Bertram Mackennel, Louis N. Parker, Otho Stuart, Lewis Waller, Henry Arthur Jones, Sir Alfred Butt, Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, and Mr. A. V. Houghton (Secretary of Imperial College Union).

The year 1915 wound up with the first Battalion dinner at Frascati's on 9th December. Major Casserly presided, and among those who attended were Brig.-Gen. Bridgeman and Colonel W. Shirley of the Artists' Rifles. About 180 members and their friends were present. In the course of the evening the Lord Lieutenant's Commissions were handed to the Officers of the Battalion.

No account of the early record of the Corps would be complete without some reference to the Easter, Whitsuntide, and Summer Camps held at Churt in 1915. Mr. Bryan Hook, then the Musketry Instructor to the Corps, placed his estate, situated in the picturesque Frensham district, at the disposal of the Corps, and here, with the aid of the school-house as an extra sleeping place, we were able to set up the most interesting and comfortable camp we have ever held. There are few who were members at the time who do not look back with pleasure to those short spells of camp life in agreeable surroundings. Not that it was all pleasure. The picnic element was taboo. Guards were posted and military discipline kept. Real field kitchens were set up and kitchen fatigue parties told off. There was plenty of hard work ; strenuous field days on Frensham Common, long route marches over Hind Head, night attacks, bridge building, trench digging, and shooting at Mr. Hook's ingenious 100 yards' range. Reveille was at 6.30, and a few minutes after that unwelcome sound, the writer well remembers a raucous voice every morning inviting him to physical drill, an invitation which he invariably declined. But these more strenuous items were relieved by sports



ENTRENCHING WORK
AT WOLDINGHAM,
1915-1916



(Émile Cammaerts with his head in a pail of water, trying to secure an apple between his teeth, was a sight for the gods), concerts and the other little excitements with which men always contrive to amuse themselves in camp. It is unnecessary to do more here than to mention these camps. Some account of them in their lighter aspects is given in Mr. Emanuel's article and Mr. Hosken's veracious contributions reprinted from "Punch."

A feature at all our camps and, indeed, all tactical exercises and field days, was the work of the Motor Squadron. The strength of the Squadron varied. In the early days, under Mr. Dreydel and Captain Field, it furnished an appreciable proportion of the strength of the Battalion, and generally acted as an independent unit. Lieut. S. G. Browne afterwards assumed command, but the strength diminished, owing to men joining the Army, the increasing difficulty of obtaining petrol (the War Office never helped us in this respect, except that subsequently a small quantity was allowed for definite and specified services), and the formidable competition of the National Motor Volunteer organisation, which subsequently came into existence. Unfortunately, Lieut. Browne's ill-health prevented him from continuing any active duties with the Squadron, but work was efficiently carried on by Sergeants Richardson and Knight.

Early in 1916 the question of further recognition by the War Office was discussed from time to time, and at the Annual General Meeting held on 28th February, Lord Desborough explained the position with regard to his negotiations with the Prime Minister on the subject. Both he and Brigadier-General Bridgeman, the Commandant of the Central London Regiment, spoke of the excellent work done by the Volunteers, an opinion confirmed by Lieut.-General Sir Francis Lloyd at a meeting held a few weeks later. This was the last meeting attended by Major Casserly as Commanding Officer. On his appointment to the Artists' Rifles School of Instruction it was hoped that he would still be able to give some time to the United Arts, but his subsequent appointment to command the O.T.C. School at Winchester, made it impossible for him to continue active work with the Corps. On leaving, he paid a tribute to the Corps generally and to the officers in particular. Possibly he took a too generous view when he stated that, in his opinion, the latter showed a higher rate of military knowledge than many of the regular officers then under his training. At any rate, the opinion of the Battalion and of this meeting was not in doubt as to the debt due to Major Casserly for the splendid basis of sound military training he had instilled into all ranks. The really creditable advance shown by the Battalion in field work was entirely due to his insistence on the supreme importance of this branch of training if the Volunteers were ever to be of real use in emergency.

While sensible of the keenness and smartness of the "stalwarts" of the Battalion, Major Casserly emphasized the weak spot in all Volunteer Corps: the difficulty in getting hold of the remainder of the men who only occasionally turned out on parade.

Our present Commanding Officer, Major A. E. Crombie, who had been acting Sub-Commandant in Major Casserly's absence, was nominated to the command by Major Casserly under the Rules, and his appointment was ratified by the Grand Council on 24th July, 1916. Major Casserly was requested to become Hon. Commandant (or, if possible, Hon. Colonel) of the Battalion, an appointment officially confirmed by the War Office in May, 1919.

The nebulous and semi-official life of the Corps came to an end in the summer of 1916. Throughout the spring and summer of that year the burning questions were further recognition by the War Office and the future status of the Volunteer Force. The whole Force was restless and discontented, and it was difficult to induce many of the men to carry on. There were many reports and rumours as to the intentions of the War Office, but all doubts were set at rest by the passing of the Volunteer Act, 1916, and the issue of the Regulations under that Act.

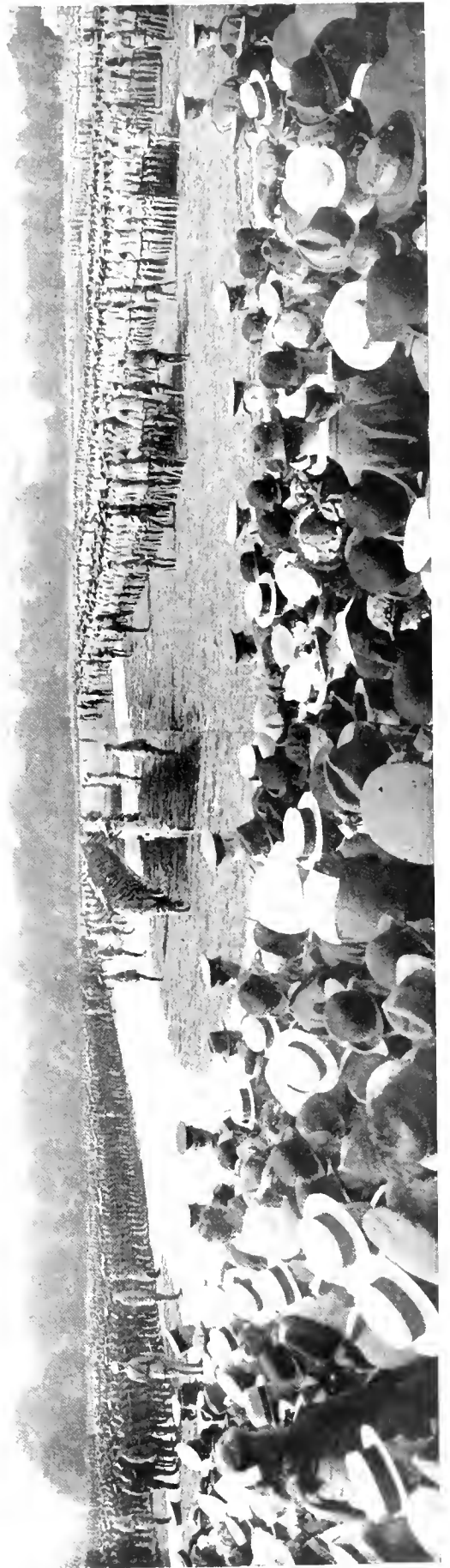
On 17th June, 1916, Lord French inspected about 10,000 London Volunteers in Hyde Park. The review was the outward and visible sign of the fuller recognition of the Force by the War Office.

Being a very fine summer's day, a vast crowd was attracted to Hyde Park. The Central London Regiment did not turn out so well as some of the other London regiments, and the parade state of the United Arts showed only 374 men on parade, but the Battalion came through a trying ordeal very well. During the march past the discordance of bands playing different airs was so great that it was difficult to keep step.

This was the last general parade on which the Battalion wore the much-abused grey-green uniform, a change to khaki having been discussed and practically decided upon towards the end of June.

The services of the United Arts Rifles as a unit were accepted under the Volunteer Act and the accompanying Regulations, and preparations were made for enrolment, which began after Camp on 30th August, and was continued until the whole Battalion had been enrolled. The Battalion then became officially known as the 1st Battalion (United Arts Rifles) County of London Volunteer Regiment, the Regiment consisting of twenty-one Battalions, divided into six Groups or Brigades. Although the enthusiasm of the early days had evaporated, two years of official neglect and cold water had not killed the spirit of the men. The fact that they were now an auxiliary branch of the Army, and would receive

PARADING FOR
THE INSPECTION



LORD FRENCH'S INSPECTION, HYDE PARK, 17TH JUNE, 1916

proper arms and equipment, infused new life into them. Parades showed better attendance, and general training was taken up with increased zeal.

In the last days of August and the first week or two in September, 294 men enrolled under the new conditions. A few old members who were on the roll at the time of the transition did not enrol, but their numbers were negligible.

Major Crombie, who had been Commandant since Major Casserly's retirement, was gazetted Commanding Officer as from 1st September. There were some staff changes, too. Mr. Perman resigned the Adjutancy on 12th October on being gazetted Captain and Adjutant of the Central London Group, the new Army name for the old Central London Regiment. The Corps owed much to his powers of organisation and infinite capacity for taking pains. Mr. Jolly carried on for a few weeks and was succeeded by Mr. Shears, who was afterwards gazetted Captain and Adjutant on the General List and, as we all know, has been, not only our Adjutant, but a veritable "father" to the Corps ever since.

In November the Battalion, jointly with the 3rd Battalion (Old Boys), took over the Grosvenor Bridge Guard, and for this Guard we furnished an N.C.O. and three men day and night, the Old Boys contributing an N.C.O. and six men. The 2nd Battalion (Inns of Court) afterwards took a share in the duty. The Guard was carried on regularly until it was withdrawn in August, 1917. A full account of the work is given below by Mr. Sulley.

In the Spring of 1916 the Battalion had been transferred from Woldingham to another section of the Southern Defences at Otford, and the Easter and Summer Camps of 1916 were held there. Otford, a typical Kentish village with a few nice old sixteenth and seventeenth century houses, did not suffer by comparison with Churt. The trenches, as at Woldingham, were a good climb up from the village, but the road showed such glimpses of fairyland (especially in the spring, when the bluebells were out) that no one minded the climb. We were treated very well in the village. For the Easter Camp, 21st to 24th April, men were accommodated in the Parish Rooms, Schools, etc. For the Summer Camp Mr. Underhill allowed us to take possession of some of his buildings and to pitch a camp in a meadow with a tiny river running through it, a joy for bathing purposes, but having the disadvantage of a certain "sloppiness" in wet weather. Meals were served in the Village Hall, and a few men were billeted in cottages. The fortnight's work was strenuous, and there were few idle moments in the day's routine. A considerable amount of time was put in on the trenches, musketry was carried out at Chevening Park, a three-mile tramp from Otford, and we had various tactical exercises, including a most realistic night attack on our own trenches, defended by the 1st City of London Volunteer Rifles.

The Summer Camp saw the end of the Battalion's work on the southern defences. On 27th August we took over a section at Epping, and worked there continuously until 7th January, 1917. These trenches, like those at Otford, were on the "borrow pit" system, and progress was fairly rapid. From 14th January to 15th April, 1917, the Battalion was transferred to some special work at Uxbridge, but after the latter date the Corps returned to Epping and worked there continuously until 11th November, 1917. The entrenching and Uxbridge parades were generally under the command of Lieut. Watkinson, who had been appointed entrenching officer.

The most important event to the Battalion in 1917 was the accession of the Pharmacists' Corps. Owing to the number of men joining the Army, and the difficulty of obtaining recruits to replace them, the United Arts were in danger of falling below the minimum battalion strength, while the Pharmacists were too weak to obtain recognition as a separate unit, and their men consequently had not been enrolled. After negotiations with Mr. E. A. Atkins on behalf of the Pharmacists', it was decided that they should come in as a separate company under their own officers, with Mr. Atkins as Company Commander. Under the difficult circumstances in which both Corps were placed, the reorganisation was a very good arrangement for both units. On Sundays 29th April and 6th May some 150 men were enrolled. The new "D" Company thus became the strongest as it has since been one of the most efficient companies in the Battalion.

The Corps' other red-letter days in 1917 were a Line of Communications Parade at Willesden on 18th February; a test mobilization carried out on Saturday, 24th April, when two hours after the time of parade 350 men were reported to be present with full equipment and rations for twenty-four hours; Brig.-Gen. Bridgeman's inspection at Richmond on 13th May; Tadworth Camp from 3rd to 20th August; a week-end of day and night outposts and tactical operations under service conditions at Epping on 8th and 9th September; and Lord French's inspection at Epsom on 9th December.

The Camp at Tadworth, which began on 3rd August, was the first official Camp held since complete recognition of the Volunteer Force. It was a large camp, containing nearly 10,000 men, and held under ordinary military conditions; and under the critical eyes of the Irish and Welsh Guards, who were in the adjoining camp. The Central London Camp was pitched on a particularly low-lying spot, and our arrival happened to synchronize (as the beginning of camp generally does) with a spell of wet weather. The result was that the men had to wade through liquid mud to reach their lines, which they found practically under water. The commissariat, too, laboured under great difficulties at first, and the general conditions were so bad that the question of striking



BATTALION STAFF

"Daily Sketch" Photograph



BREAKFAST
EPPING, 9TH SEPTEMBER, 1917

"Daily Sketch" Photograph

the camp and sending the men home was considered and only turned down through their expressed desire to carry on. After two or three days the weather improved; the land being porous, the mud soon hardened, and the initial discomforts disappeared. The Camp lasted until 20th August, a great deal of useful but strenuous work being put in during the seventeen days, and the Volunteers passed a rather severe test to the satisfaction of Sir Francis Lloyd and other general officers who came down to see their work.

The Epping operations, on 8th and 9th September, were interesting. The main body held an outpost line with a front of about two miles, and a number of selected men were detailed as scouts to endeavour to get through during the night without detection. The defence's outposts and sentries were very active and alert. Only a few men got through, the majority being captured. The operations ended with a long tramp to Loughton on Sunday afternoon. All finished up well considering that each man carried greatcoat, full equipment, ground sheet and blanket.

A further scheme of night operations in the trenches at Esher, planned for the following month, fell through owing to unforeseen difficulties in carrying out the final arrangements.

The chief feature of Lord French's inspection at Epsom on 9th December was the weather, probably the worst the Battalion has ever faced. It was a bitterly cold day with some snow and torrents of rain, but in spite of the bad day the Battalion turned out 359 strong. Owing to the weather the operations were cut short, the "cease fire" being sounded before the scheme had developed. Everybody was soaked through long before we retraced our steps to the station, and when we *did* get into the prehistoric railway carriages provided for us, our troubles were not over, for the water ran through the roofs.

The Battalion lost a sincere friend by the death of Brig.-Gen. Bridgeman on 14th September, 1917. The Group Headquarters being at the time identical with those of the Battalion, the staff saw General Bridgeman frequently, and those who had the honour of working with him knew him as a keen soldier and a very courteous gentleman. His successor as Group Commandant was Major-General K. E. Lean, C.B., also a good friend to the Battalion, who afterwards became County Commandant. Major-General Lean first inspected the Battalion at work at Esher on 18th November. The only thing that can be said for the parade on that occasion was that it was not as good as it should have been.

An inter-Company Bayonet Competition was held on 25th November and won by "D" Company, the scores being as follows:

1st. "D" Coy.	. . .	88 points.	3rd. "C" Coy.	. . .	82 points.
2nd. "A" "	. . .	83 "	4th. "B" "	. . .	78 "

At the beginning of 1918 the Battalion organized a Concert at the New Theatre in aid of the Artists' Rifles Comforts Fund. The theatre was lent by Sir Charles and Lady Wyndham and Mr. Dion Boucicault, and among those who gave their services were Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Phyllis Bedells, Miss Christine Silver, Miss Carrie Tubb, and Messrs. Mark Hambourg, Leslie Henson, Owen Nares, Neil Kenyon, and the following past and present members of the Corps: Plunket Greene, Nelson Keys, Aubrey Smith, Lawrence Barclay, Madoc Davies, Frederick Hudson, George Uttley, Percy Ellisdon, A. J. Slocombe and Dalhousie Young. The concert realised nearly £200 for the Comforts Fund. A Battalion Order issued by Col. Shirley, C.M.G., Commanding 2nd Artists' Rifles, O.T.C., thanked the United Arts for the substantial addition to the Fund, and urged members of the Artists' Rifles to "recommend their relations and friends of suitable age and occupation to join the United Arts Rifles, which regiment is in fact an Artists' Rifles Volunteer Battalion, and has sent many excellent recruits to this Corps."

During 1918 a strenuous training programme was carried out. Special attention was paid to musketry and machine gun instruction. The chief features were: Field Days at Richmond on Sundays, 20th January, 17th February, 17th March, and 21st April; a Group Route March on Whit Sunday, 19th May; a parade at Esher on 16th June; Camp at Tadworth from 2nd August to 6th August; Field Firing at Purfleet on 21st September; and the Annual Statutory Inspection in Hyde Park on Sunday, 6th October. Another event affecting the Volunteer Force was the formation of Special Service Companies for Home Garrison Duty. In May, 1918, the ordinary Home Service units having been greatly depleted by the urgent call for reinforcements in France, the War Office called for men for garrison duty on the East Coast. These men were formed into Special Service Companies, and the Battalion contributed a select band to the 24th Special Service Company attached to Lovats' Scouts and stationed at Beccles. They served for a period of two months and found the work hard and not particularly exciting.

The Route March on 19th May was a real test of endurance. The day was very hot and the men carried full equipment on a march of about twelve miles. The percentage of battalion strength on parade was 36—a rather poor muster, but only one or two men fell out during the march.

On 20th July the amalgamation of the Kensington Companies of the 19th Battalion County of London Volunteer Regiment with the United Arts, preliminary orders for which had been issued some months before, became effective. The United Arts formed the right-half Battalion, and was reorganised as "A" and "B" Companies of the new Battalion, the Kensingtons became the left-half

Battalion, organised as "C" and "D" Companies, the designation 1st Battalion County of London Volunteer Regiment being retained. Major Crombie remained as Commanding Officer and Captain Shears as Adjutant of the amalgamated unit. The obvious effect was a large accession of strength, the Battalion state jumping up from a total of 570 on 25th May to 991 on 24th July. It became, in fact, a whole Battalion in strength instead of rather more than a half one.

Although the headquarters of the United Arts Companies remained at Imperial College Union, the Battalion Headquarters were, owing to lack of office room, transferred for a time to 8, Bayswater Hill, but the owner of those premises requiring possession, the Battalion Headquarters returned once more to their familiar home at Imperial College Union on 17th January, 1919.

The Inspection by Lieut.-Gen. Fielding on 6th October was the last general parade (other than a Church Parade on Sunday, 17th November) of the Battalion. Six hundred and fifty men were on parade, and the November Orders expressed the Commanding Officer's appreciation of the turn out and general smartness of the Battalion on this occasion.

The Battalion carried out Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun duties during practically the whole of the year—indeed, until two or three weeks after the conclusion of the Armistice. First at Hyde Park Searchlight Station, then concurrently at Regent's Park and at Woolwich, and finally at the Office of Works, Whitehall.

About 150 men volunteered for this duty ; many of them gave a great deal of time to the work, and by the irony of things had become really efficient machine gunners by the time their services were no longer required. Mr. Sulley has dealt fully with this work.

The whole of the training in Machine Gun work was under the charge of Lieut. Myers, who worked ceaselessly in order to make the gun teams of the Battalion second to none in the Volunteer Force. 2nd Lieut. Aubrey Smith, Sergeant Witherspoon, and Lance-Corpls. S. J. W. Scott, Clifford and Ure also gave much time to the work of instruction.

On 16th January, 1919, a reunion dinner of past and present members was held at the Connaught Rooms. Major Crombie was in the Chair, and among the old friends and members who attended were Lord Desborough, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd, Lieut.-Col. S. J. Solomon, Lieut.-Col. Basil Foster, Lieut.-Col. Edwards, Major Casserly, Sir George Frampton, Sir John Lavery, Sir Frank Benson, Mr. Plunket Greene, Mr. Arthur Hacker, Captain Weguelin, Captain Dreydel, Captain Herbert Heyner, Lieut. Bryan Hook, Lieut. L. P. Moore, Lieut. Jolly, Lieut. A. V. Houghton and Lieut. G. H. Duncan. There was a general attendance of more than 300. Unfortunately one of our oldest and staunchest

friends, Sir Arthur Pinero, was unable to be present, but the following telegram from him to Major Crombie was read. "It is a great regret to me that I am unable to be with you to-night. I congratulate you and, through you, every member of the Battalion on the splendid work done by the United Arts Rifles. The recollection of this work should always be a source of satisfaction and pride to every man, whatever his rank, who has taken part in it. I thank you all for the honour you have done me in allowing me to be connected with the Corps."

A word or two about the permanent staff. In the early white-sweater days the Corps had three instructors, Sergt.-Major Utting, Sergeant Kinman and Sergeant Martin. To impart drill and general ideas of discipline to the raw material that enrolled in the Corps at the beginning of things required, among other qualities, the patience of Job and the temper of a saint. Those three men certainly possessed the former quality, and if an expletive sometimes showed that the latter virtue was being unduly tried, who can wonder?

Sergeant Martin left us while we were still at Burlington House.

Sergeant Kinman stayed on with us, first as R.Q.M.S. and afterwards with the nominal rank of Orderly Room Sergeant, until 18th January, 1919. He did a great deal of useful work for the Corps; in Camp he was invaluable; and for the last two years, in addition to many other duties, he worked hard to make the bugle band efficient.

Regtl. Sergt.-Major Utting's qualities are so well known to every man who has at any time belonged to the Corps that it is unnecessary to repeat them. He has endeared himself to all ranks, and has become an Institution. It would be difficult to think of the Corps or the Headquarters apart from him. When the War Office decided to appoint Regular Sergt.-Majors to Volunteer Battalions, R.S.M. Utting was enlisted in a Territorial Unit and appointed Sergt.-Major to the Battalion, and to everyone's satisfaction he has retained that appointment until the end.

R.Q.M.S. Onion and C.S.I.M. Wise were sent to us at a later date. They both made good, and contributed materially to the organization and efficiency of the Battalion. Unfortunately R.Q.M.S. Onion died in March, 1918. A successor to him—R.Q.M.S. Tomlinson—was appointed in July, 1919.

With the conclusion of the Armistice drills ceased, rifles and equipment were returned to store, and thereafter cohesion and touch with the men were difficult to maintain.

Early in July, 1919, a request for men to assist in lining the route of the parade of London Territorial troops only produced 61 men.

But, at the moment of writing, the Battalion is still in existence officially.



"NOW, SMAR' WITH IT!"

Drawn by J. H. Dowd

R.Q.M.S. KINMAN



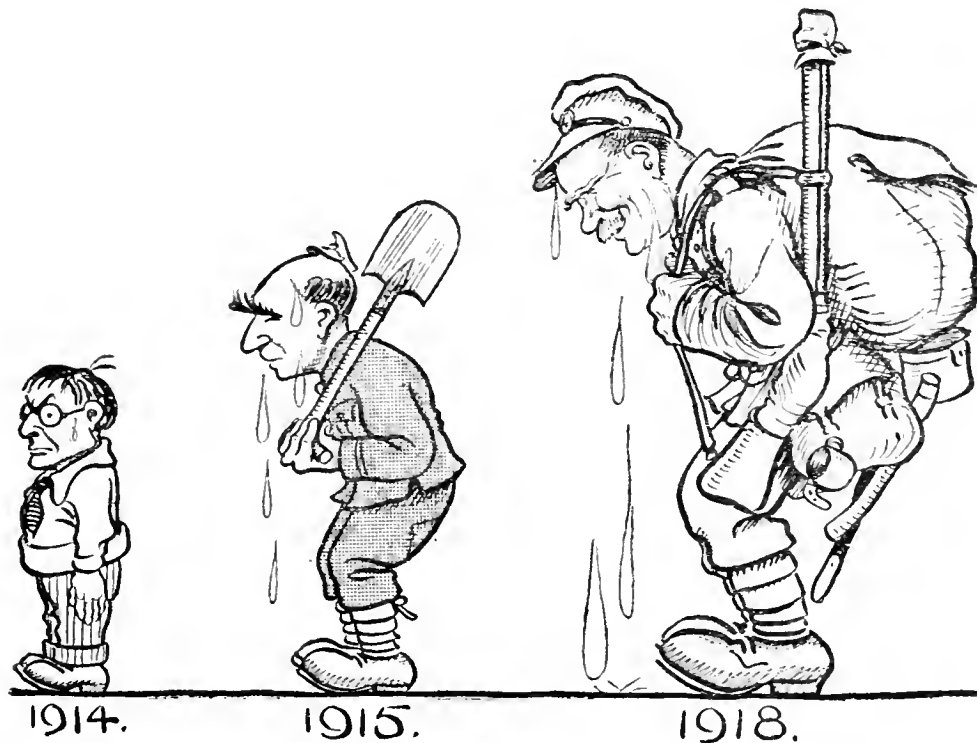
"STOP TALKIN'!"

Drawn by J. H. Dowd

OUR SERGEANT-MAJOR

The only official hint as to our ultimate fate is that the final remnants of stores have now been returned, and the discharge certificates are lying in the Orderly Room ready for issue. We shall probably just fizzle out in the same haphazard way that we came into existence.

NOTE.—With the exception of the Commanding Officer, Adjutant and Assistant Adjutant, all Officers of the Battalion have been gazetted out as from 21st November, all other ranks discharged, and, subject to the completion of some necessary formalities in clearing up, the Battalion disbanded. Captain Shears, being an Officer in the Regular Army, does not technically hold a commission in the Battalion, thus Major Crombie and I have the melancholy satisfaction of being the last two survivors of the United Arts.



IV

GUARDS & ANTI-AIRCRAFT DUTIES

BY CORPORAL FRANCIS SULLEY

I.—GUARDS IN GENERAL

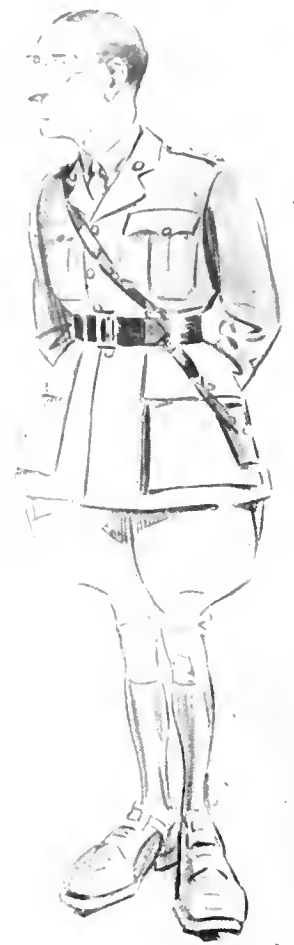
“**W**E’LL do some guard mounting this morning. Major Casserly is very keen on guard mounting. He came down here last night and started one of the other companies on it and it was horrible—horrible,” said the Sergt.-Major, with emphasis.

So all companies of the United Arts did guard mounting again and again, twice and thrice a week, usually for the second half of our period on parade. Our N.C.O.’s knew little of it, and our men nothing; but we pegged away, fell in in two ranks, numbered, were told off in reliefs, were inspected, and posted our sentries round the glass arcade of the Albert Hall, or on fine mornings under the trees between old Physical Energy and the Long Water in Kensington Gardens. We tumbled out of an imaginary guard-room when the sentry at the imaginary door quavered nervously, “Guard, turn out!” or “Guard, fall out!”—we never could remember which was right.

Our first guard duty soon came, although, as it turned out, it was unofficial. Report had it that the War Office said our rifles and the enormous number of rounds of small arms ammunition erroneously supposed to be stored under the platform of the Imperial College Union Hall, could only be retained provided we mounted a guard over them at night. A guard of a sergeant and three men was therefore mounted through the summer and autumn of 1915; a nice easy guard from supper time till about 7.30 a.m., or whenever the Sergt.-Major or Sergeant Kinman arrived to take over in the morning. The men, who then wore the thin uniforms of grey twill, turned up, some with military, but many with civilian greatcoats. Palliasses were provided, and the guard slept on the platform of the hall. At first the sentry was posted outside on the pavement. Soon afterwards he was brought inside, because neighbouring flats had sent in complaints that his challenges to all and sundry passing along the pavement woke them up. One of our sentries even challenged the special constables in an excess of zeal, and they



OUR ADJUTANT, 1915-1916



OUR ADJUTANT, 1916-1919



THE CO.



ORDERLY ROOM



BOMBING

CARICATURES BY REX OSBORNE

retaliated by following him with sarcastic remarks, which he felt unable to answer, being forbidden to converse with anyone.

When brought inside, the sentry paced the hall all night, a proceeding which made him unpopular with the reliefs, who were trying to sleep on the platform, and gradually it became understood that sentries should keep their feet until after the visiting officer had looked in, usually just before midnight. Thereafter any sentry who did not wish to be unpopular sat quietly on a chair and read. In the last weeks of this guard duty in the winter of 1915-16, when the lights had to be kept low, and paper was stuck on the windows, and the great hall under its open timber roof was cold, the whole guard simply slept. Newall, dear old May, and many another who went from us to see real fighting, shared those drowsy vigils at headquarters.

At Churt Camp in 1915 a guard was posted under conditions much more real. With two tents near the entrance of the camp for guard-room and with four posts, with a white mist creeping up in the early morning and mysterious figures stealing through the lines to the orchard, with owls calling in the woods and visiting rounds or grand rounds coming at any time, guard mounting felt more like active service.

There was the hot dark summer night when wily men, who had seen the guard during the evening collecting empty tins from the canteen, slept in their boots, a wise precaution because in the night those cans were rattled, an alarm of fire raised, and the whole camp made to stand to in the wet grass for roll call. In fact, the whole thing was done with a sense of actuality and desire for thoroughness.

II.—HYDE PARK CORNER

NEXT spring the guard at Headquarters somehow just faded out, and the need for protecting our fabulous stores of ammunition was forgotten when the War Office gave us a real guard post of our own at Hyde Park Corner, the most public and conspicuous post in London. We were told it was an honour, and we believed it. We also found it an inconvenience. We were not the rightful tenants of the little enclosure behind the Arch at Hyde Park Corner. The men in possession were R.N.V.R. men of the anti-aircraft defences, who climbed the ladder stairs to their crow's nest atop of the arch, and worked their searchlight there. They occupied the large hut on the western side of the enclosure, where they cooked and slept in naval bunks. In those days they were still part-time volunteers, stand-offish persons, who went off to business every morning, leaving one bluff old-school petty officer to lock up, potter about and return in the evening to get things ready.

We occupied the smaller hut containing a gas stove, four beds and a table. Small, dark and stuffy, it had long been tenanted by R.D.C. men. We found the whole hut dirty, the bedding not particularly clean, and the little comrades of the R.D.C. men in the cracks of the bedsteads hungrily awaiting our coming.

We came. Three men, a corporal and a sergeant fell in as unobtrusively as possible in the courtyard outside Hyde Park Corner Tube Station, were inspected—a willing, but irregular guard in grey-green uniforms badly bleached by sun and rain, grey-green guinea raincoats with the proofing out of them and replaced by ruddy steaks from contact with the clay of Woldingham trenches, haversacks bought at Gamage's, and water-bottles obtained as Fate willed. A few had heavier overcoats in grey-green cloth, and all carried rations for the night. Our arms were the carbine and a short Army bayonet carried on the battalion leather belt. Our boots were our own. And yet people frequently took us for soldiers!

We marched in. The guard we relieved handed over five rounds of ball cartridge per man, an inventory, and a set of rubbish purporting to correspond with it—cracked basins and plates placed under the few sound ones, brooms without bristles, tin tubs of mysterious use. Our sergeants entered into the spirit of the game, and passed them off on one another like old soldiers. The more methodical keeping the guards standing for a quarter of an hour while they tried to check the inventory before signing on: the more popular chancing their luck. The Government provided us with gas in the stove, and for the rest we had to look after ourselves. We washed at a basin in the open air. In fact, we camped out in Park Lane, roughing it, doing our own cooking, and living inside the enclosure as though we were in a holiday camp forty miles from the traffic that roared past three sides of the enclosure till midnight. No one displayed much curiosity about what we did in our compound. It was like a desert island, only smellier.

Although the Government condescended to allow us to guard their search-light enclosure, it was at our own charges. No food was provided, and at the start we brought everything. Then the Battalion Quartermaster brought down tea, cocoa and jam, placed them on a shelf and added a money-box with an intimation that persons using these stores were expected to contribute.

The guards mounted for a twelve-hour spell of duty, beginning or ending at 8 a.m. or 8 p.m. Night guards were easier to fill than day guards, but not more comfortable till the old R.D.C. palliasses were dragged out and stacked in the open awaiting removal, while Corporal Harding with others went in a waggon to an East End store and drew new bedding. That and several washings of the bedsteads reduced the population of the hut approximately to the official number. At first all guards were filled voluntarily and not in any system of rotation, and



"D" COMPANY



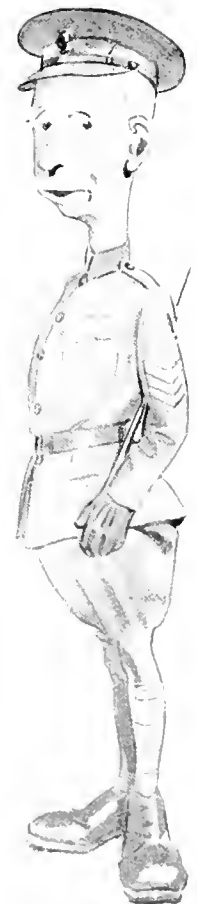
"B" COMPANY



A SHEEPSHOOTER



ART MILITANT



A "B" COMPANY STALWART

CARICATURES BY REX OSBORNE

the finding of day guards in particular grew difficult as soon as the novelty wore off. "A" Company chiefly furnished the day guards, and a call for the necessary men was made at almost every company parade. Later a system of split guard duties came into practice, whereby men came on at 8 a.m. and were relieved at 2 p.m. Even these shorter spells of duty were not always easy to arrange.

Our duty at Hyde Park Corner was to maintain one post, the sentry patrolling a beat of less than 30 yards along the north side of the enclosure facing the Achilles statue and being provided with a sentry box. As the electric cables to the searchlights, the only really vulnerable points, were out of sight to his left, where they passed from the lodge to the wooden superstructure on the Arch, the beat did not seem a very wise one. Certainly it was dull at night after the Park gates had been locked at midnight. Then there was nothing much to do but listen for the sound of aircraft. Some dawns in spring were worth the vigil, and in summer there were officers at their morning canter in the Row before breakfast to watch and salute. That was all the night men really got. According to the printed report, which had to be made out and signed each morning and sent to the Adjutant of the Battalion and to the Horse Guards, all the prisoners had to be shaved, and the guard was certified to have received a drink, hot tea or coffee, during the night. But nobody ever entrusted us with a prisoner—although they might have done, seeing that we were then providing escorts for men who had overstayed their leave—and as for tea and coffee, we found it for ourselves.

The day sentries had a livelier time. There was a constant stream of officers, and many armed parties of Guards marching from Wellington Barracks for exercises in the Park, but these usually entered the gates before the sentry heard their coming and he had no time to turn out the guard. In fact, the whole guard hardly ever turned out. Things happened too quickly. The policeman on point duty suddenly held up the traffic, a big car slipped through in a privileged way, and the sentry, glimpsing a pink face and white moustache, realised that he had failed to salute Lord French motoring to the Horse Guards.

Then there were such emergencies as Private Spender's plight when called on to repel an old lady who persisted in walking behind the sentry box, protesting that the roadway was public and she would walk where she pleased, saying, "Stand aside, young man."

Relief of the sentry was trying for amateurs. With some wounded in blue, or returned Expeditionary men watching from the kerb, we felt impelled to do it neatly and swiftly, and as a normal consequence we bungled the repetition of our orders until at last wise sergeants adopted the method—not given in our elaborate type-script on guard duties—of saying, "You know your orders?" (A nod.) "Sentries—pass."

General Bridgeman, as the Group Commandant, took a great interest in the guard, and often visited it. What made it worse, he usually came in mufti. We heard with dread the tale of how he made his first appearance, walking up to the sentry, looking him up and down, and saying in a fatherly way, "Don't you know me? I'm General Bridgeman. Present arms!" Sometimes he let himself in at the gate and was at the door of the hut while sergeants and reliefs were deep in their lunch. But he was always very kind about it; indeed, a delightful old gentleman.

As the summer of 1916 drew on, and our ranks were further depleted by calling up, and as trench digging was continued at Otford under blazing July and August suns, the task of keeping our meagre guard at Hyde Park Corner grew harder, and finally the authorities arranged that the Inns of Court should share the burden. We had a happy moment when their general utility man and baggage master, arriving three hours before his time and entering the enclosure in mufti, was placed under arrest and provided with an evening paper and a chair, which he accepted philosophically, remarking, "I know that dooty is dooty, being an old sailor myself," and so sat contentedly with a sentry over him. Not long after this, we left for good, being sent to Grosvenor Road Bridge.

III.—GROSVENOR ROAD BRIDGE

" There was an old bear at the Zoo,
Who never lacked something to do.
When it tired him, you know,
To walk to and fro,
He reversed this and walked fro and to."

THESE affecting lines, hung over the fireplace of the guard-room dormitory at Grosvenor Road by one of the Old Boys, sum up the reasons why we so thoroughly enjoyed duty on Grosvenor Bridge. It had all the grimy monotony of real soldering. It abounded in long-drawn physical exertions which had no visible result, but left everything just as it was before, and us no wiser or better trained in arms. It consumed an intolerable amount of time. Above all it took us out of our civilian preoccupations, mixing us in random manner with a lot of good fellows we should otherwise never have met. Guard duty on Grosvenor Road Bridge, in fact, combined the pleasurable fatigue of allotment work with the intellectual stupor of the night watchman or the R.D.C. veteran.

As a matter of fact, we did take the place of R.D.C. men. I cannot say that we ever attained their care-free sublimity. The signalman at the south end of the bridge once said to one of our sentries, "You take too much trouble over your job, marching up and down like that. Now, the old soldiers that was 'ere



FIELD SKETCHING PARTY, OTFORD, 1916



OTFORD, EASTER, 1917



MARKING OUT TRENCHES, OTFORD, 1916



TRANSPORT, OTFORD, 1916

before you never worried. The two sentries on the bridge used to play nap in the middle sometimes with the sergeant." Nobody ever caught a United Arts sentry playing cards. Some of them counted the number of trains that passed during their two-hour duty, and the number of coaches or trucks to a train. Some walked up and down composing poetry; but most men concentrated on their duty of patrolling their beat "in a smart and soldier-like manner."

Three posts were placed in our charge, one under the south end of the great Grosvenor Bridge which carries the main lines of two railway companies in and out of Victoria, and two posts on the middle platform of the bridge. The sentry below marched along the wharf between the goods yard and the river, passing under the bridge for about 40 yards westward of it to a point as far eastward, near the offices of a carting company, whose carts were driven along the wharf and whose carters paraded by the dozen on Saturday at midday to draw their wages. Two lines of rails, often loaded with trucks, passed along the quayside and under the bridge. The sentry box of No. 3 post stood just clear of the bridge. The sentry had instructions to challenge all persons passing and to let none proceed save those in possession of a pass, properly signed and dated. At first the zealous amongst us challenged every carter and shunter passing. Later there was a tacit understanding that attachment to a horse and cart was equivalent to the display of a pass, and that the railwaymen going about their business need not be challenged. All suspicious persons were to be detained and handed over to the sergeant of the guard. But how detain a stalwart and abusive carter? And how communicate with the sergeant of the guard? He was half-a-mile away at the guard-room.

The sentry at No. 3 post, in fact, was cut off both from advice and assistance. At first he was without any communication with the other posts. After trying other methods, generally ineffective, Sergeant Burmeister, of the Old Boys, fitted a telephone installation along the bridge, and placed a receiver behind some battens. But communication with the guard-room by means of this telephone was precarious and indistinct, and finally a large bell was fixed half-way up the stairs and a cord hung under the bridge by which No. 3 sentry could sound it. The idea was that on hearing this bell No. 2 sentry was to leave his own post and rush downstairs to assist. The system was never tried, but it seemed to provide a simple means by which a desperado could "do in" two sentries in succession and then work his will for half-an-hour at the south end of the bridge.

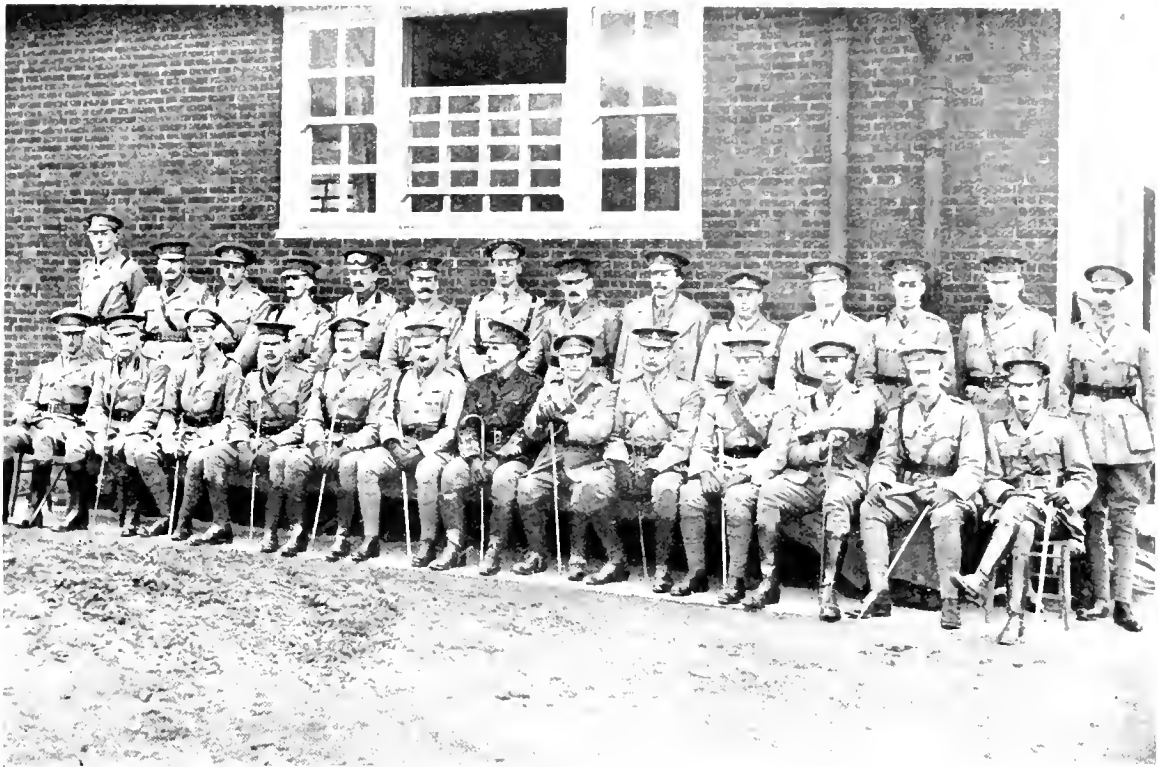
The mud of the goods yard and wharf was very bad, smoke blowing down from the railway above and from the river, and the sulphurous winter fog tarnished and spotted the bright steel bayonets which we carried on our Martini

carbines during the first months of duty there. After two hours along the wharf in November a man looked, and felt, black all over.

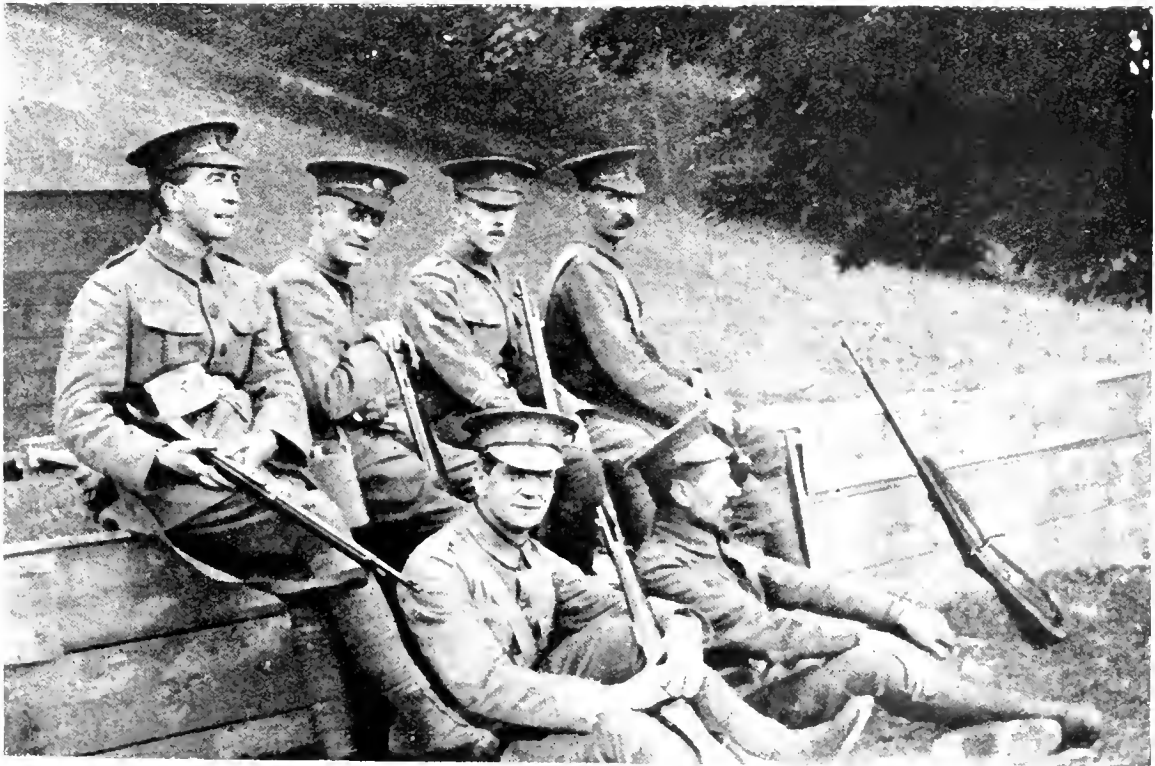
On fine spring days the sentry here found his position quite tolerable ; but at night it was a dismal place, and one sympathised with the R.D.C. sentries who had left behind in the sentry-box a piece of steel rail placed on two up-ended bricks as a seat. We were not night watchmen, and scorned artificial supports. And there were mild adventures. One dark November night, very foggy and moonless, with a white rime frost on the planks of the Bridge, and with the one blackened lamp under the Bridge scarcely showing up the carts that were ranked in front of it, the telephone by some mischance happened to be working right through from No. 3 post to the guardroom, when the sentry 'phoned for help. A corporal and three men were sent over the Bridge with a lantern. The sentry reported that he heard groans coming from the edge of the wharf. The patrol clambered down on to the barges with the lantern and found that a wharfinger had fallen in the fog between a barge and the river wall, and had jammed head first. There he hung unconscious, but groaning heavily as the barge, chafing with the rising tide, ground his ribs against the quay. He was dragged out, a ladder found, and on it the patrol carried him to hospital. By rights he should have died, but in a few weeks he was back again loosening ropes of lighters and pottering about the quay. A small old man with a square chin, and beard full of coal dust, he must have possessed exceedingly resilient ribs.

The sentry did not attempt a rescue himself because he was forbidden to leave his post. The old night watchman in the little hutch under the Bridge had a less pretentious reason, which he afterwards explained thus. "When I come 'ere at six o'clock I 'eard a noise like some one was groaning, like. But I was 'avin' me tea, so I didn't go to look. In abaht 'alf an 'ahr, when I'd done me tea, the groaning was still going on, so I goes to the sentry and I says, 'Sentry, there's somebody groaning'—and so there was."

No. 2 post had his box at the top of the stairs leading down to the goods yard and No. 3. He stood at the south end of the platform, which ran down the middle of the railway bridge. This platform, twenty paces broad, extended northward, and the sentry had liberty to patrol as far as the second of two wooden huts built on it for surfacemen. Whistles were provided and a code of signal blasts arranged. It worked one day when No. 1 sentry saw a soldier, capless, leap from a troop train at the Victoria end of the Bridge and run back along the line. No. 1's whistle attracted No. 2 sentry, who called the man off the electric track and detained him. The prisoner proved to be no deserter, but a Canadian whose cap had blown off somewhere near Clapham Junction.



GROUP OF OFFICERS
(Only about half the Officers in this group belong to the United Arts Rifles)
OTFORD, AUGUST, 1916



RANGE PARTY
CHLVENING, AUGUST, 1916

When the train slowed down he got out and started to walk back for it. In the guardroom, where he was dismissed with an admonition, he said that the cap had gone through the First Battle of Ypres and all the Somme fighting, and he was not going to lose it. We also once captured an office boy who had been sent on an errand from Victoria Station to some engineering shops on the south side and chose to go by the line. Passes? He had never heard of them; and there he was, blandly trotting down the middle of the Brighton express track, in peril of his life and in defiance of "Dora." Him, too, we detained and sent to the guard room, very tearful and contrite.

But if we were developing distinctly Prussian traits on the Bridge, it was in a spirit of pure humanity that we rescued a soldier's dog, a nice brown, smooth-coated French sheepdog, which was dropped out of a leave train, presumably because he was too big to smuggle past the barriers at Victoria. No. 1 sentry saw him running between the rails, very frightened, and heading south, all unwittingly towards the Dog's Home. No. 2 sentry coaxed him on to the platform and kept him in his box till the sergeant and reliefs came round, when he was towed to the guard room by a string round his neck. We petted him, and he soon settled down. Clearly he was a soldier's dog, for he turned out smartly for reliefs and visiting officers; but, alas! shortly afterwards a party of Scots Guards marched past our guard-room. Our four-footed friend had already detected the difference between Volunteers and real soldiers. He fell in behind the Guardsmen, and we never saw him again.

Our instructions were that all railwaymen crossing the Bridge must show passes. Generally we let them alone when they were clearly on duty, but occasionally trouble arose and men were stopped. Afterwards the railwaymen discovered that our sphere of influence was confined to the middle platform. Walking along the east platform they encountered no sentries, and a challenge across the rails, if one were given, could be ignored, since no one ever thought of shooting on Grosvenor Bridge. A shot was fired on No. 2 post, but not in anger. We had not long been posted, and still carried the little Martini. The sentry on the post fell to wondering whether the five rounds served out to him would fit in the Martini chamber. He put one in and closed the breech. It went in nicely. Then he saw the sergeant bearing down on him—out on a tour of inspection. To his dazed mind the best course appeared to be rigid standing at attention with arms sloped—and the live round in the chamber. The sergeant arrived. "Anything to report?" "No." "You haven't eased springs," said the sergeant, and, reaching out, pulled the trigger of the sentry's Martini. A Battalion inquiry subsequently found that the shot was fired in a southerly direction, but that no damage had been reported.

The most useful thing No. 2 post ever did failed to receive its due award. When the first aeroplane to raid London dropped bombs near Buckingham Palace and in Knightsbridge on a misty day when no one expected or saw the aeroplane, the sentry at No. 2 post was the only look-out in London who reported the sound of aircraft. We had the usual orders there to give warning of the approach of hostile aircraft, but not to shoot. Actually, however, the aircraft we saw were always British.

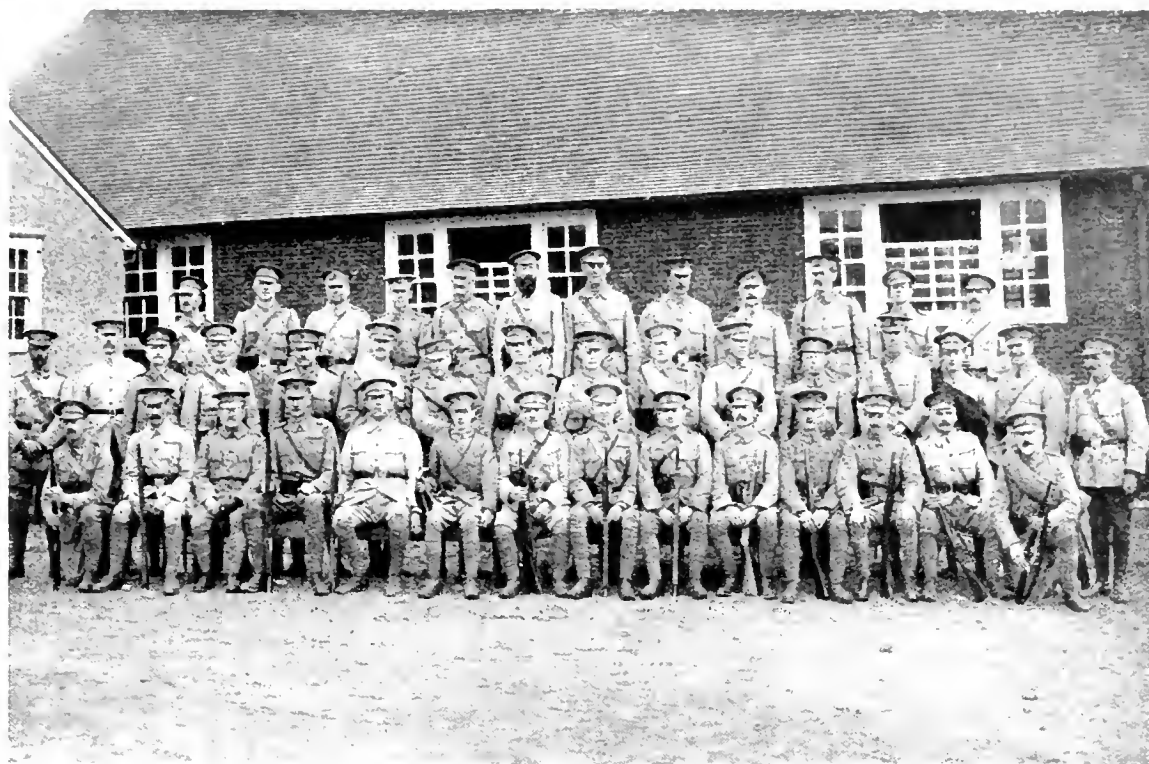
No. 1 post, at the north end of the Bridge, was regarded as the easiest. The chimneys of the guard-room could be seen close at hand, so that the sentry did not feel he was quite isolated. Nothing exciting ever happened there, and the beat gave the best views up and down the river, views which at sunrise, sunset, and under moonlight, were sometimes very beautiful.

One pre-occupation—or shall I say amusement?—the sentries at both ends of the Bridge had. The old wood of the long platform was very dry and splintered. It often caught fire in the summer, having large holes, equally fitted to trip a sentry's toe or to nurse a spark from an engine. Before the War Office decided to keep sentries on the Bridge, the railway companies had maintained a watch against fires, but troops being posted there, they withdrew their watchman and saved their money. Thus in summer the sentry, sometimes assisted by a party from the guard-room, had to busy himself stamping out infant fires or carrying water from the big casks which stood in the middle of the Bridge. In winter time those casks sometimes froze solid.

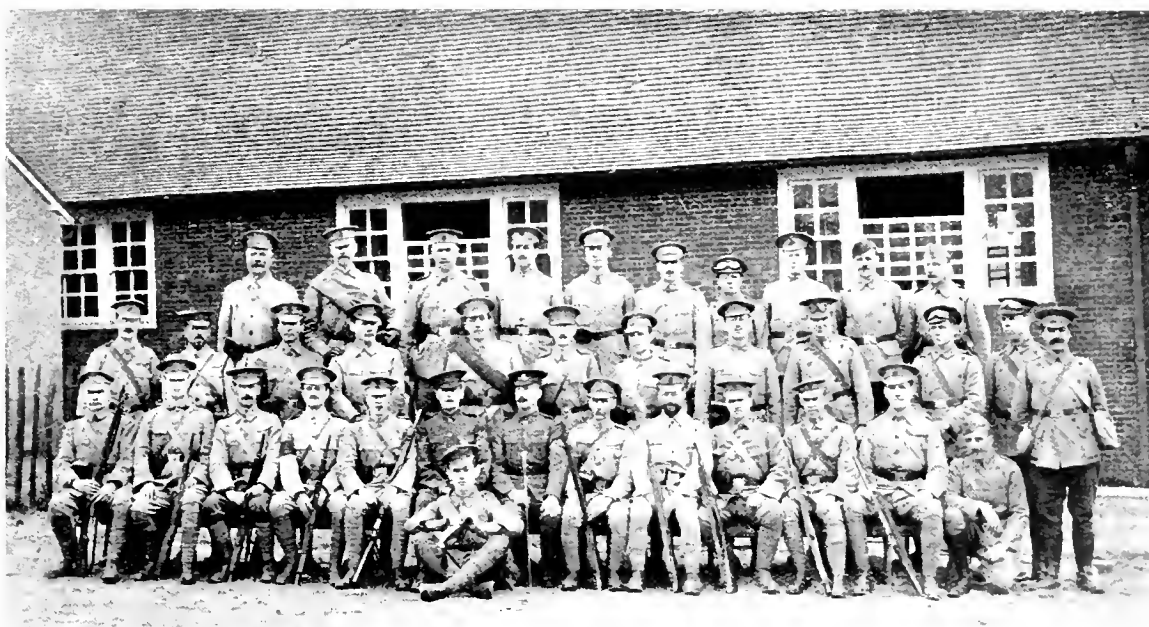
Another necessary fatigue was to send men up with whitewash to whiten the edges of the holes in the platform, and draw a minatory white line along its edge to keep the reliefs from straying over as they marched in the dark. On dark, foggy nights there was some danger. Reliefs marching behind a man with a lantern strayed right across the platform without knowing it. Once a man did topple over, not far from the front of an electric train, and Sergeant Harding gained his third stripe for the alacrity with which he jumped down and dragged him up.

If the railway company saved the services of a watchman when the military took over the guardianship of the Bridge, the War Office in its turn profited when it substituted Volunteers for R.D.C. men on the guard. The amount saved must have been substantial, since all that the Horse Guards allowed the two volunteer corps which took over the work was tenpence per day per man, which did not cover the food bought on corps account for the use of the guards.

It is time to explain who "we" were. Depleted by heavy calls-up of Derby men and not yet strengthened by recruits sent in from tribunals, the United Arts had not the strength to man three posts by day and night. Therefore we were combined with the Old Boys for Grosvenor Bridge duty. The Old Boys Corps contained



"A" AND "B" COMPANIES



"D" COMPANY AND MOTOR SQUADRON

OXFORD, AUGUST, 1916

a large number of architects and professional men, and from the first we established a partnership with it without reservations. It had previously maintained a post on Lambeth Bridge, while the earliest searchlights were in action there. Now it came to Grosvenor Bridge, sending an N.C.O. and six men by day and as many by night. We provided one N.C.O. and three men by day and night, each guard mounting for twelve hours, between eight and eight. The N.C.O. who happened to be senior was sergeant of the combined guard. Procedure, complicated at first, was afterwards simplified. Reliefs were inspected at the port without unfixing bayonets ; the old guard was dismissed without waiting for the sergeant to return from his twenty-minute journey across the Bridge to post his new sentries. But at first we were all for the rigour of the game, even though it meant that a twelve-hour turn of guard began with an inspection outside in the roadway at 7.35 and ended with a dismiss on the return of the sergeant and old sentries at 8.35, thirteen hours later. We exchanged compliments in what had been the booking hall of Grosvenor Road Station—there was too much traffic outside to change guard in the roadway, so the new guard always marched inside to do it.

Our guard-room was the old Grosvenor Road Railway Station. Derelict for years, it stood thick with grime when the old R.D.C. worthies took it over ; and they did not improve it. Still, the quarters were good, water-tight and adequately drained, with plenty of space and lofty rooms. On the kitchen gas stove cooking went on almost day and night, for men came off the Bridge every two hours with amazing appetites. Kettles boiled to give them Bovril or cocoa before they were posted ; they came off and rushed to take tea with biscuits, cheese and jam, or they fried bacon. Generally the Corps showed itself blissfully incompetent in culinary work or housewifery. I once explained to a middle-aged private that he could order bacon from the grocer's and cook it. He thought the idea excellent. Later I found him in a cloud of blue smoke and the acrid smell of charred bread. He had turned the gas ring on full, lit it, and clapped the frying pan on with his bacon perched on a round of bread. Bacon, in his household, always came to the table mounted on toast, and he imagined that it grew that way. Still, he was better than the elderly married man who could not light a gas stove, and more willing than the men—Old Boys mostly—who drifted in, took what was going, and drifted out, leaving their dirty cups and plates behind. Men never learnt to be economical with tea, butter or Bovril. Butter was used to fry bacon ; enough tea for six was put in a pot for one ; Bovril was used by tablespoonfuls, until the Corps authorities had to enact that no more was to be ordered. Still, we deserved to be well fed, for a winter vigil on the Bridge was cold, draughty, tiring work, and the fact that nobody took gravely ill from it is attributable largely to the ample food and warm drinks.

The opportunity to lounge in our comfortable guard-room depended on our sergeant and corporal. There were idle guards, who sat about reading or objected to the place being brushed up because they were playing cards; there were super-industrious guards, who were always despatching men round the corner into the goods yard to draw buckets of water with which to wash plates, dishcloths and the grimy floors; and there were the highly professional guards, who whiled away the time cleaning rifles or discussing minutiae of bayonet drill. Their happiness was complete when we were all served out with the 1914 rifle and bayonet—weight $10\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. on parading, $1\frac{3}{4}$ tons after two hours on the Bridge.

With the new rifle we received full infantry equipment, which certainly made the guard parades look smarter than when every man had a haversack and water-bottle of the pattern which pleased him best; and the long, dulled bayonets could not rust even in the most mephitic fog.

Still, our parades never got near the cast-iron uniformity of old regulars. Dear old General Bridgeman came round once or twice to accept an assurance that the guard was “all present and correct” at the moment when a chubby-faced liberty man of the Old Boys was returning with his arms full of bottled beer. The General put his stock questions again.

“Do you”—this is to an Old Boy—“find it difficult to pay for your uniform?”

“No, sir.”

“And what are you in private life?”

Finally, with the numbers of our Corps steadily diminishing, it became too great a strain to keep the guard going continuously, and the Inns of Court came in to do week about. As at Hyde Park Corner, we found them very precise and lawyerlike in taking over, and with an intolerable amount of officers watching the change of guard, checking the plates and spoons, and following the old and new corporals round as they posted the sentries—rather an unconstitutional thing. We liked the Inns of Court well enough, but somehow never established the same cheerful relations with them as with the Old Boys; and the fact that we had delegated part of our interest in the Bridge to them perhaps made us accept with equanimity the news that the Horse Guards had decided to abolish the guard at Grosvenor Bridge altogether.

Within a month of our departure, a “Boche bird” dropped a bomb right on top of our old No. 2 sentry box at the south end of the Bridge, bursting the big gas mains beneath and firing the wooden platform. To the day of writing the traveller, as his train runs into Victoria, can see the hole where our faithful sentry would have died at his post if the Home Defence people had not decided that it cost too much to keep him there.



HOTCHKISS GUNNERS *"Daily Sketch" Photograph*



A MORNING WASH *"Daily Sketch" Photograph*

EPPING, SEPTEMBER, 1917

IV.—ANTI-AIRCRAFT WORK

AFTER the withdrawal of the Grosvenor Bridge guard, the Corps began to think seriously of anti-aircraft work. The London anti-aircraft barrage of three-inch high explosive shells was bursting overhead at 10,000 feet. What if a German airman plucked up courage to dive under it and fly down Whitehall, machine-gunning the War Office windows? Our own airmen had shown in the Rhineland how impudently a raider could coast over the housetops searching out his marks, and the Germans had always been willing to develop our ideas. So we at the Imperial College Union all began to talk of machine-guns, and so, more deliberately, did the Brass Hats in Whitehall. First it was the Hotchkiss, and the United Arts mustered in crowds on Sundays at Headquarters, under Lieut. Myers' direction, to struggle with the costive little weapon. By the time we could assemble it, fill the strips without making our hands bleed, cock the cumbrous lever and remember to lift the feed piece, the panic passed. A few weeks later the authorities sent us the Lewis gun, and again we toiled at "parts" and "stop-pages," fired a burst or two on the range, and were certified to be qualified for anti-aircraft duty.

I prefer to say at once that I never fired my Lewis gun at any German. I stripped it, cleaned it, oiled it, assembled it, mounted it on a post, practised imaginary traverses with the anti-aircraft sight, put it to bed in its box again, and generally petted it once a week for weary months. Other men did the same on other nights and came into action, but I never saw a hostile aeroplane within range. Our routine always was to muster at half-past eight or nine in summer, at half-past four or five in winter, march to a gun station on top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner or on the roof of a hut in Regent's Park, or to go by train to some post in the defence line at Abbey Wood on the river marshes, to clean, mount and practice the guns, unship them and go back to the hut or tent for a cross-examination on stoppages, followed by supper, hot cocoa and a long debate till, in the early morning, we decided that no warning was to be expected, and turned in on our Army beds of trestles or planks.

So we came back to Hyde Park Corner, scene of our first public guard mountings. We returned under changed conditions. Khaki instead of grey-green drill; regulation overcoats in place of guinea raincoats, bleached green and stained red with the clay of the Woldingham trenches; no arms except the sidearms of our sergeants; Army haversack and water-bottle slung on the braces—a device introduced by Sergeant-Major Utting so that we could discard equipment in an instant to serve our guns. Gone was the desperate appeal on parade for volunteers to do a guard; in place of that we were set down

on a roster, and each of the men who had gone through the machine-gun course and had fired the Lewis on the range did duty in turn—a day weekly for at least three weeks out of four. Other candidates for the distinction clustered round the instruction tables at headquarters, writing down “parts” and “stoppages” at the dictation of Lieut. Myers or Lieut. Aubrey Smith. But the Corps never had a superfluity of anti-aircraft men, because it had to keep up two posts each night, one in central London, and one in the defences of Woolwich Arsenal. Each post mustered five men with two guns, each team consisting of a sergeant, two gunners and two “No. 2’s.” A spare man was always detailed in reserve for each team. He paraded at the station and was dismissed at once if the full team turned up.

Gone, too, were our ceremonies of taking over from the old guard and handing over of orders and ball cartridge. We still had visiting rounds; an officer who dropped in between nine and ten, asked whether all were right and then signed our parade sheet.

We were left on our own as a detached command, and we felt our work was real soldiering. The War Office stated that men serving as machine-gunners on the anti-aircraft stations were necessary for the defence of London and would not be called up for general service till they could be replaced. In this spirit we stripped our guns on taking over the post in the evening, flooded them with oil—too much oil—and stripped them again before leaving in the morning. The most expert in each team demonstrated “stoppages” and cross-examined on “parts” nightly after the guns had been mounted at dusk, swung round on the posts and taken down again to the huts out of the damp. No. 2’s wrestled with the task of clamping on the cartridge pans and nipping them off quickly, a duty in which practice never made perfect. Our guns were set to prevent firing at a lesser angle than 55°, for the security of the public. But we aimed at Vega and Arcturus with the anti-aircraft sights, a sturdy pillar as a foresight and a bronze oval four inches across with horizontal and vertical bars as backsight, which nightly had to be screwed on to the slide of the original Lewis backsight, the foresight being held in a special clamp ring between the fore and rear barrel casing.

All this done we waited for action without result; and the men on the search-lights at Hyde Park Corner did not encourage vain hopes: they told us that they had never seen a hostile aeroplane at all, let alone one within machine-gun range. Our instructions were not to fire till the plane was within range and had dropped bombs or had been fired on by the three-inch guns round about, or until we could see its black crosses on the wings. Thus we had little chance of a target. At Hyde Park Corner, in addition, we were to wait for instructions from the petty



C.S.M. FREDERICK HUDSON



R.S.M. A. R. UTTING



"Daily Sketch" Photograph
BIVOUCAC, EPPING, SEPTEMBER, 1917

officer in charge of the searchlight on the highest platform over the gateway, we having our guns on posts erected on tubs of earth on the wing platform over the western footway, twenty-five feet below him. If we did open fire we were to carry on under the control of our own sergeant, whose business it was to watch the tracer bullets, one in six.

These searchlight men were not the half-time semi-professionals whom we had seen arriving during the evening two years ago. They were whole-time soldiers, wearing the uniform of the naval wing of the R.A.F., and living all the time in the compound behind the gateway. They occupied our old guard-room, and the only accommodation allowed us was the use of their tool room, a dingy little shed, for storing and cleaning our guns, which had to be carried up and down the ladders morning and evening. In the spring of 1918, a month or two after we returned there, these searchlight experts were sent to the reorganised outer defences of London and their duties at Hyde Park Corner were taken over by soldiers from the Anti-aircraft Artillery station in the centre of the Park. These only came down to Hyde Park Corner in the evenings, it having already been decided that the searchlights there should be struck out of the London defence scheme. Thereafter the United Arts Lewis gun teams, who stayed there a little longer, had more elbow room, using the telephone hut on the lower platform and sleeping there or outside on the duckboards of the gangway above the western carriage way.

That dormitory we preferred to our spring one, a bell-tent pitched in the potato patch of the Park gun station, a good 1,000 yards away. When we had mounted and tested our machine-guns we obtained the nightly password—"Buy War Bonds" was one—from the searchlight men, left the compound and threaded our way through the kissing couples in the dark Park to our damp and dismal tent on the muddy ground up against the corrugated iron north wall of the artillery compound. A hurricane lantern hung from the pole. Lit it revealed our bedding and trestles stacked, which we with much ingenuity spread out into beds for five. That done, one man was sent to borrow a kettle from the gunner's galley. Cocoa was made, and after returning the kettle—"Halt, who comes there?" "Friend, with kettle. Buy War Bonds."—the crew snuggled into their blankets for a smoke and an hour's talk till, towards midnight, the squeals and harsh laughter in the darkness outside gradually died away. Once or twice wanderers appealed to us to take in lodgers, but we refused, and resumed our occupation of swapping the most unusual experiences of our lives. For all this the War Office paid us fivepence a night.

One of our crews on a bitter spring night found no blankets in the tent, and had not been told that, men under the War Office having replaced the naval

R.A.F. men at the three-inch guns, a new arrangement had been made and the blankets taken inside the compound, to be claimed and signed for nightly. The crew consequently shivered under newspapers all night. A week later one of the same United Arts "A" Company crew, Private Hill, came on duty again and kept hiccupping in his sleep. Another week and he died from lung affection, contracted from the hardships of active service in the heart of London. I am glad to say that the War Office granted aid to the widow and children of a good fellow and keen Volunteer.

Finally the tent slid down the pole and collapsed on top of one of our crews, after which we slept in the telephone cabin on the Arch, as I have explained. There one night, picking up stars as aiming marks in the late twilight, an "A" Company man called attention to a star in Aquila, asking his sergeant, who also as a scout knew the landmarks of the sky, whether he had ever before noticed such a bright star to the west of Altair. All the defences of London had been warned to expect a practice raid that night and to look out for the signal lights of the attacking planes, so, having decided that the new light was not hostile, the post did not report it to the War Office. A definite claim to priority of discovery was thus lost, but the Astronomer General has written that the observation was "certainly one of the very first."

Later on that same night the sergeant, looking out over the bulwarks of his post by the telephone cabin and hearkening to the quiver of the guns around Amiens or Bethune, discovered three of Lockhart's Elephants standing in the gutter while their custodian refreshed himself at the coffee stall, with occasional pauses to slap and rebuke one of the beasts who was edging towards the piles of "doorsteps" and saffron cakes. The incident has been handed down in rhyme :

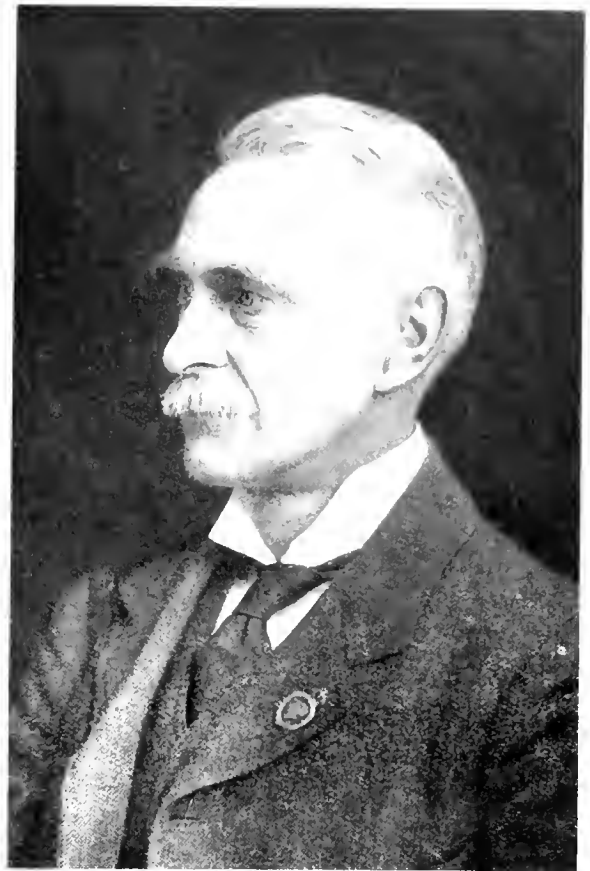
WHEELER DESCRIBES ELEPHANTS

Columbus Wheeler paced alone
The foc'sle of his ship of stone,
Cleaving on noiseless keel the dark
Between the island of the Park
(Principal export, chairs) and town.
He scanned the High Seas of Romance,
The new-born star, and night's advance.
An oath drew his attention down.

Then spoke this N.C.O. I/c.
"Oh, I see elephants—yes, three,
And every elephant a crown
Bears on his brow. Arouse the crew
To witness what I say is true."



C.S.M. A. J. DRIVER



C.Q.M.S. W. J. FORD



SERGEANT C. L. HARDING



SERGEANT C. E. SOUTHWELL

Sulley looked and saw them plain
Move round the coffee-stall for buns ;
Turned to his blankets in disdain,
Saying, " But they're little ones."
Hurry, too, looked. He said no word ;
And Wheeler watched the monsters grey
Up Piccadilly take their way.

Now do not say this narrative's absurd.
I make this commonsense appeal to you—
Moyes did not see it, so it may be true,
While Edwards thinks the incident was planned
By German influence and the hidden hand.

Teams which went on machine-gun duty to guard Woolwich Arsenal had a much worse journey than the Hyde Park men, who mustered at seven in spring, at eight or even later in summer. A seven o'clock train to Woolwich in summer sometimes meant a route march from Plumstead, when tramcars were full, and a rush to have guns cleaned and mounted before nine, the official hour for duty. In the dark days of autumn the Woolwich teams fell in at Charing Cross before five, and if they were not awake next morning by six, to cook breakfast, clean guns, sweep the hut and walk nearly a mile for a train about 7.30, they had to wait till the neighbourhood of nine for a train to town.

Woolwich Arsenal was not popular with officers detailed for visiting rounds, who had to find their way, often in the dark, through danger zones, across railway tracks and ditches, climb up into towers, visit the river wall at Tripcock Point and sign the attendance sheets of teams at three or four stations before returning to town late at night. But for the gunners the Arsenal posts, once reached, were more comfortable than those in town. So far as possible the teams were kept together, and each served in London and at the Arsenal alternately. At the Arsenal our guns were posted on top of the embankment of the great southern outfall sewer, running just outside the south fence of the enclosed area containing the T.N.T. plant and stores, scattered among hayfields. At first we were stationed at Church Manor Way, a gate into the Arsenal a long mile east of Plumstead. There we were assigned a hut in the camp of the R.D.C. men, a clean hut with wooden sleeping berths built up against one wall. A green and stagnant ditch was under the window, and some gunners complained that a man-hole in the sewer embankment nearly stifled them at their posts. Yet we found the place healthy, slept well, and enjoyed the bright sunny early mornings with Abbey Woods rising green from the river mist and the larks all tuning up.

In the raid about Whitsuntide, when a German aeroplane fell in flames at the Albert Docks, our machine-guns came into action. There seems to have been some delay in opening fire, and the enemy passed out of range before the United Arts machine-guns could do much harm. Possibly the lack of any useful instructions in the sealed orders was to blame. These sealed orders were handed out to the sergeant at Woolwich Railway Station by an officer, who had obtained them from the Central Control Station in Westminster. If no alarm was given during the night, the sergeant had to burn the orders in the envelope, unopened, and to certify in his report that he had done so. Yet despite all these precautions, when an alarm was given and the orders opened, nothing was found inside the envelope save the name of an animal, bird or fish. Reference to a book, kept under lock and key, would show that the names of these creatures gave the colours of the recognition lights carried by all friendly aeroplanes during a raid. Lights varied from night to night. As all animals were of one colour, all birds of another, and fishes of a third, the system of secrecy seems too elaborate. A few words telling the N.C.O. in charge that he was responsible and must open fire against any hostile target coming within range without awaiting special orders would have been far better. But such instructions were never clearly given.

Hyde Park Corner teams were not troubled with sealed orders. Their sergeant had, however, to go to the Anti-aircraft Central Office. There he was sent to the actual sanctum where the defence of London against raiders was directed. It was a small room with telephone hutches round the walls; at a table in the centre sat an officer who just said, "The recognition signal to-night is red"—or green, or white.

That night when the raider fell at the Docks saw our only casualty during a raid. Shell fragments falling near the machine-gunners as they stood-to made the gravel fly, and a pebble cut the nose of one "No. 2." Other alarms on the same post did not get so near the real thing. One has been recorded thus :—

THE BRAVE RUMBLE OF A DISTANT GUN

(MACHINE-GUN GUARD, PLUMSTEAD MARSHES)

Before the phantom of false morning died
I heard a voice within the hut that cried,
"The guns! D'ye hear, boys? Quick now, to your posts;
Jam on your shrapnel hats and get outside."

Lance-Corporal Edwards, who had made his choice
To have the upper bunk, obeyed the Voice,
Cast off his blankets and leapt down full force
Upon the stomach of the sleeping Moyes.



C.Q.M.S. C. H. EMANUEL



C.S.M. S. P. KENDRICK



SERGEANT S. NICHOLSON BABB



SERGEANT W. H. BOND

FOUR STALWARTS OF THE ORIGINAL "D" COMPANY

But Corporal Edwards was not half so fleet
As Sergeant Wheeler, trapped from head to feet
With sausages, fuel, armour, marlinspike,
Ice-axe and ready-reckoner complete.

Bold Private Hurry did not stop to think ;
He lived up to his name ; scarce paused to blink,
To put his overcoat and muffler on,
And say "God bless my soul!" and take a drink.

These as they peered and listened at the door
All said to Sulley "You who gave the roar,
Restrain the rhythmic knocking of your knees ;
Perchance then we shall hear those guns once more."

Awhile they hearkened. All was as the dead ;
No sound, no sign, though later it was said
That, dreaming in his home, some ten miles off,
Gilbertson Smith had snored a trumpet dread.

From Church Manor Way the United Arts post was transferred to Abbey Wood, at the extreme east side of Woolwich Arsenal. There we still had a mile to march from train or tram to the Arsenal gate, and we still mounted our guns on posts on top of the sewer embankment. But we had a large concrete hut to ourselves just inside the gate, and though it was in the danger zone, we were permitted to smoke while indoors. "Mounds" covering T.N.T. stores were the principal features of the landscape. As neighbours we had the Inns of Court in the next hut and also a station of the Arsenal police, who kept our keys. A little further away were the huts of some R.D.C. men with a wet canteen, into which injudicious N.C.O.'s of the United Arts sometimes ventured, to the detriment of their pockets—how those R.D.C. men can swallow! And there was a Y.M.C.A. hut and canteen, with billiard tables always in use by soldiers and boy workers at the Arsenal. Tea, bread and jam, porridge, etc., were things the canteen sold cheaply till 9 p.m., and these, when our inspecting officer was tactful enough to come early, we bought gratefully, perusing as we consumed them the illustrated weekly papers of 1887 and 1893, which patriotic and philanthropic people had sent for the edification of poor soldiers like us.

Abbey Wood remained our post almost until the Armistice. Although alarms were given, we never had a raid pressed home there. But it would have been a hot corner. Behind us were the T.N.T. stores. Eastward only 200 yards as we stood on the sewer embankment loomed the nearest of a line of kite balloons which stretched across the marshes, resting at dusk each calm night to lift a "net" of piano wires, which we never saw and consequently discredited. Although no trouble came our way, the Whitehall authorities were confident that it would, and devised a

new tactical use for machine-guns in anti-aircraft defence. We were not to wait to see our target and then fire ahead at it by use of the oval anti-aircraft sight which automatically "aims-off" to allow for the flight of the aeroplane. Those sights were taken off, new and cumbersome pedestal arms were mounted nightly on the guns; circular brass plates graded in degrees were placed on the flat tops of our old pine posts on which our guns were mounted. Guns were not to traverse; nor as previously were gunners to fire short bursts of six and then to relay. An arrangement was introduced for clamping the Lewises at a fixed angle. The proposal was that the sergeant should listen until he discerned the approximate direction and elevation of the enemy aircraft from the sound of its propellers. He would then sing out the compass bearing from true north and the angle of elevation. While "No. 2" directed a luminous button on the dial plate—no more light was allowed—"No. 1" swung his gun round. The angle was next regulated and the gun clamped in position. The gunner then had to grip the butt under his right armpit and hang on to the trigger, blazing away a continuous barrage until the order to cease fire was given. Theoretically, a large number of machine-gun posts around London were to set up an almost unbroken barrage of bullets under the shell barrage. Actually, it is a matter for thankfulness that the system was never tested.

In the middle of the summer the Hyde Park Corner station, where the searchlights had gone out of operation, was condemned for machine-guns also. The protection of Buckingham Palace and the Ritz was left to the Guards in their sandbagged Green Park machine-gun pits. While continuing our Arsenal duties, we moved our town post to Regent's Park, where on top of a flat-roofed one story building in the R.A.F. reception park west of the Broad Walk, we had two guns and some Hampstead Volunteers two. At first the guns had to be hauled up a perpendicular ladder, and there was no rail round the edge of the roof. Some substantial carpentry was done for our benefit, and we received a cool and pleasant summer look-out point, surrounded by trees, with a fine view of the evening searchlight practices, and the possibility of hearing the lions at the Zoo, across the Park.

Little happened on the station. We mustered at Portland Place and marched round by the Inner Circle. We stripped our guns—now grown very easy to dismantle, the body cover coming off at a touch—and we slept on benches, tables and trestle beds in a wooden shed, by day a carpenters' shop and lecture room for artificers, by night very confined quarters for us and the Hampstead men, honest artisans who always awaked before five and left before six, conversely objecting to our debating stoppages after eleven p.m. For some time we posted a sentry every two hours outside the R.A.F. telephone-room, to bring word of



C.S.M. ALLEN GILL



SERGEANT H. R. WITHERSPOON



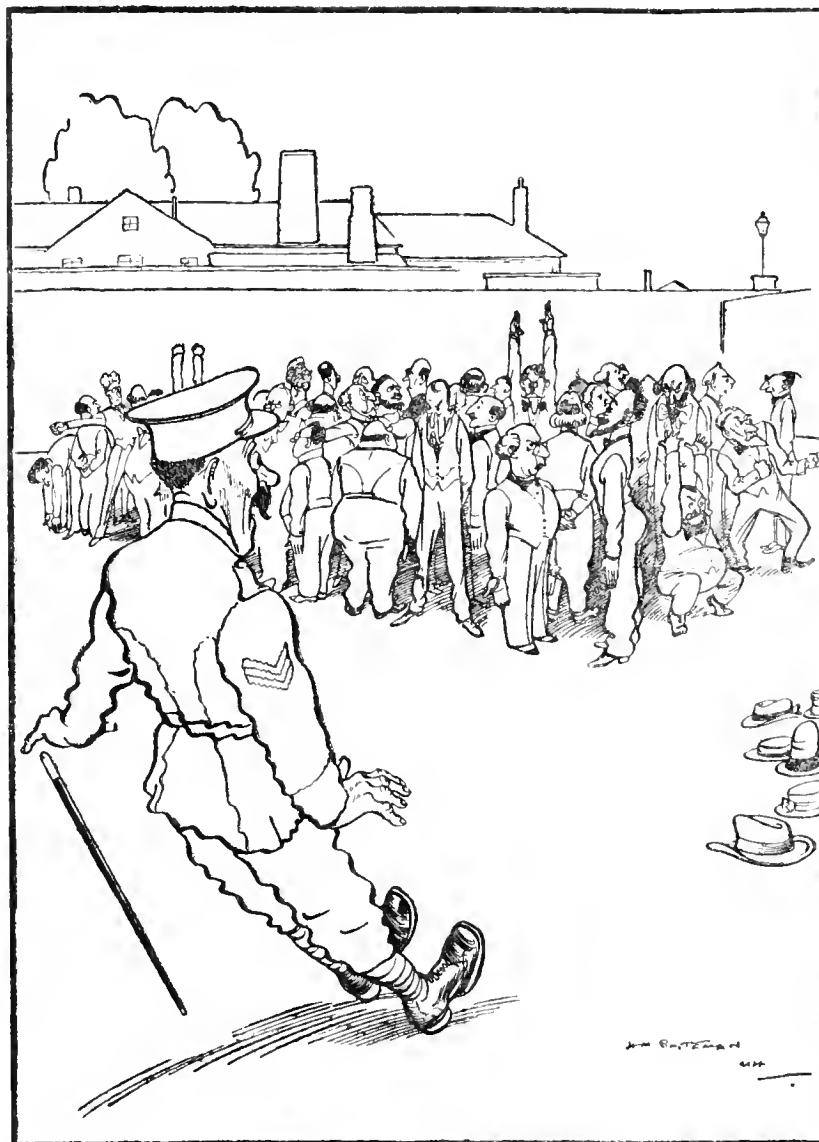
SERGEANT F. A. TOWLE

air-raid warnings. Afterwards that was left to the R.A.F. sentries. These had just been served out with rifles. One distinguished himself by firing a shot accidentally through the guard-room roof one night when coming off duty.

All autumn we heard hints that the cold journeys to Woolwich might be stopped and that a splendid post near Whitehall was to be ours in future. The transfer came at last, through the efforts of Lieut. Myers, in the week before the Armistice. The evening of Saturday, 9th November, when we awaited the German reply to the Armistice terms, saw us carrying planks, trestles, blankets, buckets, brushes, machine-guns, trusses of straw, and all sorts of equipment up to the fourth floor of the Local Government Board, and then forty feet higher by a spiral iron staircase into a loft in the south-east tower of the building, which was to be our permanent and settled station. There, under the skylight, we spread out our impedimenta, got our guns ready once more and renewed the old routine. We had four guns altogether now—ten men in all with the spare man—and posts at intervals along the south roof of the building, overlooking Parliament Square, with the Abbey glimmering grey above the war-darkened streets. It was a lovely position, driving an etcher in the crew frantic with delight when dawn broke to show the Houses of Parliament and the turbulent brown river running under the Bridge. Monday brought the Armistice, but our watch was not relaxed. Germany's aeroplanes were not surrendered, and there was a chance that some crazy aviator might choose to die over London rather than give in. So, night after night, for some six weeks the United Arts gun teams mustered at their posts. At first we mounted guns and stayed all night. Then we were told to telephone the Defence Headquarters at 10 p.m. to receive permission to dismiss. Lastly, our guns were laid out with a notice, "These guns are not to be touched."

And in this wise, almost imperceptibly, our anti-aircraft duties diminished to nothing. The bedding was all carried down again, the guns returned to the Ordnance, and the tale was ended. At Grosvenor Road, in 1916, our guard dined on Christmas night on roast beef and good liquor, after which an old gentleman from some house near by knocked at the door and handed in some war-time mince pies, his gift for "the soldiers" who, he thought, must be feeling the hardships of their lot on Christmas Day. But Christmas, 1918, was kept by the United Arts in peace. If any of the associations made in war by those who served in the old Corps endure during peace, most of all surely will those founded on the memories and comradeships of guards and anti-aircraft duty. Those memories and associations will probably be our only reward. Yet we know we were not useless. The Hun never swooped over Woolwich or Whitehall after the machine-gun defence was established. The United Arts did its part in assuring the safety of London in those last months of the war, when the Germans obviously decided that raids on the

Capital were not worth their cost. Perhaps the real peril ended when the enemy abandoned St. Denis Westrem aerodrome, his Gotha base in Flanders, but the United Arts stuck to its task and can now say that the end of the war found its anti-aircraft gunners at their posts, and in such efficiency that they were chosen for the protection of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.



NOT VERY UNITED ARTISTS!

OUR ARTIST WRITES: I understand that members of the artistic professions are forming a Corps of their very own. Everyone will admire their patriotism; but is there not fear that their very originality and desire to be unlike others in every way will be their undoing? I have imagined a sergeant who has just given the order "Left turn!"

By permission of the Proprietors of "The Sketch."

V

THE UNITED ARTS OVERSEAS

BY CAPTAIN W. H. ANSELL, M.C.

AT the Summer Camp at Churt in 1915 a small band of men of "A" Company was billeted in the loft over the stable. Being of the advance guard, they selected this from the purest altruistic motives, knowing well that the keen spirits to follow would much prefer sleeping on mackintosh sheets under canvas in the field.

There were rats in the loft—fine English fellows. A narrow ledge along the wall plate was their promenade, and when one night two rats coming from opposite ways met in the middle and disagreed "they went off like a Seidlitz powder," to quote a Sergt.-Major of famous memory. In the corner of the loft slept Allen, the Music-maker, and he made music by day—and by night. Raised aloft in the opposite corner was Louis, the Painter, who told stories concerning recruits, drill sergeants, and shortest verses in Bibles. Near the trap-door was William Henry, the mere Architect, who did nothing in particular, and did it very well. The Angel Child was in the Advance Party also, but not being of "A" Company, he found a lodging elsewhere.

In the leakiest of the tents, on the mackintosh sheet whose anti-hydrostatic properties were least evident, you would probably have found him, hardening himself for the great day, when sure but painfully slow Time should bring him within the age limit for "G. S." A month or so after the termination of this camp William Henry, to his intense surprise, found himself in the uniform of a British officer, lying flatly in a ditch between Dickiebush and Hallebast, while German shrapnel was sprinkling the road in front, the hedge above, and the field behind. He then realised, more acutely than ever before, that there really was a war on.

The days passed, and in the fullness of time he came to Arras and the battle of April, 1917. Through the village of S. Laurent Blangy runs the road to Athies and Roeux, of bloody memory. To the left branches the road to Point-du-Jour, crossing the deep railway cutting by a brick bridge. On the one side the

bridge had been hit by us, on the other side it was being hit by the Boches, and it seemed hardly necessary to determine whose were the shells that had devastated the top and swept the copings into the depths below. To this uninviting spot William Henry was gently led by a C.R.E. and informed that heavy guns must pass over that apology for a bridge in an absurdly small number of hours hence, and it was up to him to see that they were able to do so.

One morning, shortly after the work began, an officer of the Gunners came up and enquired if an Artillery working party from a Siege Battery was expected. Something familiar in the voice brought back old memories of a loft at Churt, and the shortest Biblical verse. It was none other than Louis, the Painter.

On the edge of a small hole they sat them down. To the left were the ragged stumps and broken walls of Point-du-Jour, in front the slopes of Greenland Hill; down in the valley to the right lay the Scarpe, and on the opposite side of the river a dense cloud of smoke showed the hell some of our men were going through at Monchy. And over the heads of the two friends roared and screamed the shells from our massed batteries behind the cutting. But these things were unheeded, and the talk was of guards at Churt and "five squirts rapid" at the publican near the schools, of winter days in Richmond Park, and the men of the United Arts.

The wonder year of 1918 brought a more dramatic sequence of contrasting emotions than any since the year of the outbreak of the war. The waiting for the German thrust, the coming of the attack, and the success of it; the arresting and the turning of it into a retreat, into all but a *débâcle*, and then the Armistice.

At the beginning of the year the Arras bridge-menders were at work on defences and more bridges between Pilkem and Langemarck. A famous Corps Commander visited the work from time to time, and with him, acting with perfect efficiency and consummate sang-froid as his guide, philosopher and friend, was the Angel Child. Once again on the stricken field did the brotherhood of the United Arts prove its reality.

William Henry and the Angel Child met on various occasions during the year. They were at Courtrai when the Armistice was signed, they passed through Belgium and Western Germany, and finally rode through Cologne, over the Rhine and into the bridgehead east of the great river.

One of the most notable events of a most notable time was the founding of that famous journal "The Watch on the Rhine," a British publication printed in Cologne. The first Editor was the Angel Child, and one of the first contributors was William Henry. In the Arts of Peace, as in the Arts of War, they were still "United."

EXPLOITS OF THE U.A.V.R.

THE VICTOR
OF
RUNNYMEDE



Drawn by S. Nicholson Babb



INCONVENIENCES OF MILITARY LIFE

Drawn by J. H. D. 1918

VI

THE LIGHT SIDE OF THE UNITED ARTS RIFLES

By C.Q.M.S. CHARLES EMANUEL.

THE title to these desultory notes is a little misleading ; it presumes a *dark* side, and there has been no dark side to our Force. The nearest approach was a period, some six months after white sweaters had been introduced as a subterfuge for a uniform, and they had acquired the prevailing hue of London. In fact, when one of our members volunteered, as so many did, for active service, and sent a note to the Sergt.-Major to look for his sweater, "a white one," he was able to pick it out at once from the four or five hundred hanging up at Headquarters.

I suppose my initial military efforts were much the same as those of every one else. My first drill took place at Earl's Court, and no doubt it contributed to the gate-money. A short stocky sergeant took me in hand. Our squad consisted of myself and one other only. The other was a tall thin man, and the disparity in size made us an odd pair. His pace of thirty inches was much longer than mine (the "long-pull" had not yet been prohibited), so that whenever he was leading, the space between us was always increasing. I got my own back at the "about-turns," for on those occasions I started off with a pronounced lead. I was much confused by the commands "*Into file, right turn*" and "*Into line, left turn,*" of which no explanation was afforded. My companion had apparently smelt powder before and understood the mystery. I merely ignored it ; I had all my work cut out guessing which was my right and which was my left.

We had one great advantage at Earl's Court, and that was the gravel. It was certainly cruel for boot leather, but the crunch of it made it almost impossible to march out of step, and much of the good marching of my old Company was learnt there. We soon migrated to Burlington House. There we were in clover. Our numbers soared well over four figures, although, as was to be expected in a Battalion largely literary, we were stronger on paper than on parade. However, we could always rely on seeing several hundreds drilling at

a time, and to steer a platoon amid a maze of other platoons (often conducting military operations of a nature far more involved than their officers intended) needed all the skill of a swell dancer in the days when the "Boston" was at it best.

Situated as we were near to the Military Clubs and to Piccadilly, which is a military parade ground, real Army officers used to look in to see the very latest thing in the War. No doubt they went away thinking better even of the Territorials. The wonder was that any one could make anything of us. Our huge parades consisted at first entirely of recruits, most of them, like myself, without even an elementary idea of discipline or drill, and we only drilled when we were at our worst—that is to say, at the end of a day's work. But two or three Army sergeants, and an officer or two of our own who remembered something of the old drill, worked like Trojans, and in a few months most of us were knocked into something like shape, and were drafted into Companies. After a little more training we were thought fit to exhibit in public. It was a proud day indeed when the officer of the leading Company succeeded in getting his men out of the Quadrangle, through the narrow entrance-passage, and past the iron gates into the street, without a casualty. At that time we were still without uniform, and in our dusky woollen sweaters we looked not a little like sheep; the suggestion was appropriately made that the leading officer should wear a bell!

When away from my ordinary professional occupation, I have an inventive mind, and I did my best in that direction to assist the training of the men. It occurred to me that enormous time was wasted in training men to make movements in unison, which could be as well done by mechanical means. No encouragement, however, was given to my idea, and my plan of "platoon-platforms" was turned down. The principle I suggested was a large low platform on small wheels, carrying sufficient chairs to seat a platoon. The wheels would be attached to a turn-table, such as one finds under the front wheels of a four-wheeled cart. The platform would be drawn by a donkey, and I am sure it would soon learn the words of command. Anyhow, it would only involve instructing *one* donkey instead of a hundred or more!

Similar treatment was accorded to my invention of a sergeant's boot, the left heel of which was to be fitted with a squeaker, so that whenever the left foot touched the ground it ejaculated "Left! Left! Left!" By this means the sergeant could save his voice for more important remarks.

It was a long time before we had Government recognition and still longer before we received any equipment—except a brassard. The first arms we used were provided at the expense of the Battalion. I am a bit of a collector myself, and can safely say that the guns we first "shouldered" (we were at the time a



WOODWORK AT WOLDINGHAM
1915-1916



TRENCH DIGGING INSTRUCTION



CHURT,
August, 1915

MAKING HURDLES FOR REVEGETTING

rifle regiment) were "museum pieces." They were as full of points as President Wilson, and the points were not nearly so easy to grasp as his. There was a fearsome spring which rarely caught, except in our flesh or clothing, and the barrels were of great length and full of rust. Had we been called out for active service they would have been deadly weapons. If the bullet ever left the muzzle, anything it hit must die of blood poisoning. If, as was only too likely, it bucked at the rust, the danger would be nearer home. These weapons were constructed many a year before Martini met Henry. It was possible for the sum of ten shillings to become the sole owner of one of these guns, and, judging from the weight, they were well worth the money. Those who acquired their own could be distinguished from the others of us by their prouder air, like the yeoman farmer who owns the land he tills.

The fact that my particular Company ("D," as it was then named) drilled at night, somewhat restricted the nature of our field work, if one excepted the Saturday or Sunday parades. But with Hyde Park close at hand, we had an admirable training ground. I hesitate to say how often we defended and attacked the bridge over the Serpentine. We generally arranged with another Company to put up a fight. In those days we never considered the odds; artillery had no fears for us. Whatever the slaughter on one night, the dead were always ready to volunteer for a fresh venture on the next. The umpire, however, had the deuce of a time, as both sides invariably claimed the victory.

Proceedings were sometimes varied by an affair of outposts, through which our or the enemy's scouts had to get undetected. I remember one such night, when we first shed blood, Sgt.-Major Utting breaking his shin over a low iron paling. That night Private (afterwards Sergeant) W. H. Bond got through by pretending to be a Park sheep and chewing the cud noisily, and on another occasion Private (afterwards Sergeant) Babb and I escaped detection under the guise of a lover and his lass.

The most important operations were reserved for the week-end. The non-military frequenters of the Park seemed, generally, to be interested in us. On one occasion it was otherwise. The Battalion was moving across the field in "column of route." Straight in the line of movement was a Weary Willie sleeping verminously on his back in the grass. The head of the column stepped over his body. When the leading platoon had done the like, he appreciated that something unusual was on, and opened his eyes. He gazed at a few of the studded soles passing within a few inches of his head, and then made up his mind that it was no concern of his, and resumed his sleep. On another occasion—it was a drizzling muddy day in March—we had been practising advancing by short rushes and then "down!" at the blast of a whistle. Operations over, we cleared

out of the Park and marched back through the slush of Piccadilly towards Headquarters. Just when we were opposite the Ritz, the hotel porter whistled for a taxi. For a moment it was touch and go with us. I distinctly saw the column waver. For two ticks the men would have flung themselves down in the mud and traffic. Then they pulled themselves together, and the crisis was past.

We commenced route marches quite early in our career. Our first ventures in this direction were, I think, too ambitious. I can remember one little stroll of fifteen miles mostly over wood paving and cobbles. We had hired a good military band for the occasion, and it carried us through. I understand that the essence of a march is that at the end of it the men should be fit to fight. If this is so our march was a success, for I, personally, would have fought tooth and nail against going another yard. I met some of the band over a glass of beer when I was deliberating whether to hobble to a tube or telephone for an ambulance. They told me they were off to the front the next day and would look forward to the *rest!* Our route marches always elicited considerable interest on the part of the public, who hazarded various conjectures as to our identity. Some thought we were the celebrated Russians from Archangel. A dear old lady in Queen's Gate wept over us, thinking we were the real thing. Our officers also sometimes wept over us, but for a different reason. An old gentleman in South Kensington bared his head as we passed, as though we were a funeral.

In those days we contemplated having a real band of our own, thinking that there would be no difficulty in this, as our Battalion offered special attractions to musicians. Our instrumentalists, however, when catalogued, proved most disappointing. They were all almost entirely fiddlers, 'cellists, players of the double bass (always an awkward instrument on the march) and pianists. My proposal for hiring a pantechicon to accompany us, holding a couple of grand pianos and grand-pianists was, like my other inventions, frozen out. It has always seemed to me a pity that Sergeant Allen Gill's idea of training a choir for marching songs fell through. As it was, my particular Company generally marched to doleful dirges, commenced, almost invariably, on the wrong foot. There was a change when our bugle-band accompanied us. But it was never really popular. A boy's marching pace rarely suits a man's.

It was while we were at Burlington House that we got our first consignment of carbines. There was a feverish rush to pay the price of these (fifty shillings) in advance, as you had the right of selection in the order of payment. None of us knew the "points" of a gun. I chose mine because it had neat hocks and a satiny skin which, I knew, betokened good health. It kept both these qualities to the end, but the hook which connected the stock with the barrel broke at the range. Fortunately the bullet elected to go with the barrel. Apart from this



Drawn by J. H. D.:ed

SIR JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A. ARTHUR HACKER, R.A. SIR FRANK SHORT, R.A. SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A. SIR F. R. BENSON

SOME OF THE BIG GUNS

weakness at times, many of the sights were hopelessly out. The carbines themselves were reputed to be of Irish origin and distantly connected with local feuds. An Irishman explained to me that the guns were purposely sighted to fire too high, for no good Irishman really wanted to kill another, and if a carbine was sighted high enough, the bullet might cross the sea and slay a hated Englishman!

Our first uniform dated from about the same period. Each paid for his own, and the price was fixed to suit the poorest pocket. It was green-grey in colour, of cotton material, with Bedford cord breeches. As the year went on the colour of the material got more autumnal, but the stuff absolutely defied wear. You can't expect all the virtues for thirty shillings, and our uniforms were sometimes lacking in fit, but they were a vast improvement on our sweaters. When the Band had been fitted, out of courtesy to the tailors it was named "The Band of Hope."

The issue of this uniform was the occasion of a special harangue by the Sergt.-Major, who informed us, "After this, gentlemen, you must salute all officers. *Even your own officers!*" This particular Sergt.-Major (who did not stay long with us) was a source of great pleasure. He made many soul-stirring addresses before dismissing us, but this was the only one I ever heard him bring to a real conclusion. As a rule his brain worked ahead of his tongue, and parenthesis after parenthesis led to a hopeless confusion, which he generally ended with "Officer present. Dis—miss!"

In the Burlington House days and the earlier days at South Kensington we specialized in literary, artistic, musical and other professional men. At a later stage, whilst always keeping a basis of this character, we were obliged to open our ranks wider, the truth being that the leaders of the various professions dropped off one by one through inanition or avoirdupois, and, while the rank and file stuck it, they were more likely to be wanted "elsewhere" as being of military age. Among the leading artists Sir Frank Short, Sir George Frampton and the late Arthur Hacker, the Academicians, lasted on well, till the pace became too great for them. S. J. Solomon only left to take a Commission as a Lieut.-Colonel. There was an incident in the military career of Sir George Frampton of which there are several renderings, all very much alike. "'Ere you there, No. 3, wot's yer name?" enquired the Sergeant. "Frampton!" was the reply. "Well, 'old yer 'ed up, Frampton!" And this in the courtyard of his own Academy! A member of the Inns of Court Volunteers, with whom we were in friendly rivalry, after watching some of the manœuvres declared that among us the artists couldn't keep a straight line, the musicians couldn't keep time, and the solicitors couldn't charge!

¹ The incident has been immortalized in "Punch," see p. 3 above.—ED.

We have been inspected by generals on various occasions, either as a Battalion or as part of a Group. We had practically no training in ceremonial parade and "marching past," and it was always a marvel to me how we came through it so well. What was additionally troublesome was that the deadheads (who otherwise only turned up when there was an issue of uniforms, equipment or rifles, and often even tried to obtain *them* per carrier) appeared on such occasions, and their standard was, of course, hopelessly below that of the rest of us. Some of these anxious events have been relieved by a light touch. In the march past, the C.Q.M.S. (a post I happened to hold) acts as guide on one of the flanks. The Company is accurately sized, the tallest men being on the two flanks. Now I am *not* tall, by any means, and looked all the shorter owing to the height of my neighbours. It was my duty to keep a straight line just inside the row of flags until we reached the saluting point, and to keep the rest of the Company from shoving me over. I had all my work cut out, as the pressure on me was almost irresistible. I stuck my elbow into the ribs of the big Grenadier next to me and he passed it on, and the crisis was relieved. I was told afterwards that my appearance next to Private Manclark was like that of a barnacle on a tall ship!

On another occasion a well-known general was inspecting the lines, and passing behind the Company in front of ours he stopped dead behind a private whose luxuriant tresses would have graced any lady of the ballet. The poor old general was quite knocked flat by this apparition, then, remembering that we were Volunteers, he passed on, merely ejaculating, "Deary me, deary, deary me! I suppose it can't be helped." As the Commanding Officer followed him I thought I heard him repeating to himself:—

Is it a boy? Is it a girl?
Is it a nut, or a priceless pearl?
Is it a freak, is it quite sane?
Who does its hair when it's on campaign?

In old "D" Company we started with several "bearded parads," and we had one or two right at the finish. It is popularly reported, and has never been denied, that Sergeant Babb, before he attained his rank, had his beard removed, because the absence of a clearly-defined chin prevented his fellows from "dressing" correctly, and that he duly presented the thing to one of the orderly-room staff who had eyebrows made out of it!

For real hard work and enjoyment trench-digging easily took the cake. The average townsman is not naturally a subterranean animal, and a heavy spade or pick, with its handle thickly encrusted with dried clay, is not comfortable to hold; but no stunt of ours was more popular. Moreover, it worked the



ENTRENCHING
AT EPPING,
1917



Company into strongly defined gangs of friendly competitors and so cemented friendships. Many of these gangs were afterwards converted into machine-gun teams and bridge-guards. The work took us into beautiful healthy country during week-ends. We were, of course, under much supervision, and our orders were sometimes conflicting. When we dug uneven trenches we were ordered to straighten 'em out. When we built them straight, the latest from the front told us they were useless and must be built as irregularly as possible. The workers did the turf-cutting, the digging, the picking, and the revetting. The slackers "tidied-up," laid the carpet on the floor (relaid the turf), and cut the snippety bits to fill in the gaps.

One of our scenes of devastation was right across a golf course. Hard by was the golf house, and beside it a gate leading to an enclosure, placarded "For members only." Within, was a drove of pigs! One of our most indefatigable workers, Sergeant X., was also a very great conversationalist, and he had a voice of a penetrating character. Once at lunch time, a member of another corps working near us came over, no doubt to see how trenches *should* be dug. He asked, "Is Sergeant X. still with you?" The answer came at once, "Sergeant X. is with us right enough, but his best friend couldn't call him 'still!'" It was also current gossip that Sergeant X. hailed from Devonshire, and that when he hailed from Devonshire he could be heard in London!

Shooting had a great attraction for many of us, and some fine natural shots were discovered. Runnymede and Bisley were our favourite ranges, though Rainham had its supporters because matches could be bought at the canteen when unobtainable elsewhere. Of the incident at Runnymede which clouded my own career as a shot I will say nothing except that when a friend hands you his gun and tells you the sights are "just right" for the range, he should also add (if necessary) that the "leaf" of the sight has still to be raised. I am sorry for the sheep. I bore it no personal animus. In fact, it was an entire stranger to me. I cannot even say that I knew it as a kid.

Here's an anecdote of Sergeant Witherspoon, the popular musketry instructor. He was instructing at the miniature range a man who subsequently developed into the worst shot in his Company. He had fired ten rounds, carefully coached throughout, and Witherspoon went up to the target to examine it. He came back and said nothing. "Well, Sergeant," enquired the marksman, "what's the score?" "I don't exactly know," was the reply. "You've either sent ten shots through the same hole or you've made nine misses!"

Much might be written about our anti-aircraft work. It appealed to a large number of men, and in my Company, at least, we never had any difficulty in getting crews. It was, of course, not always convenient after a hard day's work

to take on a night's work as well. The duties, however, were most cheerfully undertaken. Of the various posts we occupied, Woolwich was by far the most popular and Regent's Park the least, for there we were herded with strangers in over-crowded quarters, and all night long we were under the same roof as a noisy dynamo. Hyde Park we enjoyed most when the breezy naval men were there in charge of other guns. They were always friendly and ready for a yarn. We missed them when they left. Our quarters there consisted of a very leaky tent to which we were introduced in a cold wet early spring. That few of us older men suffered, showed how greatly one underrates one's powers of endurance. Strange as it may sound, Hyde Park was so noisy at night that it was a change to get to the quiet of the Woolwich "syrens." Curiously enough, these strident sounds, occurring at all kinds of intervals, disturbed no one. Perhaps it was that our quarters were so comfortable. In the next hut was another Battalion with whom we were on most friendly terms. On one occasion a popular lance-corporal telegraphed to our sergt.-major from the country an apology for not being able to join his team, "Am here on my honeymoon. Ask Emanuel to take my place." My reply was, "Quite willing, but will not your wife object?"

The guard duties at Grosvenor Bridge were undertaken in the same willing spirit, but they were onerous. The railway lines had to be crossed and re-crossed, and the traffic until midnight was incessant. In foggy or misty weather to set or relieve a guard was no sinecure for the N.C.O. in charge. Posts Nos. 1 and 2 were on the Bridge itself and were draughty enough. The third post was on the level of the river-bank, and was the least pleasant of all. I was always able to reach it by the sense of smell alone. Those who were present at the old "D" Company dinner of December, 1918, will remember with delight Private Albino's description of this post.

By far the most enjoyable episodes in our military career were the periodical camps. I fancy that Churt and Otford offered the greatest attractions. At Churt we were deeply indebted to our host and hostess, Lieut. Bryan Hook and his wife, for boundless hospitality. His house and grounds were placed freely at our disposal. Lieut. Hook was a keen shot, and it was at his private range that many of us first smelt cordite. When the local lovers complained that, however willing to receive Cupid's darts, they objected to our bullets rattling around them in the open country behind the butts, he had the safety mound considerably heightened. (Further particulars of our delightful host will be found in the little brochure entitled "Hook and I. The Story of an Attachment.") We did our ablutions at Churt in the purling Beck, and shaved with our mirrors pinned to the pines. It was there that our Only Belgian Poet, being a modest man, did his ablutions behind a clump of bushes next the stream. Not knowing this,



CAMP LINES

TADWORTH CAMP,
August, 1917



CAPTAIN PERMAN AND ORDERLY



THE GUARD

another man desiring to empty his soapy water away from the Beck itself, sent it flying over the bush in question and scored a bull. What the poet said is not included in his published poems.

Oxford was particularly popular for its perfect surroundings. The people, too, were friendly, and many an evening was spent in their hospitable houses. At our first camp there, my Company was quartered in a school house a short distance from the village. We made it comfortable with an abundance of straw, but it was a tight fit. One night "one of the boys" threw a stink bomb after "lights out," and the alarm was spread that the Huns were on us. At the next camp there we were quartered in a jolly field bounded by a narrow ditch containing running water which afforded an admirable morning tub. Only a short distance away was a river with deep water for a plunge and swim.

Tadworth was essentially the "working camp," and under the circumstances in which it was held, both in 1917 and 1918, it says much for the spirit of the men that it was voted a success. Our camping ground reminds me of the estate-agent's advertisement of "This commanding basement." It was situated at the bottom of a hill, and in the notoriously wet summer of 1917 was entirely waterlogged when we arrived. The tents had floor boards, but as one turned over at night the water oozed between them. At times we had to turn out and divert the stream with "earth-works." This passed it on to the next tent, and so on, down the line. The men in the last tent had a bad time, and next morning brought their blankets back to store dripping wet. After two days of mud and falling weather the Commanding Officer took a plebiscite as to whether the camp should be struck. By an overwhelming majority it was decided to carry on, and from that moment the weather improved. All around us were the Guards' camps. The Guards were most friendly and offered us the hospitality of their messes. I think they liked us for the way in which we got through our really heavy work, for we had a four hour's stint in the morning and then, after only a short break for lunch, another long stint in the afternoon. I attribute to this hard work in the open air our complete freedom from illness during camp.

The 1918 camp was held at Tadworth on the same ground. Fortunately a fine July had caked the ground, for this year we had no floor boards and the season was wet again. It was regarded as some blessing that we could trace, under the ground sheets, the gullies left by last year's rain, and in them we rested our weary bones each night. During day operations in the rain, the men wore their groundsheets as waterproofs, and many thus got lost. Whilst endeavouring to sleep one night (I was annoyingly near the band boys' tent, and they were at their liveliest after "lights out"), I heard one relating how *his* had gone. An officer had asked him to hold his charger during a rest, and when the

lad's back was turned, the horse had chewed up his groundsheet—all except “the hinside of the heylet 'oles.”

* * * * *

A few notes which I compiled on camps and camp discipline may serve to bring my remarks to a close:—

(1) The officer responsible for arrangements in advance is always delighted to receive back reply postcards reading as follows: “I shall
“I shall not } be able to attend camp,” whether the communication be signed or not.

(2) It is the duty of the C.Q.M.S. to study his men's comfort. Therefore those who like milk and sugar with their morning tea, their eggs soft-boiled, or soft roes in their bloaters should communicate their wants to him.

(3) Men desiring their boots to be cleaned must place them outside their tents at night. The C.Q.M.S. has no other duties to perform between “lights out” and “reveille.”

(4) If the men in a tent are mixed, tall and short, they should be arranged overlapping like a parquet flooring, so as to save space. Odd-shaped men should be fitted into the corners. Very tall men should “pile legs” against the tent-pole.

(5) A kit-bag is a necessity, owing to the shortage of cupboards and drawers in tent life. The easiest thing to find in a kit-bag is an open razor. As everything else sinks to the bottom, it is advisable to sew up the entrance at the top and cut another at the other end.

(6) The larger and more important earwigs should be extracted from rifle barrels before rifle inspection or range firing.

(7) Tents desiring quiet should exhibit a notice, “No bngle calls. No orderly sergeants or corporals.”

(8) Match ends, tobacco tins, Battalion Orders and other rubbish should be collected and handed to Private Lambert, who has been through a course of camp economy, and can convert the camp waste into dripping.

(9) It is the duty of the C.Q.M.S. to group the company snorers into complete choirs. Nothing is more annoying than for a tent to be disturbed after “lights out” by the request for the loan of an alto or bass.



A GREAT ADVANCE
AT TARROW COURT

VII

A VERY LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF A CAMP AT CHURT

BY PRIVATE WALTER JERROLD

An officer of "B" Co.
Spoke up and said, "Suppose
That north, beyond the Hog's Back
Approach our stubborn foes.

"In camp we ne'er should loiter
With such a supposition ;
Come forth and reconnoitre
Where to take up position."

And thus it was we started
On that eventful day—
Day fraught with risk for one or two
Who marched along and nothing knew
Of what before them lay.

When up and spake another "Pip,"
The deep discerning chap,
"The Devil's Jumps lie north a bit,
Let's find them on the map."

"Halt!" "Stand at—wheeze!" and "Easy!"
Came words of quick decision,
The while the cartographic Jumps
Were found with true precision.

To find them on the map, forsooth,
Was simple, I believe ;
The quickest way to get to them
Less easy to achieve.

But yet at last we found them,
And reached the top of one
Of those same hills on which of old
The Devil jumped, as we've been told,
Though *why* is known of none. . . .

Our officers all disappeared,
But why we did not ask ;
It may have been for council,
In pursuit of their task—
I only know that one of them,
The Singer, had a flask !

Then as we stood and waited,
Said one upon that mound,
"Now who will race me down the slope
And right up yonder 'Jump' in hope,
He may be victor crowned?"

Six sturdy men together
Began that fearsome race,
For obstacles that tripped and tore
Covered the ground that stretched before
The distant winning place.

Heather and bracken waist-high stood
All down the dew-drenched way,
And as we stumbling ran, a shout
Told us that two had given out,
With puttees gone astray.

So only four were left to clear
The small dividing stream,
And breast the steeper upward slope
To the goal and the victor's gleam.

The Poet was tall, and his beard was red,
And as we upward came,
Nearing the front I saw ahead
His winning ori-flame.

The Scribe was last to reach the top —
And there the Poet he found,
Victor, indeed, in that great race,
But fallen at the winning place
And prone upon the ground.

When he revived a little, then
Our backward path we traced
Slowly and sadly down the slope
Up which we'd madly raced.

Then orders came by semaphore
From those the hill upon :
"The Scribe will take the Poet to camp,
The rest will 'carry on.'"

So they marched off, and only two
Remained in that heathery waste,
The nervous Scribe and the Poet who
Had come in first, but very well knew
He didn't ought to have raced.

And soon the Poet y-flung him down,
With arms thrown wide, supine.
And the poor Scribe looked in vain for help
In a world of heather and pine.

As one whose end is nigh, the Poet
Lay moveless, speechless, white,
What time the Scribe paced up and down
In helpless, hopeless plight,
For he could not go to summon aid
With never a roof in sight.

* * *

An hour or more had passed, maybe,
Ere the Poet 'gan revive,
And these were the words he uttered
That showed him really alive ;
Words that delighted the journalist-Scribe,
And made him doubly glad :
"If I had died," the Poet said,
"What a scoop you would have had!"



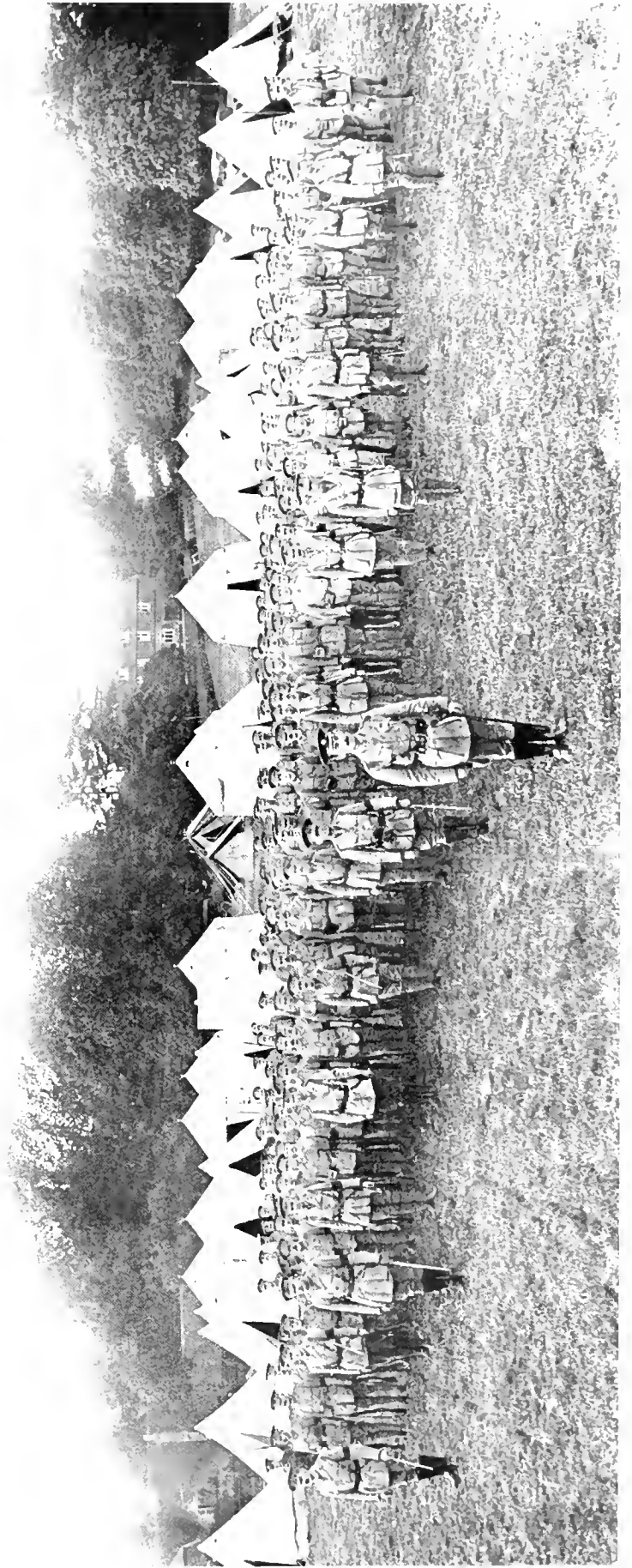
ACADEMY DAYS

Drawn by J. H. Dowd.



MAJOR GORDON CASSERLY

CHERT, AUGUST, 1915



BATTALION PARADE, CHERT, AUGUST, 1915

VIII

FANTASIES FROM "PUNCH"

By LIEUT. J. FAYRER HOSKEN

THE following articles were written by Mr. J. Fayrer Hosken, a member of the Corps until November, 1915, when he took a commission in the R.T.E., and are reproduced here by kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch." Nos. I and II relate to the Easter Camp at Churt, 1915, No. III to the Whitsun Camp at Churt, and Nos. IV, V and VI to the August Camp, also held at Churt in the same year. The remaining papers deal with other activities of the Corps as seen and chronicled by Mr. Hosken.

I.—SENTRY-GO

THE whole idea of posting sentries was ridiculous. Just because we had borrowed part of a man's country house and called it a week-end camp there was no real reason for turning three men out in the cold night and calling them sentries.

The first I heard of the business was a casual remark from our section-commander that I "was *on* two to four." I took this to be some silly attempt at a racing joke, so I said, "What price the field?" just to show that I knew the language; and I thought no more about it until I ran across Bailey. The same cryptic remark had been conveyed into Bailey's ear, but he had discovered the solution, though I don't believe he guessed it all by himself. The fact was we had been picked with Holroyd to do sentry-go between 2 a.m. and 4 a.m. Personally I felt that the responsibility was too great, so I went in search of the section-commander. I told him what my doctor had said about the risk of exposing myself to the night air and pointed out the absurdity of posting sentries against a non-existent enemy. He wouldn't discuss the matter at length, and I suspect that he had heard some of the arguments before, though not so ably put.

Of course I didn't get any sleep before 2 a.m. This was partly due to the want of "give" in the floor, partly to the undue preference shown by Bailey's foot for my left ear, and partly to the necessity of stopping the tendency of

certain members of the company to snore. Some injustice was done in the last process, as it was difficult to locate the offenders.

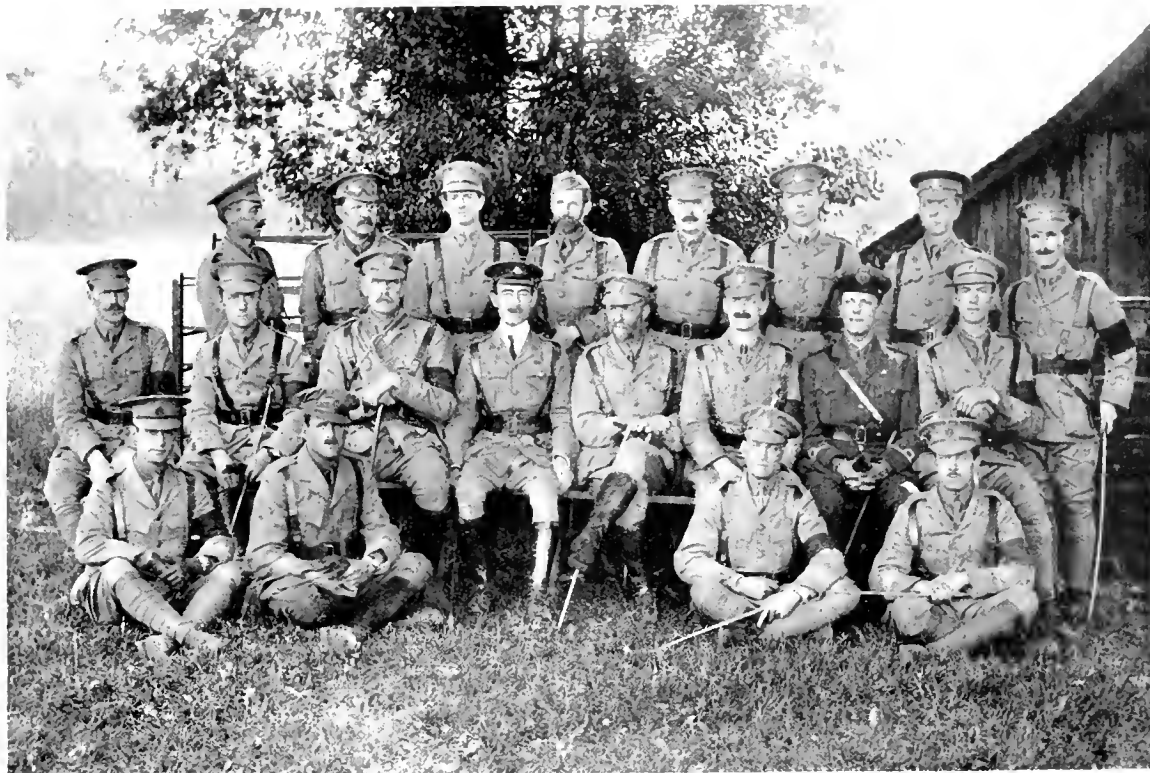
As I thought it might be wet, I borrowed Higgs's overcoat and rifle. I hate getting my own overcoat soaked through, and I never was any good at cleaning rusty rifles.

It was a thoroughly dirty night, and I took up my position under a tree, leaving the others the easier task of guarding open ground. Owing to the discomfort of sitting in a puddle I never got properly asleep, and this accounts for the fact that my attention was attracted by a slight noise in my vicinity. I diagnosed a cat, dog or snake, all of which animals can be found in that neighbourhood. As I dislike things crawling about me at night-time I picked up a serviceable-looking brick and hurled it in the direction indicated. Naturally I didn't expect to draw a prize first shot, and was surprised and much gratified to hear a groan and the sound of a body falling. I had evidently brought down a German spy, and eagerly rushed forward to retrieve my game. It was a man right enough, and I found him quite easily. I found him with my feet and lost my initial advantage. However, my luck was in, and in the ensuing rough and tumble I came out on top. When Bailey and Holroyd arrived in response to my shouts I was well astride his shoulders and had his face concealed in the mud.

They both seemed a little jealous at my success, and when they heard the details began to suggest that I had acted irregularly. Bailey, who was a special constable in his spare time, said I ought to have warned the man that "anything he said would be used in evidence against him." Holroyd said that I ought to have waited until he shot me before taking action, and then gone through some formula about "Halt, friend, and give the countersign." As they seemed to think they could still put the matter in order I appointed them my agents and gave them an opportunity to say their pieces.

Bailey retired two paces and solemnly delivered his warning. He got it off quite well, and I admit that it sounded impressive. Holroyd wasn't quite sure of his part, and Bailey tried to look it up in his "Manual" while Holroyd struck matches. Holroyd burnt his fingers three times while Bailey was trying to find the place, so he had to say it from memory after all. Holroyd presented arms and said, "Halt. Who goes there? Advance, friend, two paces, and give the countersign. Welome." We thought he had gone wrong on the word "Welcome," but it sounded a courteous and harmless thing to say under the circumstances, so we let it pass.

The man, whose face was still firmly embedded in the mud, didn't do any of the things Holroyd told him. I put a little extra pressure on the back of his



F. W. WATKINSON DR. C. D. CARDINALI H. P. ELLETT MAJOR C. PEYTON BAILY A. E. CROMBIE J. FAYRER HOSKEN G. F. HERBERT SMITH A. J. T. ABEL
 W. F. COLLIER W. EVE H. PLUNKET GREENE MAJOR J. G. GORDON CASSERLY BRYAN HOOK A. PERMAN LIEUT. A. J. DREYDEL ALWYN BALL
 GORDON PARKER DR. C. VINEY BRAIMBRIDGE CARYL WILBUR E. W. CARTER

OFFICERS, CHURT, 1915



"GENTLEMEN, THE KING

head to make sure he didn't say "Friend," and he had no real chance with the countersign, as we hadn't fixed on one.

Everything being now in order we sent Holroyd to fetch the picket. Holroyd had some trouble over the picket, as they had forgotten to elect one, and no one volunteered. He got very unpopular through having to wake up so many people to arrange about it.

In the meantime I caught cramp from sitting so long in the same position, and allowed Bailey to relieve me. When the picket arrived they didn't get much fun out of the captive, because Bailey had spoilt him for the purposes of resistance by getting more of his weight than was necessary on the man's head. The picket had to carry him up to the house and pour quite a lot of brandy into him before he showed any signs of life. They got him breathing at last, and told off a fatigue party to clear off some of his mud. They hadn't properly got down to his skin when his power of speech revived. There seemed something familiar in his voice in spite of the fact that it was muffled by about a quarter of an inch of mud, and it occurred to me that I had better resume my sentry duty without delay. I didn't call any one's attention to my departure because I wasn't sure that I ought to have left my post. I took Bailey's military book and some one else's electric torch.

My remaining hour passed quite quickly, and I was almost sorry to be relieved. When I got in I heard that our Commandant was up and wanted to see me. I found him in a dressing-gown sitting in an armchair. He wasn't looking very fit and had a nasty gash over the right eye. As he's in the regular army and only lent to us, I waited for him to start the conversation. He seemed to find some difficulty in getting off the mark, but on the whole performed very creditably for an invalid. I didn't attempt to answer half the questions he asked. He didn't seem to expect it—they don't in the Army. I just said, "I was on sentry-go, sir, at 2.35 a.m. when I heard a suspicious person. Being on active service at night I dispensed with the challenge, and should have fired if any cartridges had been served out. Under the circumstances I did the best I could with the material to hand. I was fortunate in capturing the intruder, and handed him over to the picket. I've not yet heard whether he has been identified."

He wasn't quite himself, and I fancy my answer surprised him. He seemed to have a piece of mud in his throat, and before he could get it clear I had saluted and got away. Bailey's military book is quite a useful little thing.

I was astir in the morning, and took a walk in the direction of the post-office. Before eleven o'clock I had received a telegram calling me to town on urgent family affairs. I had got an idea that that part of the country would have proved unhealthy for me. My personal view of the whole matter is that our Commandant

might have known that we should be awake at our posts without getting up in the middle of the night to find out.

II.—THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS

BEFORE we went into camp our Commandant had been learning to tie knots. In order to let his knowledge off on us he decided to build a bridge, and asked us to help him. Bridge building requires a number of pieces of wood. These can be commandeered without difficulty if the owner isn't about. If he catches you, you appeal to his patriotism. The bits of wood are tied together with rope and lashings (string and twine stretch too much). If the bits of wood stay where you have tied them, you call the result a bridge; if they change their positions much you rename it a boom or barricade, according to whether you are using water or not. Water isn't essential to bridge-building, but it adds to the amusement. If the bridge stands up long enough you call in the photographer. You further test it by detailing the officers and men whose loss won't affect the efficiency of the Battalion to tread on it. This affords practice for the stretcher-bearers and hospital orderlies. When you have discovered how many men the bridge won't carry, you can either reconstruct it or revert to the boom or barricade theory.

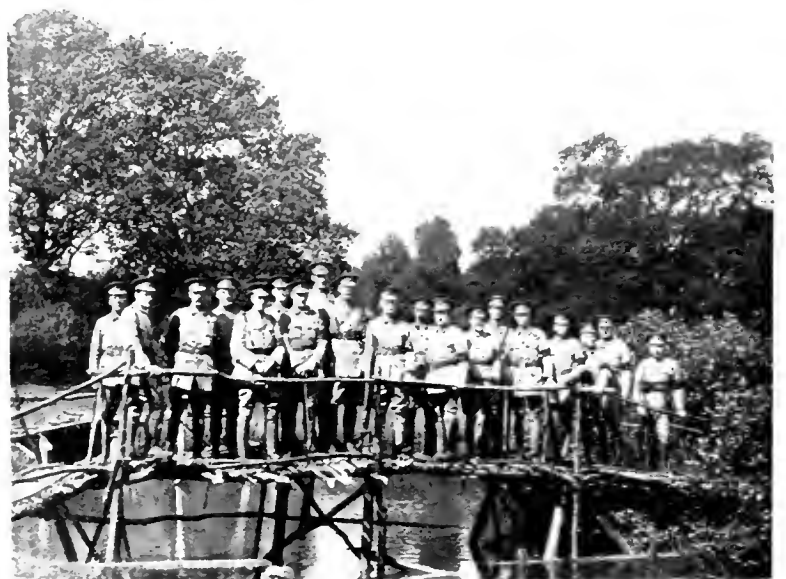
Our Commandant, who has a sense of humour, borrowed a pond. We succeeded in commandeering the wood, though not without having to appeal to the owner's patriotism. We told him that every log which he lent us would probably save the life of a man at the Front. He was either very obtuse or no patriot, and we had to promise to return the logs in the same state of repair in which we had found them (fair wear and tear excepted). As our Commandant wasn't present we offered his personal guarantee. The log-owner knew our Commandant, and we had to throw in a Quartermaster and Paymaster. The Quartermaster got the rope and lashings on credit.

The pond had a ready-made island in the middle, and we were ordered to throw the bridge on to the island. Bailey didn't understand that the word "throw" was used in the technical sense and started with the ingredients. He was short with the first three logs and the splashes attracted the attention of our Company Commander. This of itself was enough to spoil Bailey's day, apart from other incidents.

We laid a number of logs on the ground in a nice pattern and the Commandant named the pieces. We never decided on the name of one big log; I called it "Splintery Bill" (after the Adjutant), the Commandant called it a "transom," and the Adjutant, when it fell on his toe, called it something else.



BRIDGE BUILDING
CHURT, EASTER AND WHITSUNTIDE
1915



The Commandant showed us how to use his knots in tying the logs together. We made the knots, and he said that we had constructed a trestle. When we tried to stand the thing on end it didn't look in the least like a trestle. Our Commandant said we hadn't made the knots as he told us, and that he would have to do it himself. When he had finished, it held together better, but didn't look quite sober. After a third combined attempt we were able to attach road-bearers and get it into the water. We started to hammer it into the mud, but some of the blows weren't accurate, and Holroyd had to retire to the hospital tent while we repaired damage. Eventually we got the trestle fixed up and attached pieces of wood called chesses to the road-bearers. If these things are properly applied you can walk on them, and our Junior Platoon Commander was requisitioned to demonstrate the fact. Either he didn't tread on the good chesses or the whole thing wasn't as practicable a piece of work as it looked. He joined Holroyd in the hospital tent.

The other trestles had to be erected in deeper water, and wading volunteers were called for. Our uniform isn't guaranteed unshrinkable, and there was a shortage of volunteers. The discovery of a boat seemed likely to solve the difficulty. The boat wasn't found in the water, so we didn't know for certain if it was watertight. No mention of this possible defect was made to Bailey when we started him on his cruise. Bailey was half-way between the bank and the island when the boat sank. Bailey can't swim very well and a fatigue party had to be told off to rescue him. Bailey and his rescuers all say that the corps ought to pay for their new uniforms. Since then our boy buglers (to whom the shrunken uniforms were transferred) have declined to wear them on the ground that they haven't shrunk in the right proportions. Boys are far too fastidious now-a-days; it is absurd to suggest that they cannot bugle evenly with one sleeve shorter than the other.

We got the bridge finished without many more accidents and appointed the committee to test it. Our Commandant wouldn't lead the committee. He said that we were retreating and that he was going to direct operations against the advancing enemy from his proper place in the rear. Only four men retreated over the bridge. When it collapsed two Platoon Commanders remained on the bridge to the last. The men who had got on to the island seemed pleased with themselves and rather amused when the bridge became a boom. They were quite upset when they found out that we hadn't time to build another bridge for them to cross back again. It was the hour for tea, and bridge-building is really engineers' work. It isn't necessary for riflemen to keep on at it when they have once learned how it is done. The islanders said that they would rather stay where they were than go home through the water. The Commandant

said he didn't mind so long as they were comfortable, and we marched back to camp.

They arrived in camp very wet and hungry just before "lights out." They had got to dislike the island. They said the place was damp and unhealthy, and that the only available food was a duck and some duck's eggs. They hadn't any means of cooking the duck, and the bird, who was sitting on the eggs, refused to be dissociated from them. In any case there was nothing to indicate their age. The society, too, was very limited; they weren't on very good turns with one another; and the duck, owing to its interest in the eggs, was quite unclubable.

On the following day there was a very interesting triangular discussion between the log-owner, the pond-owner and our Commandant on the rights of property.

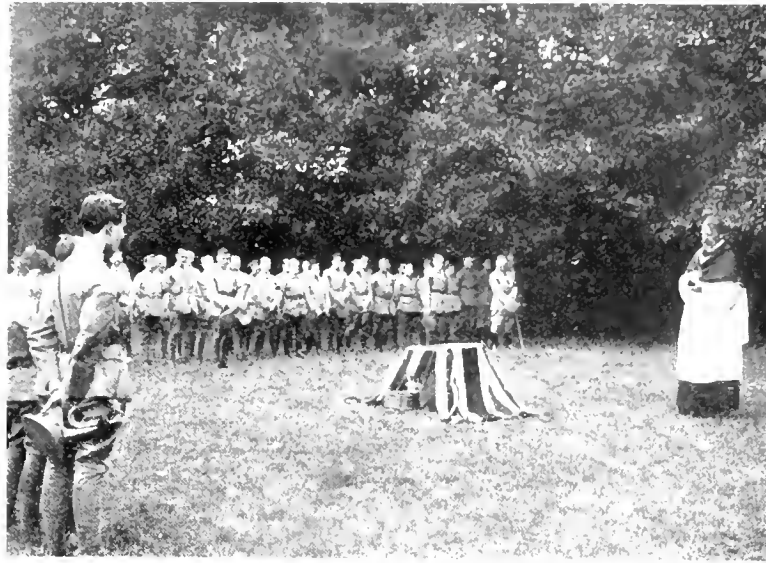
III.—OUR WHITSUN CAMP

OUR Commandant is very pleased about it. Nearly all the photographs came out very well, and the Censor has passed some of them for publication. I think that the snapshot of the Adjutant misjudging the width of a trench was rightly censored. It is a pity that some of the villagers, including three boys and two of the oldest inhabitants, got into the group of officers entitled "not too old to fight."

A battalion of regulars, who, also taking advantage of the fine weather and holiday season, had pitched their tents in our neighbourhood, took a great interest in us, especially in our red armlets. It cost us a long time to convince them that we weren't a flock of budding staff officers out for a picnic, or a battalion in quarantine. It wasn't until they saw us manœuvring that they understood that the armlet scheme was to prevent the possibility of the Germans missing any of us if we went into action.

Our ceremonial parade was marred by the conduct of the leading Platoon Commander, who was guilty of three breaches of military etiquette on the march past, none of which was excusable—even if a mosquito did bite him under the left eye at a critical moment. He said something that was not in the Infantry Training Book, threw the battalion out of step and finished his salute before passing the post.

The camp pastimes consisted largely of trench digging and tactical manœuvres. The ungrudging manner in which one of our Platoon Commanders in the course of swinging a pick sacrificed his near fourth rib to the common good was voted a sporting effort; but Holroyd's double event with his neighbour's shoulder and his own shin in one swing was considered clumsy. Considerable ingenuity was shown in disguising the trenches. In spite of our Commandant's disparaging remarks I still think that my idea of laying out our parapet as a potato bed was



DRUMHEAD SERVICE
(REV. J. CARMEL-ROBINSON)
CHURCH, AUGUST, 1915



D COMPANY OF ARTILLERS, School House, CHURCH
AUGUST, 1915

most practical, and that it was churlish and unsporting of the original potato-planter to complain to our Commandant. A man is not much of a man who cannot give up a few unripe potatoes for his country.

My first idea was mustard and cress, and after consultation with a local gardener I came to the conclusion that the best plan would be to start the seeds growing on flannel. As I hadn't got enough flannel I had to use Higgs's blanket and rug. I watered the blanket and rug well before spreading the seeds, and I am sure that the scheme would have been a success but for Higgs's lack of co-operation. I was just going to explain the matter to him when "lights out" sounded, and he went to bed hurriedly with my seeds. Of course he discovered his mistake at once, but the damage was done, and we were both reprimanded by the Section Commander for creating a disturbance in billets. I think that I shall try for strawberries if we entrench in the summer. Bailey's river scene, with bulrushes and waterlilies, would have been all right if his trench had not been on the rise of a hill and if the scene had harmonised with the next trench, which was adorned with gorse and tulips.

A grand finale to the camp was provided by an exhibition battle between the infantry and the motor squadron. Our operations—I am infantry—were considerably hampered by the insubordination of the Commandant's horse. First, he refused to bring back his hay-cart in time and was late for parade; secondly, he was insulting to the Adjutant, who had waited for him and wanted to exhibit his knowledge of the *haute école*, and thirdly he objected to the Commandant unfolding the plan of campaign to our officers from his back. While the Commandant was endeavouring to explain that the motor squadron was going to make a surprise attack on us, the attack happened and the surprise was complete. Considering the number of conflicting orders which were given we did fairly well, and most of us found some kind of cover. I concealed myself in a furze bush which I hadn't noticed until I got there. Bailey found cover for one leg in a rabbit hole, and this helped him to lie down very quickly; he kept lying down until the ambulance came up. Having fired five rounds rapid into our officers and one another we had leisure to look for the motor squadron. We felt that they had taken a mean advantage in attacking when our Commandant's horse was entertaining us by giving an exhibition cake-walk, so we decided to charge them. This figure was a great success, as they imagined that we had practically annihilated ourselves. They didn't know that our infantry is as resilient as the Russian army. We could have captured them all if we hadn't wanted the spectators to see them retreat along the road. We had a crowd of spectators whom our ex-Adjutant had invited to motor down to see us perform. He had posted them on a hill commanding a view of the whole operations, and doubtless

they would have been much impressed if he hadn't told them beforehand everything that was going to happen. Unfortunately, owing to the conduct of the Commandant's horse nothing happened that he had told his friends about, and his reputation as a military prophet is ruined.

We didn't go back to camp after wiping out the motor squadron, but marched straight on the railway station. The motor squadron tried to attack us again on the way, but we weren't going to fight dead men, and there were too many regulars about, so we just told them not to be silly and took no further notice of them.

IV.--A SURPRISE VISIT

"You must see the Camp Quartermaster's store." The voice was the voice of our Commandant, and I was the Camp Quartermaster. The person addressed I guessed to be the General, who was paying us a surprise visit. In our camps we are prepared for any emergency and, curiously enough, the whole camp had that morning been scrubbed and cleaned in case anything like an unexpected visit from the General should occur. I glanced round the store to make sure that it was in a suitable condition to be surprised, and I started furiously adding up figures in order to be surprised while engaged in my work.

"This, General, is the Camp Quartermaster." I hurriedly put down my pen, rose from my chair and stood on my cap, which I had hastily removed and placed out of sight on the floor so as not to embarrass the General by making him acknowledge a salute in a confined space.

For the General I was prepared; but that Mrs. General and several other ladies would be in attendance I had not anticipated. I forthwith removed one foot from my cap and got my face mixed up with the bunch of bananas which I had hung over my table in order to give an artistic Oriental appearance to the store.

"You would hardly think that this gentleman is a distinguished writer," said our Commandant, meaning me. The look of frank incredulity on the face of the General, if somewhat offensive, was thoroughly justified, as of course I am not a distinguished writer or anything of the kind, though our Commandant usually introduces us to strangers as persons distinguished in something other than soldiering, so as to gloss over any slight error of military etiquette of which we may be guilty. Out of loyalty to our Commandant I endeavoured to assume what I believed to be the air of a distinguished writer, though I was considerably handicapped by still having one foot on my cap and my face in the bunch of bananas.

"How interesting!" murmured the ladies.



A HALT ON HINDHEAD
AUGUST, 1915



"D" COMPANY IN RESERVE
CHURT, AUGUST, 1915



FIELD OPERATIONS
CHURT, AUGUST, 1915

“Really!” said the General. “What do you write?”

“Orders for beer mostly,” I muttered.

“I shall be very interested to read them,” said the General, who could hardly have caught the full purport of my reply, as he had meantime wrapt his head in one of those long sticky things which are known as “fly cemeteries” and are to be found hanging in every self-respecting store. In spite of the fact that we all worked our hardest, the process of disentangling him took time, as fly cemeteries are elusive things and as soon as we got one end off one ear the other end adhered to his other ear.

“So this is your store,” said the General’s wife, who was the first to recover. “What’s the price of potatoes?” I had expected this and in anticipation of the General’s visit (I mean in view of the possibility of a visit from the General) I had learnt the price of every kind of potato that had ever been raised. The making or marring of a Quartermaster depends on whether or not he can tell the General the price of potatoes. I could have given the right answer at any moment up to the time of his becoming involved with the fly cemetery, but now it had vanished from me like a Zeppelin in the night.

“Potatoes—yes, of course these are potatoes,” I said, and endeavoured to change the conversation by treading on a pot of jam, “and this is jam, as you see by the pips——”

“What’s the price of potatoes?” rudely interrupted the General, whose temper was slightly ruffled by the number of semi-defunct flies which still adhered to his scalp.

“It depends whether you mean London potatoes or country potatoes, Sir, because, of course, you can get potatoes in the country as well as in London. Personally I prefer the London variety. This potato (I picked one up out of the sack) is a Londoner; the country kind are similar in shape but of course cleaner. I have had some country ones here and, as a matter of fact, kept one to show you in case you came down, but it died yesterday and we had to cook it. I don’t remember exactly what I paid for this particular potato; you see I’ve had to buy several and they’re difficult to identify and the price varies according to the market value. I’m afraid that in England the civilian doesn’t pay sufficient attention to the price of potatoes, but in Germany things are different; that’s why we get so many conflicting reports. I’ve read as many as two absolutely contradictory accounts of the German potato crop in the same paper. According to one account the last potato in Germany had been destroyed by an air raid; according to the other potatoes were so plentiful that they were’nt worth picking and were simply rotting on the trees.”

“Potatoes on trees!” said Mrs. General.

That's the worst of women, they always know about these domestic things.

Providentially the General at this moment became involved in another fly cemetery, and while we unglued him I remembered the price of potatoes.

"You know, Sir, of course," I said "that the present price of potatoes in the London market is six shillings per cwt., and sixpence more in the country. Yes, that is tinned milk; fresh milk is sold only in the towns. I buy my bananas from Spain, and the curious thing is that the men prefer marmalade to jam. Good-bye, Sir, the flies *are* troublesome, aren't they?"

V.—CAMP QUARTERMASTERING

I.

THE worst of Adjutants is that they have so much time on their hands that they can go about asking silly questions. I was busy at something or another when our Adjutant asked me if I would quartermaster our summer camp, and I daresay that I did, absentmindedly and in accordance with military etiquette, answer in the affirmative. Anyway, I thought no more about it until the middle of July, when the Adjutant came along and asked what I was doing about the camp.

"What camp?"

"The summer camp."

"Is there going to be one?"

"Yes, and you have been appointed Camp Quartermaster."

"Very interesting. Any men going?"

"That's what I was going to ask you. It's your business to find out."

"All right, I'll ask the Company Commanders. Do I have to do anything else?"

"Not much. You have to provide tents for the battalion, and see to the food and things, and just run the camp. That's all."

"That sounds easy."

"Yes, but you may have trouble about the tents. I hear there aren't any to be got."

"Perhaps we'd better not mention that to the men until they get there."

"No, especially as there's no chance of billeting them."

"How long will the camp last?"

"About a fortnight, and if there aren't enough men we can stop it sooner."

"That's a most satisfactory idea and will make it easier for everyone to make their arrangements—especially me."

"Well, you must do the best you can, and I think you'd better begin to see about it."



TENT PITCHING



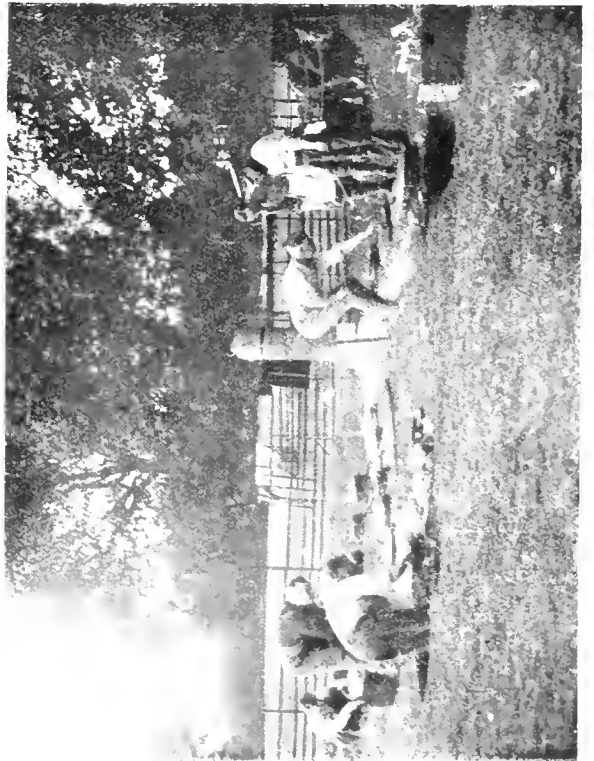
THE CAMP



TENT PITCHING

CHURT CAMP

August, 1915



FIELD KITCHEN

I saluted, and that's how I became Camp Quartermaster. The Adjutant's one sensible idea was about beginning to see about it, and I accordingly started to worry the Company Commanders, who worried the Seconds-in-command, who worried the Company Sergeant-Majors, who worried the Company Quartermaster-Sergeants, who worried the Platoon Sergeants, who worried the men, and, as that's the only way that things begin to move in the Army, things began to move.

I found that the Adjutant wasn't as wrong as usual about tents being unprocurable. It seems that the War Office had decided to use tents in connection with their war, and that several other people were thinking of holding summer camps. These things had been told to the tent-makers, who are pessimistic people, and, if I had believed the first half-a-dozen firms whom I approached, I should have come to the conclusion that there wasn't a tent to be procured in the country. However, by a process of pretending that I didn't really want tents but was writing an article on the lack of enterprise in British industries and in tent-making in particular, I got the offer of quite a number of tents at more or less reasonable prices. To the surprise and annoyance of the tent-makers I accepted some of these offers and directed them to despatch the tents to the remote and inaccessible part of the country where we had decided to hold our camp. This put fresh heart into the tent-makers, as they were able to assure me that no railway company would carry tents, and that the War Office had bought up every available motor lorry. They were right about the motor lorries, but I discovered a railway company that was willing to carry tents if and when they had time, and if they could find the necessary trucks and the men to load them. When it got round that I had secured tents, about ten members of the battalion assured me that, if they had known that I wanted tents, they could have obtained them for me for nothing. I effectually stopped this kind of talk by telling them that I wanted lots more tents and eagerly accepting their offers to get them.

Having more or less settled the tent problem I turned my attention to the food question, and sent for the battalion Quartermaster-Sergeant, who incidentally was once a real Quartermaster-Sergeant. He said that he knew all about feeding troops, but couldn't tell me accurately how many stones go to a pound of plum jam, or how many raisins each man is entitled to in a ration of plum duff. He was willing to hazard an opinion on relatively trivial details like meat, but on important questions like *pâté de foie gras* and turnips and the service allowance of pepper per man for breakfast, and whether an infantry man was entitled to one pickle and a cavalry man to two pickles for tea he was hopelessly uninformed. The best he could do was to offer to look up a book of Army Regulations which had been issued to him in 1856, and which he thought still held good.

On inquiry I ascertained that our last Camp Quartermaster, after feeding the battalion on a consistent dietary of pork sausages for four days, had retired to a private home for the feeble-minded, where he was passing his time calculating how many sausages it will take to feed a battalion of uncertain number for a week on the basis that pork sausages go bad in geometrical progression, starting at one-eighth of a sausage for the first day and going on at the double. I felt certain that mutiny would be the result of attempting to feed the battalion on pork sausages for a fortnight in a year when there was no R in the month of August, which Matilda assured me is the sole test as to whether or not pork is fit for human consumption.

Obtaining no assistance from the Army or our own past experience I turned my attention to marine records, and found that the staple food of the sea is vinegar. As the weather looked wet and stormy I decided to adopt a vinegar diet, especially as vinegar is easily bought and, being wrapt up in barrels, can be handled with facility.

Both Matilda and the battalion Quartermaster-Sergeant thought that the men would expect meat either as a relish or an alternative to the vinegar, as some of them at least would be landlubbers and not entirely attuned to the vinegar diet, and I accordingly agreed to risk the expense of adding meat to the cuisine.

Subject to the state of the Editor's digestive organs I will tell you some other time how to buy meat for the Army and the kind of things that the War Office do by way of intervention when they find out that you have laid in stocks of tents, vinegar and meat with a view to holding a camp.

II.

Matilda rather misled me on the question of buying meat. She said that there was no particular trick about it; that all you have to do is to go to a place where they sell meat and buy it, taking care that you get the right weight and that the man does not throw too much bone and bits of sheep's head and cow's feet on the scale. She said that a purveyor of meat is easily identified because he wears a peculiar blue costume and that the only person you can possibly mistake him for is a wounded soldier.

I got into the right kind of place first time and said, "I should like to see some meat."

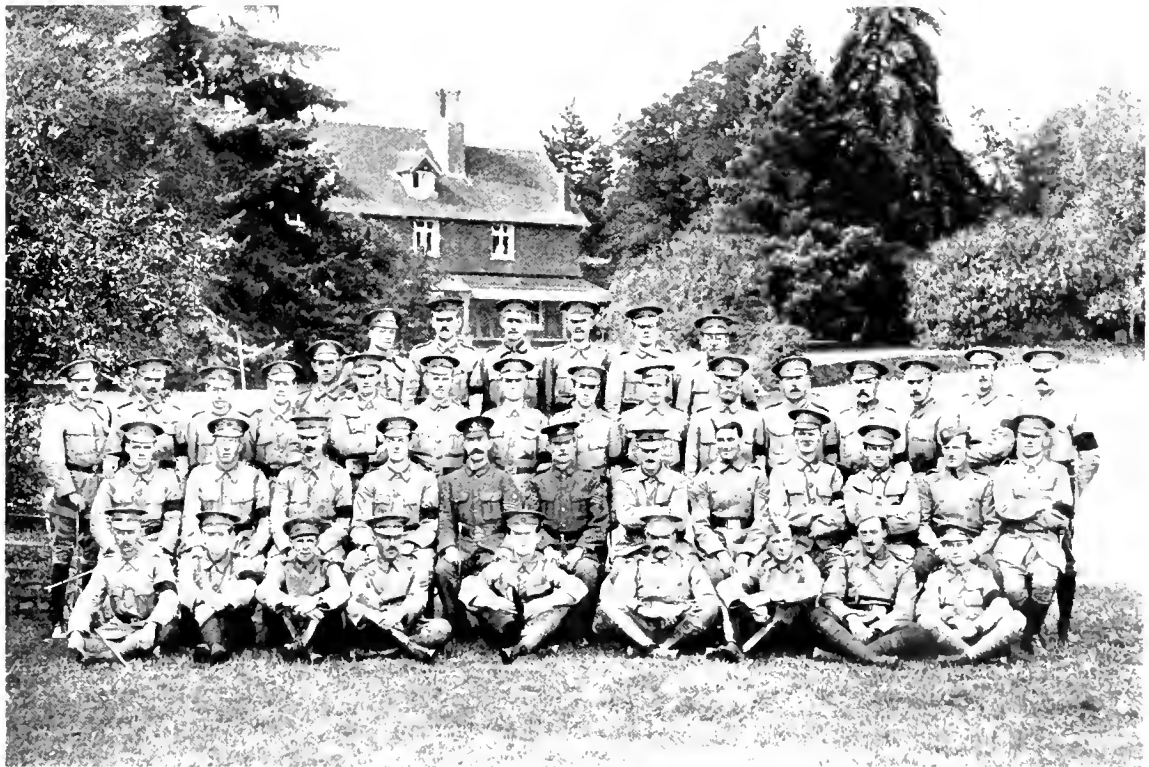
The man didn't take any notice of me until he had finished cutting off and wrapping up in newspaper a lump of meat for a ready-money customer. Then he said, "What kind of meat?"

"Beef and mutton and such like things."



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N.C.O.'S, CHURT, AUGUST, 1915

Photographs by Bassett

The butcher affectionately slapped the piece of meat which he had been carving and said, "That's a nice piece of steak."

"How much meat have you got there?" I asked.

"About five pounds; I'll weigh it for you."

"I think I shall want rather more than that."

He fetched down quite a large piece of meat off a hook, weighed it, and said it was twenty-two pounds.

"I was thinking of buying a larger piece than that," I said.

"How much was you wanting?"

"The piece I had in mind should weigh between three and four thousand pounds." The eager look which came into his eyes was quickly succeeded by something akin to fear as he went to the door to make sure the policeman was taking his usual afternoon nap in the neighbourhood.

"If you was wanting to buy meat, I can sell it you, but if you was looking for a flock of sheep or a herd of oxen, I admit I haven't got 'em in stock."

"I don't necessarily want to take it all with me," I said.

"What with my boy leaving me and my assistant joining the Army, I haven't got time to waste joking. Perhaps you was thinking of giving a party?"

"No I wasn't; I just wanted some meat, but I see you aren't accustomed to serve large families and I'd better try elsewhere. I suppose it's possible to buy meat for a battalion somewhere in this town."

"If you want to buy meat for the Army you'll have to go to the meat market."

The meat market is a dull place; the mention of thousands of pounds of meat doesn't excite the inhabitants in the least, and they were rather bored with my little order; however, they condescended to deliver the stuff for me after totting it up in sheep and oxen.

In spite of the fact that I had the vinegar and more than one kind of meat both Matilda and the Quartermaster-Sergeant thought that the men would expect a still greater variety, and under protest I added a few things like bread, jam and cheese. I avoided small tradesmen in making these purchases, as they are so suspicious, and only dealt with people who had the capital to carry a decent sized stock.

When the War Office heard about the things that Matilda and the Quartermaster-Sergeant had persuaded me to buy they naturally got jealous and started sending out circulars to say that they weren't going to put up with any competition with their camps, and that all camps without their name on were spurious and contrary to law. Of course, I didn't worry about the War Office because I know their printed circulars don't mean anything and are only sent out to do the printers and the post-office a turn, but the Adjutant and our Commandant (who is in the regular army and doesn't understand War Office humour) seemed to

think that we ought to scratch the camp. They got the idea that I had let myself into some kind of a mess by what they were pleased to term my premature purchase of goods, and the idea seemed to amuse them until I explained that I had bought all the goods in their names, and that when the Corps funds were exhausted they would be personally responsible for the balance.

So they went to talk to the War Office about it, and met all the other Volunteer Commandants and Adjutants up there on the same errand. When the War Office found how unpopular their circular had made them, and how they couldn't move about without falling over Volunteer Commandants and Adjutants, they said they didn't object to camps being held if the G.O.C.'s of the various districts didn't object. Some people, who took the War Office literally, wrote to the G.O.C.'s of the respective districts where they proposed to camp and got leave, which was then cancelled by the War Office. For myself, I took no such risk; and as neither the War Office nor the G.O.C. of any district found out about our camp, we didn't do any harm to anyone but ourselves, and we only caught little things like rheumatism and indigestion. If anyone does find out about it I shall apologise for my mistake and trust to his being too busy to do anything further in the matter.

The camp was rather a success; we got most of the tents to stand up, and some of them kept the rain out, including those that mattered (I mean, of course, mine and the Commandant's and the Adjutant's). By marking all the things "Goods for Troops" I persuaded the railway company to deliver most of our provender in the belief that they were helping the Government, who are among their best customers in these days. I showed the Government mark on the tents to the railway people, and they weren't to know, any more than I was when I bought them, that it was the condemned mark.

The vinegar didn't go so well as I had expected, and I had a good deal left on my hands in spite of the fact that I got quite a lot off in the shape of claret-cup, which I retailed in the canteen. Some of the meat rounded on me and was accorded a military funeral, but not enough to make a fuss about. I had to pledge locally what was left of the Commandant's and the Adjutant's credit to make up for the unused vinegar and defective meat, but there has been no trouble on that score up to now as they won't know about it until the bills come in, and by that time I shall either be on permanent leave or else have enlisted.

VI.—OUR REGIMENTAL SPORTS

WE held them in camp, and they passed off with less than usual of the friction commonly associated with such events. It is true that the regulars who shared our neighbourhood elected, in a spirit of friendly emulation, to hold their sports



BATTALION SPORTS
CHURI, AUGUST, 1915



SOME OF THE BOYS

on the same day, but we came to an amicable agreement as to the division of the available wounded soldiers and other spectators. We didn't invite the Provost-Marshal, partly because we thought that a number of Volunteers in uniform, complete with brassard, whilst not engaged in strict military duties, might bring on an attack of dyspepsia, and partly because we knew that he was busy using his free pass to the music-halls.

In the tug-of-war, the Motor-Squadron ought to have been handicapped, as the practice they had had in hauling their cars out of ditches gave them an unfair advantage. An attempt by "A" Company to make up for their want of skill by trickery proved abortive. They concealed entrenching tools about their persons and promptly fell down and started digging themselves in. There is a slight difference of opinion as to whether their Company Commander was justified in blowing the "Cease Fire" on his whistle in order to encourage them at the moment when they were on the verge of defeat.

The obstacle race was a great disappointment to the Ambulance section, as there were scarcely any casualties worth mentioning. The two men who were nearly suffocated under the tarpaulin both "came to" while the stretchers were being fetched, and the way in which Holroyd's collar-bone refused to break was declared by the Ambulance to be contrary to all the rules of anatomy and could only have been brought about by a malicious desire to deprive them of a well-merited case. Holroyd says that he always "takes off" from his collar-bone when going over an obstacle, and that he would have won the race but for the officious interference of the Ambulance. In the end the Ambulance section had to content themselves with one sprained ankle, two barked shins, and Bailey's contused eye. Bailey's eye got like that through the success of my scheme in substituting a painted over-ripe egg for the apple in his basin of water. The apple has to be got out of the basin of water by the competitor with his mouth, without the use of his hands. I explained to Bailey before the race that the correct procedure was to get the apple against the side of the basin and then give it a sharp bite. If Bailey's apple hadn't been an egg he would have been very successful, but he was so surprised when he found half an unpalatable egg in his mouth that he dropped his glasses in the basin. The Judge, who hadn't thoroughly grasped the situation, refused to allow Bailey to fish for his glasses and insisted on his proceeding with the race. Bailey, who doesn't see very well with glasses and is practically blind without them, set off in the wrong direction, trod on the man next to him, and contused his eye on the basin next but one. The man on whom Bailey trod was very cross because, after two abortive attempts to eat his own beard, he had just secured the apple and, owing to Bailey's clumsiness, he had to start all over again.

If we had told the people who loaned us the forms that we were going to use them for a land boat race I expect that they would have supplied us with a more durable make or else not loaned any at all. Higgs lost the race for our Company by falling off in front of our boat. By the time that we had discovered that he was lying on the missing leg of our form the Motor Squadron, whose mechanical experience had enabled them to adjust the dislocated parts of their form quicker than anyone else, had won the race.

In the Staff race the hired cook's mate, who doesn't understand military discipline, tactlessly beat our Commandant by about two ribs of beef. Our Commandant was, as usual, closely followed by the Adjutant, with the rest of the staff at a respectful distance. The Camp Quartermaster got a bad start owing to an ill-timed enquiry by the cook as to whether any provision had been made for the next morning's breakfast.

In spite of the misapplied energy of Bailey, Higgs and Holroyd our Company scored the greatest number of points and won the Company Challenge Cup. The only trouble about that cup is that we don't know what to do with it now that we have got it. Our Company Commander seems condemned to carry it about with him for the rest of his life. Whenever he puts it down someone picks it up and gives it back to him. The last time that I saw him he was starting on a seven-mile march from the camp to the nearest railway station carrying the cup, which had just been handed to him for the fifteenth time.

VII.—THE USE OF THE RIFLE

I HAVE developed quite a martial bearing lately, and this has led to a rumour that I am seeking promotion. This rumour appears to have reached our Company Commander. He found me in the canteen the other night and asked me if I could instruct a squad in the use of the rifle. I said, "Yes, Sir." One always says "Yes, Sir" in the Army to an officer when he asks if you can do anything. He may take your word for it, in which case you get credit easily. He may pursue the matter further, and then you have to explain that you thought that he meant something else or trust to his putting down your answer to an excess of optimism. There is no punishment in the King's Regulations for optimism. My Company Commander pursued the matter further. He improvised a squad consisting of two Platoon Commanders, one Sergt.-Major, two Section Commanders, one Private and himself. On his instructions the Sergt.-Major dumped a rifle in my hands. I was told that my squad consisted of recruits and knew nothing and that I was to instruct them in the use of the rifle.

I admit that I was nervous. I didn't mind the squad so much, though the



EARLY MORNING TOILET

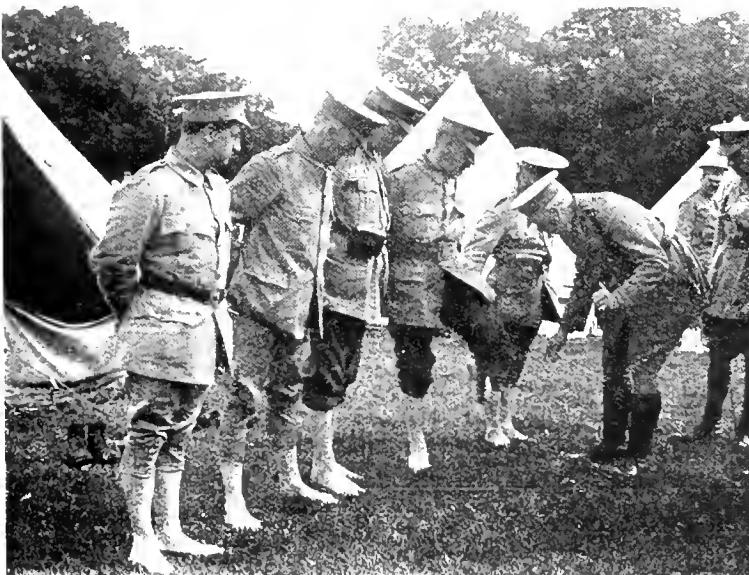
CAMP LIFE.
CHINA, AUGUST, 1915



THE POST ARRIVES



A SKILLED WORKMAN



FOOT INSPECTION

Sergt.-Major fell in with an annoying grin on his face. It was the rifle that put me off; I have felt the same sensation when a female relative has unexpectedly handed a baby to me, and I believe that I nursed that rifle in somewhat the same way. It seemed to have a peevish look as though it knew that I was going to say slanderous things about it. However, I pulled myself together and assumed as nearly as possible the Sergt.-Major's air and began.

“Gentlemen—I should say—Squad. Strictly speaking, I shouldn't have addressed you as ‘Gentleman,’ you being recruits, though personally I see no reason why the courtesies of life should be disregarded even in the Army, but I know certain people hold a different opinion.”

I glanced at the Sergt.-Major to see if he had grasped my point, but he hadn't properly finished his original grin, so I said, “No laughing in the ranks,” and that brought his face into the normal with a jerk. This restored my confidence, and I felt that I should get through all right if I didn't have to particularise too minutely about the weapon, and I went on, “Now I'm going to instruct you in the use of the rifle. You're only recruits, so you don't know anything about it; I'm instructing you, and you've got to believe what I tell you. I don't want you to forget that. These are little things, but if you remember them you won't—forget them.

“Now this is a rifle. As you're recruits, you haven't seen one before and it may be a long time before you see one again. Look at it well so that if you should happen to meet one you will recognise it. The rifle is primarily used for drilling purposes. It can be carried in various positions which I won't trouble you about now. Its primary object is to accustom the soldier to carrying heavy weights and to restrain the exuberance of his spirits. You want to be careful how you carry it or you'll become a nuisance to your neighbours and an expense to your country. Its secondary object is to shoot at an enemy, if you happen to meet one and somebody has remembered to issue the cartridges. You will notice that the rifle has two ends. This is the butt end and this is—the other end. You want to remember this, as if you mistake the ends you may do unintentional damage. It is mostly held by the butt end, except when clubbing an enemy or other undesirable person. ‘Clubbing’ is not recommended. If you hit the enemy you may strain the rifle; if you miss him you'll probably strain your arms.

“To load the rifle you pull this thing down”—I pulled at what I subsequently discovered to be the trigger guard, but nothing happened. I then tried another likely-looking piece of metal and to my gratification this gave way and disclosed a hole. I at once showed this hole to my squad and continued—

“You will observe that this part of the rifle, which is known as the barrel, has a hole at each end. You put your cartridge in this end, and, if your rifle is

well constructed, the bullet comes out the other end. Of course the rifle won't as a general rule fire itself; you have to help it. You do this by pulling the trigger. This protuberance here is technically called the trigger. It's important that you should know this because, if you don't know the trigger, you can't be expected to pull it and your rifle as often as not won't go off. You'll look silly if your comrades are shooting Germans like rabbits and you don't get one through not finding the trigger.

"The rifle may be fired standing, sitting, kneeling or lying down, but in no other positions. You should remember this so as not to make stupid mistakes. And you want to be careful which way your rifle is pointing when it goes off. It's best to point it in the direction of the enemy, otherwise the bullet may fly off harmlessly or only strike one of your own men. This is a waste of Government ammunition and may tend to make you unpopular among your fellows. During training, inanimate targets will be supplied for shooting practice. Interned and imprisoned Germans are required by the Government to occupy first-class liners and expensive mansions and won't be let out for other purposes. Targets are not so interesting to shoot at as live enemies, but they have the merit of not being able to shoot back. To each target there is a marker. If the marker dislikes you he will signal 'miss' every time you fire, and you'll be sent back for further instruction in aiming. You ought to be careful to hit the right target. If you get a bull on the wrong target it may be scored up to the man next to you and he will thus obtain an unfair advantage.

"Well, then, that's the rifle and how to use it. I haven't given it to you exactly in the words of the book, because it isn't expressed very clearly there and, being recruits, you mightn't understand it all. You can read what it says in the book at any time and you don't need me to repeat it to you. Now, don't say you haven't been told about the rifle if anyone asks you. Of course you haven't learnt everything about every rifle—nobody has. Rifles are like women and each one has its own little idiosyncrasies. The best rifles have a kind of hold-all in the butt where you carry your cigarettes and matches on active service and, if there's any room left, a cleaning outfit. This rifle is one of the simpler kind and doesn't seem to have such a thing about it. If it has I haven't touched the right spring to open it, but then I'm not accustomed to handling second-rate goods.

"Now, you'd better each go through what I've told you and I'll correct you when you're wrong."

* * * * *

The rumour of my promotion is still unconfirmed, but I gather that this is due to red tape or jealousy.



CAMP KITCHEN, CURT, AUGUST, 1915



THE RANGE, CURT

VIII.—MANUAL EXERCISES AND OTHER INCIDENTS

WE are a Rifle Brigade. Of course we haven't any real rifles nor are we really a brigade. But on account of our designation we do things differently from the common infantryman, and most of us do them differently from any kind of soldier.

For the purposes of our business of a Rifle Brigade we are possessed of a number of obsolete weapons, dating from the year 1870, nicknamed rifles. They are cold uncompanionable things, but, out of consideration for the feelings of the enthusiast who acquired them, we quite often take them about with us. Luckily there are more men than weapons and the laggards are compelled to parade without arms. Until the occasion to which I am about to refer I have always succeeded in being a laggard.

It happened just before Whitsuntide. The parade was unusually small and I was compelled to appear complete with rifle. I admit that the thing made me nervous, but I dragged it forth with an assumed air of nonchalance and stood at ease with *éclat*. The Sergt.-Major who was in charge of the parade suddenly barked at us, and from sheer fright I arrived at a position something resembling what I believe is technically known as "the order." In the pause that ensued I ascertained that my short ribs had only been contused and not broken by the end of the metal tubing.

"Shoulder—arms!" yelled the Sergt.-Major. I really believe that I should have done that too if the metal projection called the foresight had not entangled itself in my coat. This made me late on the movement, and the Sergt.-Major scowled at me. I was cross about it too because the piece of my coat which was hanging on the weapon was a material part of the garment. The movement not having been entirely satisfactory, we were directed to "order arms" again. I endeavoured to make up for my previous laxity by extra smartness, but misjudged the position of the little toe of my right foot. Its contact with the butt end of the rifle caused me to exclaim, and I was severely reprimanded for talking in the ranks.

I confess that "Present arms!" had me beaten, but I did my best. I wriggled the weapon into what, as far as I could judge from a side-glance at my neighbour, was a correct position. But when the Sergt.-Major's eye lit on me I had a feeling that all was not well. He strode silently but relentlessly in my direction. A person of less courage would have dropped the treacherous instrument and fled, but not I. Recalling the fact that I was an Englishman and a soldier, I tenaciously stood my ground. The Sergt.-Major paused for a moment in front of me, and then he spake. I will say this for our Sergt.-Major—he is

thorough. I never remember a finer example of his thoroughness. When at length his breath failed him he sighed regretfully, and, with an air of painful resignation, adjusted my hands into a strained position which seemed to cause him satisfaction.

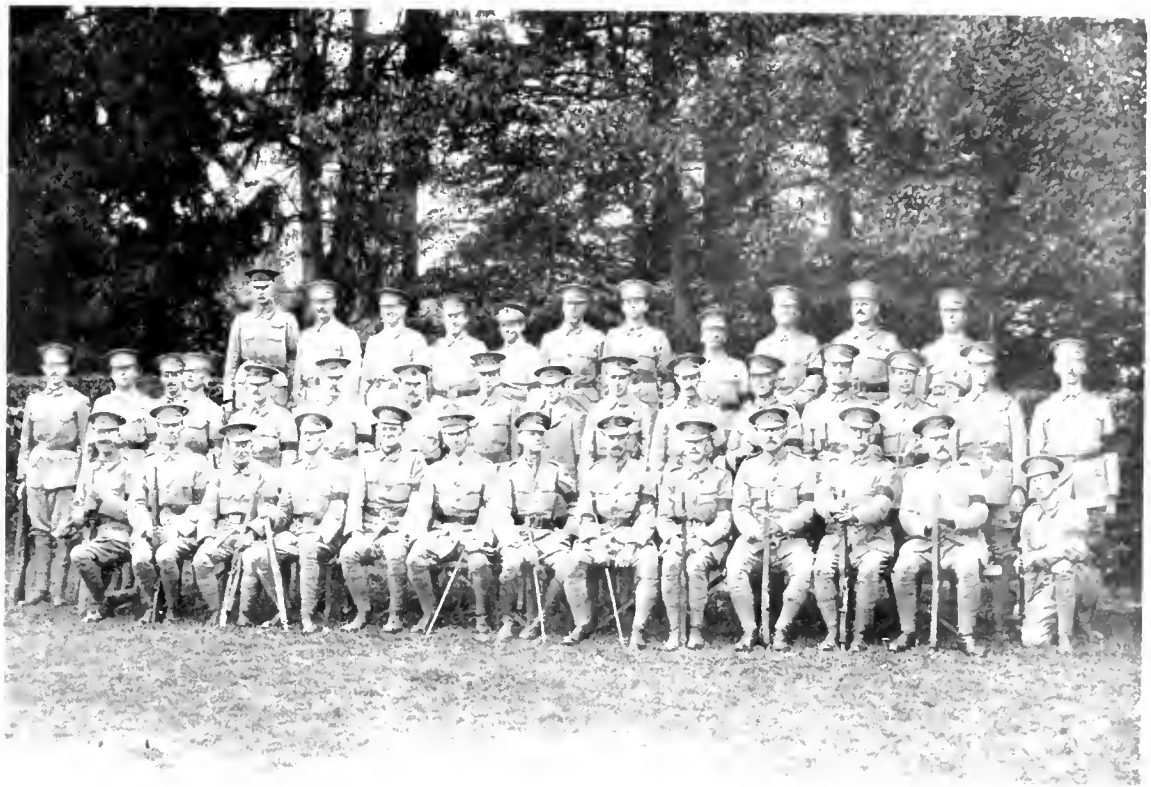
I "sloped" the thing on the proper shoulder and got hold of the butt with the proper hand. One would have thought that this would have pleased even a sergt.-major, but he was quite annoyed because I hadn't got the trigger business facing the way he liked.

"'Ow many drills 'ave you done, Sir?" Being no arithmetician I couldn't help him, and he looked suggestively at the recruit squad drilling in the corner. Then he bethought him that one fine day the hat would go round to provide a suitable gratuity for kindly sergt.-majors, and he only sighed again and passed on.

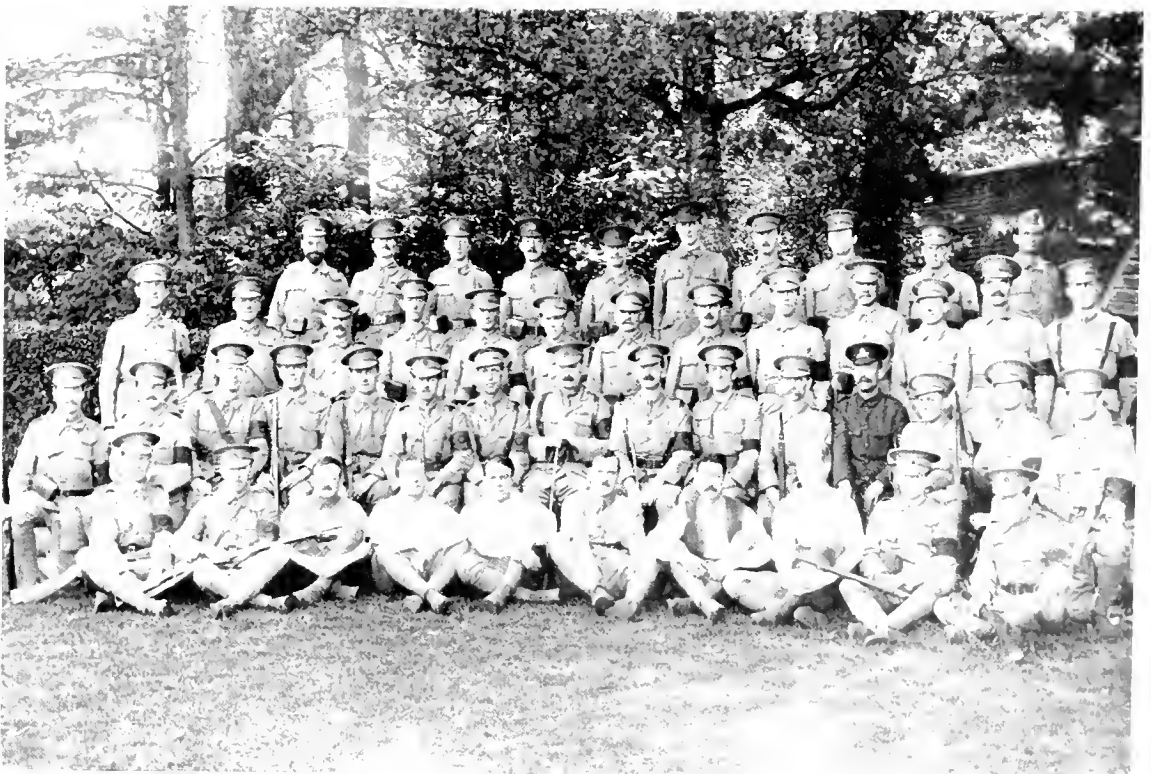
When next we were due to "order arms" I tried to take a surreptitious look to find out where my toe might be, but the Sergt.-Major at once made it clear that this was against the rules of the game. However, I missed my own toe all right, but the man next to me had to fall out. I was sorry about it, but if a man can't lose a little thing like a toe nail without all that fuss he isn't fit to be a soldier. Fortunately the Sergt.-Major and I were agreed on that point, so the incident passed off without much unpleasantness.

As every soldier knows (and I learned that night), the incidents I have described are "manual exercises." Having done with them we passed into more congenial and familiar paths of drill, at which, when unhampered with a rifle, I am no worse than some of the others. Being a Rifle Brigade it is incumbent on us to march with the rifle at the "trail." Everyone knows that to get the rifle to the "trail" you give it a cant forward and seize it at the point of balance. Well, I missed it. This was due to the fact that the backsight bit out a large portion of my first finger. I admit that this caused some slight delay in the execution of a somewhat intricate manœuvre. You cannot all in a moment pick up a rifle and replace a portion of your finger in an indifferent light. I explained to the Sergt.-Major that if I had waited till the end of the parade to execute my repairs the pieces of my finger would have got cold and might not have amalgamated properly, and that the result might have been the loss of my services to the corps for quite a time.

If I had known that you cannot conveniently "right about turn" with a rifle at the "trail" the injury to my neighbour's knee would not have occurred. What he and the Sergt.-Major said were both out of order. The man had no more right than I to talk in the ranks, and it wasn't the Sergt.-Major's knee that was damaged.



"A" COMPANY



"D" COMPANY

CHIEF, AUGUST, 1915

Thenceforward until the end of the drill my neighbours gave me more room and I did better, but I can't say that I really got on friendly terms with that implement. Still, there was no sustained ill-feeling between the Sergt.-Major and myself. After the fourth pint he gave me some private and confidential hints about the use of the rifle which, if he was right about them and I can remember, may come in handy.

IX.—NIGHT OPERATIONS

It happened in the Park. As we didn't really need the whole Park and didn't want to be a nuisance to all the couples who resort there for quiet conversation, we staked out a pitch. The pitch was bounded by two parallel roads, and the roads were in play. Four scouts played against "B" Company. The commander of "B" Company won the toss and decided to defend the south end. The object of the scouts, who were loaded with rifles, was to pass through the company's lines without capture. The rifles, which were not well adapted for other things, were carried for the purpose of recognition only. I was cast for a scout, and was abetted, if not aided, by Holroyd, Henderson and Higgs.

They turned out to be unimaginative pig-headed people, and on one excuse or another they refused *in toto* to adopt any of my suggestions. Holroyd, who is a long thin parsimonious person, declined on the ground of expense to hire either a property tree or a piano organ. Concealed in either of these I am sure that he would have had an excellent chance of getting through. Henderson, who is a young and somewhat effeminate-looking individual, contemptuously rejected the idea that he should go as a nursemaid, with a perambulator in which he could conceal his rifle. He seemed to think that it would be unmanly and unsoldierly. His only idea was a false beard and a wig. I pointed out that however desirable it might be to alter his appearance in day-time it was not so urgent in the dark, and that it would be of small strategic benefit as he was personally known to only about five per cent. of "B" Company. In the end he got quite stuffy about it and we nearly had words.

Higgs's only excuse for not covering himself with grass sods and crawling along on his stomach was the damp and muddy nature of the soil. Of course when I found out that he was going to let a little personal discomfort stand in the way of success I gave up trying to help him.

My own scheme for getting through, though entailing a certain amount of cost, was simple and effective. I decided to hire an ordinary taxi and drive down the left-hand road as fast as the Park regulations would permit. When the others heard about it they all wanted to come with me, but this would have

increased the cost, and we should have looked rather small if by any chance the taxi had been stopped and we had all been captured together. I made Higgs a sporting offer to allow him to hang on behind if he would pay part of the fare, but we failed to strike a bargain.

Holroyd consented to adopt my suggestion that he should conceal his rifle down the leg of one of his trousers. We had some difficulty in getting it there, and then he found that it restricted his movements. He also complained of discomfort. We wasted quite a lot of time trying to get it out again. We couldn't think of the proper technical way to go to work, and there was no help to be got from our military books. I looked in both the Musketry Regulations and Infantry Training, but, strangely enough, neither of them deals with a simple point like that. I know that on active service a soldier, owing to the use of puttees, is not likely often to get his rifle into this position, but still, as in Holroyd's case, it might happen. By the rather crude method of all pulling at once, we eventually managed to separate his leg, rifle and trouser. It was largely due to Holroyd's own impatience that several pieces of his flesh and trousering adhered to the nobby bits of the rifle. After that they all declined to listen to any more suggestions.

I was still rather troubled about my own rifle, as I felt that it might be detected if undisguised, in spite of the taxi. I couldn't reasonably expect even "B" Company to mistake it for an umbrella, swagger cane, policeman's truncheon or lady's reticule. I thought of concealing it in some musical instrument, but couldn't hit on anything suitable, though I went through all the instruments I could think of from an ocarina to a big drum. In the end I decided to adapt my brother's violoncello case. I'm not a very good amateur carpenter, so it wasn't a very neat job, though it served.

As I anticipated, I was the only scout to get through undetected. The other three were all captured and brought in, in addition to the thirty-three civilians, six special constables, five real soldiers complete with lady friends, four territorials, two park keepers and one park chair captured in error. Several civilians, most of the special constables and all the real soldiers were annoyed at being interfered with, and I understand that there are two actions for assault and battery and three for false imprisonment pending.

Higgs, it appeared, did, after all, adopt my stalking suggestion, though without its best feature—the divot disguise. By crawling on his hands and knees he had almost succeeded in getting through the lines when a clumsy Section-Commander trod on the nape of his neck. Owing to the mud in which he was encased he might still have gone unremarked if only he hadn't groaned.

Henderson's notion of climbing up a tree wasn't a bad one, though I can't



"B" COMPANY LINES



"D" COMPANY LINES

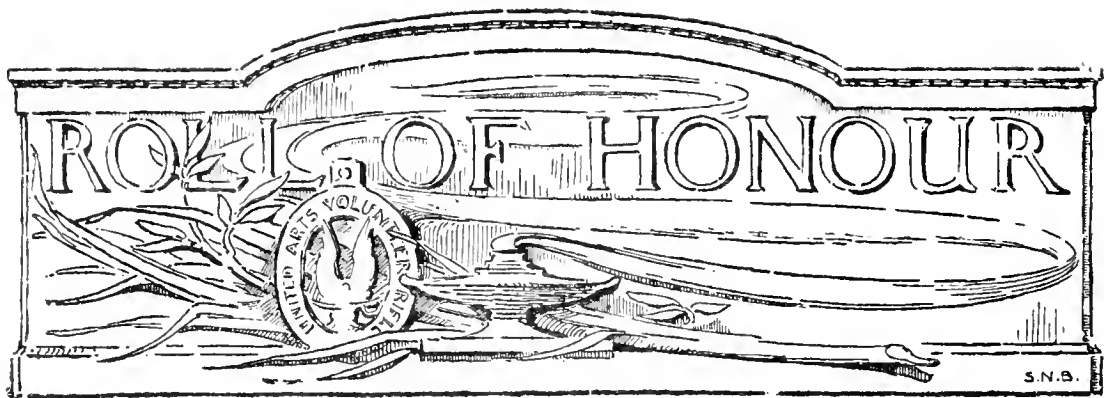
CHIEF, AUGUST, 1915

quite see how it helped his progress to any extent. His detection was due to his accidentally dropping his rifle on the head of the Commander of No. 1 Platoon.

Holroyd, one of the park-keepers, and the chair were captured *en masse*. Holroyd seems to have had the idea that the chair would in some way assist him in his enterprise, and the park-keeper was disputing his right to use it without payment when they were surrounded.

I thought that the Company-Commander was somewhat sparing with his congratulations to me, but no doubt he was frightfully chagrined at the success of my simple ruse.





BELOW are given the names of those members who are known to have fallen in the War. No records being available as to many who left the Corps to join the Army, this list does not pretend to be complete, but it is thought that an incomplete list is better than none.

BALL, ALWYN LANCASTER.
BROOKES, GORDON.
DAVIES, NORMAN STOLLARD.
DICKSEE, MAURICE.
DUKINFIELD-JONES
DUNSFORD, REGINALD MARTIN.
FULLAGAR, CHARLES ERNEST.
GORE, ARTHUR HOLMES.
HALLAM, BASIL (B. H. RADFORD)
LE BRETON, BERTRAM VIVIAN.
McLELLAN, A. E.
MAY, FREDERICK STURDY.
MURRAY-DIXON, HENRY EDWARD OTTO.
MYERS, ALBERT REGINALD.
O'HARA, BERNARD.
PERKINS, HERBERT.
SHEPPARD, SIDNEY.
TREVOR-ROPER, CHARLES CADWALADER.
WATSON, HERBERT COLERIDGE.
WILLIAMS, NORMAN ERNEST.

The following members died while serving in the Corps :

ABELL, FRANCIS.
FAILES, FRANK CHRISTOPHER.
GRANT, JOHN A.
HILL, ERNEST STANLEY.
KIRKPATRICK, JAMES.
ROCK, CHARLES.
STUDD, ARTHUR HAYTHORNE.
WESLEY, JOHN STEVEN.

X

A NOMINAL ROLL

Of the Staff of the 1st Battalion County of London Volunteer Regiment and of the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men of A and B (United Arts) Companies of the Battalion, October, 1919.

LIEUT.-COL. J. G. GORDON CASSERLY, I.A., *Hon. Commandant.*

MAJOR A. E. CROMBIE, *Commanding.*

CAPT. J. B. QUIN.	LIEUT. A. R. MYERS.
" A. J. T. ABEL.	" E. POTTON.
" F. W. DAVY.	SEC. LIEUT. H. L. GEORGE.
LIEUT. H. W. JEANS.	" C. G. WILLSHER.
" S. G. BROWNE.	" E. SKUES.
" E. LAWRENCE.	" A. H. JENKIN.
" S. A. MAPPIN.	" C. A. PRATT.
SEC. LIEUT. C. AUBREY SMITH.	

CAPT. H. G. SHEARS (*Temp. Capt. Gen. List*), *Adjutant.*

LIEUT. E. POTTON, *Assistant Adjutant.*

 " A. R. MYERS, *Machine Gun Officer.*

HON. LIEUT. H. C. BUSHELL, *Quarter-Master.*

MAJOR E. S. TAIT, *Medical Officer.*¹

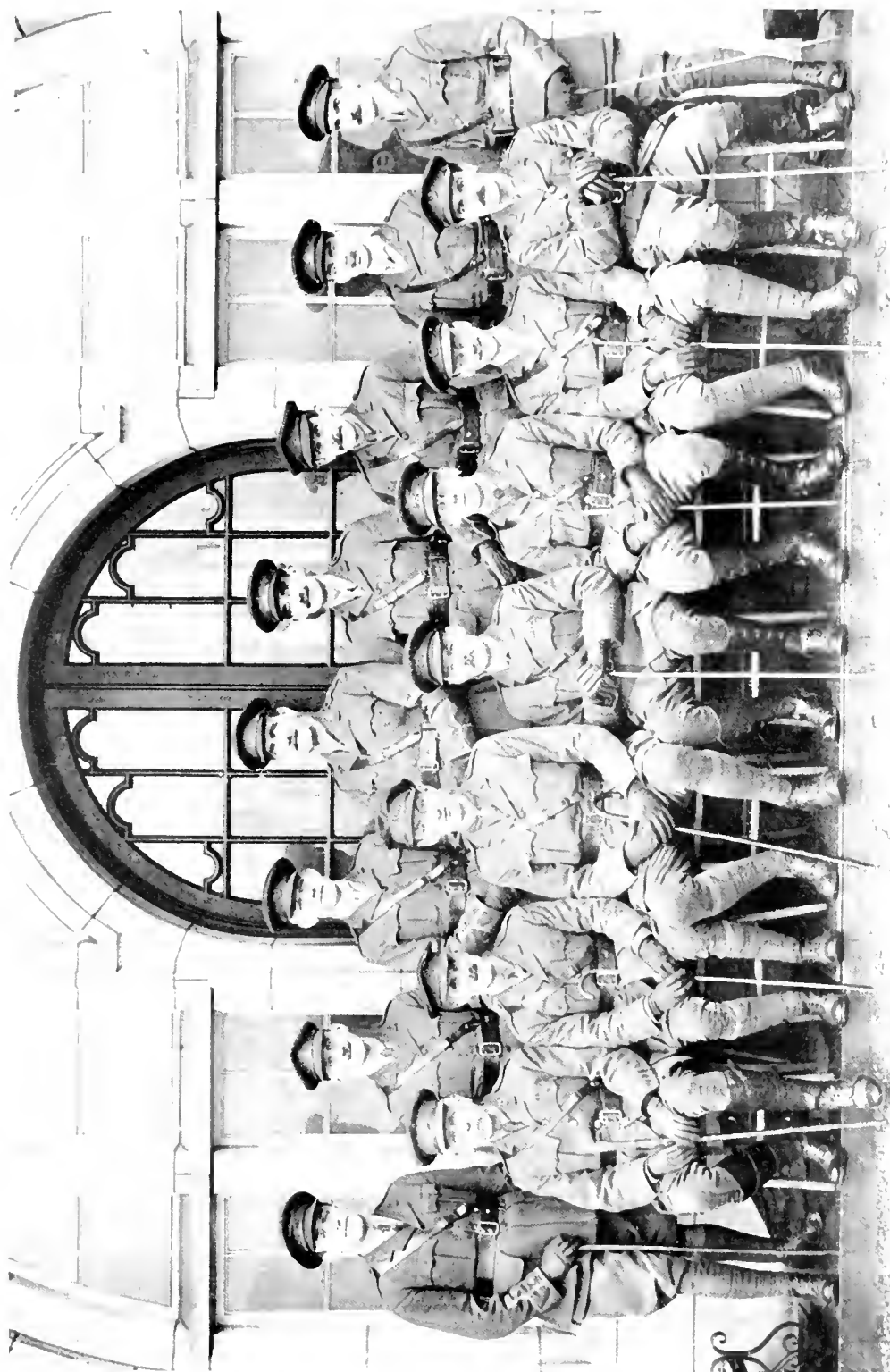
REGTL. SERGT.-MAJOR A. R. UTTING.

 " QUARTER-MASTER SERGT. W. TOMLINSON.

196003 Private Knight, C. N.	196020 Sergeant Revis, C.
196004 Corporal Badcock, H. J.	196021 Lance-Corpl. Harris, G. E.
196005 Private Coker, O.	196022 Private Floris, C. L.
196007 " Watts, A. E.	196023 Sergeant Hatten, A. F.
196008 Sergeant Tillett, P. J.	196024 Private Rivington, R. E. L.
196011 C.S.M. Forbes, R. H.	196025 " Bailey, R. J.
196012 Private Charlesworth, J.	196026 " Skeggs, E. A.
196013 " Frost, A. W.	196027 " Tyldesley, B. J. J.
196015 Sergeant Driver, A. J.	196028 Corporal Maynard, F. C.
196017 Private Sowton, R. M. B.	196029 Private Whitten, S. A.
196018 " Hodgkinson, L.	196030 " Woolmer, A. S.
196019 " Straker, H.	196031 " Moore, T. W.

Major Tait, having been appointed to an administrative post in the R.A.M.C. (V.), had ceased to be the M.O. to the Battalion, but continued to act as such pending the appointment of a successor.

196033	Private Burnidge, W. A.	196101	C.Q.M.S Ford, W. A. J.
196034	" Cox, H.	196103	Private Copeland, T. E.
196035	" Saunders, J. R.	196104	Sergeant Harding, C. L.
196036	" Bayley, H.	196105	Lance-Corpl. White, S. A.
196037	Sergeant Bond, W. H.	196108	C.Q.M.S. Emanuel, C. H. L.
196038	" Babb, S. N.	196109	Private Friedenson, T. J.
196039	Private Stoll-Bailey, A. H.	196110	" Cooke, A.
196040	" Somper, J. D.	196111	Lance-Corpl. Davis, P. H.
196041	" Palmer, H. C.	196112	Private Lloyd, J. A. T.
196043	" Saltmarshe, T. E.	196113	" Roberts, R. M.
196045	" Albino, J. A.	196114	" Cooke, H. E.
196046	Lance-Corpl. Scott, S. J. W.	196115	" Beard, C.
196047	Sergeant Dawson, F. P.	196116	Lance-Corpl. Ure, L. N.
196048	Private Wright, F. A.	196118	Sergeant Thompson, A.
196049	Lance-Sergt. Butcher, D. H.	196119	Private Chaplin, E. S.
196050	Private Stephens, A. L.	196123	Corporal Scarfe, C. F.
196051	" Shelley, F.	196124	Lance-Corpl. Price, F. G.
196052	" Dunhill, H. E.	196125	Private Reid, A. A.
196053	Sergeant Witherspoon, H. R.	196126	" Couper, R. P.
196054	Private McAllan, C.	196127	" May, O. F.
196055	Private Serle, P. H. W.	196128	" West, A. L.
196056	" Dodd, H. M. F.	196129	" Wyse, L. H. B.
196059	C.S.M. Kendrick, S. P.	196130	" Baston, C.
196060	Sergeant Southwell, C. E.	196131	Sergeant Allen, A.
196062	Private Reeve, A. G.	196133	Private Coleman, W. J.
196063	" Wallcousins, E.	196134	" Wetherell, F. G. M.
196064	" Heaton, F. G.	196135	" Rositer, H. C.
196065	Corporal Spiers, R. A. H.	196136	" Bannerman, D'Arcy.
196066	Sergeant Hinds, W.	196137	" Poppmacher, B.
196067	Private Lambert, H. T.	196138	" Bennett, T.
196068	" Herbert, G. A.	196141	" Arnold, A. S.
196069	Lance-Corpl. Rix, W. J.	196144	" Rogers, S. A.
196070	Private Barnes, E. F.	196145	" Perry, E. S.
196071	" Dibben, C.	196146	" Bolton, E. R.
196072	Corporal Collins, D.	196147	" French, A. W. T.
196073	Sergeant Holland, T. R.	196148	" Walbrook, A. F. O.
196074	Private Lloyd-Chandos, F.	196150	" Hand, S.
196075	Lance-Corpl. Knight, W. C.	196151	" Harper, E. W.
196076	Sergeant Richardson, A. G. C.	196152	" Ginder, W. H.
196078	Lance-Corpl. Knight, H. F.	196153	" Bolton, G.
196079	Private Roberts, G. M.	196155	" Langley, E. E.
196080	" Jacoby, C. L.	196157	" Ffelan, J. A. P.
196081	" Clay, S. S.	196158	" Griffiths, R. E.
196083	" Thomas, G.	196160	" Cooper, P. A. C.
196084	" Cant, H. E.	196161	" Moore, J. M.
196085	Corporal Vane, C.	196163	" Pickering, F. G.
196086	Private Gill, C. H. A.	196165	" Wells, T.
196087	Sergeant Sickert, L.	196166	" Benjamin, E.
196088	Lance-Corpl. Brooks, C. D.	196167	" Dudeney, L.
196089	Corporal Bamborough, J. G.	196168	" Matthey, G.
196090	Lance-Corpl. Uttley, G.	196169	" Axten, R. W.
196091	Private Patterson, E. H.	196170	" Holland, W. C.
196092	Lance-Corpl. Shore, A. M.	196171	" Atkinson, J. F.
196094	Private Butterfield, L. P.	196172	" Smith, A. R.
196095	Sergeant Parr, T. H.	196173	" Whale, E. W.
196096	Private Shattock, E. M.	196174	Lance-Corpl. Clifford, S. G.
196097	" Arthur, H.	196175	Private Krisch, S.
196098	" Haysman, C.	196176	Lance-Corpl. Edwards, C.
196099	" Fletcher, H.	196177	Q.M.S. Kinman, F. C.
196100	" Wright, S. L.	196179	Sergeant Wheeler, R. M.



LIEUT. LAWRENCE BARCLAY, C. A. PRATT, 2ND LIEUT. A. R. MYERS, LIEUT. J. B. QUINN, MAJOR A. E. CROWHURST, CAPT. J. W. DAWY, LIEUT. E. A. ATKINS,
 MAJOR E. S. JAMES, CAPT. A. J. ABEL, CAPT. J. B. QUINN, MAJOR A. E. CROWHURST, CAPT. H. G. SHEPHERD, CAPT. F. W. DAWY, LIEUT. E. A. ATKINS,
 LIEUT. LAWRENCE BARCLAY, C. A. PRATT, 2ND LIEUT. A. R. MYERS, LIEUT. J. B. QUINN, MAJOR A. E. CROWHURST, CAPT. H. G. SHEPHERD, CAPT. F. W. DAWY, LIEUT. E. A. ATKINS,

OFFICERS: STAFF AND RIGHT HALF BATTALION, NOVEMBER, 1918

196180	Private Hickox, W. H.	196249	Private Smith, G. H.
196181	Corporal Sulley, P. F.	196250	" Wilson, J. H.
196182	Private Carr, H. E.	196251	" Marks, B.
196183	" Fripp, H. C.	196252	" Spender, H. F.
196184	Sergeant Aveling, C. L.	196254	" Chaplin, B. G.
196185	Private Killick, L. N.	196255	" Speed, H. E.
196186	" Berridge, T. R.	196256	" Lendrum, L. W.
196187	" Burnett, C. R.	196257	" Pegram, H. A.
196188	" Field, E. W. J.	196258	" English, E. G.
196189	Sergeant Lane, H. G.	196260	" Thorpe, W. L.
196190	Private Carpenter, A. A.	196263	" Freed, E.
196192	Sergeant Towle, F. A.	196264	" Stevens, J. T.
196193	Private Hurry, A.	196265	" Puckett, H.
196194	" Bell, W. G.	196267	" Crook, G. T.
196195	" Conover, T. E.	196268	" Ruthven, L. R. H.
196196	" Sichel, W. S. †	196273	" Collins, C. F.
196197	" Gilbertson-Smith, H.	196274	" Williams, A.
196198	" Dick-Peddie, J. † ‡	196275	" Essex, W. C.
196199	" Ranalow, F. B.	196276	" Snow, H. A. R.
196201	" Griffiths, T. E.	196277	" Nurse, C. B.
196202	" Martin, A. A.	196280	" Howard, W.
196204	" Lock, W. S.	196281	" Latham, C. F.
196205	" Brown, R.	196282	" Piggott, A. W.
196206	" Maughan, C.	196284	" Clarke, H. H.
196207	Lance-Corpl. Moyes, A. P.	196285	" Ife, T. J.
196208	Private Palmer, J.	196286	" Ward, C.
196210	" Veitch, H. N.	196287	" Roe, A. V.
196211	" Nichols, P. F.	196288	" Gough, A. O.
196212	" Austin, E. O.	196289	" Hunt, W. A.
196213	" Rayner, H. B.	196290	" Cameron, D.
196214	" Lawson-Johnston, W. E.	196291	" Farland, H. B.
196215	" Altass, F. C. E.	196292	" Simes, H. J.
196216	" Semmens, W. J.	196293	" Bradshaw, H. H.
196217	" Godwin, E. W.	196294	" Burton, C. H.
196218	" Evans, E. W.	196295	" Stiles, L.
196219	Sergeant Daniell, F. R.	196297	" Petley, F. E.
196220	Private Lynn, T. H.	196298	" Dingwall, J. E.
196221	" Kirkpatrick, R.	196300	" Benjamin, H. M.
196222	" Boyle, G. D. K.	196301	" Summers, P. J.
196223	" Ellwood, W. C.	196302	Corporal Happold, C.
196224	" Vicat-Cole, R. G.	196303	C.S.M. Wells, F. G.
196226	" Hammond, H. E.	196304	Sergeant Wathen, B.
196227	" Sealy, H.	196305	Private Anderson, G.
196228	" Gridley, P. H.	196306	Sergeant Palmer, C.
196229	" Wheeler, F. A.	196307	" Wade, T.
196230	" Friend, A. E.	196308	Private Morse, R. R.
196231	" Smith, R. T.	196309	Sergeant Hillman, E. S.
196232	" Ellett, R. E.	196310	Private Keith, A. R.
196233	" Lee, E. H.	196311	Corporal Trunchion, H. F.
196234	" Barlow, F. O.	196312	Sergeant Watson, R. H. L.
196235	" Moray, A.	196313	Private Lloyd, R. E.
196236	C.S.M. Hudson, J. F.	196314	" Todd, T. H.
196238	Private Sargent, S. H.	196315	" King, C. R.
196240	" Davis, J.	196316	" Elwell, F. B.
196241	" Madoc Davies, R.	196317	" Harris, W. H.
196243	" Farrow, H. J.	196318	" Searle, F. W.
196244	" Woodings, W. J.	196319	" Jackson, E. R.
196246	" Simpson, J.	196320	" Lawrence, F.
196247	" Gridley, J. H.	196321	" Harris, P. T.
196248	" Collins, F. L.	196322	" Gover, J. H.

196323	Private Bailey, J. H.	196387	Corporal Hearle, J.
196324	" Coleman, J.	196388	Private Chapman, A. S. B.
196325	Lance-Corpl. Ledsham, F. H.	196389	" Spence, J. W.
196326	Private Bennett, C. T.	196390	" Lawrence, C. A.
196327	" Fox, T. B.	196391	" Frame, D.
196328	" Carter, W.	196392	" Morton, H.
196329	" Phillips, H. M.	196393	" Gallop, E. G.
196330	" McIntosh, J. J.	196394	" Gaze, W. E.
196331	" Pattinson, S. T. T.	196395	" Ball, W. T.
196332	" Davies, L. R.	196396	" Farthing, S. G. W.
196333	" Williams, E. H. F.	196397	" Yeoman, C.
196334	Corporal Campbell, R. S.	196398	" Farr, F. W.
196335	Private Blunt, J. W.	196399	" Bolton, J. H. P.
196336	Lance-Corpl. Richardson, E.	196400	" John, J. J.
196337	Private Spyer, A. J.	196401	" Sturton, S. A.
196338	" Fisher, P.	196402	" Foster, F. H. M.
195339	" Ferris, R. H.	196403	Corporal Rees, D. A.
196340	" Curtis, G.	196404	Private Abelson, B. B.
196341	" Bambrough, W. E.	196406	" Shrive, W. E.
196342	" Windwood, P. S.	196407	" Mayne, J.
196343	" Brooks, F. E.	196408	" Cooper, F.
196344	Corporal Whitehead, H. J.	196409	" Wrench, A. G.
196346	Private Hewitt, J. B.	196410	" Green, E.
196347	" Thorley, S.	196411	" Rees, A.
196348	" Roberts, J. T.	196412	" McMillan, R.
196349	" Greening, G. F. G.	196413	" Williams, M. W.
196350	" Cottle, A. J.	196414	" Wilkie, R. M.
196352	" Collings, R.	196417	" Daniel, H. G.
196354	Sergeant Richards, E.	196418	" James, J. M.
196355	Private Willis, F. E.	196419	" Lloyd, E. N.
196356	" Mallinson, G. A.	196421	" Dawe, R. J. P.
196357	" Tocher, G. A.	196422	" Hutchins, E. C.
196358	" Jones, B.	196423	Lance-Corpl. Brearley, S. E.
196359	" Parry, B. P.	196424	Private Waghorne, R. R.
196360	Corporal Allen, W. H.	196425	" Jones, W. R.
196361	Private Allen, C. T.	196426	" Jones, D. C.
196362	" Clark, J. J.	196427	" Knight, H.
196363	" Douch, W.	196428	" Woodall, C.
196364	" Mitchell, H. S.	196429	" Rickeard, R.
196365	" Callow, H. J.	196430	Sergeant Roberts, W. R.
196366	" Bland, W. H.	196431	Private Owen, W. J.
196367	" Foster, H. S.	196432	C.Q.M.S. Mills, H. A.
196368	" Gibson, G. W.	196433	Private Chentrens, A.
196370	" Dean, A. A.	196434	" Melville, A.
196371	Lance-Corpl. Jones, D. P.	196435	" Wise, S. G.
196372	Private Gross, G. F. C.	196437	" Berry, J. C.
196373	" Weatherill, R. J.	196438	Lance-Corpl. Walker, D.
196374	" Bowness, J. H.	196439	Private Solly, C.
196375	" Stevens, W. A.	196441	" O'Donnell, E.
196376	" Tucker, W. T.	196442	" Robinson, W. S.
196377	" Clarkson, C. C.	196444	" Cranton, E. E.
196378	" Shakerley, W. A.	196445	" Evans, T.
196379	" Glaister, R.	196446	Lance-Corpl. Wisby, W.
196380	" Graham, W. T.	196447	Private Breakspear, A. E.
196381	" Angus, J.	196449	" Hemingway, R.
196382	" Smith, J.	196450	" Modine, J. M.
196383	" Williams, J. C.	196451	" Davies, M.
196384	" Styles, A. T.	196452	" Reeves, H.
196385	" Clarke, H. P.	196453	" Beaton, E.
196386	" Smith, A. J.	196454	" Thomson, J.



TEST ROUTE MARCH
10TH MAY, 1918



No. 2 PLATOON, "D" COMPANY (PHARMACISTS)
WINNERS OF CUP COMPETITION, APRIL, 1918

196456	Private	Beaton, G.	196532	Private	Stannard, H. J.
196457	"	Speechly, R. E.	196534	"	Kershaw, R.
196461	"	Gibson, G. D.	196535	"	Furse, J. J.
196462	"	Homewood, A. S.	196536	"	Ashby, A. F.
196463	"	Marc, J.	196537	"	Underwood, P.
196464	"	Ball, C. S.	196538	"	Hunt, A. S.
196465	"	Edwards, W.	196539	"	Edbrooke, A.
196466	Lance-Corpl.	Waldron, C. J.	196540	"	Rush, J. S.
196467	Private	Luck, E. J.	196541	"	Green, J. B.
196468	Sergeant	Shircliff, W. E.	196542	"	Croal, A.
196469	Private	Saunders, A. E.	196543	"	Simnett, R. E.
196472	"	Sheppard, C. H.	196544	"	Elliott-Ball, H.
196473	Lance-Corpl.	Smith, L. E.	196545	"	Carter, J. C.
196474	Private	Fullagar, C. H.	196546	"	Whitaker, E. V.
196475	"	Bennett, T. H.	196547	"	Smith, E. C. H.
196476	"	Williams, W. A.	196548	"	Terry, L. G.
196477	"	Zimmerman, J. F.	196549	"	Jones, W. H.
196478	"	Ironmonger, H. L.	196550	"	Dalton, P.
196479	"	Davies, J. M.	196551	"	Lawrence, E.
196480	"	Watson, C. W.	196552	"	Sellors, R. V.
196482	"	Bull, J.	196553	"	Kent, A. S.
196483	"	Hillman, D. C.	196554	"	Haigh, H. W.
196484	"	Noble, C. A.	196555	"	Vicat-Cole, G.
196486	"	Hall, P. H.	196556	"	Stanesby, E. O.
196487	"	Sandeman, S. G.	196557	"	Dickason, H. B.
196488	"	Harris, R. V.	196558	"	Jackson, W. F.
196491	"	Robertshaw, J.	196559	"	Harley, W. P.
196493	"	Dick, S.	196560	"	Stewart, T.
196495	"	Straw, J. C.	196562	"	Thursby, C. A.
196497	"	Cherry, F. P.	196563	"	Shelton, W.
196499	"	Dix, F.	196564	"	Jefferies, W. R.
196500	"	Anderson, F. A.	196565	"	Nicholson, W.
196501	"	Price, F. A.	196566	"	Hunt, A. P. W.
196503	"	Cabourn, J.	196567	"	Thorn, J. E.
196504	"	Simnett, S. R.	196568	"	Bell, E.
196505	"	East, P. V.	196569	"	Crawford, H. A.
196506	"	Snell, G. H.	196570	"	Ledwidge, W. O.
196507	"	Peake, A. S.	196571	"	Gordon, W. H.
196508	"	Gadsdon, G.	196572	"	Harrington, E.
196509	"	Wallace, G.	196573	"	Tucker, T. T.
196510	"	Seymour, F.	196574	"	Norris, F. W.
196511	"	Stout, J. A.	196575	"	Orr, L. R.
196512	"	Neale, R. N.	196576	"	Henningham, C.
196513	"	Murch, H. J.	196577	"	Payne, C.
196514	"	Shaw, S.	196578	"	Buckeridge, G. G.
196515	"	Beer, C. E.	196579	"	Milne, J.
196516	Sergeant	Hampton, C. Q.	196580	"	Webb, S.
196517	Private	Anderton, G. E.	196581	"	Potter, G. J.
196519	"	Hobbiss, A. S.	196582	"	Stannard, G. J.
196520	"	Lacey, E. H.	196583	"	Packer, R. W.
196521	"	Chapman, J.	196584	"	McCutcheon, J. G.
196522	"	Coe, N. C.	196587	"	Tracy, C. H.
196523	"	Wilkins, H. C.	196592	"	Pugh, T. H.
196524	"	Clarke, W.	196594	"	Ablett, A. F.
196525	"	Long, H. H.	196595	"	Perrett, F.
196526	"	Ayrton, F. R.	196596	"	Worfolk, A. M.
196527	"	Slocombe, A. J.	196600	"	Cottee, W. J.
196528	"	Phillips, D. C.	196601	"	Lucas, F. C.
196529	"	Mist, C. P.	196607	"	Nottidge, J. T.
196531	"	Platt, E. T.	196615	"	Bickerton, T.

196617 Private Lee, H. L.
 196623 " Petrides, N.
 196624 " Warren, R. H.
 196625 " Rawlins, T.
 196626 " Hurren, A. S.
 196627 " Aldin, A. R.
 196628 " Clark, C.
 166629 " Margetson, R. G.
 196632 " Adams, S. B.

196635 Private Seymour, S.
 196636 " Crofts, A. S.
 196637 " Reid, C. E.
 196640 " Manning, C. J.
 196641 " Hatherill, F. C.
 196642 " Humphreys, E. C.
 196643 " Edwards, A. H.
 196649 " Da Costa, J.
 196652 " Lazarus, H. L. P.



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