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It is my hope that you find the file of use to you personally – I know that I would have liked to have found some of these files years ago – they would have saved me a lot of time !

Colin Hinson

In the village of Blunham, Bedfordshire.



A PICTURE-RECORD of Events by Land, Sea and Air. Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON



"OVER YOU GO!"—A humanly interesting picture of a Canadian battalion leaving its trench. The honour of being first "over the top" was shared with an officer by a young private, who signified his contempt for the enemy by a gesture familiar to every schoolboy. "A long nose and a short shrift" appears to be his opinion of the proper treatment for a German. (Canadian official photograph.)

GREAT ISSUES OF THE WAR

WOMANHOOD AFTER THE WAR

By Cicely Hamilton

MISS CICELY HAMILTON, the recognised authority on feminist topics, suggests that the effect of the war upon the next generation will be bad because, with the flower of young manhood gone and the strength of young womanhood overtaxed, the children born within the next few years may be a nervous type. She anticipates a temporary revival of femininity, as distinguished from feminism, adjusted later by economic pressure and habits of labour and self-dependence formed during the struggle. Elimination of superfluities of life will tend to result in less worry and better health.

I HAVE been asked to set down in black and white a forecast of the physical effects upon British women of the conditions brought about by the war. Such a forecast, in the nature of things, can be only tentative—in many respects but a guess. It is true that one can put one's finger on certain definite results of war conditions; can say with assurance that there are at this moment large numbers of our woman population who are better clad and better fed than they were when male labour was plentiful and separation allowances for soldiers' wives were as yet beyond the horizon.

That, for the time being, is a definite gain to health. But as the struggle drags on, so food will be dearer and scarcer—while peace, when it comes, may bring harder times instead of the proverbial plenty. With equal certainty one may set it down that an appreciable number of women (especially young girls) are overtaxing their strength at unaccustomed forms of labour in their sturdy efforts to fill the places left vacant by their brothers in the trenches. The nation in its need has called on them to do their utmost, and, so long as the need of the nation is extreme, the effect upon their health of unduly long hours is a minor consideration.

Minor it may be, but none the less it is serious. The pick and flower of our manhood went first to the war, and has given its blood more freely either than those rejected on physical grounds or those who "waited to be fetched." Much of what is soundest and finest in man has died before its time, and left no son behind it; if the next generation is to have its chance, its mothers should be healthy and well balanced.

I have heard that the French "war baby" of 1871 developed only too frequently into a markedly nervous type. If that was the case, the evil is bound to be repeated in our time on a scale incomparably greater. From the point of view of the generation yet to come, it would be well, when overwork there must be, that older women were strained and "scrapped" in health. But war, like the minotaur of old, devours by preference youth, and through youth it strikes at the unborn.

The above are some of the more direct and instant results of war upon the physical conditions of women. It seems probable, however, that some of the most important and permanent changes will be produced indirectly; that the daily life and habits of women as a class will be affected, and strongly affected, as a result of a change in their mental attitude and estimate of their own position.

Probable Revival of Femininity

In this connection we have to ask ourselves: What sort of a tradition will women as a class bring out of this greatest of all wars? For tradition means moral habit and outlook on life; and if our outlook on life, our attitude towards ourselves and the social system has not been in any way modified by the experience we have been through, no permanent change will be possible. Without it, woman in the mass—perhaps grumblingly, perhaps willingly—will relapse into her former ways.

On the whole, that does not seem likely in this generation. She may wish to relapse, but the fates will be strongly against her. No doubt war-weariness will bring its

reaction, and I expect to see in the very near future a pronounced revival of femininity—a very different article from feminism. Such a temporary revival of fluffiness, of appealing dependence, of the Dora Copperfield, child-wife, kittenish type, would be a natural result and product of the strain through which we are passing.

Counteraction of Economic Pressure

The world since August, 1914, has indulged in an orgy of masculinism. This statement is not intended as a reproach to the male sex, which, as these two years and more have shown, holds no monopoly of the stubbornly combative instincts. Man and woman, we have put our backs into the war; and, man and woman, we are sodden with blood and brutality—blood and brutality have almost lost the power to horrify. When the swing of the pendulum comes, as come it must, both man and woman, for a time at least, will turn and take pleasure in brutality's opposite—an exaggerated, childish femininity.

Probably the phenomenon will be of short duration; probably, also, it will be confined to a limited class, the class of the well-to-do, of those who can afford to be useless. In every other section of society the tendency will be counteracted by economic pressure, by the need to work—and work hard—for self or children. And economic pressure, in its turn, will be seconded by habits of labour and self-dependence acquired in the years of struggle.

One thing at least is certain. The tradition that the average woman will bring out of the war will not be the tradition of a life lived only as the helpmeet and dependent of her husband. That estimate of her place in the world was old-fashioned before 1914, when husbands were more plentiful than they will be for years to come; it survived only by favour of the sentimental and autocratic instincts of the human male and the laziness and inefficiency of large sections of the human female.

Laziness and the autocratic instinct, no doubt, we shall always have with us; but not while the present generation endures will they be able to stifle the inexorable fact that women have been called on to aid the nation in its need—not by gentle persuasion and the homekeeping arts, but by downright, straightforward employment of brain, muscle and intelligence: called on, not as wives and mothers, but as personal hands and brains. What we prize in the war-time woman is hard sinew as well as hard sense; the capacity to think steadily and sweat for long hours without dropping is of more value to a nation in its agony than much sweetness of coaxing manner or much talent for dainty dress.

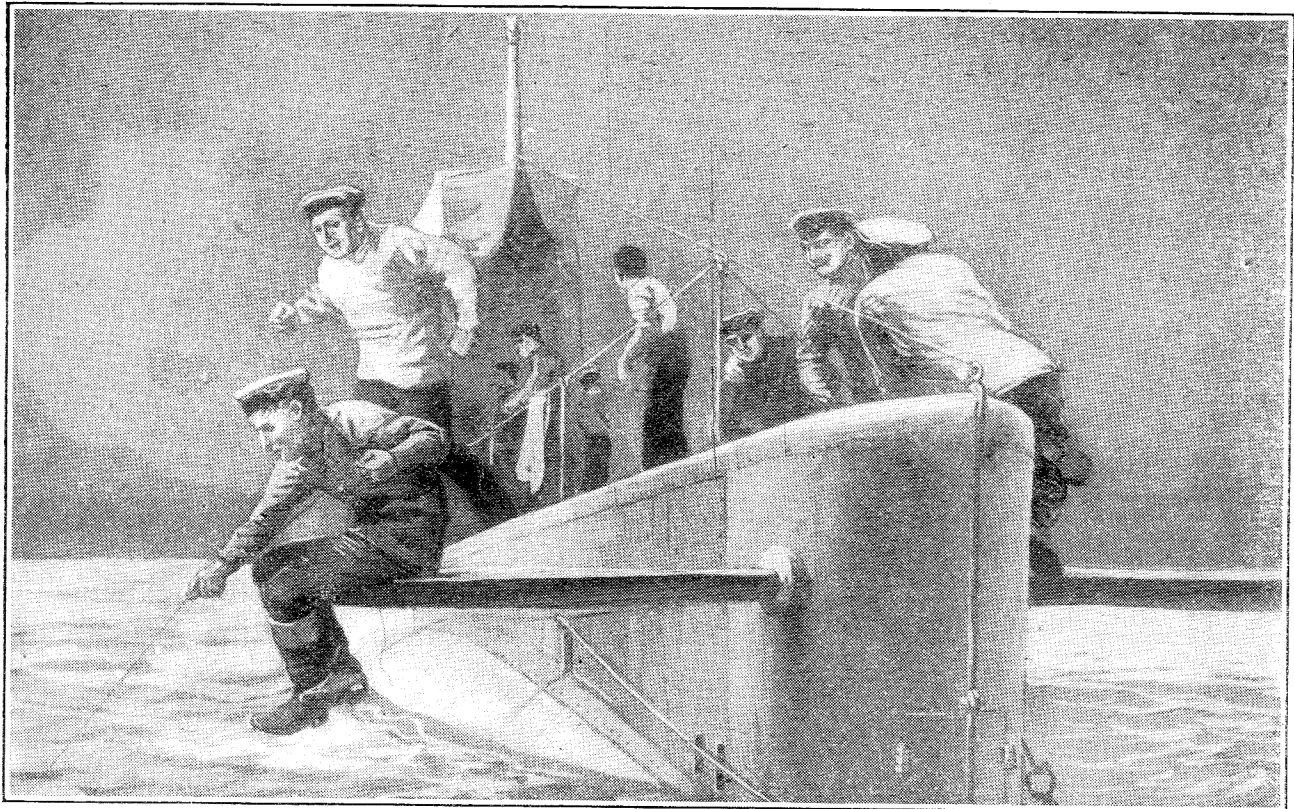
In the hour of our trial we have taken stock of our resources and stopped the customary wastage of women's good brains and good bodies. Necessity, a law unto itself, has swept aside those lesser laws which forbade the employment of women in certain trades, which condemned as unwomanly certain forms of physical activity. We have found out that strength is strength, whether clad in trousers or petticoats, and that shells are shells whether turned out by women or by men. One forgets the proprieties when the enemy batters at the gates.

[Continued on page 580]



Miss Cicely Hamilton
[Elliott & Fry]

Sporting Sailormen and Workmanlike Women



Cramped conditions of life in submarines make it very difficult for the men to find the recreation which is essential to their well-being. The crew of one of our submarines are ardent fishermen, and spend much of their leisure time on the surface indulging in this sport.



The Scottish nurses on service in the Balkans have earned a glorious reputation for devotion to duty and for their astonishing physical endurance. After their terrible ordeal with the Serbian Army they accompanied the Rumanian Army during its retreat. Some of them are shown here pitching their tents in workmanlike fashion.

WOMANHOOD AFTER THE WAR (Contd. from page 578)

No doubt, when the enemy ceases to batter, the proprieties will come back in part. Certain callings and forms of physical activity are obviously more suited to the average man than they are to the average woman, and in normal conditions would tend to be monopolised by man. But what has been has been; woman in war-time has been praised and prized for qualities once held to be unfeminine, and the old spirit of taboo has passed while the war and its works are remembered.

In estimating the influences that have been brought to bear on the average woman, it must not be forgotten that she has seen many of her duties, once held to be of paramount importance, decried and derided as useless, and fallen in public esteem. Domestic service, paid or otherwise, the employment of household labour in the person of one's servants or oneself—has been recognised in war-time as largely a luxury trade; and just as it is an offence against the nation to keep unnecessary servants, so it is an offence against the nation to multiply the little home wants and the little home preoccupations that were once an admired and essential part of the life of a housekeeping woman.

Benefit of Open-Air Work

The housekeeping class will always form a large proportion of the nation's womanhood, and it will mean much to such a class that it has learned to distinguish between the essentials and non-essentials of a decent home, that it has learned to curtail and simplify its formerly multifarious duties. Even in very modest households an incalculable amount of feminine energy is usually wasted upon the fidget of petty display; a general standard of

less pretentious living will mean less expenditure of energy, more time, less worry, better health.

Physically, the nation should benefit by the fact that the number of women working at open-air callings has increased during the war. The field-working, horse-minding, van-driving girl will tend to belong to a hardy race with an open-air outlook on life. The woman who puts her back into a day's good gardening or farmwork could not, if she would, have the same views and manners as the girl whose place is the home, or whose work is sedentary. Her ideals are different, even her ideals of beauty; she admires the grace that is strong and free-stepping, not the grace that is dependent or childish.

Restoration of the Balance

Naturally, this type—the product of the upper and middle-class British woman's predilection for sport and exercise—existed long before war with Germany was thought of; all that war with Germany has done is to increase its numbers and spread its characteristics through classes other than those with opportunity for sport. This is all to the good, for two reasons. First, because the out-of-door woman will be more robust than her sedentary sister, and therefore suffer less than her sister from the prolonged anxiety and nervous strain of the war; secondly, because her training and habits will probably render her immune from the approaching attack of fluffiness and ultra-femininity. She will act as femininity's counterpoise and bring back the balance to the normal.

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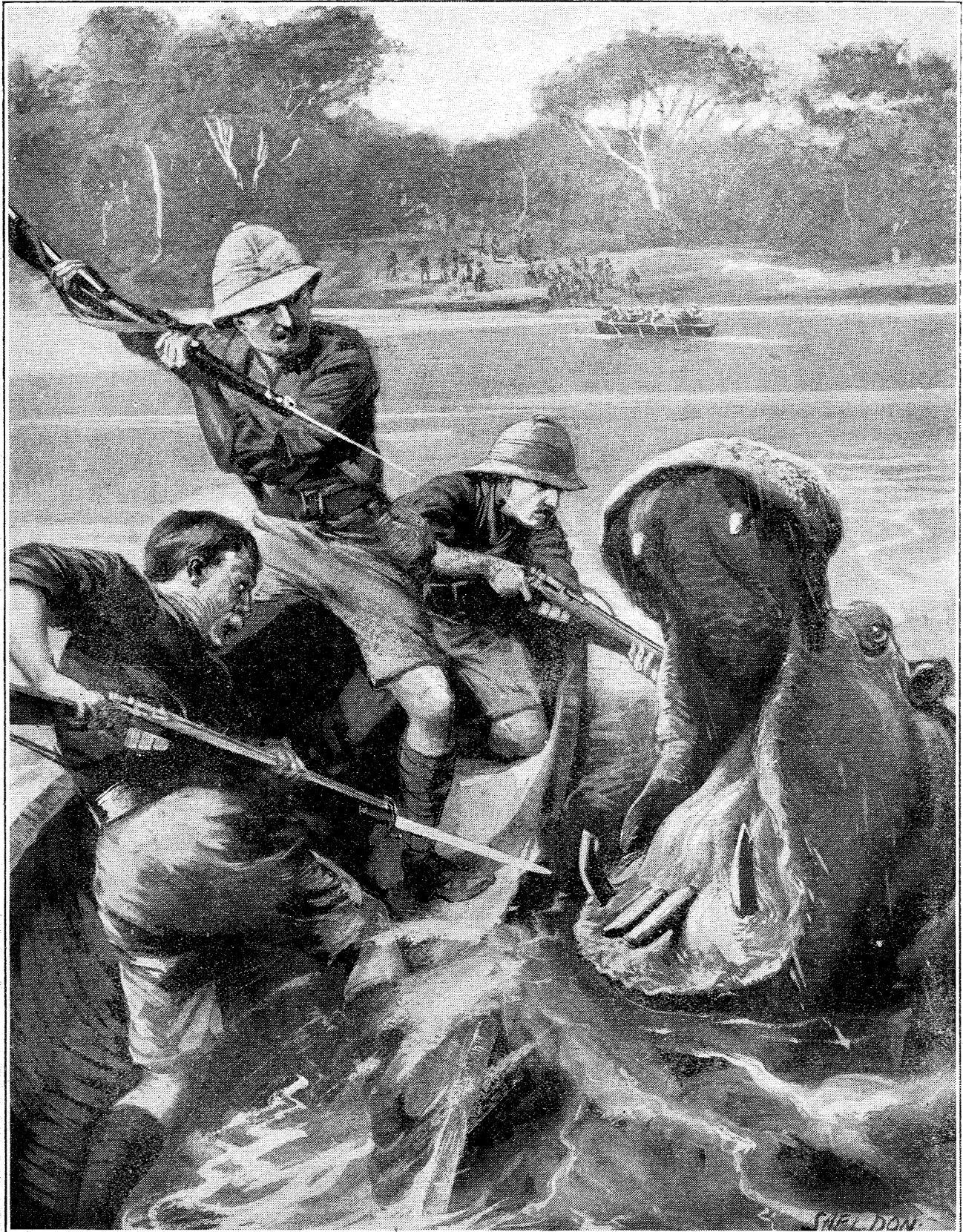
ENGLISH LITERATURE AFTER THE WAR

By Clement K. Shorter



HEIRS TO THE GLORY OF FRANCE.—Infants in the cots at the creche established by the Compagnie Generale Electricque at Ivry, near Paris, for the babies of women engaged in their munition works. The infants are brought by their mothers in the morning, and taken entire charge of until the evening, when they are called for and carried to their homes.

Where the Hippo Took Sides With the Hun



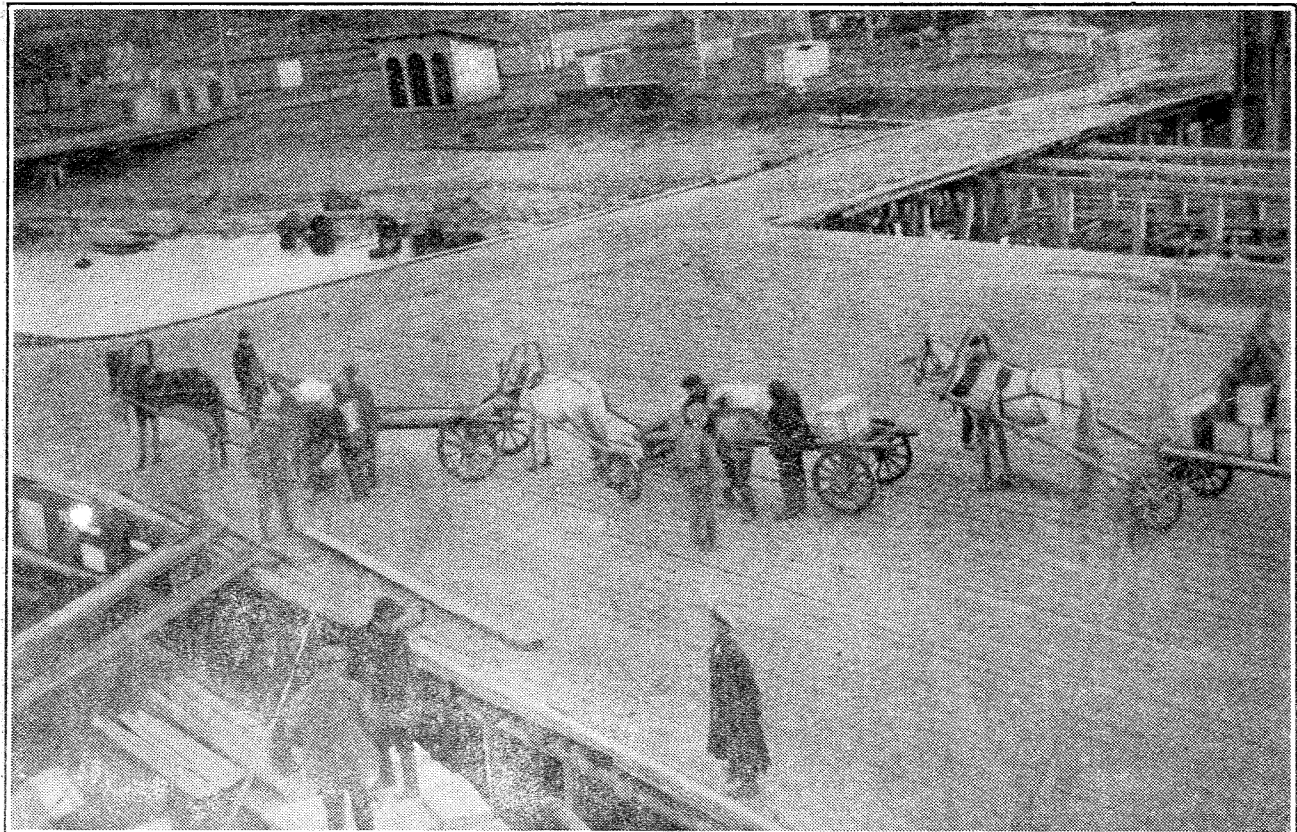
On New Year's Day British troops, under Generals Dyke, Lyall, and Sheppard, had a stubborn engagement with German East African troops at a place called Beho-Beho, north of the Rufiji River, where Captain Selous was killed. The enemy, thoroughly defeated, made no further stand on this side of the river, and

General Sheppard took the road bordering the Tagalaka Lake. On the night of January 5th General Sheppard began to get his men across the Rufiji in small boats, one of which was suddenly attacked by hippopotami. A fierce fight ensued, the men using their bayonets, and the crossing was finally accomplished without loss.

Lord of the Iron Cross, Ladies of the Red Cross

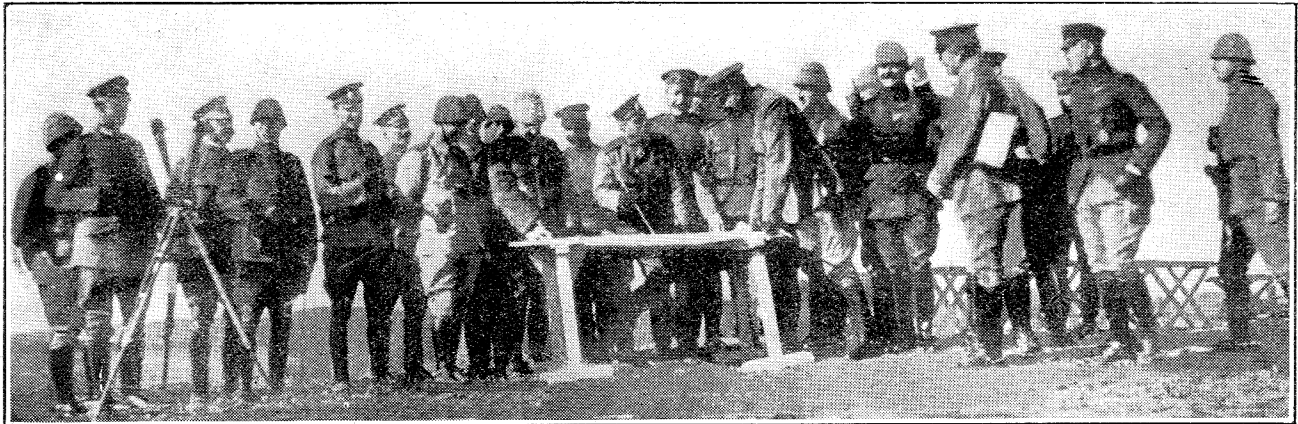


War Lord, with members of his Staff, overlooking part of the Somme battlefield on which his Kultur received a damaging blow. Part of his profile is to be seen as he apparently studied the map that was being modified by the smashing attack of the Allies.



Equipment for the Scottish nurses with the Russian Army being landed at Archangel. Fine work has been and is being done all over the wide encircled battlegrounds by the many organisations which have sent from Britain well-equipped hospitals and capable, devoted nurses.

Turks in the Dobruja & Teutons on the Danube



Turkish troops which played an important part in the German-Bulgarian drive into the Dobruja, under Mackensen, were largely officered by Germans. Here General Toutscheff and Hilmi Pasha—both standing by the improvised table—are seen with members of their Staff.



German observation-post near the Danube. At the trench end is a telephone, the operator of which reports what is seen by the officer at the field-glass trained through a break in the parapet. The attitude of the group does not suggest that the Rumanian line was very close.



It appears as though the Turkish Army had become practically a part of the Germanic armies, and as if it worked better with the Bulgarians than it did against them in the Balkan War. Here a battery of Turkish artillery is in action near Medjidia, in the Dobruja. To the left is to be seen a "Red Crescent" stretcher-party carrying off a wounded man.

With General Smuts' Ever-Victorious Forces

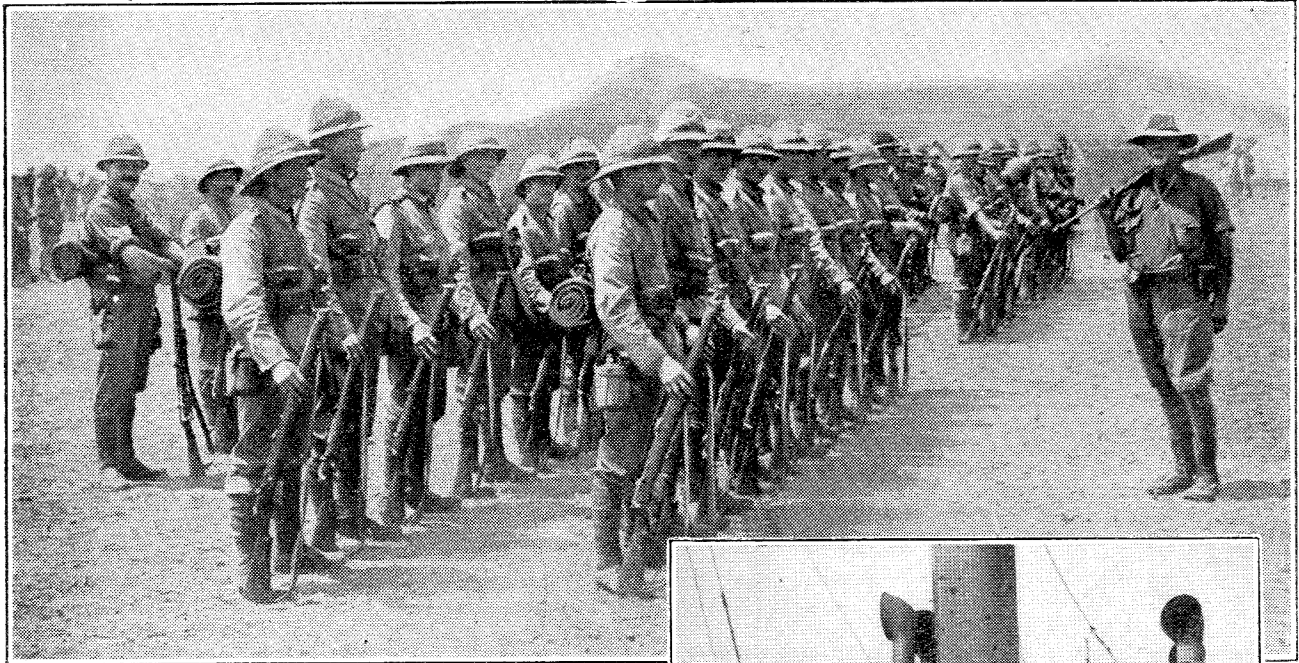


General Smuts' story of the operations in East Africa during 1916 is fine tribute to the spirit, determination, and prodigious efforts of all ranks under his command. The character of the country, dense bush and rugged terrain, made every yard of the advance most difficult, while the tropical conditions further induced a state of mental depression which only great will-power was able to overcome.

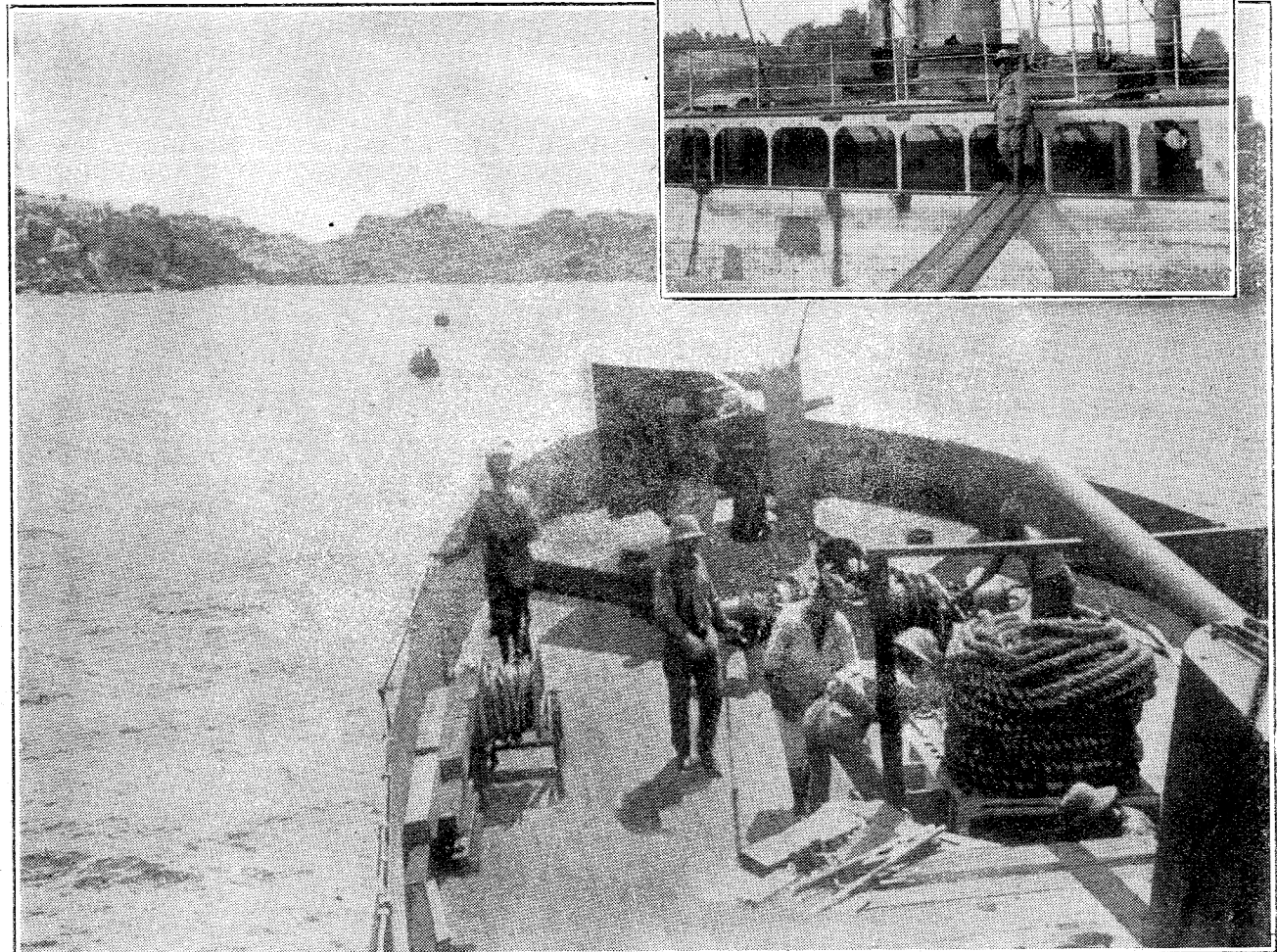
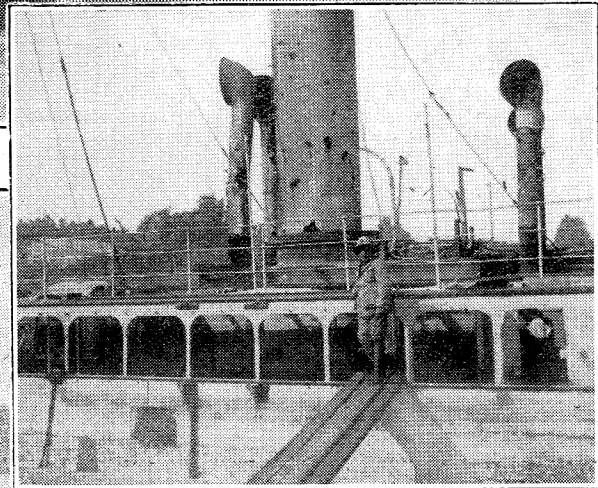


Colonel Driscoll, Royal Fusiliers, viewing the country previous to action. For weeks at a stretch operations were conducted through jungle or high grass, in which vision was limited to a few yards and in which danger always lurked, although it was seldom visible.

Conquering the Kaiser's Last African Colony



Captain Selous, D.S.O., the mighty hunter who lately fell in action in East Africa, with his company of Royal Fusiliers.



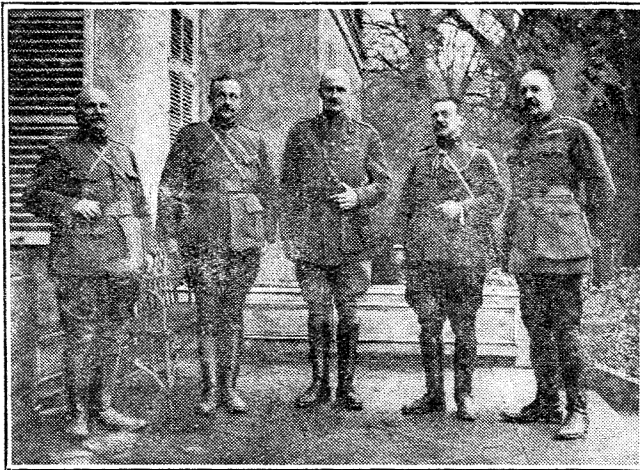
Ready for the enemy on the great lakes. On board an armoured boat near the rocky shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Above: Another lake boat, the riddled funnel and ventilators of which show that she has been through a stiff bit of fighting.

King Alfonso's Generals Eye-Witnesses of War

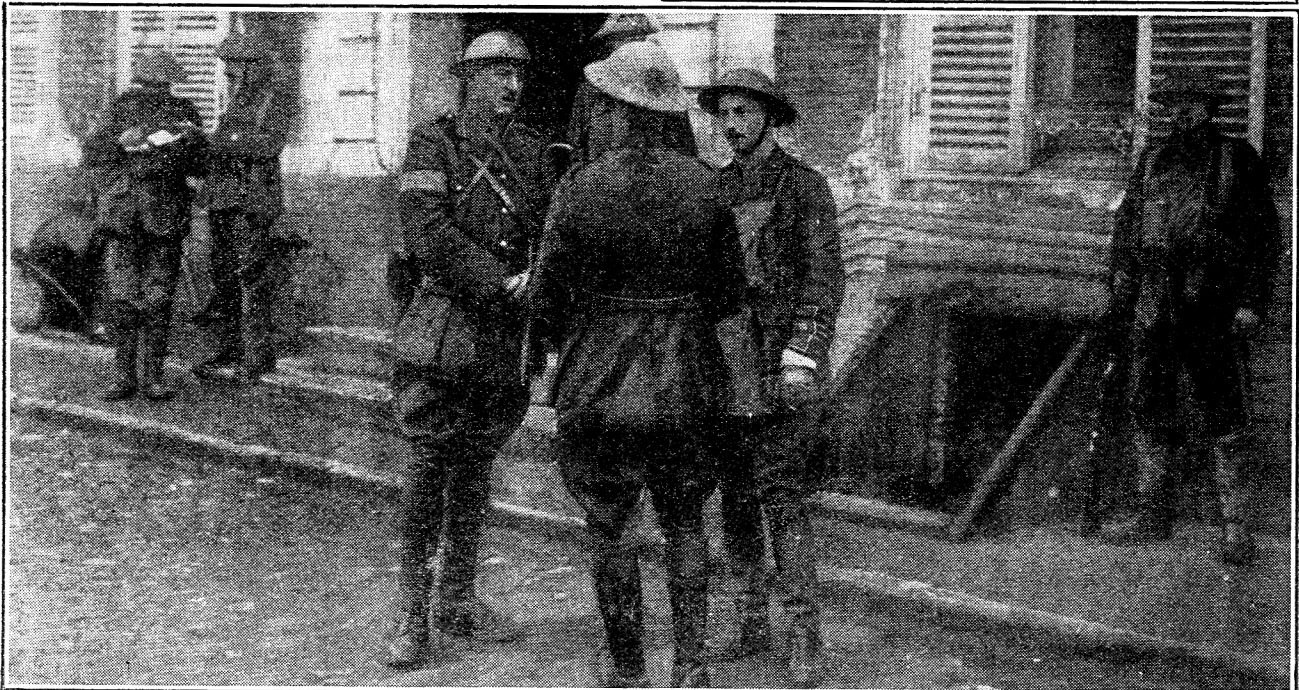
British Official Photographs



Two of the party of Spanish officers—General Aranaz and Brigadier-General Martinez Anido—on a visit to the western front, watching a bombardment with evident interest from the shelter afforded by a well-built British trench.



Spanish generals at the French front visit the headquarters of Sir E. H. H. Allenby, commander of the Third Army (centre figure).



On the eve of an important move, all orders have to be thoroughly mastered and passed on from those responsible for them to those who have to carry them out. Here a Brigadier-general is giving final instructions to a colonel under his command. Above: Farmstead near a French village which has come in for some share of the enemy shelling. British officers inspecting the defences.

WITH BRITISH ARMOURED CARS IN THE CAUCASUS

Thrilling Story of Battle Adventure. Told by a Petty-Officer

WE have had some stirring and exciting times since we first landed in Russia, and we have had our funny periods as well. When we first arrived in the country, after making a passage across the dreary wastes of the northland, through fog and ice and snow, we made our way to Petrograd, where the Russians gave us an excellent welcome.

We hadn't got used to the new name of the city at first, and sometimes folks would overhear us when we said the words "St. Petersburg" and glare fiercely at us. As soon as they recognised we were British, however, they would smile forgivingly, and offer us their queer brown cigarettes; and when at last we started out on our several voyages, some to the west, where they were to work on the frontiers against the Austro-German armies, and our column to the south, en route for Asia Minor and the Caucasus, the whole population turned out to give us a send-off, and fairly pelted us with flowers as a token of their goodwill.

Off for the Far Wilds

We had a fairly decent journey south, as we used the main roads, and, wherever possible, the Trans-Siberian Railway. We did the last part of our trip southward on this line, and eventually reached the place which was to form our operating base. At least, they called it our base, but we have only seen it once since we arrived here, and that was when we first struck it.

When we got our sailing orders we found that the place we were bound for (I can't give you names, or the Censor will strike them out) was between three and four hundred miles from civilisation, and that the roads we had to use were mere bullock tracks. You will, of course, understand that we had to carry all our own equipment—bedding, ammunition, provisions, and petrol—in the cars, as well as the crews and the guns. Each car, fully loaded and armoured, weighed just over twenty tons when ready for the road, and you can well imagine that we fairly swallowed motor spirit with this displacement.

Things went fairly well until we struck the mountain slope, and then our troubles really began. In some places the gradients were so stiff that the cars, fully loaded, couldn't climb them. So we had to do a bit of field-gun drill under difficulties.

Struggling Over Mountain Slopes

We got out our drag-ropes, started up the engines at full speed on the low gear, and hauled away. But the wheels just slipped round and round uselessly on the bad ground, and we had to give that up. Our next stratagem was to rig up a tackle with five pulley blocks and a hundred fathoms of rope. We hooked one end of this to a small boat's anchor we carried on each machine, and the other end to the front of the car's bonnet.

Then the engine was started again, and while she dug out we played tug-o'-war, and finally managed to get the car up to the mudhook—a matter of about fifty yards. As this experiment provided a means of progression, we decided to stick to it, though it was very slow, very tedious, and very laborious. But we didn't care for that; we were going ahead, as per instructions.

Readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will recall the graphic pictorial record of the adventures of the British Armoured-Car Section, through the White Sea to the Caucasus given in these pages a few weeks ago. To this we are now able to add the following thrilling and entertaining story, which is extracted from a breezy letter written to his parents by a Petty-Officer who served with the Section.

Well, we managed to reach the top all right, after a full week of this sort of thing, and then came the trouble of getting the cars down the other side again. We put on the drag-shoes and screwed the brakes right hard home, but when we started to ease the cars down the wheels locked, and the tyres showed signs of wearing out. We couldn't afford that, so we had to rig the anchor and tackle again, though this time it was only easing away the rope, and not hauling. Every time we got the tackle out to its full extent we locked the wheels, shifted the mudhook, and carried on again.

Well, we reached the valley in time, and immediately secured all gear aboard and set off for the enemy. There wasn't a road at all, and we jumped from rock to rock like blessed grasshoppers. And the rocks got their own back on us. Now and then a car would catch the base plates of her tanks against the rocks, and they would be ripped out. Of course, all

her oil would run right out, and we'd have a dry-dock job on hand, thus hanging up the column for at least a couple of hours. At first we used solder and sheet copper, but our supplies of these soon ran out, and it looked as though we should have to abandon one or two of the damaged cars.

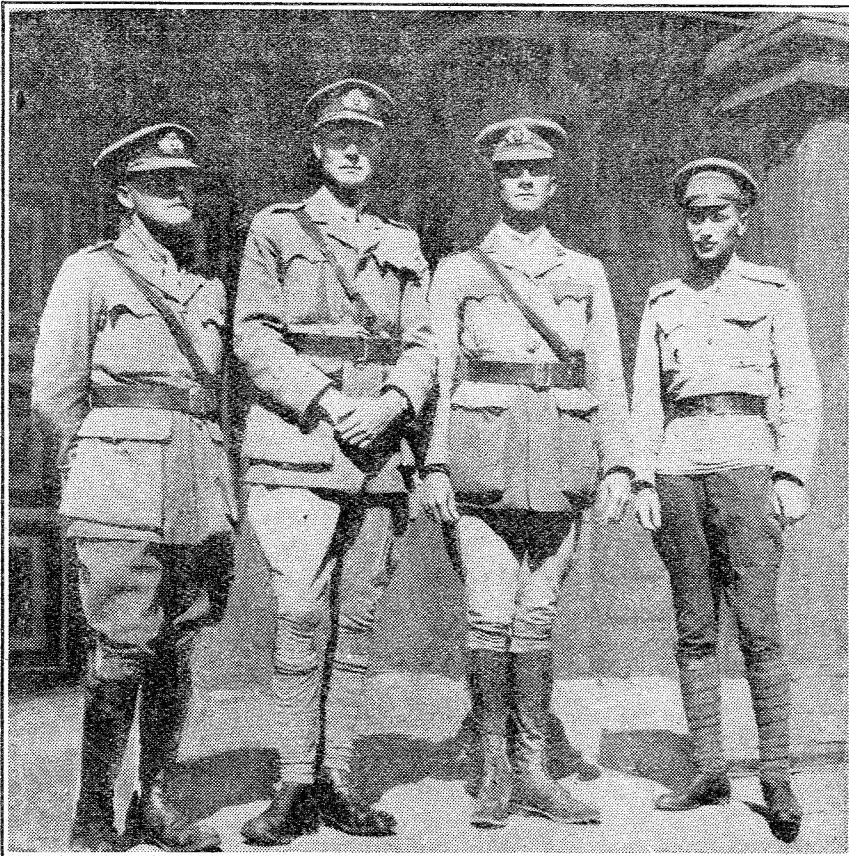
One chap, however, thought out an ingenious patching device. He got a shaving-stick, and worked the soap into a thick, solid paste; then he hammered the torn plates till the ragged edges were level, and caulked the tear with his shaving soap. It made an oil-tight joint, and couldn't fall out through jerks, for, to make things quite certain, he strapped it into place with sticking-plaster. And that was the kind of thing we had to do for several days.

Shaving Soap and Bullets

And then, one day, twelve cars in succession got their tanks pierced, and not one of them, thanks to this device, was delayed more than two hours at the outside. But this sudden call upon our repairing-shop equipment ran us clean out of shaving soap.

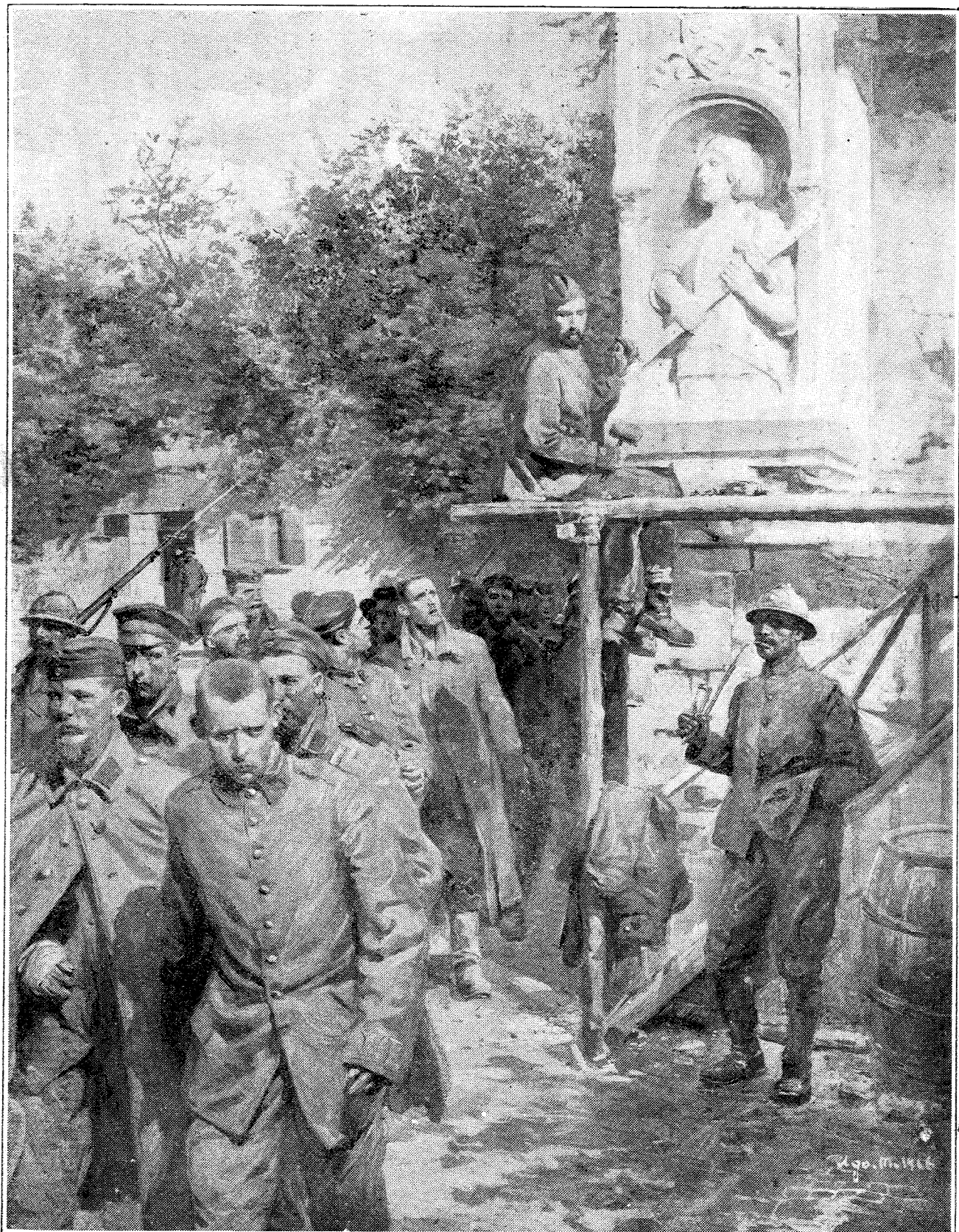
Of course, as soon as this was discovered our crankiest car had to run into a peculiarly jagged bit of the world's crust, and rip her base plates all along their full length. It was the worst tear we had ever experienced, and we had to invent some means of stopping the leaks.

[Continued on page 590]



OFFICERS OF THE ARMOURED-CAR SECTION.—From left to right: Lieut. Hanna (New Zealand), Lieut.-Commander Sommes, Commander Locker-Lampson, and a Russian interpreter, photographed after their return from three months' operations against the Turks and Kurds in the wilds of the Caucasus.

Culture Reanimated Where Kultur is Depressed



Temporarily released from military duty, which had occupied him since war began, when he left his profession at the stern call to arms, this French sculptor delightedly exercises his art on a memorial to Joan of Arc. The passing Hun prisoners suggest a striking contrast between the culture that creates and the Kultur that destroys, and the downward look of some of the Teutons perhaps shows on their part some slight recognition of that contrast as they glanced upon the "Maid" emerging from the stone, and thought of Rheims Cathedral.

Barrage Control During a Somme Advance



As the infantry battalions advance in an attack, "liaison," or linking, officers push after them with signallers carrying reels of telephone-wire, and report the progress of the attack to the battery commanders, enabling them to keep lifting the barrage fire continuously. M. Frederic de Haenen here depicts such a scene on

the western front. An officer runs forward with the telephone-box; when he stops to report, the men attach the wire, which they have been paying out as they advance, to the instrument, and a message goes off. Another man carries a spare telephone instrument and reserve supplies of wire in case connection should be severed.

ARMoured CARS IN THE CAUCASUS

(Continued from page 587)

The driver of the damaged car took half a dozen leaden bullets and melted them on a Primus oil-stove. And while the bullets were running down he took a pattern of the hole, and made a place in the mud for the moulding. The lead was run into this, placed in position in the jagged rent, and then hammered till the holes were all filled up. We replaced the soap and plaster mendings gradually by this means,

Our next adventure was the crossing of a river, and this took us two whole days, the men working in their birthday suits all the time. We didn't mind being naked, except for one thing, and that was flies. They seemed to think our sun-baked skin a special delicacy provided for them, and where the skin began to peel they clustered in hundreds. If we hadn't been compelled to brush these pests off we could have got through that infernal river in half the time we eventually took.

Capture of the Village of Norshen

We were just entering the Mush region, and getting into touch with the left flank of the Turkish forces. There was a small

Turks well out of this position, and one lucky shell dropped into their magazine. There was an explosion that shook the very earth, and caused great clouds of dust, and when these cleared away the Turks and Kurds were scooting off as fast as their legs would carry them. We gave them a few hundred rounds from the machine-guns to help them along a bit, and then ceased fire and camped for the night on the captured ground.

The Commander Ambushed

A couple of days later the commander was out, with a seaman-chauffeur, on a scouting expedition. He had one of the light, unarmoured touring cars, when he fell into an ambushade the Turks and Kurds had prepared with the object of preventing our getting through. The light car was skirting the foot of a hill along the best road we had seen for weeks, when it suddenly came under a murderous rifle fire. This was kept up for several miles, and all the time the bullets were piercing holes in our car and its body. The driver got one bullet through the fleshy part of his thigh, but it made no apparent difference to him as he still kept on.

There was nothing at all to be done except keep straight on at full speed, and

so we decided to try an immense bluff. We went round the whole of the petrol tanks in the squadron, and collected what spirit there was. This we gave to our best car, which we then sent out, with a double whack of gun and Maxim ammunition, quite openly. We wanted to make the Turks believe that it was searching for them, and we also hoped that they would get the idea the Russians had joined up with us, and were in force.

To supplement this we all took rifles and advanced in skirmishing order, well under cover, firing at long range. For two days we kept this bluff up, never allowing the enemy to discover that we were short of material and fuel, and at long last, just as the ruse was wearing thin and the Turks were massing for their real attack—they would have completely wiped us up—the light car came back, packed to its full capacity with motor spirit in cans. If it had been rum for all hands, and peace time to drink it in, the cheer that greeted that car couldn't have been louder.

Successful Bluff by the Squadron

We filled up all round, whacked the spare stuff among us, and sailed into the masses of Turks and Kurds. They never got time to realise the huge bluff we had pulled off so successfully; they simply stood their ground for about half an hour. Then, finding out once more that our armour was too thick for their bullets to penetrate, and that our fire was as deadly as ever, they broke and ran.

We occasionally ran short of fresh water, and as most of the rivers were polluted—you never knew when a dead body was likely to come floating downstream—we often had to make tea with water drawn from the cars' radiators. When we ran short of fresh meat we'd have an occasional midnight foray into the enemy's country, and "borrow" a few head of cattle, which we shot in the camp, and thus obtained stringy and exceedingly tough steaks.

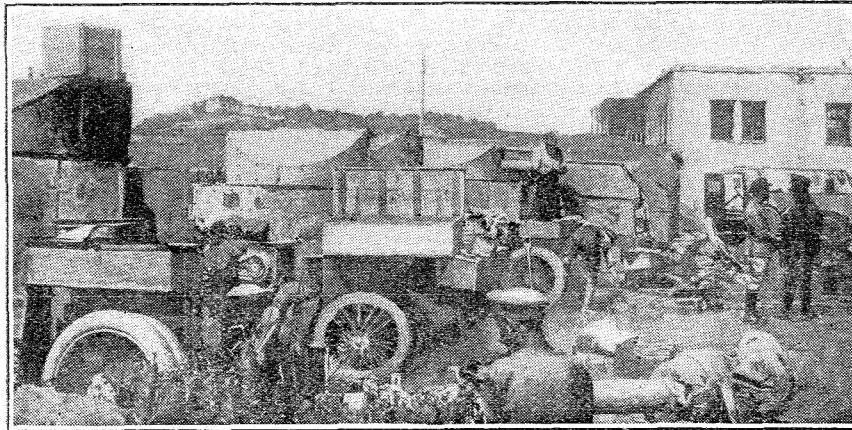
Now and then we exploded dynamite cartridges in a river, and the dead fish floated to the top in shoals, making a welcome change in the menu. We had only two things to grumble about—the flies in the heat of the day and the bitter coldness of the nights.

We lost one petty-officer at a place called Vladikavkas—don't try to pronounce it—through ptomaine poisoning, caused through a defective tin of corned beef, and the natives of the town have ever since kept his grave covered with the most beautiful fresh flowers, as a mark of the high esteem in which they hold the "land sailors," as they call us.

Imperial Rewards for Service

We are back again now for a short rest, and the Tsar has been giving decorations away. Two of our officers have got the Vladimir Order for meritorious service and bravery in battle, and two petty-officers have got the Medal of St. George for the same thing. I suppose we shall all get some kind of decoration for this job, and there will be no doubt but that we have earned it.

We're waiting for winter clothing, when we shall transform ourselves into Arctic explorers, for we understand that a winter in the Caucasus is not anything to be fought back with a blue jersey and a monkey coat. Anyway, we've had a splendid time, and enjoyed fairly good health—we've been too busy to be ill—and are looking forward to paying off a few scores with Johnny Turk before we see dear old England—and the real shire—once more.



Armoured cars reassembled after a raid. The adaptive ingenuity of the Senior Service has seldom been tested so severely as it was in keeping these cars in running order.

village named Norshen directly ahead of us, and the enemy held this position in force. As we wished to get them on the run there was nothing for it but to advance the column and attack.

They received us with volleys of rifle fire and a few Maxim guns, but the armoured cars turned the bullets off as if they were paper pellets. The couple of light, unarmoured touring cars belonging to the column we sent to the rear out of the way, and, each unit working independently in the attack, crunched down on the lines held by the enemy.

Turkish Magazine Blown Up

My car waddled up the narrow main street, under fire from all the houses on each side, the Turks especially seeming to prefer the upper-storey windows. Our machine-guns were rattling off at a great rate, and if it hadn't been so serious a time, we might have laughed at the haste with which the enemy vacated those houses after they had a decent spraying with our bullets.

Soon we'd cleared the village, and came in sight of the Turkish base, well hidden behind a ridge a little way out of the place. The ridge which had served them as a screen we used as a base of operations, and brought the field-guns mounted on the cars into action. We shelled the

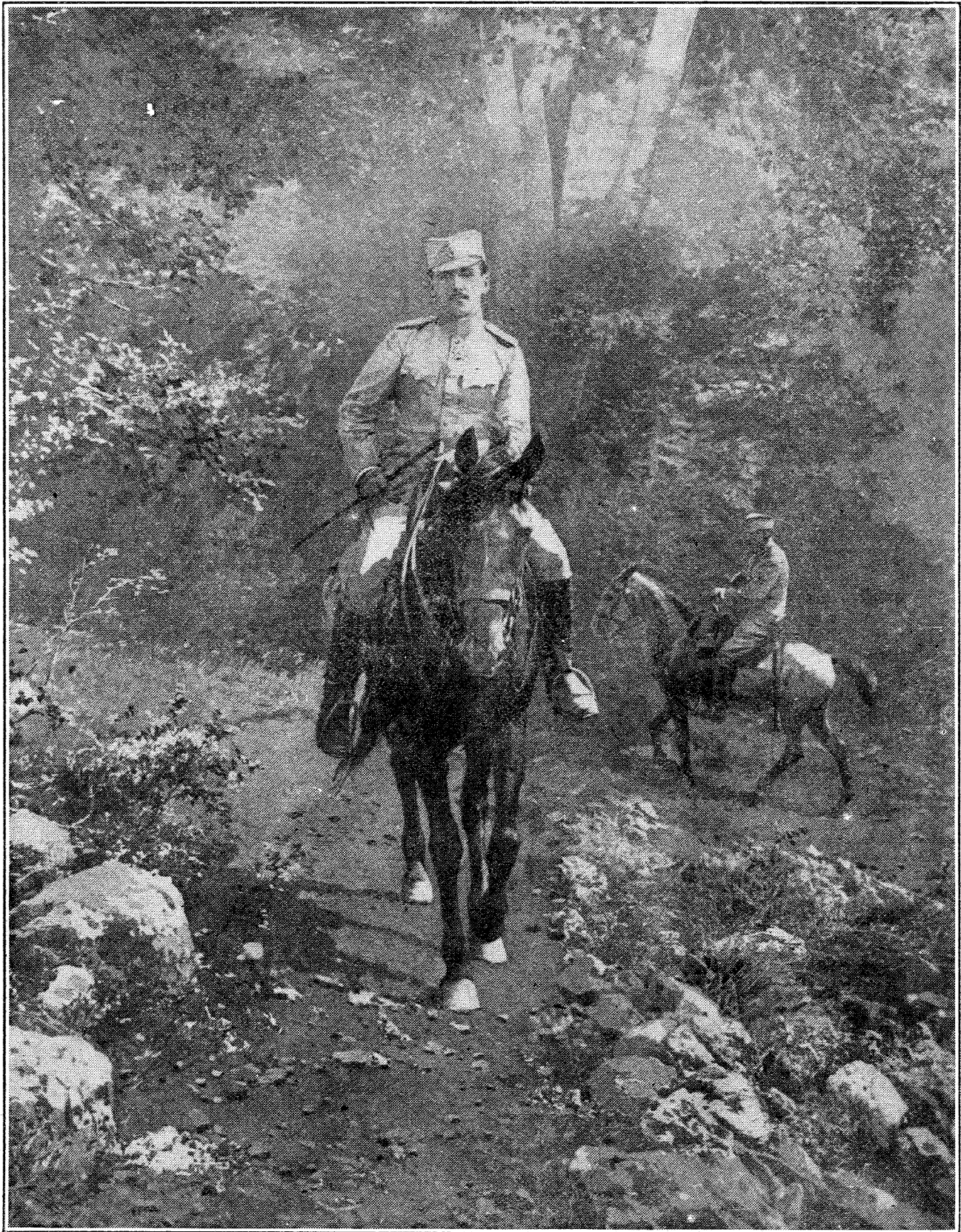
as there are no speed limits on war service, he just did that. And then, to make things worse, at the end of the road came a wide river. All that could be done was to charge this river, and trust to luck to get through. And so, with the enemy's firing kicking up spurts of water all round, the driver took the car through without hurt. He never lost his head for a second and has since been mentioned in despatches for his plucky work.

We advanced towards where the Turks had established a fresh camp, and they retreated before us. We determined to press our advantage, as all the time we were driving them towards the Russian forces, and expected to get into touch with the latter every day.

And then one morning we captured a Kurd, who told us that we were going to be wiped out, and from the way he said it we gathered that the desperate Turks and Kurds we had been chasing were about to attack us. Simultaneously with this news we discovered that we had almost completely run out of petrol, and only had enough to send one of the unarmoured cars back with. We were in camp right opposite the Turkish lines, with their attack brewing, and couldn't have advanced or retreated if we had wanted to do so.

Things couldn't have been much worse,

Crown Prince of Serbia and Commander-in-Chief

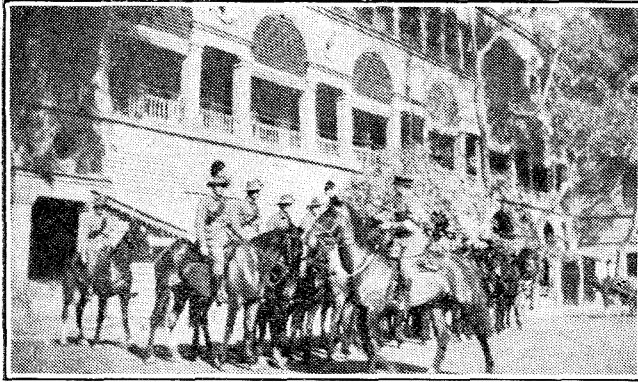


Alexander, Crown Prince of Serbia, with General Bukovitch, his Chief of Staff, riding through the mountain forests in the course of the victorious advance on Monastir. The Crown Prince, who also was Regent during the exile of his aged and infirm father after the successful Austro-German-Bulgarian invasion of Serbia in 1915,

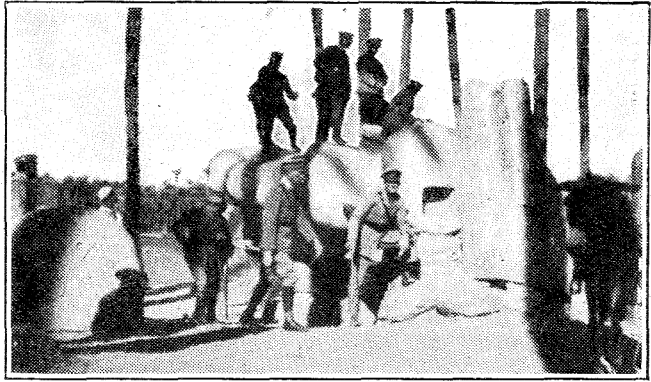
is the supreme commander of the Serbian Army. He was warmly congratulated by King George on his recapture of Monastir on the fourth anniversary of its delivery from the Turks. The Tsar also sent him a message expressing his keen satisfaction and joy at the achievement, which had great moral effect throughout the Balkans.

With General Murray East and West of Suez

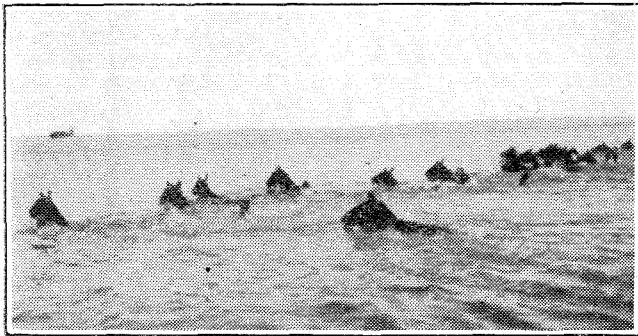
Exclusive Photographs



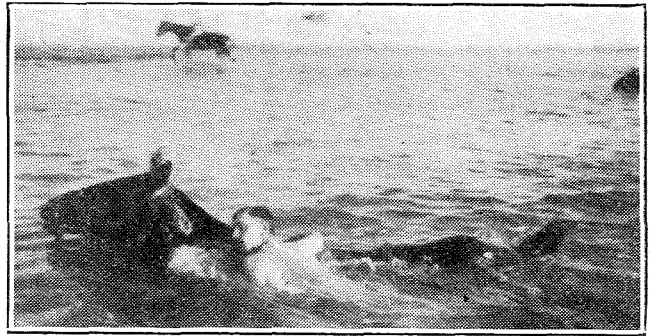
Australian mounted patrol at the Kasr-el-Nil Barracks, Cairo. The men from the Southern Continent have done good service in Egypt.



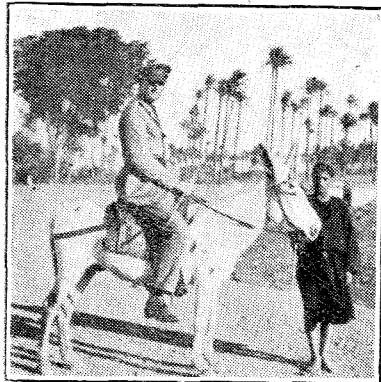
British soldiers at Memphis. They have climbed on to one of the overturned colossal figures of that ancient Egyptian city.



Crossing the Suez Canal. The men are swimming over beside their horses, which, it will be noticed, mostly keep a line as if on parade.



Nearly across. British officer swimming his horse over the canal. The way in which man and horse swim together is well shown.

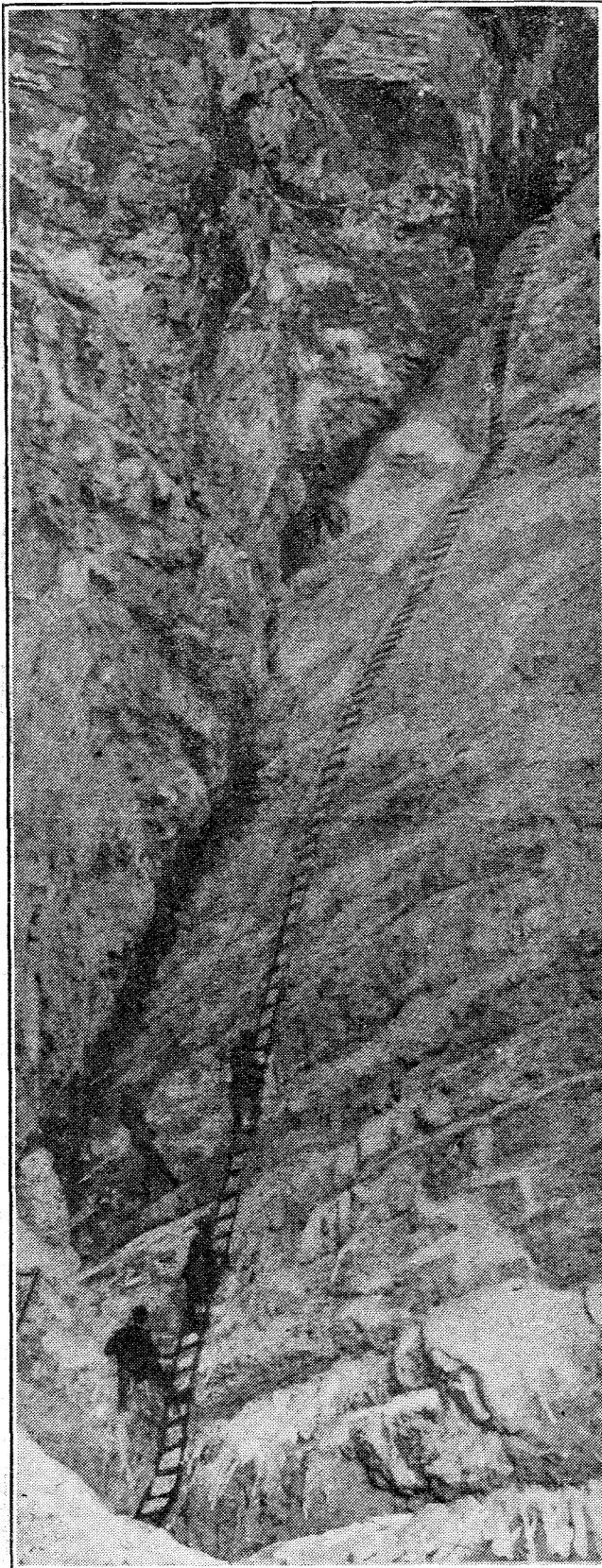


Mounted for Memphis. Off for a desert ride through the palms.



Old and new in striking contrast. Camel caravan, loaded with water and provisions, follows the railway route into the desert. Above: British officer distributing much-appreciated cigarettes to Arab women. To the right is a member of the Intelligence Department.

Italian Aerie in the Snow-Capped Alps



Wonderful ingenuity is shown by the Italians campaigning in the Alps. By this rope-ladder—hundreds of feet long—the soldiers climb the precipitous rock to the high-perched temporary home from which they keep an outlook towards the enemy while they prepare for their next move forward against him.



Remarkable, too, is the feat of engineering shown at the terminus of the long ladder, where this outlook hut is fixed in a cleft in the very face of the mountain. Though their quarters must be somewhat cramped, the Italian soldiers evidently maintain a smiling front at their lofty and lonely post.

Heroes Twain: Bomb-Throwers Who Won the V.C.



Pte. John Cunningham, V.C., East York Regt. (portrait left) in a communication-trench beyond a captured line went forward alone, and meeting ten of the enemy killed them with bombs and cleared the trench up to the next line.



Pte. David Ross Lauder, V.C., Royal Scots Fusiliers, was one of the bombing-party retaking a sap. Having thrown a bomb which failed to clear the parapet and rolled back among the party, Private Lauder promptly put his foot on it, thereby localising the explosion. His foot was blown off, but his prompt act of self-sacrifice saved all his companions. Above (right): Portrait of Pte. Lauder, V.C.

SOUTH WALES BORDERERS

In France, Tsing-Tau and Gallipoli



TEN or more years ago there was a discussion in a popular magazine as to which regiment in the British Army had the most distinguished record. Comparisons of this kind are invidious, perhaps, for according to their opportunities all the regiments have done most gallantly, and to single out one or two for special mention seems to cast a slur on the others. With the heroisms of the Great War before us, this remark is truer than ever; but meanwhile it may be said that on the occasion in question the verdict seemed to lie between the Black Watch and the South Wales Borderers, the old 24th of the Line, the men of Isandula and Rorke's Drift.

When the Great War broke out the 1st Battalion of the Borderers went at once to France. They were in the 3rd Brigade, which formed part of Sir Douglas Haig's army corps, and were in the retreat from Mons and the Battle of the Marne. Compared with some of the battalions, they suffered little during those anxious days, but they were not idle, for one of their majors, W. L. Lawrence, won the D.S.O. for gallantry and ability in repelling the enemy on September 26th; and one of their privates, R. Black, the D.C.M. for bravery in October and November.

The Borderers fought at Ypres in November, 1914, after which they had a few days' rest. In December, however, their services were again required in the fighting-line in the following circumstances. The Indian Corps was having a very bad time at Givenchy, and, early in the afternoon of December 20th, Lord French, realising the seriousness of the situation, ordered Sir Douglas Haig, whose corps was then in reserve, to send aid to the Indians. For this purpose Sir Douglas told off his 1st Division, and on the same day the Borderers and the rest of the 3rd Brigade left their billets and swung forward to Bethune. About eight o'clock in the morning of the 21st they tramped into that little town, and there they got their fighting orders.

Fights for Life at Givenchy

General Haking was then commanding the 1st Division, and his orders were that the 3rd Brigade should attack from Festubert, moving to the north-east. They were to regain the trenches lost by the Sirhind brigade, and then to capture some German trenches 300 yards away to the east. After a rest of about four hours, the attack began at one o'clock, and by five o'clock the men were half a mile from Festubert. It was then dark, for it was the shortest day of the year, and this favoured the attack, for a little later word was sent to Headquarters that the Borderers and the 2nd Welsh were in the trenches. They held them, in spite of heavy attacks, and by the 27th the whole line was again in the hands of the British.

The Borderers remained at Givenchy, and on January 25th they were again fighting for their lives. The Germans made a desperate attack, but just as they were wavering up came the Borderers and some other troops, and put the

finishing touch to their discomfiture. On this date two Welshmen won especial distinction: Sergeant Wilcox for keeping his machine-gun at work without a man to help him, and Corporal Williams for taking command of a leaderless platoon and thrusting back the enemy.

The 2nd Battalion of the Borderers has had a unique experience during the war. Alone of our British regiments they have fought by the side of the Japanese, for in September, 1914, they were sent to Tsing-tau to prove to the Germans how real was the alliance of Great Britain and Japan. Once there they took part in the attack, about 600 yards of the front being assigned to them. At first their work was mainly digging, which was made much more difficult by the heavy and continuous rain. Gradually, however, they worked nearer and nearer to the German fortress, at one time suffering some loss in making their way across a river-bed, and then on November 7th came the German surrender, and the whole army marched quietly into Tsing-tau. The D.S.O. was awarded to one officer, Captain D. G. Johnson, while Lieut.-Colonel H. G. Casson and several others were mentioned in despatches.

From Tsing-tau to Gallipoli

This little campaign was a valuable experience for the Borderers, but it was the veriest child's play compared with what followed. When the attack on Gallipoli was planned, a number of seasoned battalions were collected from British stations in all parts of the world, and formed into the 29th Division under General Hunter-Weston. In one of his brigades, the 87th, was the 2nd South Wales Borderers, fresh from Tsing-tau.

The story of the landing has been told time and again. Here it need only be said that the Borderers got ashore from trawlers, and established themselves on the cliffs above Morto Bay. Comparatively their losses (about fifty) were slight, and they were soon able to join hands with their comrades on the left. Through-

out May they were fighting incessantly; they were in the savage battles which took place in June, and on June 11th their success in a night attack on some trenches was noted. In August they and the other battalions of the 29th Division were secretly conveyed from Cape Helles to Suvla, where, on the 21st, they shared in the forlorn attack on Hill 70.

Before the end of 1916 the old Regular Army had almost disappeared, and the fighting had been taken up by battalions of Territorials and of Kitchener's boys, soon to be followed by the Derbyites. Among these were battalions composed mainly of miners from South Wales, but about their deeds the authorities are, for very good reasons certainly, most reticent. However, we shall not be far wrong if we conclude that there were battalions of Borderers among the Welsh who took part in the terrible fight for Mametz Wood on July 10th and 11th last, and the "London Gazette" from time to time gave evidence that they had been in the thick of the battle.

Victoria Crosses for the Borderers

On September 26th, 1916, for instance, twelve Victoria Crosses were awarded, and two of these fell to the South Wales Borderers, both for rescuing the wounded. Captain Angus Buchanan went out for 150 yards in the open and brought in a wounded officer and a wounded man; Private J. H. Fynn brought in several wounded men, being all the time under continuous fire.

The South Wales Borderers was raised in 1689, and fought under William III. and Marlborough, who was at one time colonel of the regiment. In the eighteenth century it saw service in Germany and America, and in the nineteenth won immortal fame in the Peninsular War and in India. The regiment lost 500 officers and men at Chillianwallah, where it fought against desperate odds with wonderful gallantry, and both its battalions upheld its great reputation in the Zulu War. At Isandula, in January, 1879, six companies of the Borderers were killed to the last man, while another company beat back the Zulus at Rorke's Drift. In that campaign ten Victoria Crosses were awarded to officers and men of the regiment, and Queen Victoria gave a silver wreath to be carried on the colours.

A. W. Holland



[Bassano]

OFFICERS OF THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS.—Back row (from left to right): Sec.-Lieut. H. S. Ede, Sec.-Lieut. D. Jenkins, Sec.-Lieut. J. C. Owen, Sec.-Lieut. L. C. W. Deane, Sec.-Lieut. E. C. Meacock, Lieut. W. B. Carter. Third row: Sec.-Lieut. H. N. D. La Touche, Sec.-Lieut. C. C. P. Bayley, Sec.-Lieut. T. G. Evans, Sec.-Lieut. H. R. C. Morgan, Sec.-Lieut. G. Rattenbury, Sec.-Lieut. R. L. Eskill, Sec.-Lieut. T. Neale, Sec.-Lieut. S. Evans, Lieut. J. N. A. James, Lieut. F. B. Thomas, Sec.-Lieut. D. P. Jones. Second row (seated): Capt. E. W. Wakefield, Capt. W. G. Evans, Lieut. and Adj. F. Carter, Major J. P. Wood, Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. A. Case, Lieut. C. N. Beeston, Lieut. S. C. Morgan. Front row (on ground): Sec.-Lieut. R. W. Amos, Sec.-Lieut. H. J. Evans, Sec.-Lieut. M. C. Ede, Lieut. E. Ll. Lloyd.

In and Around Monastir After the Teuton Exodus

British Official Photographs



Russians bivouacking at Monastir. A felicitous impression of the character as well as of the outward appearance of these splendid allies, hardy men of simple wants, and, though formidable fighters, singularly good-tempered.



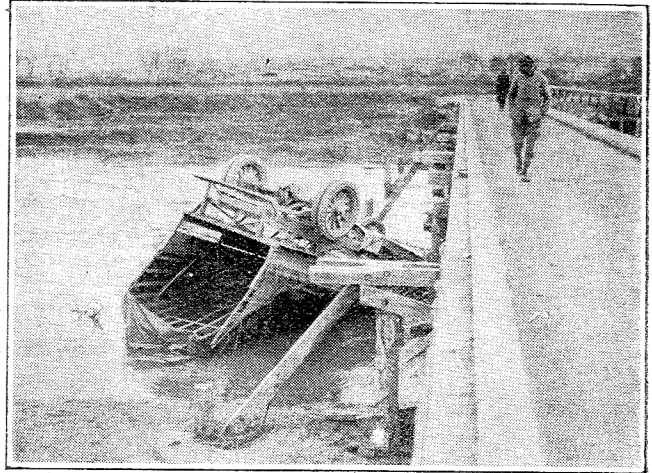
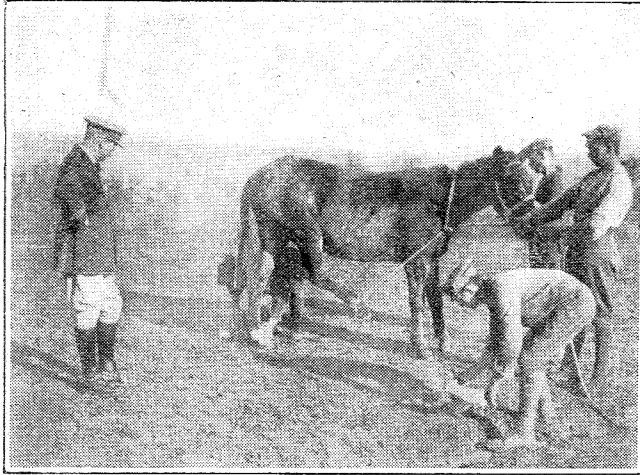
The British Consulate, Monastir, occupied by the Germans until their compulsory evacuation. As soon as they were out of the door an official nailed up a Union Jack which he had concealed for nearly a year. Right: Serbian sailors marching through the town.



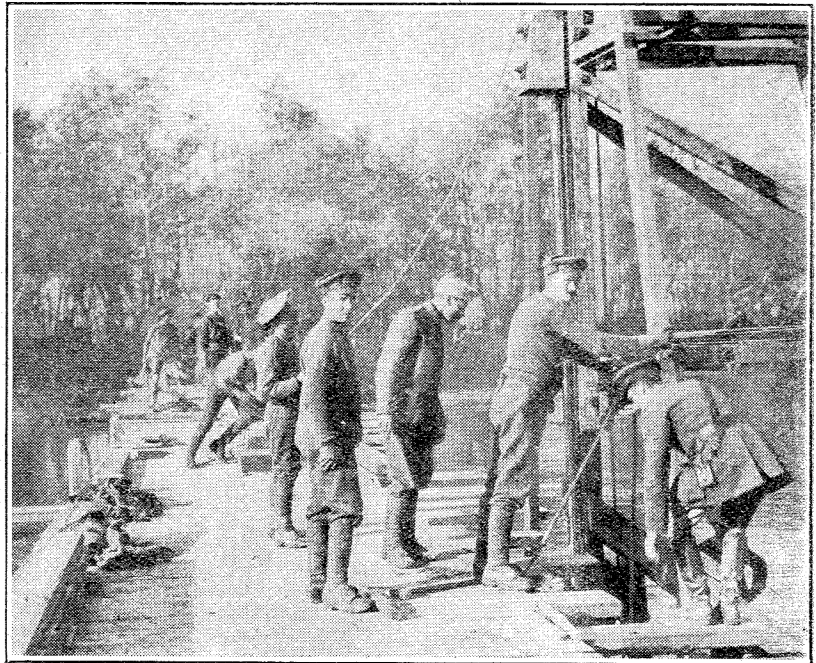
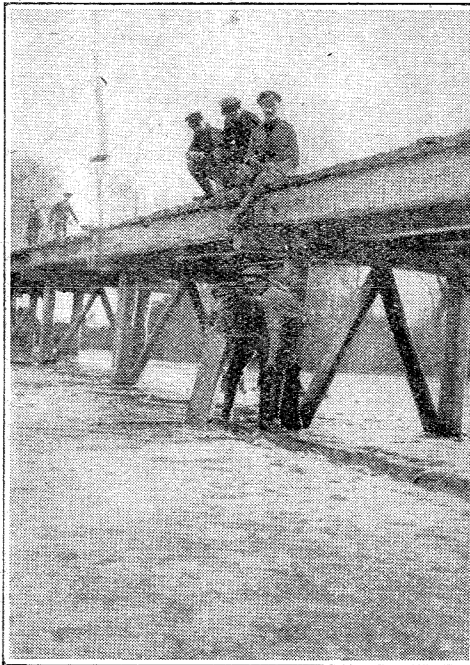
Tobacco is an important crop throughout Macedonia. Some of the finest flavoured Turkish tobaccos are produced in the region round Kavalla. Near Monastir our troops were able to gather quantities of the fragrant leaf. Right: British soldier using a Macedonian oven.

Minor Mishaps to Mules and Motor-Cars

British Official Photographs



Professional attendance by a mobile veterinary section. It is best not to rely on the grateful patience of a mule; hence the securing of the sound leg while the injured one is dressed. Right: A French lorry charged a bridge-rail and "turned turtle" in the stream.

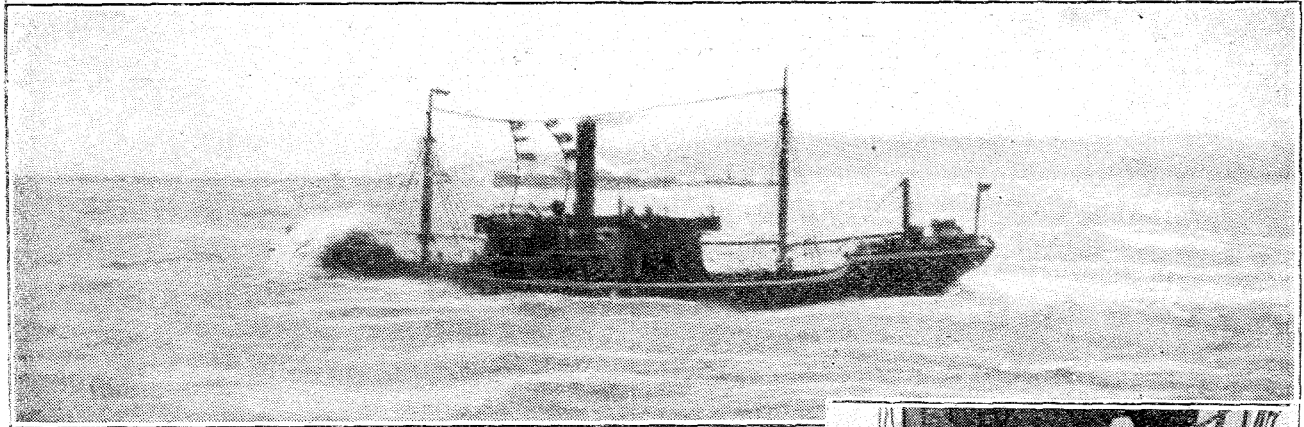


Royal Engineers bridge-building in the Balkans. Right: A pile-driver at work in a river near Monastir. None of the rivers in the Monastir region is wide, but owing to the mountainous nature of the country most of them are rapid.



Mishap to an Indian mule-cart, the mules accepting the situation with placidity. Right: A couple of Indian soldiers start on the job of removing the cart load while British troops are engaged.

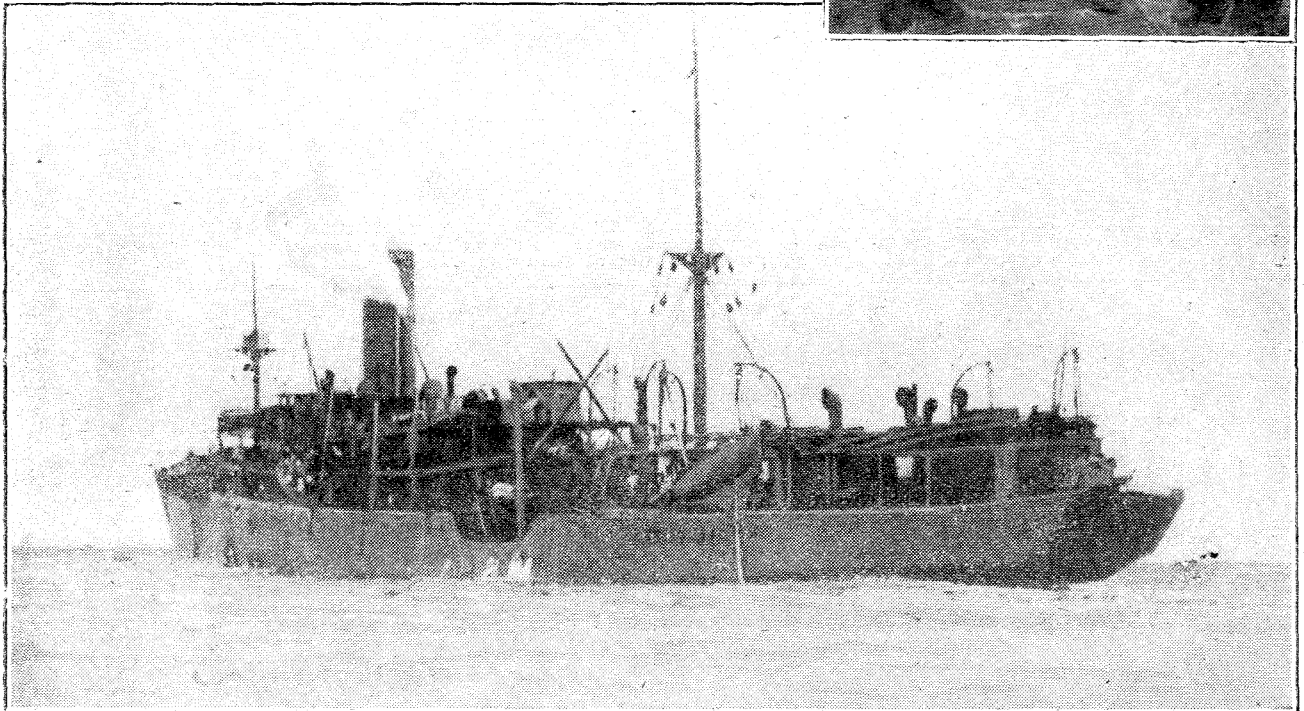
Plucky Sea Adventure and Its Disappointing End



Pair of mine-sweepers which, moving at the same speed and a regular distance apart, literally sweep the seas. A cable stretched between serves to locate the mines.

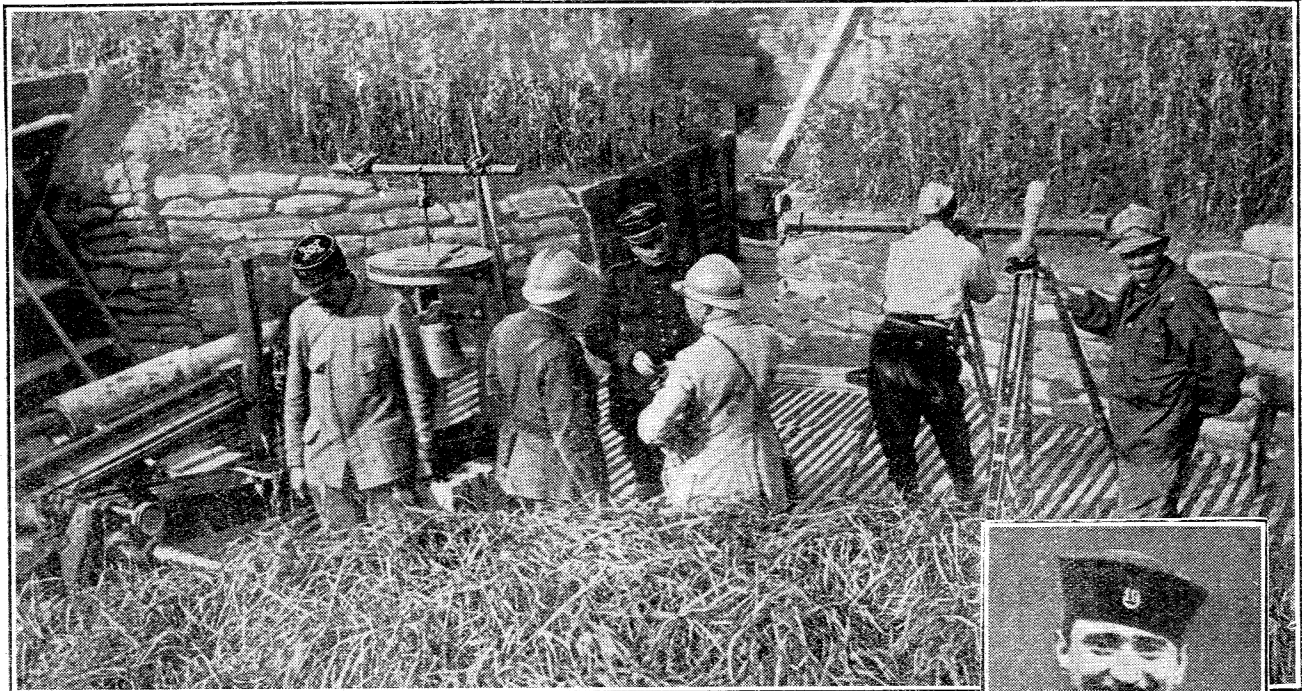


Twenty plucky Germans sailed from Vigo in the tiny sailing vessel Virgen del Socorro. This bold attempt ended in their capture by a British cruiser twelve miles from their desired destination, Zeebrugge. Right: Three of their leaders.

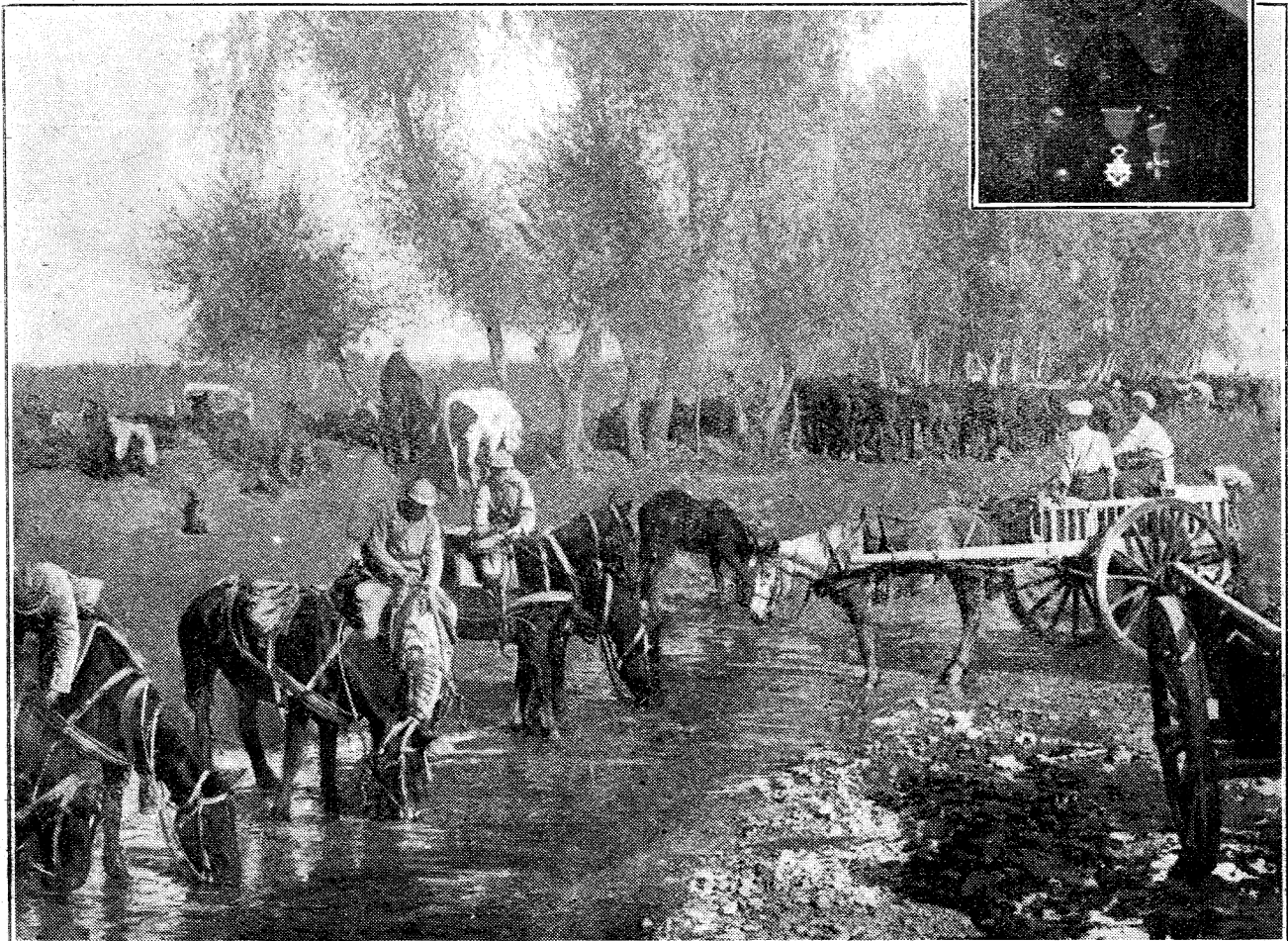


Lowering the lifeboats from an Ellerman liner—the City of Birmingham—which was torpedoed without warning in the Mediterranean and sank in forty minutes. The murderous U boat was described as "nosing" about until the vessel finally disappeared, when it made off.

Dumont of Douaumont : Hero of a Glorious Deed



Ready and waiting for the high-flying Muns. A well-equipped anti-aircraft observation station in lines where the French soldiers confidently await their aerial enemies.



Watering horses : A camera picture from the Macedonian front. (French official photograph.) Above : Paul Dumont, who has received the Cross of the Legion of Honour ; the deed for which he was honoured is thus described : " Taking on his own initiative the command of some Colonial soldiers, he at their head was the first to penetrate into Douaumont fortress, capturing four officers and twenty-four men."

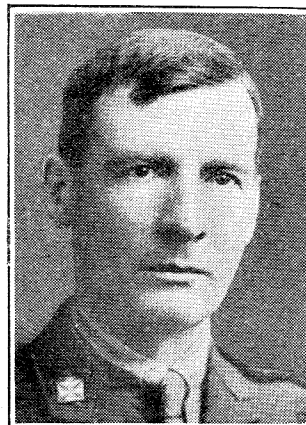
Chaplains Honoured for Gallantry in the Field



Canon M. LINTON SMITH, D.S.O. Vicar of St. Nicholas', Blundellsands. He has been at the front for over two years.



The Rev. F. S. L. GREEN, mentioned in despatches for gallantry and devotion. Curate of St. Barnabas', North Heigham, Norwich



The Rev. JAMES OGDEN COOP, mentioned in despatches for gallantry and devotion. Vicar of St. Catherine's, Liverpool.



The Rev. C. S. DUNN who has been wounded. He left his curacy at St. Michael's, Headingley, to go the front,



The Rev. H. REID, M.C. Minister of Hamilton U.F. Church, Port Glasgow. He brought in wounded officers under heavy shell fire.



The Rev. Father M'HARDY, M.C., Priest in Charge of St. Cuthbert's R.C. Congregation, Kirkcudbright. Repeatedly recommended for decoration by the Divisional General for gallantry under fire.



The Rev. L. G. HUGHES, mentioned in despatches for gallantry and devotion. Pastor of Wood Street Baptist Chapel, Sheffield.



The Rev. RONALD IRWIN, D.S.O., M.C. and Bar. He had been previously mentioned three times in despatches.



The Rev. A. J. C. COUSINS, M.C., curate at Bristol. Previously recommended for decoration. He served in S.A. War.



The Rev. E. R. DAY, C.M.G. Chaplain to the Forces, First Class. Mentioned in despatches. Served in the South African War.



The Rev. D. RAILTON, Chaplain to the Forces. Mentioned in despatches for gallant service and devotion.



A PICTURE-RECORD of Events by Land, Sea and Air. Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON



BEDOUIN SHEPHERDS WATCH A BATTLE.—The British victory at Rafa, in Sinai, resembled the battles of long ago more nearly than anything seen in this war, many phases of the action being visible from one spot. It was watched by many Bedouins, some of whom actually tended their herds between our firing-line and the enemy trenches, either ignorant of peril or submitting their fate to Allah.

OUT WITH THE DOVER PATROL

A Pen Picture of the Channel Watch-Dogs at Work

By HAROLD ASHION

"**B**E prepared to spend a night at sea." This was the cheerful postscript to my official invitation of inspection of the mosquito-craft patrol in the fretful area of the Channel between the English coast and the danger-zone around Zeebrugge and Ostend.

It was a bitter morning of sleet, and the snow-clouds were rolling up at the shove of a whooping north-easter when I arrived at the harbour prepared (as I imagined) for my adventure. The old familiar sights and sounds—even the smells—of the picturesque coast town had vanished. This was England—the edge of England—in war-time; resolute, stern, in the icicle-grip of winter; and everything changed. The great hotel, beloved by honeymooners in the days when wooers never dreamt of war, was patrolled by a bluejacket with a weather-proof face, hard as teak, and a bayonet of blue steel at the slope. The admiral's staff hurried to and fro along the gusty corridors; the fleeting vision of a maid bearing a tray with eggs and coffee upon it, struck a sudden note of incongruity, almost comical. What was she doing there?

In the panelled drawing-room the rear-admiral stood with his legs wide apart before a blazing fire. Opposite him, pinned to the wall, was a large chart of the Channel, pricked and marked with strange signs and symbols. He led me up to it, and with a nicotine-stained forefinger prodded here and there among the welter of fathom-figures, revealing a multitude of strange and secret things.

"Here," said he, "is the line of your police-trip to-day and to-night. The Vixen's your ship (I must not write her real name, but Vixen will suffice), and the Vixen's going to loop-the-loop up and down the first line of Channel trenches (here again is a slight inexactitude, for obvious reasons). Au revoir—and good hunting!"

Boarding the Vixen

In the harbour Vixen and her grey-frocked sisters, Vivid, Venturesome, Verulam (christened, rather rudely, by her crowd as "the Baconbarge"), Vole, and Vermicelli, crouched straining and fretting at their buoys. This was our little family-party of dare-devil destroyers—"T.B.D.'s" in official phraseology; "D.C.D.'s" ("don't-care-a-damns") in the lingo of the lads who live in them. Through the top-hammer of their wireless the Arctic breeze was making sharp, æolian music—an icicle concerto—as I clambered aboard the Vixen, to become instantly sworn brother to a crowd of the strangest human beings imaginable. Most of them were swathed and swaddled like Polar adventurers, which made them look like outrageous Falstaffs to a man. They had, seemingly, about half a dozen suits of clothes on; they were fur-capped and fur-mittened; through the narrow visor-slit of their helmets their eyes danced a merry welcome.

Dressing for an Icicle-Jaunt

The skipper was a small man, not so heavily encumbered with clothes as the rest of them. He wore the dressed skin of a wild cat for a chest-protector, and over it a double-breasted "lammy" coat. His small feet were tucked into snow-boots; he despised the thigh-high leathers worn by most of his crew.

"I've got to be nippy," said he, noticing my amused flash of inquiry at his feet; "and you can't dance the giddy fandango with the Vixen for a partner and half a hundred-weight of trench-pumps on each tootsie! Savvy? And as for you—my word!—come down below into my boudoir, and I'll rig you up proper and snug. This isn't an afternoon tea-party at the dear duchess's, my lad; it's a blooming icicle-jaunt, and you've got to remove that pneumonia-blouse for something serviceable. Otherwise, before the moon gets up I shall be readin' the Burial Service over your clammy remains!"

So down below in the boudoir I was swathed and mummified like the rest of the mummies of the Vixen's padded

complement, the skipper ravishing his wonderful wardrobe for me and caulking my seams with deft fingers. The tiring ceremony having been completed, we left the captain's snuggery and crawled to the bridge, hanging on to the life-lines by our back teeth as we struggled forward. A T.B.D. cleared for action, and sticking her nose into it in half a gale, is a desperately dangerous promenade! Already the Channel was bruising us and battering us. The sea was a cold, vicious green, and every lifting wave seemed to bear the consistency of spun glass as we rose to it or charged it, when it broke with a brittle crash, like champagne glasses smashing.

On the bridge stood three men like half-resurrected Pharaohs. The glass of the wind-screen was sweating and trickling like the inside of a railway-carriage window-pane; from time to time the skipper wiped clear patches with a finger of his fur glove and made uncomplimentary remarks about the weather. Behind him crouched the steersman, rolled up until he resembled a bale of cloth stuck endways. His blue nose-tip dripped icicles.

Hobgoblin Business in the Snow

"Damn this snow!" said the skipper. "We're getting off the course. Half a point west!"

"M-m-m," replied the mummy through his comforter as the wheel swung.

Our daylight job was fairly easy, though it was a hobgoblin business as we drove through the blinding snow. We had to mark down everything we saw. If it was a ship, we waggled an abrupt question to her with our stuttering semaphore, "Who are you? What are you doing here? Whoa, Emma, and tell us all about yourself! And who is your lady friend on your weather bow? R.S.V.P.!"

And so it was that in the baffling haze we bumped up against all manner of craft. Our dear, good brother the king of the trawlers, for instance, whose lynx-eyed work up and down the French and Flemish coast in all weathers and at all hours is as thorough as any East End policeman's, was justly annoyed when we ran out of the smother very nearly smack into him.

A Game of Sheer Peril

Mummy's quick lurch at the wheel saved a smash, and as we whisked by we got a sideways picture of an upended, perilous ship, her decks astream, her gear creaking and screaming, and his royal nibs, crowned with a beaver, hanging on to next-to-nothing with one hairy fist and shaking the other at us. His eyes were furious; and so, possibly, was his language, but the wind whirled the opprobrious words out of his mouth, tearing them to tatters long before they reached us. He vanished into the haze, cursing us by semaphore. The mechanical, but absurdly human, arms of our own signal apologetically as handsomely as the time and circumstances permitted; and we saw and heard no more of him.

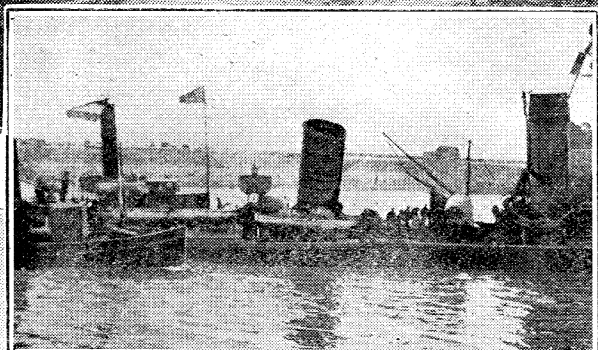
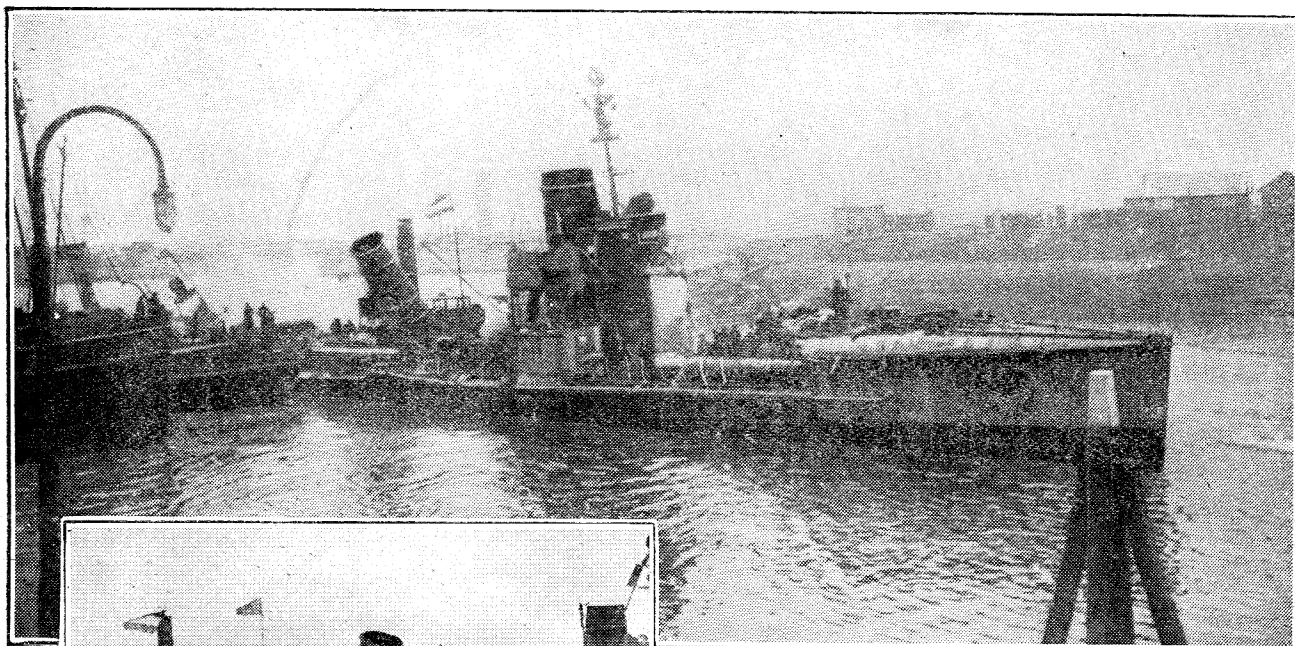
The day passed with no further adventure. Never a poacher—not even a neutral—came our way; we missed hitting a drifting mine by six inches; and presently night closed in around us, moonless and utterly black, save for an occasional glimpse of glimmering diamond-dust from remote starland.

It was now that the real game of sheer peril began. Everything was battered down against the shrapnel-smother of the crashing seas. Not the smallest twinkle of a light showed anywhere. Our two torpedo-tubes were trained outboard, muffled figures crouched at the guns, and up on the bridge you could see nothing but a disc of light about the size of a saucer, which shone out of the binnacle and illuminated the blue nose-tip of the mummy, who was still at the wheel and seemed to be frozen there.

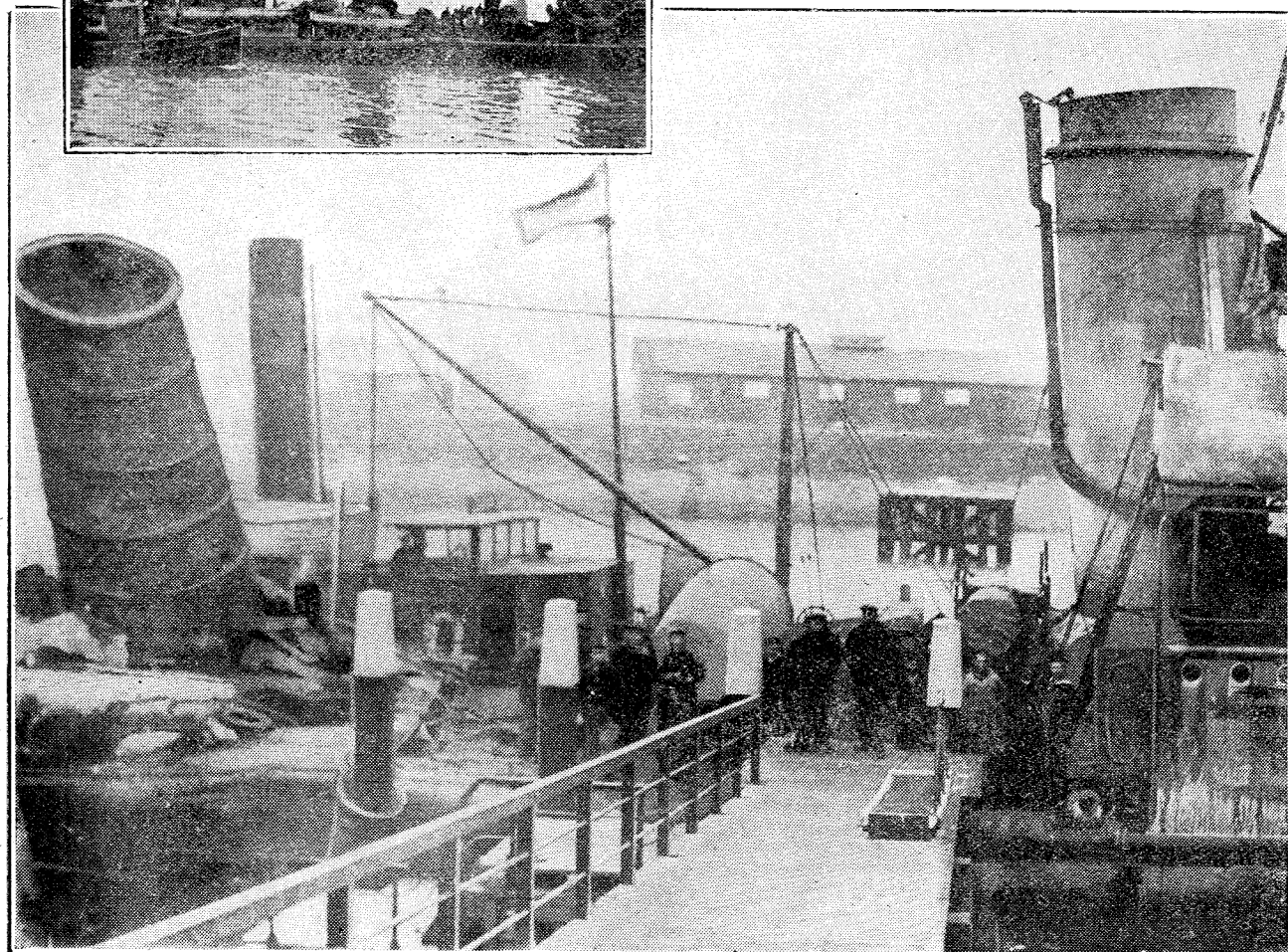
On such a night anything might happen. What is there, in all mortal speculation, to stop brother Fritz from running the gauntlet of the Channel trenches, plugging in a

(Continued on page 605)

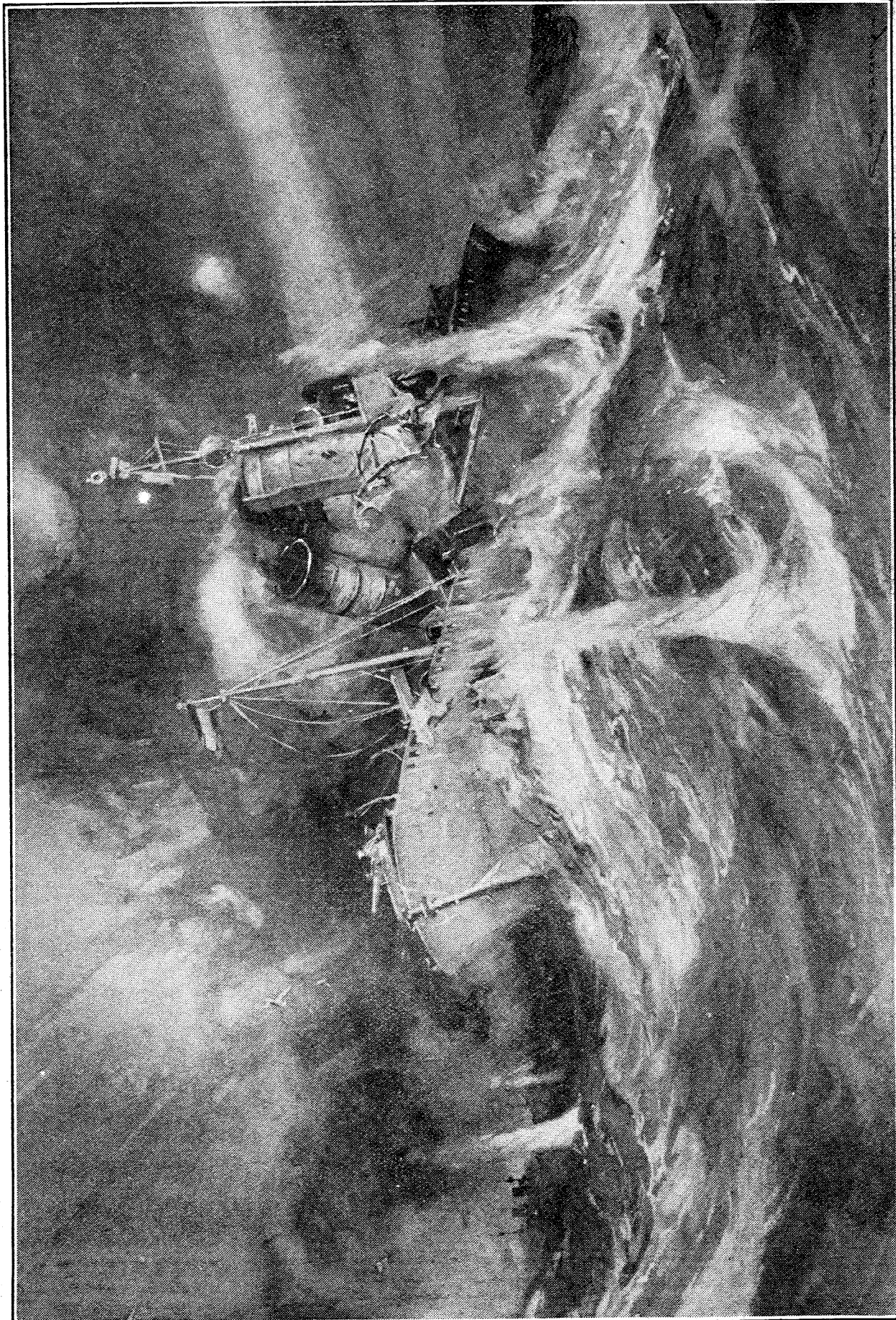
German Destroyer V69 'Slightly Damaged'



V69 at Ymuiden, one funnel gone, one knocked sideways, torpedo-tubes dislodged, sides torn, everything abaft converted into scrap iron, and 100 of her complement of 160 lost.



German reports of the naval engagement on January 23rd, of course, belittled the punishment inflicted on the raiding German destroyers, only admitting that one was "slightly damaged." These photographs of the V69 at Ymuiden, into which port she contrived to crawl, prove the falsity of the German account.



DESTROYERS IN ACTION NEAR THE SCHOUWEN BANK.—On January 23rd a division of German destroyers encountered a British destroyer patrol near the Schouwen Bank and suffered a disastrous defeat. The British gunners fired with rapidity and great accuracy, sinking one destroyer, battering the V69 so badly that although she made Ymuiden her condition was hopeless, and scattering the rest of the division heavily damaged. Reports from Dutch sources state that at least seven German boats were destroyed by British gunfire.

OUT WITH THE DOVER PATROL (Continued from page 602.)

couple of salvos at the flash of the patrol challenge-signal—and then slipping out again, scot-free? What is there to stop him? Nothing—nothing but the little owl-eyed Vixen and Venturesome and Vole, and the rest of dare-devil damsels of the Dover Patrol “looping-the-loop” in the clammy darkness and keeping the barbed-wire of the “trenches” taut.

“You cosy critics,” said the skipper to me, as we crouched on the bitter bridge, staring with weeping eyes at nothing, “are apt to overlook two things. First, that Ostend and the Hun base are nearer to Dover than Brighton—a little matter of geography that may be forgotten—and secondly, my beloved brethren, that Fritzzy, out on the maraud, has a little the pull of us. He knows that when *he* makes a run every ship he may meet is an enemy, and he can let fly with a clear conscience—if he’s ever had such a thing. Per contra, *we* have to challenge every craft we meet, and wait for the reply before pitching in. And, as you know—or ought to know—a few seconds in a midnight scrap is everything! When you get home—if ever you do—put that in your pipe and smoke it!”

Along the Edge of Perdition

To me this was a wonderful night of needle-prick thrills, though the skipper yawned through it all, counting the tardy minutes to sunrise. We were rushing at full speed along the edge of perdition trimmed with the most diabolical things of cataclysm and sudden combustion. Down in the engine-room the C.E., in response to the captain’s short, hoarse barks into the speaking-tube, kept on “whacking her up” until the turbines purred like a forest full of contented tigers. In the enfolding blackness we could see nothing but a little white smudge on the sea directly ahead of us. That was the wash of our leading ship; of herself we could pick out nothing except, perhaps, a darker blot in the gloom.

On and on we rushed, as though in a fearful hurry for the performance of some tremendous business directly ahead. But nothing ever happened, until, out of the gripping silence, the invisible ships around us, and the ships far away, and the admiral on shore in his snug-panelled drawing-room, began to talk to us over the wire

which is not a wire, and to tell us what was happening there and thereabouts. There would be a sudden crackling sound directly overhead—very much like an angry cat spitting at an enemy.

“Wireless,” says the skipper, and a few seconds later a ghostly hand comes through a trap-door in the roof of the wireless cabin, bearing the transcribed message. It is spelled out under the canvas screen which cloaks the little electric light on the bridge. As a rule it is nothing very vital—sometimes little more than gossip from a trawler or a drifter, or a growl, perhaps, from the skipper of the “Baconbarge” who is in the grip of indigestion, or the wail of a seasick sub. cursing his luck in the tricky Vole.

Gossip by Wireless

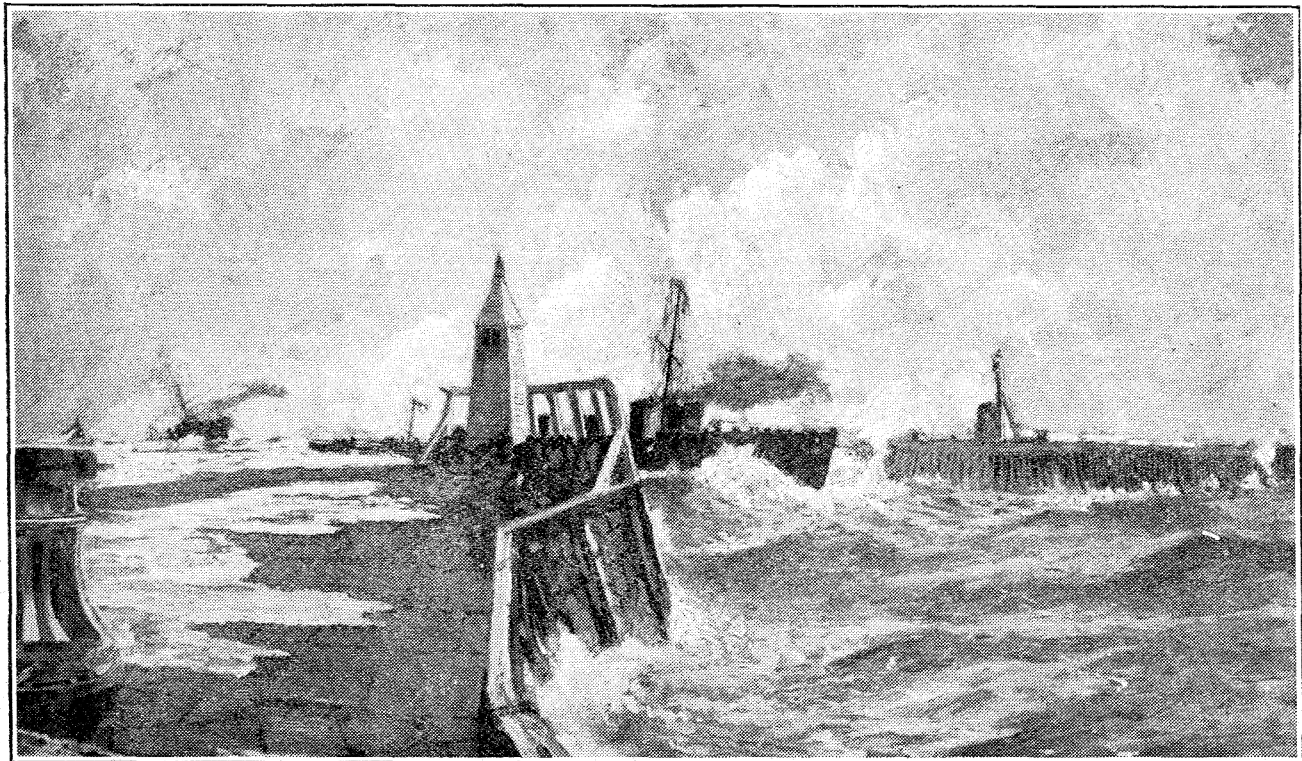
Our first message on this night of nights was a curt bit of information from our erstwhile dignified, if disturbed, brother the king of the trawlers. Another was a warning of an aeroplane in distress; the Vole, being nearest to her immediate lat.-long., swept off to pick her up should the need arise. But it never did. We heard in the morning that the aeroplane had righted herself at the last—the almost impossible—moment, and had flown home to roost.

And so-and-so until the first flicker of dawn splashing the eastern sky told us that our long, long vigil was over; and when daylight broadened, cold as moonshine, there was an empty sea heaving around us, a westerly wind was blowing up a cold drizzle of rain, and England, for all we could see, might have been a thousand miles away.

The skipper staggered down below, flung off his coat, and wiped his bloodshot eyes. “Nothing doing!” said he. “What a life!” In half a minute he was snoring.

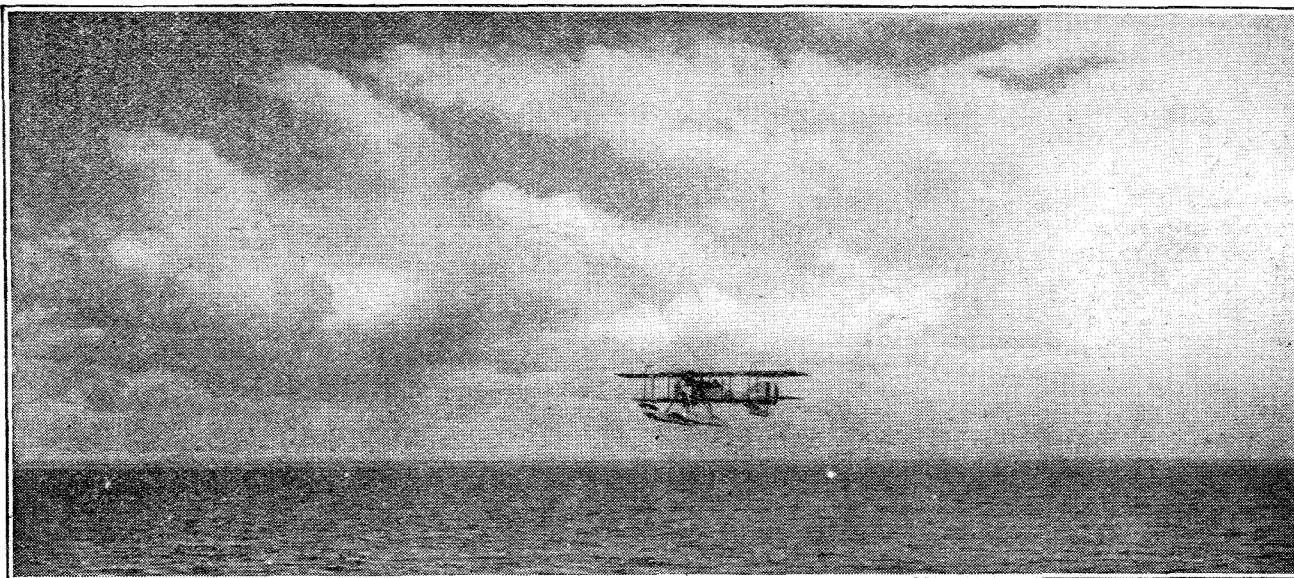
FRANCE HONOURS DOVER PATROL

On January 28th, in the presence of a large number of British naval officers and men, a French admiral presented five seamen of the Dover Patrol with the Médaille Militaire, awarded them by the French Government for conspicuous gallantry in naval operations. The French admiral spoke in glowing terms of the British Navy’s work, and after pinning on the medals, kissed each recipient on both cheeks.

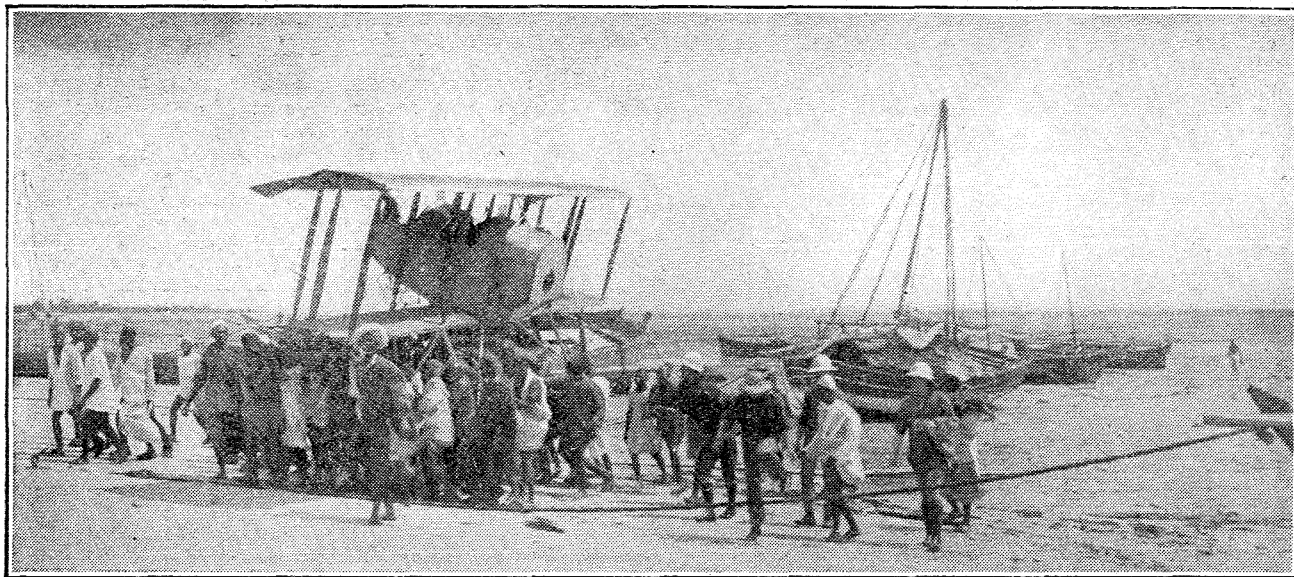


RETURN OF THE PATROL.—Torpedo-boat destroyers tearing into port during a gale. Patrol work aboard the T.B.D.'s when racing, without a light showing, through blinding snow and the shrapnel smother of crashing seas is desperately perilous, but it has gone on unceasingly and with unflinching success ever since the war broke out.

Eyes of the Navy Search East African Coastline



Seaplane flying low over the rippled waters close to the coast of German East Africa. Our airmen have done good service on several occasions in East Africa since they discovered the *Konigsberg* in hiding up the Rufiji River.



Bringing a seaplane ashore on the East African coast. The darkies lend willing hands to the haulage of the wonderful creature of the white man's devising, to which by now they must be getting well accustomed.



Another British seaplane being hauled up from the water on the shore of East Africa by a crowd of ready natives, who seem eager to help our forces in the work of ejecting the Germans from their last colony.

Work, Play, and Rest Amid Snow on the West



These warmly-clad Tommies of a working-party are not carrying Brobdingnagian cigarettes, but stove-pipes for use in huts, shelters, and workshops behind the lines, where fires are much needed in such wintry weather. They are just passing one of their big guns.

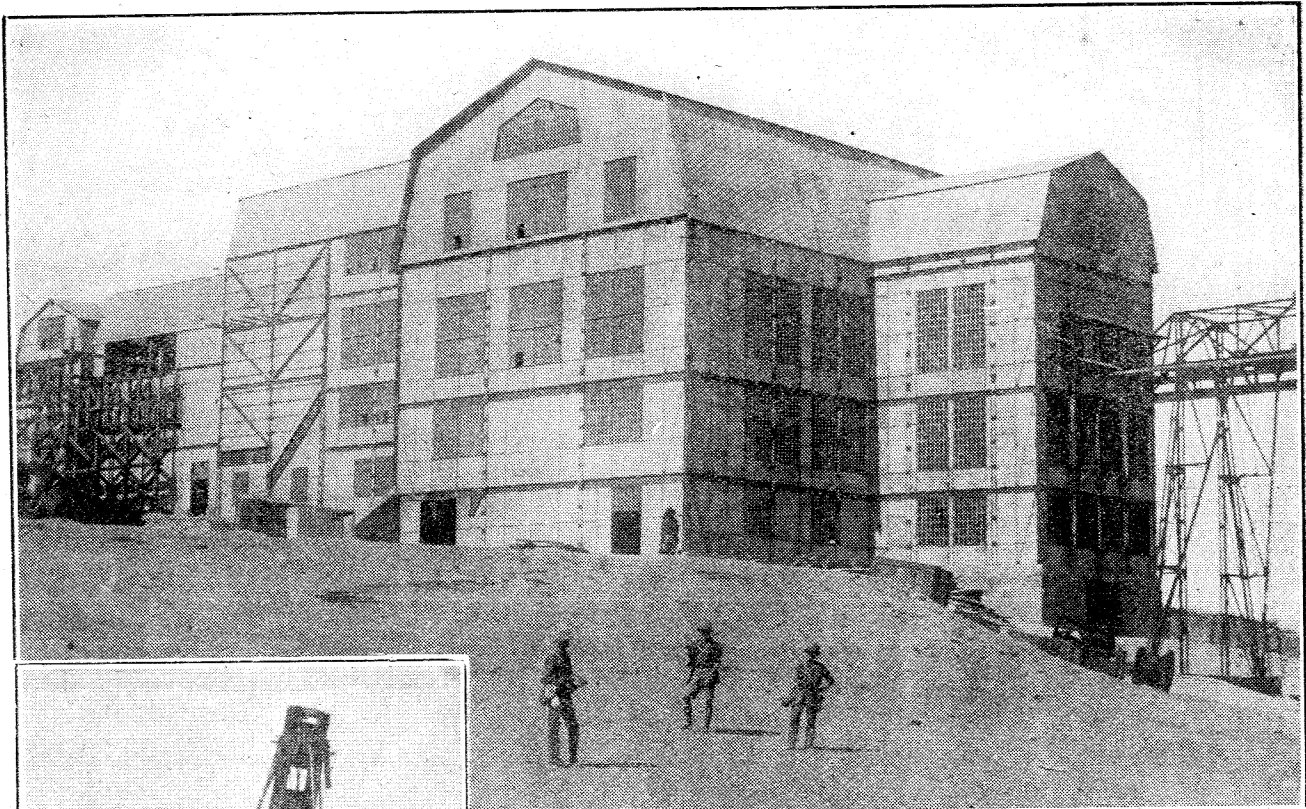


Anti-aircraft gunners off duty enjoying the wintry spell. They are having a lively game of snowballing to keep their hands and eyes in form for their sterner work. The man on the left appears to be firmly determined not to miss with his next shot.

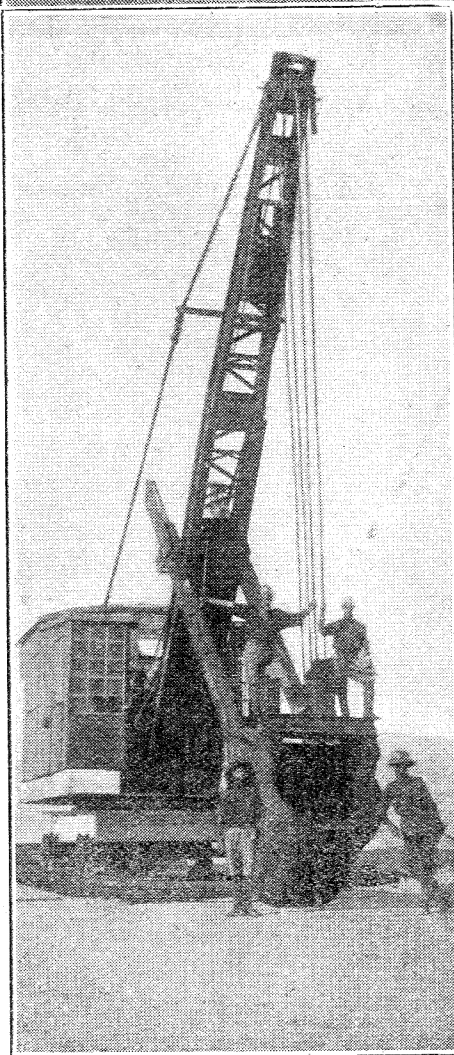


Peaceful hospital scene behind the western front after a heavy fall of snow. In these well-built hospital huts the wounded are kept snug while being nursed back to health despite the inclemency of the weather and the consequent snowy surroundings.

Dredging for Diamonds in Germany's Lost Mines

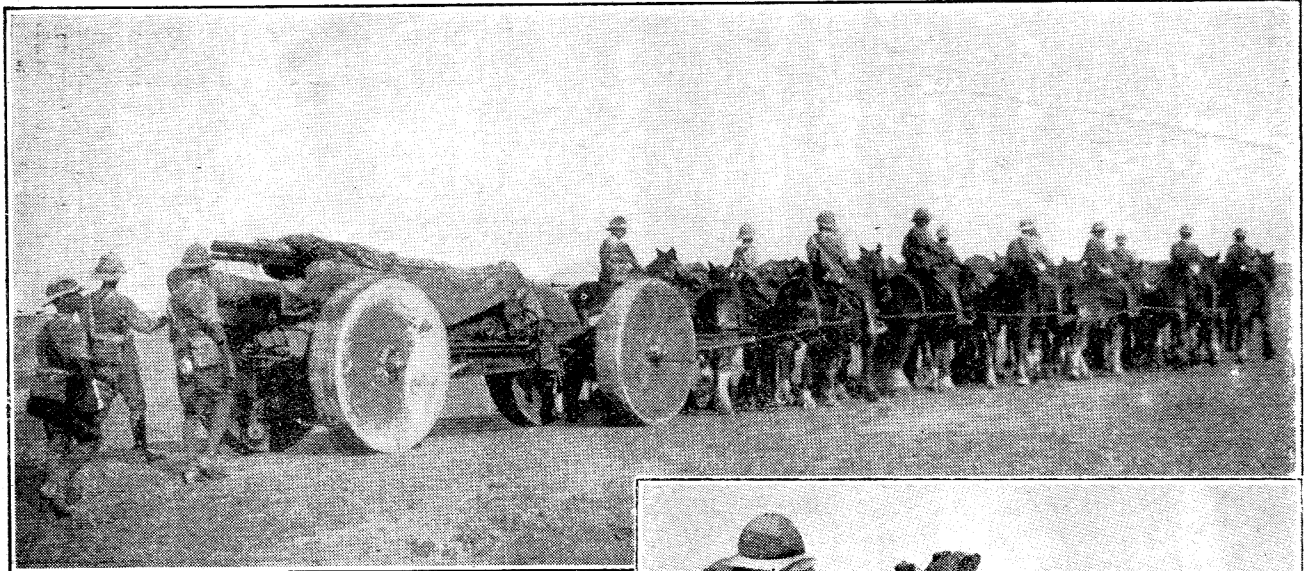


Diamonds are found just below the sand in Germany's lost colony in South-West Africa. This, the largest German diamond-mine, is being worked by British companies.

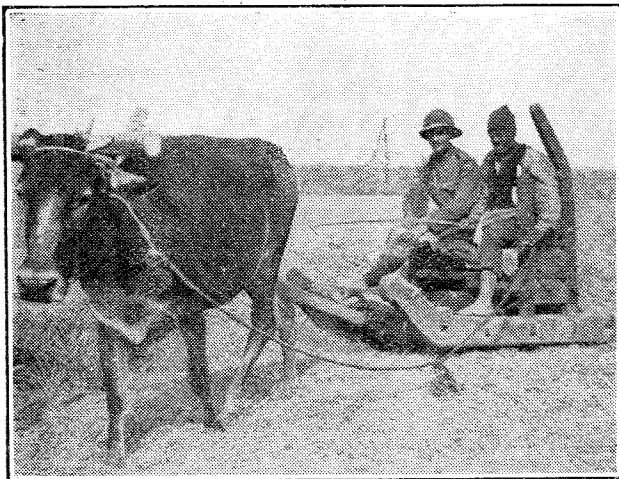


One of the dredgers used in diamond-mining. Right: Landing aeroplanes on Mafia Island. Mafia was assigned to the German sphere of influence by the Treaty of 1890 between Great Britain, Germany, and France, which created the separate colony of German East Africa.

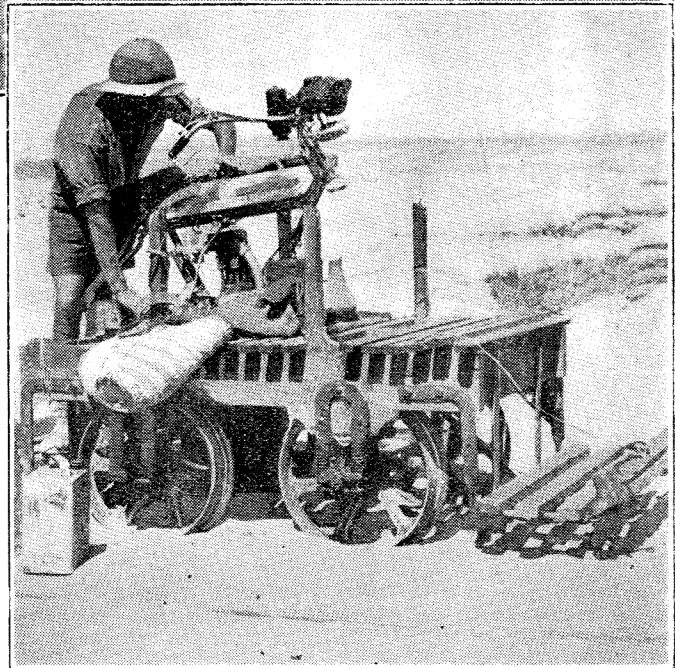
Transport Trials and Difficulties in the Desert



Some difficulties of desert transport. No fewer than four-and-twenty sturdy horses were required to pull this load across the sand.



Keeping his hand in for peace work on the land. British soldier helping an Egyptian farmer at a primitive form of chaff cutting.



Camel Corps on the march, showing how our men crossed the desert with stores and equipment to their recent signal victory in Sinai. Above: Ingenious adaptation of a motor-cycle. Without its wheels it was so fixed as to work a trolley on a desert railway.



STORMING A GERMAN TRENCH.—The moment our artillery ceases its shattering fire the British infantry are on the trench, bombers dashing forward to smash machine-guns that may be spraying them, others hurling grenades and stabbing with bayonets any desperately brave

foeman who still ventures to withstand them. The only sane thing a German can do, according to the candid statement of one of the German prisoners, is to throw up his hands and shout for quarter, and nothing that the most heroic of them can do but die where he stands.

LITERATURE AFTER THE WAR

By Clement K. Shorter

IN this deft and stimulating article on the development of English literature after the war Mr. Shorter anticipates a period of great activity marked in poetry and fiction by glorification of the episode. The historian will have vast wealth of material to exploit, the effect of the drama being enhanced for him by the magnitude of the tragedy. Mr. Shorter foresees immense development of the reading habit, and since the residuum of the elect who read with judgment increases in direct ratio to the spread of the passion for reading, he thinks the demand for good work will be greater than before. This, and an increase of French influence upon English literature as a result of the close personal contact between the two peoples, are the points on which Mr. Shorter feels most confidence.

AMONG the timely scraps of wisdom that we have all gathered from the verse of James Russell Lowell is the one:

Don't never prophesy—unless ye know.

I really do not know what literature will come to us after the war, or whether there will be any "literature" in the best sense of the word. The appalling triumph of mechanism may set all the intellect of all the countries to work in devising further triumphs of materialism, and the books of the future may all be text-books of science and mechanics. In such a contingency there would no doubt still be a great manufacture of foolish fiction and bad verse for the solace of idle hours, but that is not literature. The history of our literature includes periods of stagnation followed by bursts of great energy and of stimulating power. You had that stimulating period when Wordsworth wrote of the dawn of the French Revolution—

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
[But to be young was very heaven—

the period that produced Byron, Shelley, and Coleridge. It is good to recall what took place exactly a century ago. In 1817 and 1818 Europe was recovering from a war of much longer duration than the present war bids fair to be, and the period which followed that war saw one of the greatest intellectual revivals that literature had ever known. Byron published "Childe Harold" between 1812 and 1818. Shelley wrote "Laon and Cythna" in 1817, the "Cenci" in 1819, and "Prometheus Unbound" in 1820. Keats' fine poems were issued in 1817, and his "Endymion" in 1818. Our fiction was no less remarkable, for "Emma," by Jane Austen, was issued in 1816, the same year as Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary." "Rob Roy" appeared in 1818, and "Ivanhoe" in 1820. No less striking was the artistry of the essay, for during this period Hazlitt was writing the best of his work, and between 1820 and 1822 the "Essays of Elia" appeared; in the same period we had some of the wonderful literary efforts of Walter Savage Landor and Thomas De Quincey. There was another great literary revival in the middle of last century, when Carlyle was writing those essays which shook the English-speaking world, and as we know an army of literary men were proud to call him master.

German Influence in the Nineteenth Century

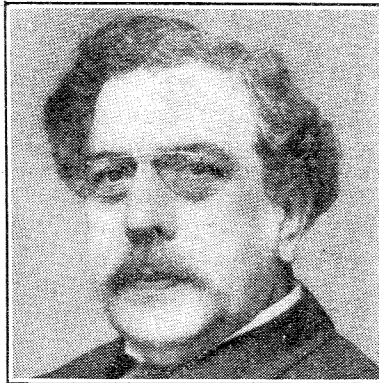
That was the period in which Tennyson and Browning were rivals in the affection of men who loved poetry; when Dickens and Thackeray were equal rivals in their achievement in fiction, when Ruskin and Emerson were expressing the aspirations in art and in ethics of the two great English-speaking nations. All these men came under the wand of Carlyle, and there is no doubt that German influences loomed very large in our midst; Robert Browning's grandmother, indeed, was, it is not generally remembered, a German. Carlyle saw all things by the light of his study of the great German authors. It might be argued, indeed, that he did irreparable mischief

by his praise of German culture, were one not able to prove that he foresaw the harm of a certain slackness in our laissez-faire methods. Certain it is that the German race impressed him with its growing efficiency, which was to turn Germany into a danger to ourselves and to Europe, because it seemed that we lacked for the moment some of the necessary qualities to hold our growing Empire in a firm grip.

Glorification of the Episode

It may be urged, however, that the Germany that Carlyle loved was the Germany of Goethe and Schiller, a Germany which had ideals that were not entirely material. Goethe, indeed, believed passionately that a widening knowledge of the literature of various lands on the part of mankind would make entirely for peace. His dream, in which Tennyson and others followed him, was of a brotherhood of men, the federation of the world.

What, then, is likely to be the outcome of the present war so far as our literature is concerned? We have seen so much of the power of big battalions and the strength which lies in new mechanical appliances, in the effective forces which may be brought to bear by wonderful inventions above the earth and beneath the sea, that one trembles to think that in our lives at least we may see only an epoch of intense materialism in which scientific text-books will alone be thought worthy of consideration by the men who lead, when literature will cease to be created with us, as it has ceased during these last fifty years to be created in Germany in any very high degree. If the Napoleonic Wars brought romance to our doors, might it not be

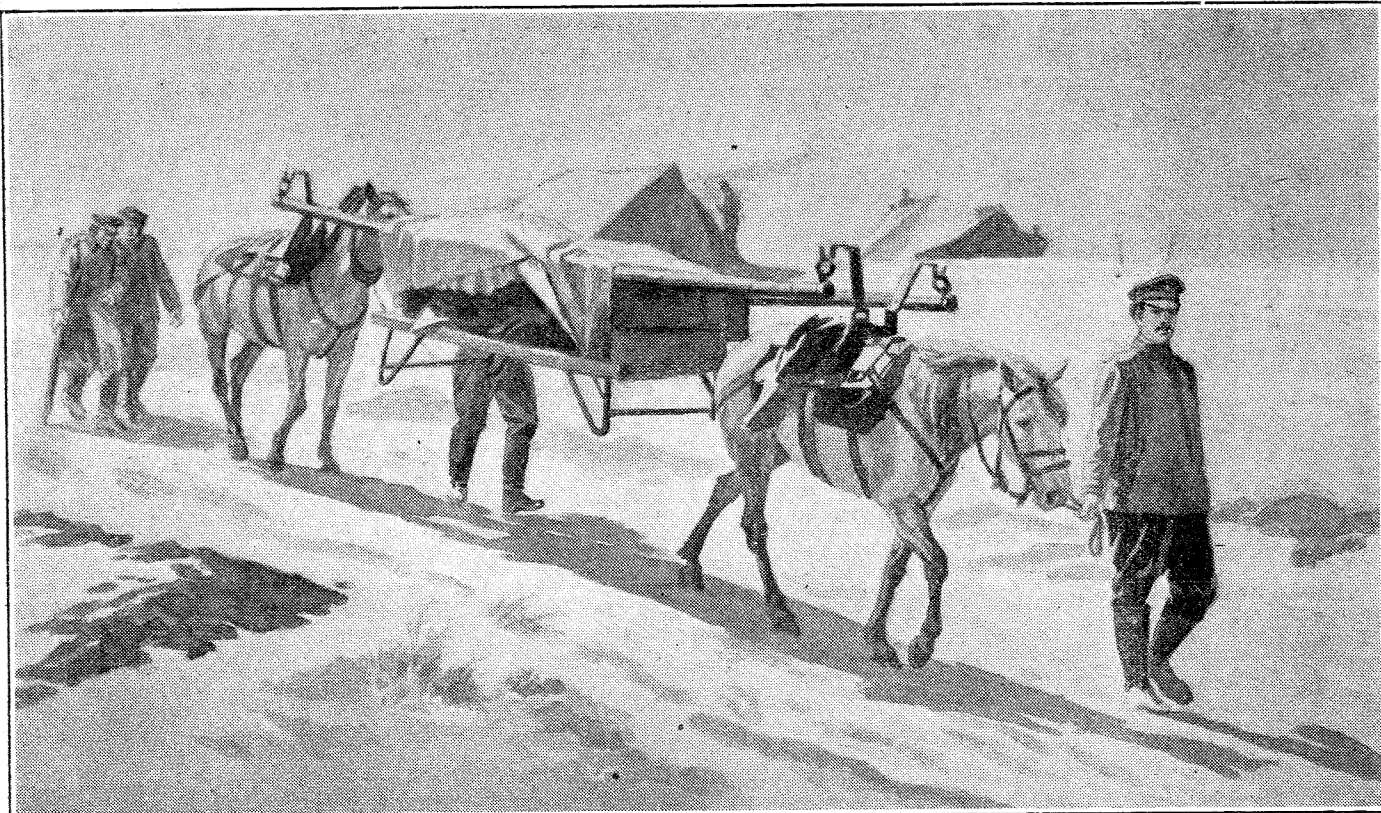


Mr. Clement Shorter
Editor of "The Sphere"

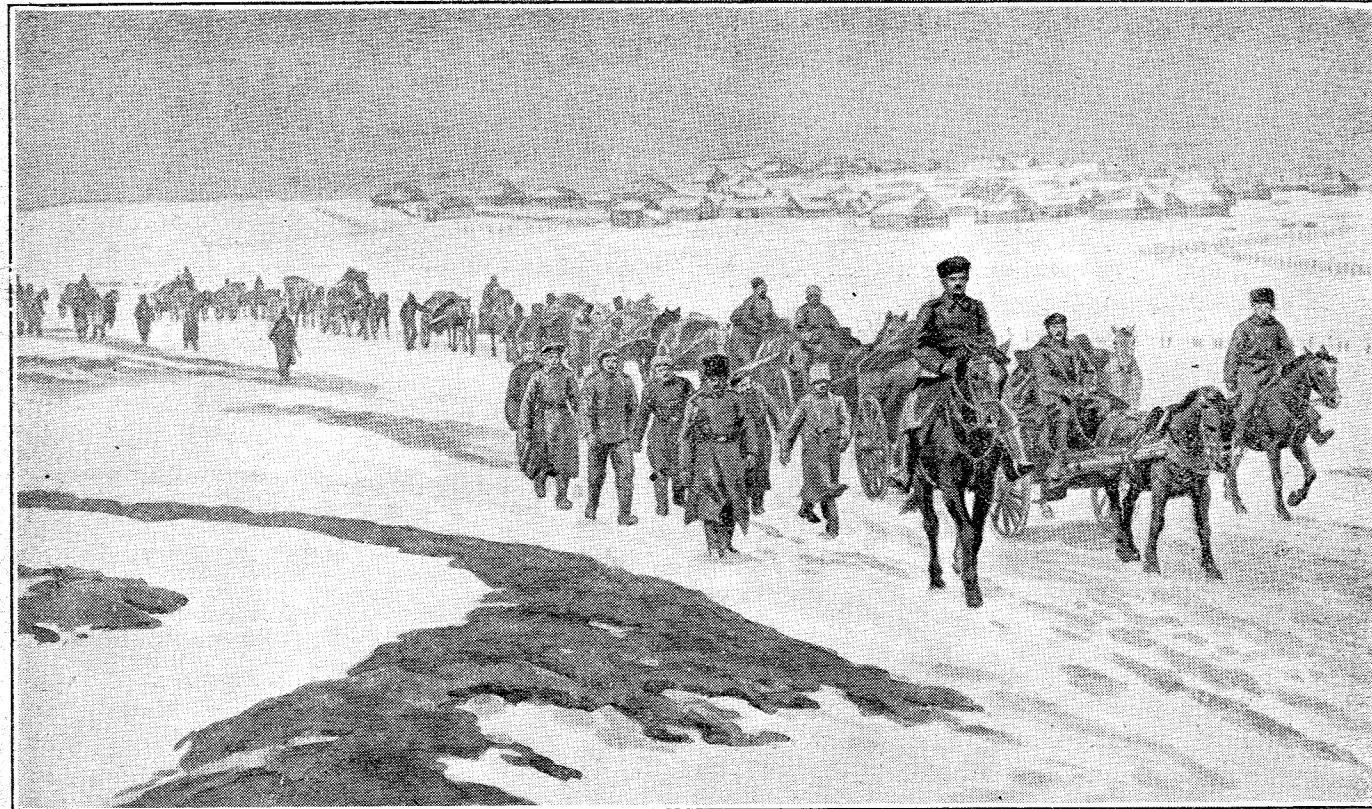
because the very soldiers of the rival nations looked romantic and were clothed romantically? And hero-worship was rife. No Englishman failed in his love and, indeed, adoration of Wellington and Nelson in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. A passion for hero-worship possessed the nation, and literature may flourish upon such a passion. But there is in my mind not the slightest danger that literature will fail to flourish after the Great War, although there are no signs that it will flourish in the direction of hero-worship, whatever may be the accomplishments, the bravery, and the success of our generals at the front. It may rather take the form of the glorification of episodes. We have heard much of deeds of wonderful bravery and self-sacrifice in our journals. We shall hear of thousands of these when the war is over and our soldiers return to their homes. Think of the fund of good poetry and prose—and some not good—that will be the result. Our fiction for years to come will be full of episodes. Time will add its glamour to these brave deeds. We may be sure, also, that poets will sing as well as they have ever sung before of the achievements of the Empire. The historian, again, will find endless possibilities. The very magnitude of the tragedy of ruined villages, of towns and cities well-nigh annihilated, will but enhance the effect of the drama. Moreover, there are signs that the war will have created an added zest for reading. In many a home the family

[Continued on page 614]

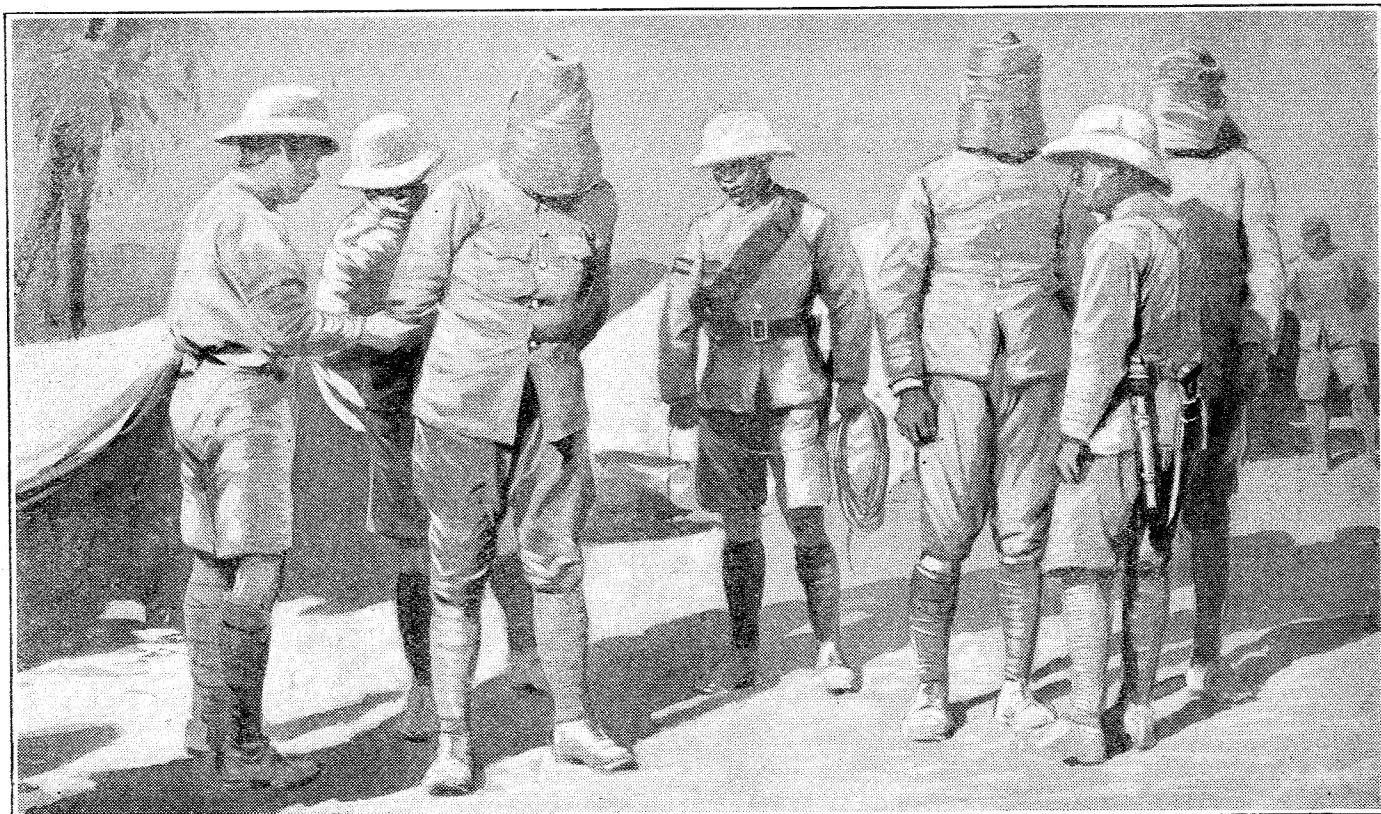
Scenes on the Eastern Fringes of the War—From Rumania to the Valley of the Tigris



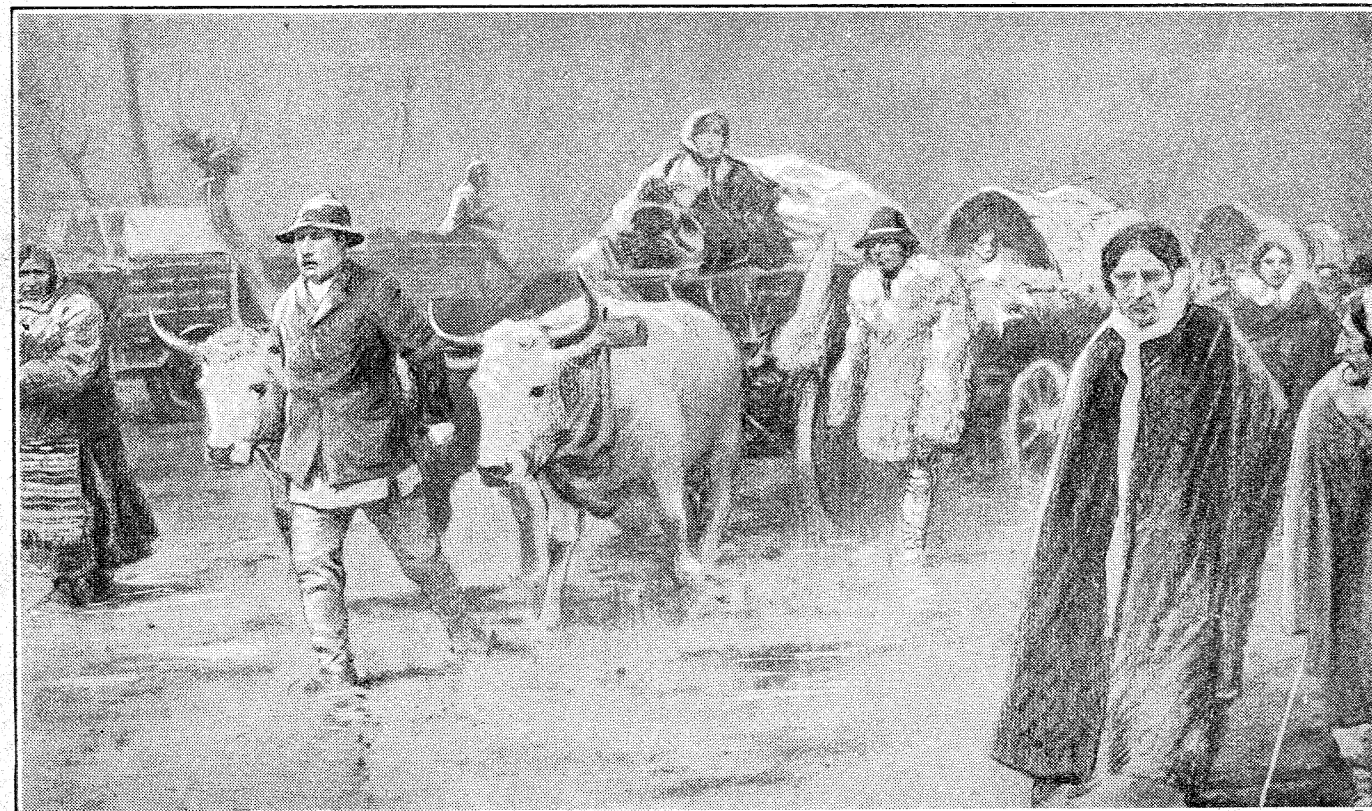
Russian wounded on their way to hospital in the Erzincan region, borne on stretchers between two mountain ponies. Erzincan is a village in the vilayet of Erzerum, situated nearly two hundred miles south-west of the capital town of Erzerum, in mountainous country devoid of good roads.



Russian military transport with the troops operating against Erzerum. Before the Army of the Caucasus, under the Grand Duke Nicholas, captured Erzerum, it had to overcome indescribable difficulties, transporting guns and every item of supply through snow many feet in depth.



Turkish prisoners captured in Mesopotamia were blindfolded and had their wrists bound behind them before being escorted through the British lines. The blindfolding was done by turning their caps hind-side foremost and pulling the flap down. The guards shown here were Gurkhas.



These Rumanian refugees, who had left their homes before the German drive through their country, were caught up by the invading forces and driven like cattle to the roadside to enable the German military transports to pass. The wretchedness of their plight was pitiful.

LITERATURE AFTER THE WAR (Continued from page 611)

which has been waiting and watching for news has given many more hours to books than in those days of peace, now two or three years distant, when concerts, lectures, amusements of all kind, afforded distraction. The art of reading, moreover, has come, we are told, to thousands of wounded soldiers. Certain classes of cheap literature have sold in millions where previously they only sold in thousands. It is an axiom that every age must write its own books, and the demand of the new world of readers in the future will be even greater than that caused by the old readers in the past. It has been said that no part of our time is often so much wasted as that spent in reading, because not everyone reads with judgment; but it is certain that the more widely a passion for reading is spread, the more sure we may be of a small residuum of the elect. It will not, I am persuaded, be a small residuum in the next decade.

Increase of French Influence Likely

Then there is another point. After every great war comes a great peace, and with the great peace comes a belief in the millenium. We shall all persuade ourselves that there are to be no more wars—that this time the brotherhood of man is upon us. Think what an inspiration that offers in poetic literature. Tennyson dreamt of the time:

When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
Then the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

Certainly Tennyson showed wonderful prescience when in this same poem, written in 1842, he wrote:

For I dipt into the Future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

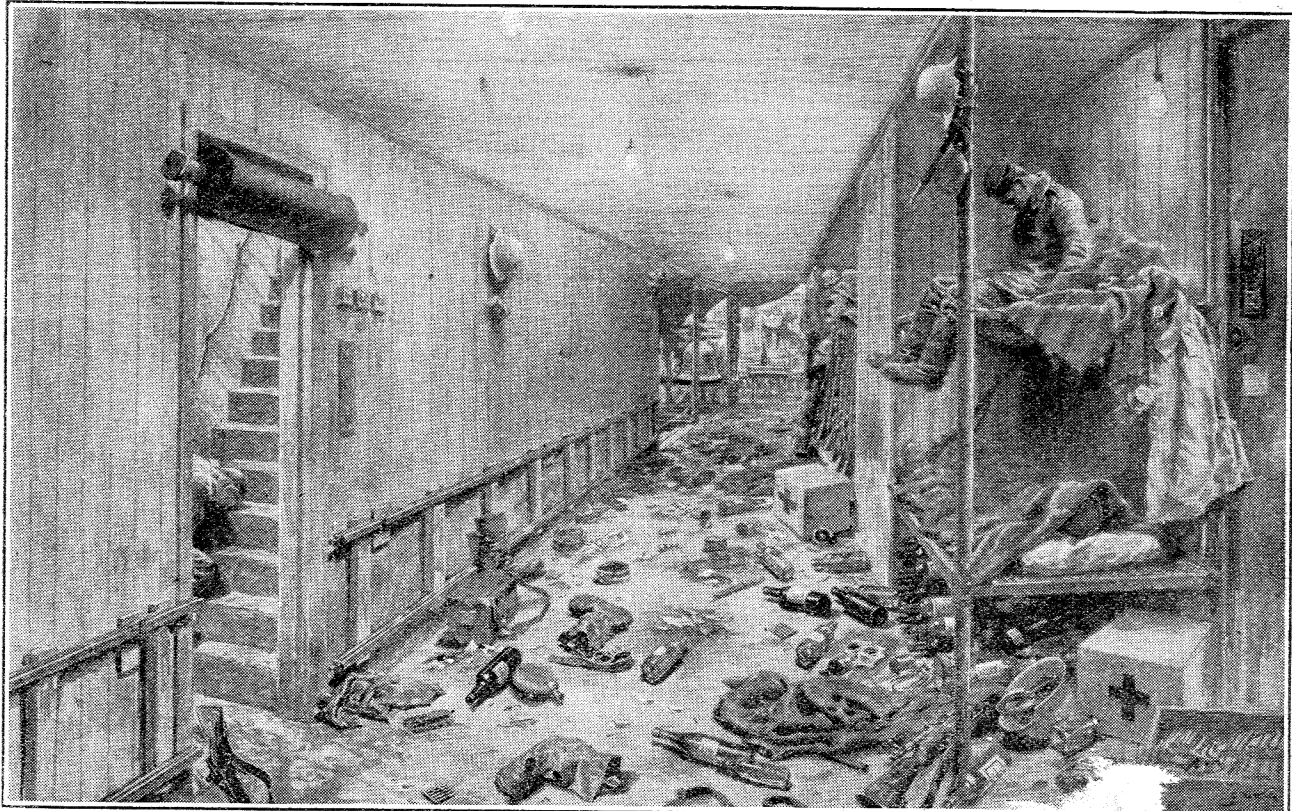
But only a poet can have accurate vision of the future, and not being a poet I am brought back to the obvious

fact that none of us knows what is in store for us in literature or in any other direction. It may mean that the literature of the near future will all be inspired by social aspirations, as it was when Carlyle and Kingsley, and so many other prose writers, were bent on their attack upon what was called the Manchester School. Whether the literature will be socialistic or individualistic no one can say. Certainly it ought to have very pronounced French influences, for it seems to me that perhaps two millions of our young men will have lived in France, many for a year, many for two or three years, and that among these are a number of well-educated men. France has always had an enormous influence on the literature of other lands. Perhaps it will have more influence upon our literature than it ever had before. Assuredly Matthew Arnold was in a very playful vein when he forecast a new age of greatness, imagining us in the manner of his well-known lines:

Scattering the past about,
Comes the new age.
Bards make new poems,
Thinkers new schools,
Statesmen new systems,
Critics new rules.
All things begin again;
Life is their prize;
Earth with their deeds they fill,
Fill with their cries.
Look, ah, what genius,
Art, science, wit!
Soldiers like Cæsar,
Statesmen like Pitt!
Sculptors like Phidias,
Raphaels in shoals,
Poets like Shakspeare—
Beautiful souls!

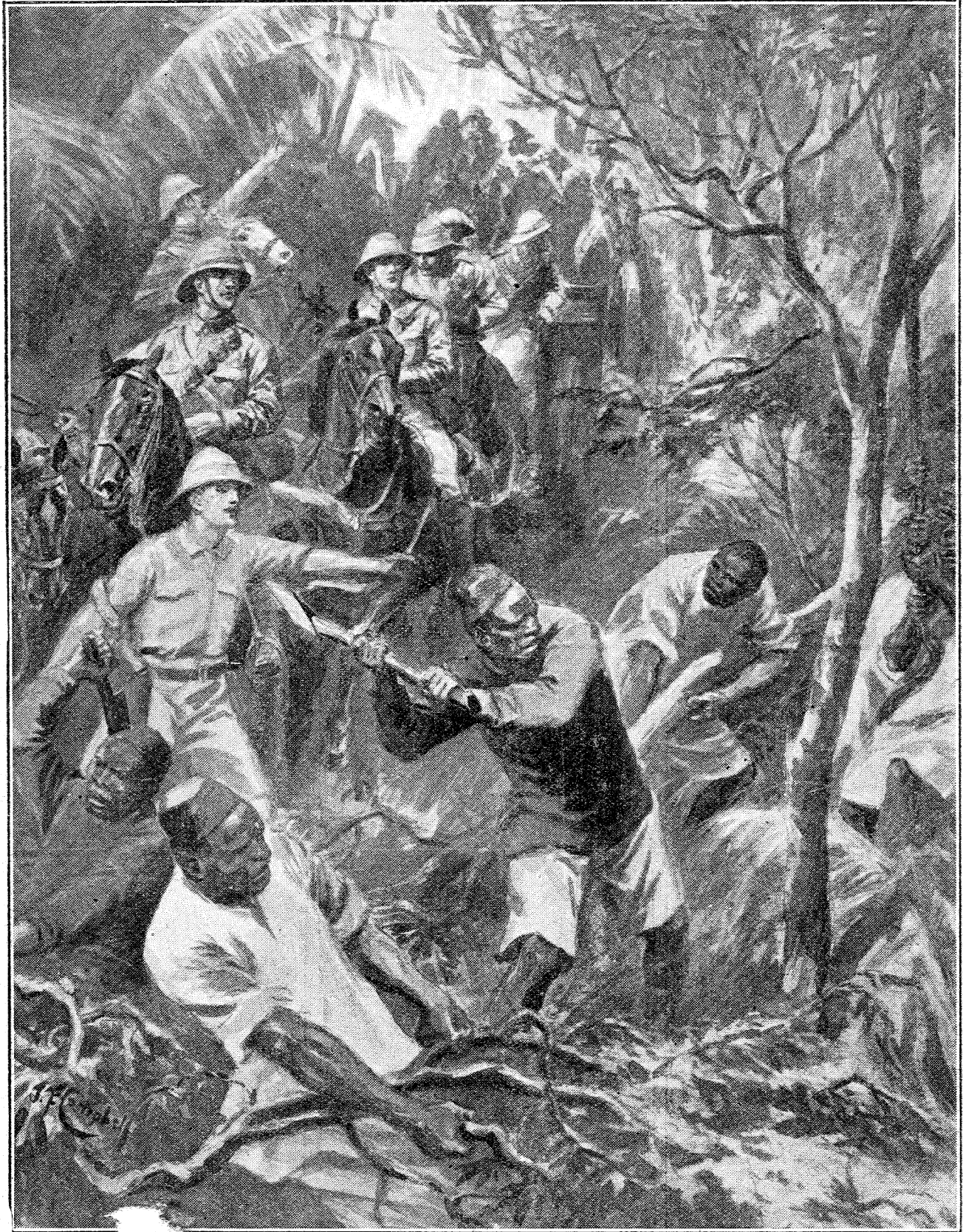
If there is to be a wonderful renaissance of literature and of art such as the poet imagines, then, indeed, happy is it for the boys and girls of the present day. How different their future lives should be from those of their fathers and grandfathers!

Next article:
RELIGION AFTER THE WAR
By G. W. E. Russell



DUG-OUTS DE LUXE.—Thirty feet underground and extending nearly a mile in length, these amazing shelters were beneath the German position known as Y Ravine, Beaumont-Hamel, when captured by our troops. The corridors were curtained at the foot of the stairs, and elaborate mess-rooms for the officers. When captured the shelters were found filled with dead and debris.

Way for the Guns Through the Forest Primeval



General Bevelacqua's column down to the Rufiji in the opening days of January was a key event in the East African campaign. He received a telegram from Smuts saying, "The enemy has retired from Beho-E... have no time to lose." At once a flying column was formed and set off. It covered thirty-one miles

in twenty-two hours, and reached the river at dawn of January 3rd. And this was achieved although the journey was through most difficult country, and a road had to be actually cut through virgin forest for the guns. This sudden swoop altered the whole situation, forcing the enemy to retire south into waterless country.

Wit and Patience Produce a Wonderful Play

British Official Photographs



Pte. Upcher, the minstrel on the left, and Pte. J. Reid, the petrol-tinned knight on the right, both of the R.A.M.C., wrote a play to amuse the patients in Salonika Hospital. Reid, a sculptor of repute, designed the wonderful costumes, made of tent canvas and camp oddments.



As a wizard, clever Pte. Upcher performed some magic, and bent a courtly knee to Pte. R. C. Heygate, who was a very fair and queenly queen. Pte. G. Ross was a herald, the hero of the play, and Staff-Sergt. Howse was a stately bishop.

Russia's Ruler and His First-Class Fighting Men



Nicholas, Tsar of All the Russias, with the Grand Duke Nicholas and members of the Imperial Staff, inspecting some of the crack regiments of his heroic Army. The Tsar is in the foreground, acknowledging the "general salute," the tall Grand Duke Nicholas a little to his left.



Dressed in the Cossack fashion, the Tsar is here among a group of Don Cossacks—those soldiers who for intrepidity and dash in fighting and for their unequalled mastery of horsemanship have long been world-famous. The Cossacks have won fresh laurels in the Great War.



Mishap to Russian sledge transport at an awkward point. The swollen stream having invaded the roadway, the sledge laden with stores has slipped down the bank into the water. The men are well clad for facing such unpleasant episodes en route.

TOLD BY THE RANK AND FILE

THE TAKING OF "Y" RAVINE

By a Private of the Seaforth Highlanders *

"YOU'RE to go over to-morrow morning at six o'clock precisely, and that ravine—'Y' Ravine they call it on the map—has to be cleared out. So, if there's any of you got wills to make, or last letters to send home, you'd better get busy, for its going to be a tough job."

This was our lieutenant—a young chap about twenty-two. And, as events turned out, he was right. It was a tough job, and no mistake; and at one time it looked as though the more famous Scottish regiments were going to have to record a set-back for themselves.

From about three in the morning, our guns were busy trying to batter down the barbed-wire fortifications the Germans had erected all round the approaches to their positions in the ravine. We called it "Y" Ravine because it was shaped just like that letter, with the lower tail towards us, and the two arms branching away more or less straightly to the right and left.

Race Across No Man's Land

At six the word came, and the young lieutenant jumped to the parapet.

"Come on, the kilties!" he yelled. "Give them the steel!"

We let out a yell, and, of course, we followed him "over the top," and again, of course, we met with the usual warm reception the Boches award to attacking troops. Hundreds of machine-guns started chattering away, and the air was fairly thick with flying bullets. They came knee-high, head-high, and some only ankle-high, in a terrible storm, and were aimed point-blank at us.

We Scotties had been chosen for this difficult piece of work, we were afterwards told, because of the difficulty of the job and because of our fighting record and traditions. Also, every man of us has a deep and abiding score against the Huns, and loses no chance of paying it off.

We raced across that bullet-swept bit of No Man's Land, with good lads dropping at every yard, but at the entrance to the ravine, as was only to be expected, we got held up. The enemy had turned the place into a warren of fighting men and fighting machines; they used every snare and device they could think of to beat us back. Liquid-fire shells, tear-shells, gas-shells—there wasn't a favourable wind for a full gas attack, or they'd have tried that—and we were compelled to dig ourselves in.

Volunteers for the Flank

"Who's for the right?" asked the lieutenant. And if he had taken all the volunteers nobody would have been left to attack from the front. He carefully selected a couple of companies, and we worked round under fire, past the enormous masses of extraordinarily thick

barbed-wire, towards the arm of the "Y." On our way we came to a quarry which was held in force by the enemy, and which bade fair to stop our flanking movement. But we hadn't come all that distance to be denied, and the lieutenant rose to the occasion.

"Forward, bombers," he cried, "and give them a pill. The rest of you follow them up, and get among them."

And, so saying, he led the way, slinging bombs as rapidly and accurately as any man, and then used the rifle of one of our killed chaps with good effect. We were among them in quick time, and no mistake, and we soon had that quarry cleared. Then we pressed on towards the southern arm of the "Y," hoping to ease the pressure on the front a bit.

"Kilties Went Berserker"

We reached it at last and, in spite of the great defence put up by the enemy, got among them with the bomb and bayonet. Hand-to-hand fighting was the order of the day here, and the kilties went berserker, I believe; and I know that personally I couldn't give you a single detail of that first bit of fighting, but after we'd been at it about twenty minutes I suddenly realised that my rifle and bayonet weighed about half a ton, and that the muscles of my arm and back were shrieking for a rest.

But there was no rest—we had to keep on fighting or go under. It was us or the Germans, and seeing that we had come so far there was no sense in going back. So we carried on, stabbing, yelling, and slipping all over the place on the bloodstained mud, until at last the German line gave way, and we had a brief respite in the captured trenches.

The yell that we let out when they retired must have puzzled the defenders in front more than a bit, and even that was a whisper to the cheer we gave when about three hundred more of the Seaforths, who had worked round to the north in the same way as we had worked round the south, came into view and joined forces with us.

"Scotland for Ever!"

They had paid dearly too, these last gallant lads, for they had encountered a full regiment of Brandenburgers, and had to cut their way through. And they hadn't brought a single officer with them. Their commanding officer was a grizzled old sergeant who had been through the South African War, and the platoons in most cases were in charge of privates, who ran the show as naturally as if they had done it all their lives.

Of course, our little lieutenant, though he was wounded in two places, took supreme command, and massed us for a fresh attack. With the wild old yell of "Scotland for ever!" we advanced, and broke through, fighting all the time.

"Keep on cheering, lads," shouted the officer. "It will tell those in front that we're through!" So every breath we got we yelled, and at last the German line found that they were being attacked both from the front and the rear.

It was about ten o'clock when my platoon, with the lieutenant, attacked

a small trench, and carried it, but, sad to tell, there were only the officer, myself, and another private left out of the platoon when it surrendered to us. The lieutenant demanded to be taken to the officer in command, and a prisoner led him and myself down into a deep dug-out where there were a German captain and three of his men, all unhurt.

"Excuse me," said our lieutenant, "but I shall have to take you prisoner, you know."

The German smiled grimly, and then turned to look through something that looked like a big, square, wooden ventilating pipe leading from the dug-out to the air on top. He looked through the spout thing, and then beckoned my officer. The lieutenant looked through, and discovered that the spout was a periscope, and commanded a full view of the whole of the German trench. The picture he saw was a group of Huns, with their arms neatly stacked, and a single Highlander guarding them with a fixed bayonet. Not another of our lads was in sight.

"I think it's the other way about," remarked the German officer. "You can't take me prisoner with only two men, especially while I have these." He spoke perfect English, and waved his hand towards the three German soldiers standing awaiting orders. Then he yelled something out in German, and though I don't know the lingo, I soon knew what he meant when the three stationed themselves, with bayonets at the "ready" at the entrance to the dug-out. The lieutenant and I were trapped.

Tables Turned Again

"Well, I suppose you're right," assented my officer, and signed to me to lay down my rifle. I did so, and he went across to the periscope again. For about three minutes he looked; then he smiled and gave a shout. He turned to the German officer and beckoned.

"The tables are turned still again, Herr," he smiled.

And they were. Through that periscope the German saw about a hundred of our khaki-kilted lads leap into his trench; saw the Seaforth guarding the prisoners point to the mouth of the dug-outs, and he nearly cried. He gave another order in German, and the three soldiers threw their rifles to the ground. I picked up my own, and stood waiting for orders.

"We'd better march these chaps up top," said the lieutenant to me, "before there's any more turning of the tables. I should hate to lose them now we've taken so much trouble about the matter."

And half-way up we met a searching-party of our own lads coming down, and when I told them the tale they nearly roared with laughter. We got our prisoners out and, weary and worn, started marching them towards our lines. Just as we stepped off there came a big burst of cheering, and then more and more yells, unmistakably from Scots. The ravine was taken!

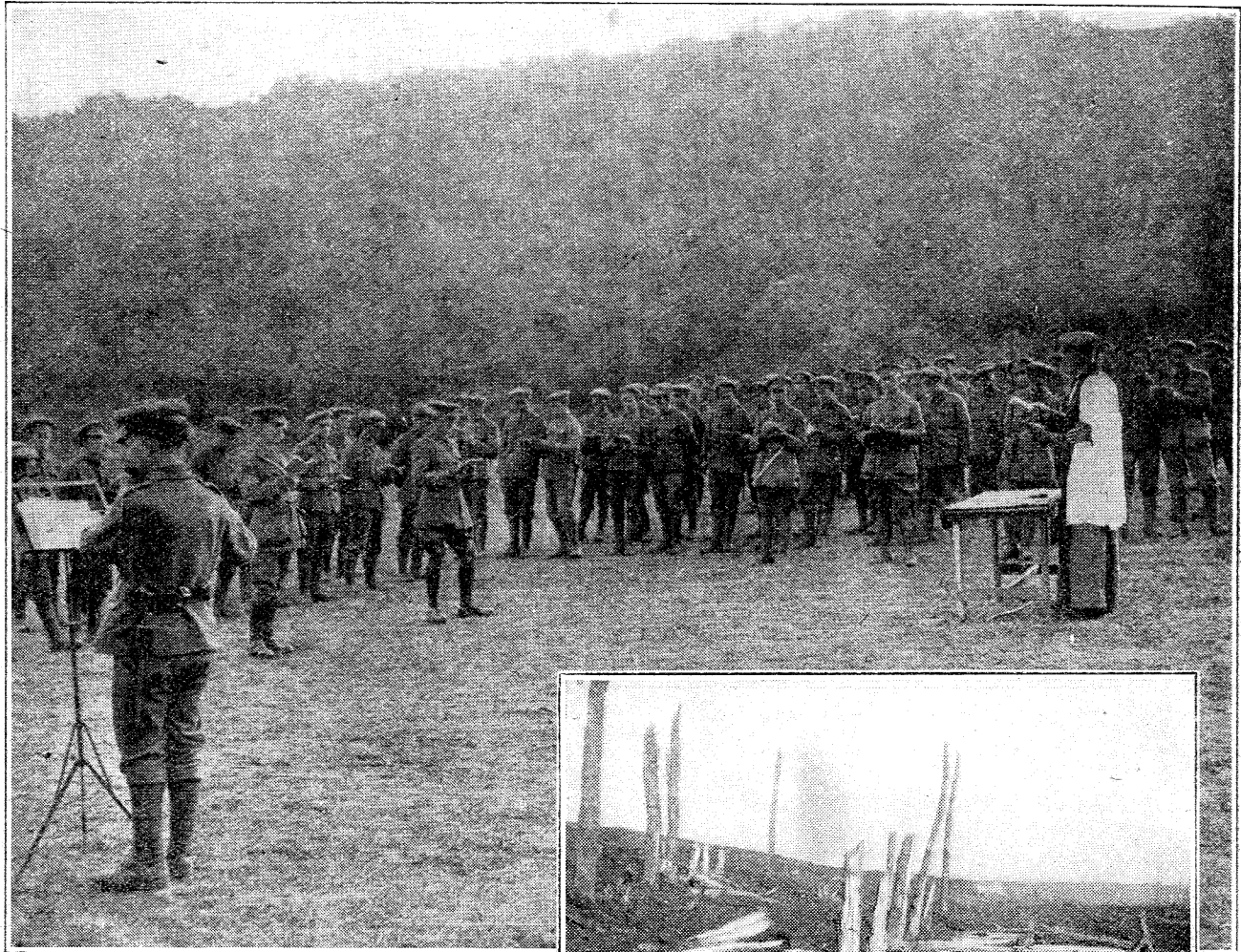
Conquest of the Ravine

And at that minute the German big guns, away out of sight, started firing. The first shell dropped clean in the centre of our batch of prisoners, and wiped about fifty of them out. And a flying German bayonet, hurled by the force of the shell explosion, came through the air and struck the upper part of my right arm, wounding me after all the fun and excitement of the scrap was over. Hard lines, eh?

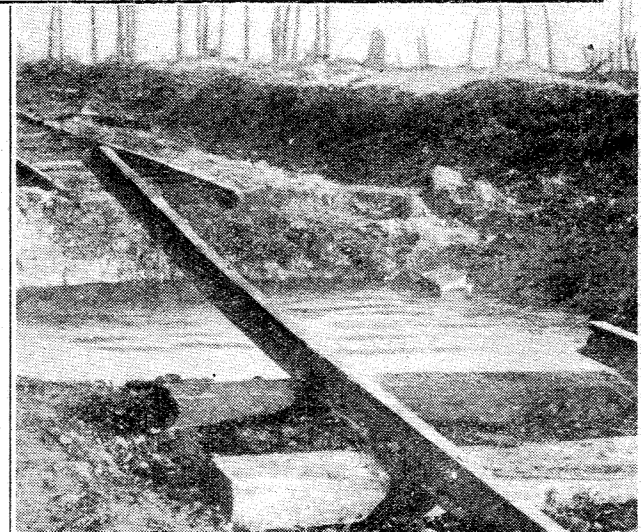
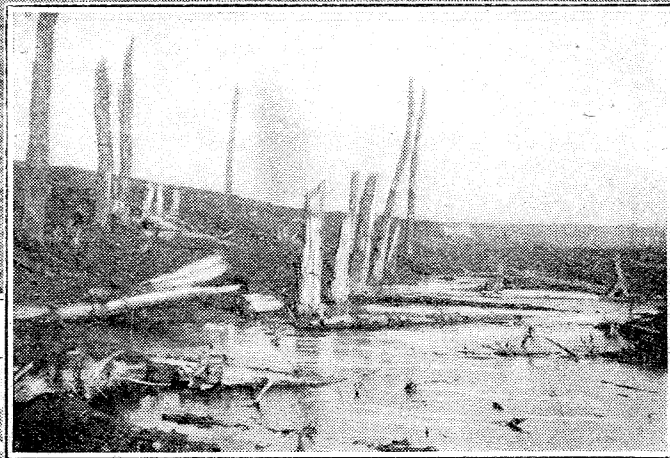
* These original narratives by soldiers and sailors are only published after censorship by the Press Bureau, and when names of regiments, ships, places, or even the name of the narrator, are not given, readers will understand there are good and sufficient reasons for such omissions.—EDITOR.

Church Parade Midst Macedonian Hills

British Official Photographs



Church parade at the foot of a wooded hill near Monastir.
Inset: Scene of devastation in the Valley of the Ancre.



Group of British soldiers highly appreciative of a present of cigarettes just received from home. Right: Railways are like magnets attracting the steel of shells. These snapped rails and this deep pool are the result of a direct hit by a high-explosive shell.

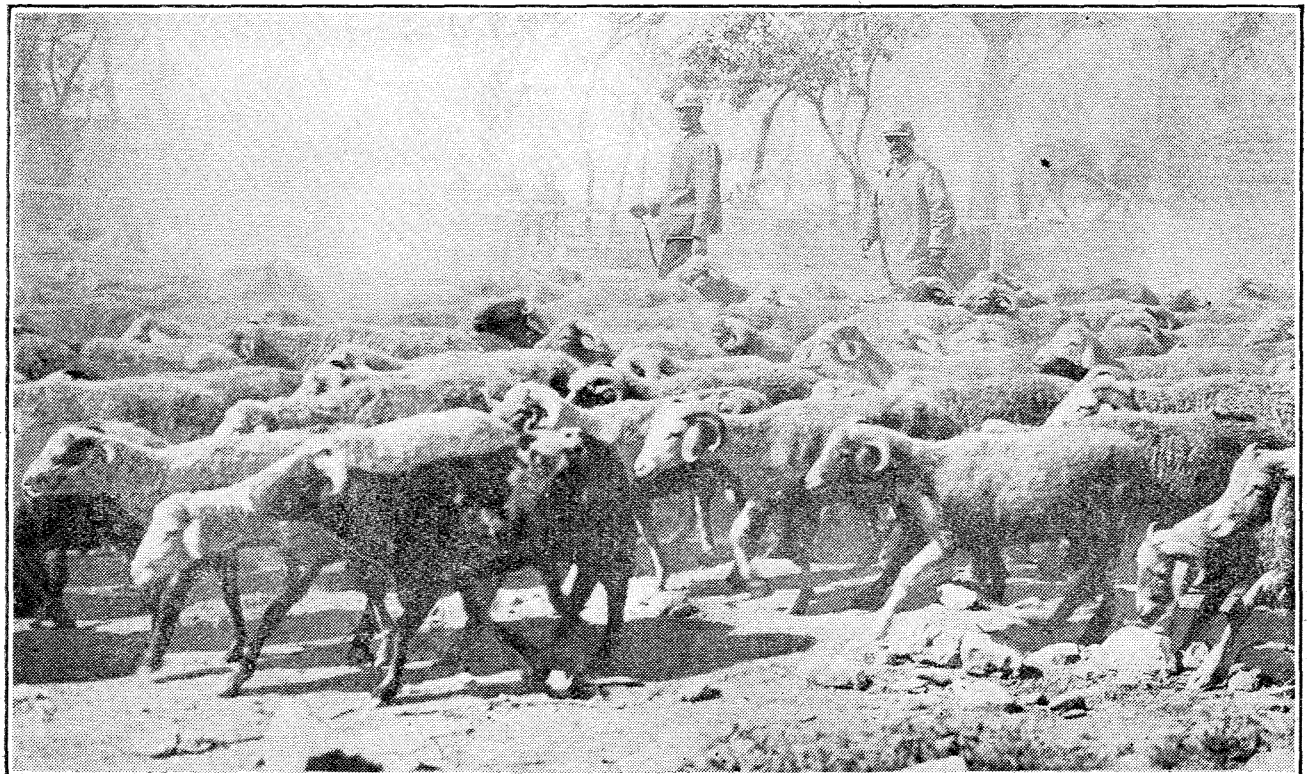
Provisions for Poilus in the Firing-Line



Soldier-butchers at work in the open air cutting up meat to be cooked for the men in the front trenches. Continuous labour and thought are devoted to the task of feeding the forces in the field.



Food for the men in the front line. Poilu, with threaded loaves of bread over one shoulder and refilled water-bottles over the other, engaged in carrying some necessary supplies to his comrades.

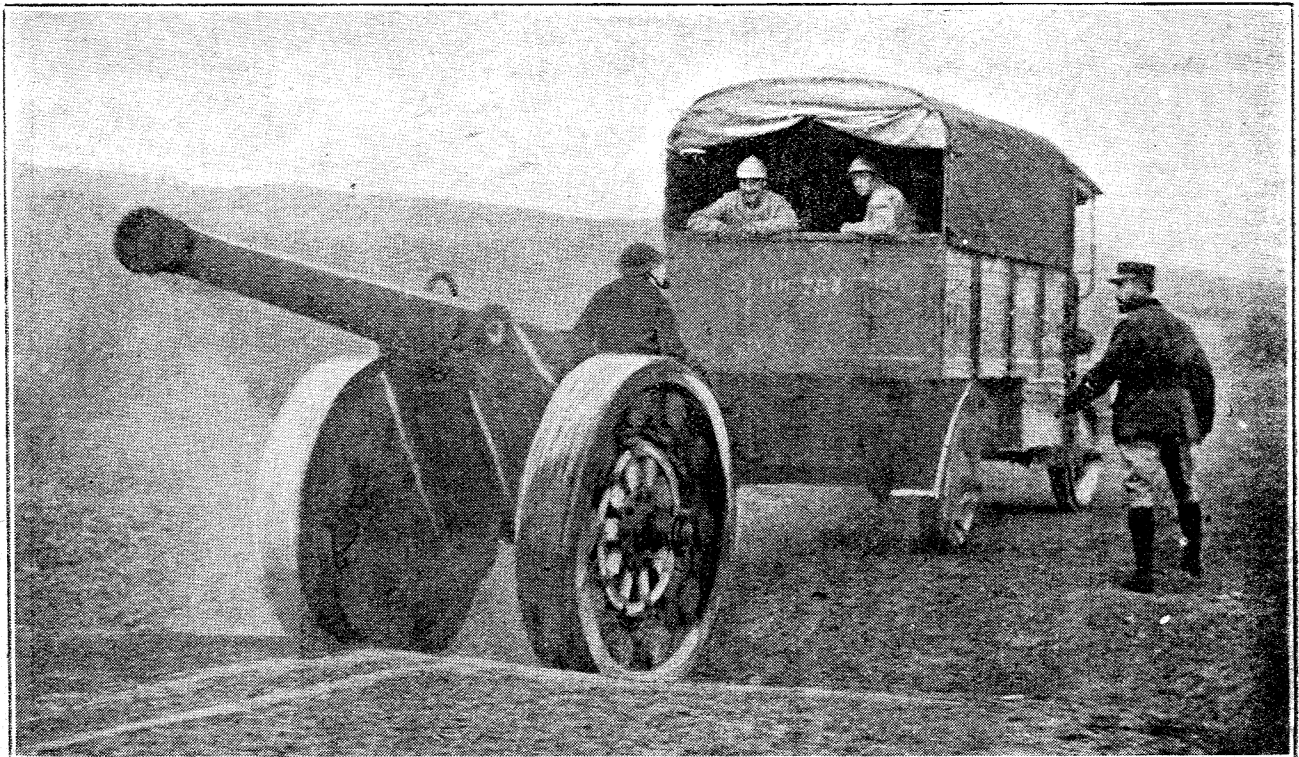


Varied is the work that may fall to the lot of the soldier, as these Poilus found when, though helmeted and uniformed, they became for the nonce peaceful shepherds engaged in driving a flock of sheep somewhere near the front for commissariat purposes. But after being told off for such a task they are, as soon as it is completed, ready for the sterner work with rifle and bayonet.

Gun That Hammers Huns at Twenty-Mile Range



At the far end of this avenue of the motor-vehicles by which its crew and shells are conveyed is a 400 cm. gun—the “Queen of the French Artillery.” It is firing at German trenches twenty miles away. Motors on the left carry the gun, those on the right the men and shells.



Heavy French gun being taken to the front by motor-tractor. The dust sent up suggests that it was moving at a lively rate, which must have shaken up the smoking Poilu on the breech as the massive wheels took the dip in the ground, into which they have just bumped.



Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



Lieut.-Col. A. P. HAMILTON,
attd. London Regt.



Capt. T. G. FITZPATRICK,
Royal Irish Fusiliers.



Capt. T. H. WATTS,
Middlesex Regt.



Capt. C. E. BLAND,
Hampshire Regt.



Capt. H. H. SHEARMAN,
Lincolnshire Regt.



Capt. H. R. H. O'BRIEN,
R.F.A.



Capt. A. HUTTON,
Highland Light Infantry.



Capt. L. D. HEAD,
K.O.Y.L.I.



Maj. E. T. BURGESS,
South African Infantry.



Lieut. A. E. SEDGWICK,
London Regt.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Percival Hamilton, the Queen's Regiment, was the eldest son of the late Major P. F. P. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, Brendon, Winchester. He entered the Royal West Surrey Regiment in 1904 and was promoted lieutenant in 1910. After serving as adjutant in the Territorial Force he was gazetted captain in the Queen's in 1914. He won the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry in September, 1915. In June, 1916, he was appointed to the command of a battalion of the London Regiment.

Second-Lieutenant Arnold Clement Panting, Royal Munster Fusiliers, was the third son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harwood Panting, of Norbury. Educated at Alleyn's College, Dulwich, he joined the editorial staff of the Amalgamated Press, and was editing a well-known periodical when war broke out. He joined the O.T.C. and obtained a commission in the Queen's, and later, being drafted to Egypt, was attached to the Royal Munster Fusiliers. Afterwards he transferred to the R.F.C. and was killed while acting as observer, his machine falling from a height of 1,000 feet. Before the war Lieutenant Panting took keen interest in the Boys' Brigade, and won the challenge shield of his company for gymnastics for three years in succession.

Second-Lieutenant Claude Louis Bentley, Highland Light Infantry, was the second son of Mrs. Bentley, of George Street, Edinburgh. He enlisted in the Army Service Corps Remounts, and in December, 1915, received a commission in the Highland Light Infantry. After training he returned to France and saw much severe fighting on the Somme as sniping, bombing, and intelligence officer. He came home for short leave and then, returning to his regiment, was killed while on active service by a bombing accident.



Lieut. and Adj. H. MALCOLMSON,
Royal Irish Regt.



Lieut. A. M. BROAD,
Royal Fus., attd. M. G. Corps.



Lieut. H. W. VALLANCE,
Canadian Infantry.



Lieut. H. W. MACDONNELL,
Canadian Infantry.



Lieut. R. W. JENNINGS,
Worcestershire Regt.



Lieut. F. M. REA,
Northumberland Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lt. A. A. PATTERSON,
Border Regt.



Sec.-Lt. C. L. BENTLEY,
Highland Light Infantry.



Sec.-Lt. A. C. PANTING,
Royal Munster Fusiliers.



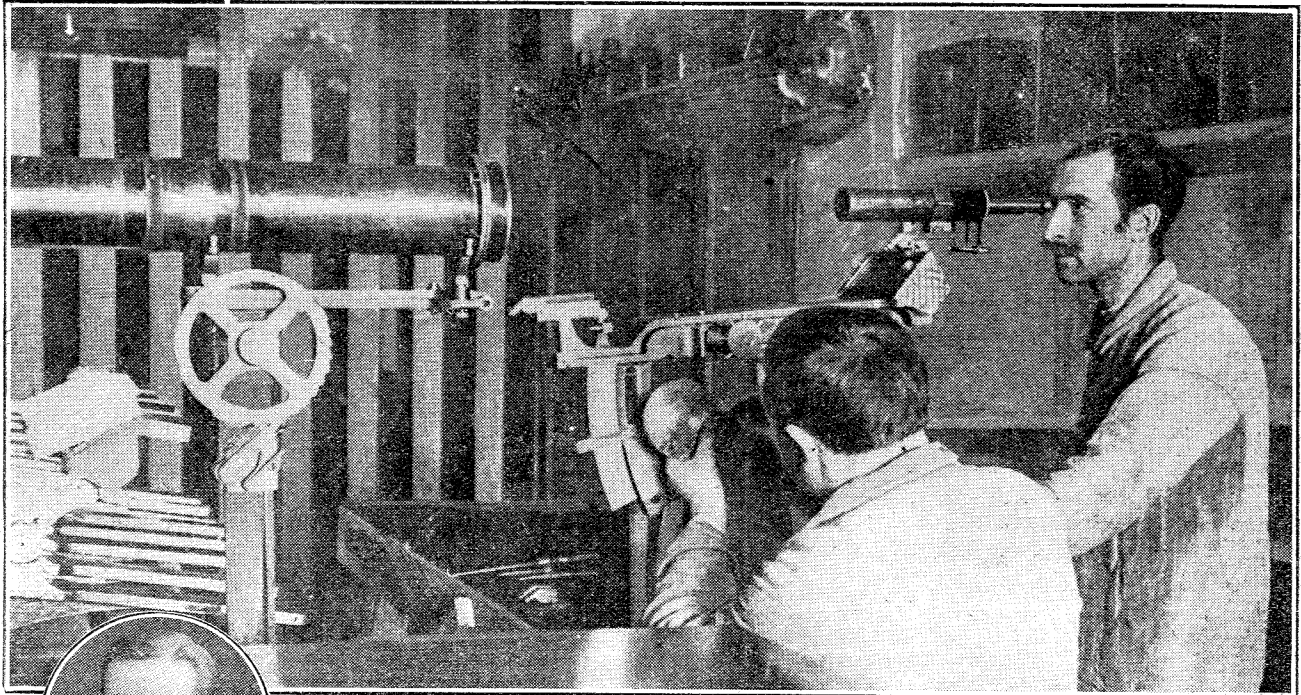
Sec.-Lt. A. A. S. HAMILTON,
Royal Berkshire Regt.



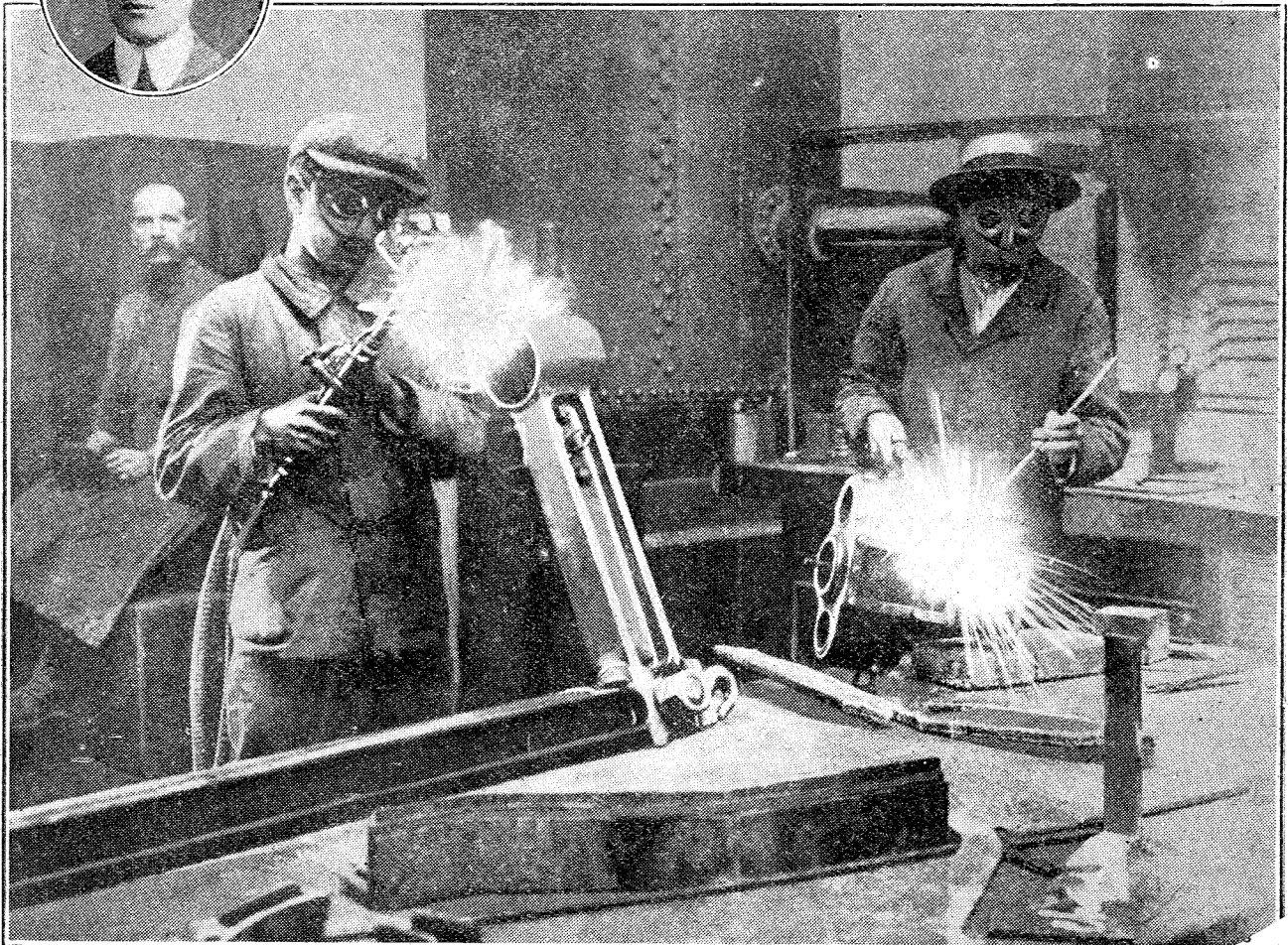
Sec.-Lt. G. A. C. GREENOP,
R.F.A.

Skill and Heroism Helping to Win the War

French Official Photographs



Graduating instruments for the observation of aeroplanes. Inset: Andrea Angel, M.A., B.Sc., the heroic chemist who sacrificed his life while fighting the fire in the London munition factory disaster on Jan. 19.



Munition workers in a French factory welding gun parts by heat process. The process generates intense light and heat from which are thrown off, with the result that the workers have to wear special goggles to protect their sight from injury.



OUR DIARY OF THE WAR



Chronology of Events, January 1st to 31st, 1917

- JAN. 1.**—Sir Douglas Haig created Field-Marshal.
Transport Ivernia sunk by submarine in Mediterranean; 155 missing.
Russians report successful counter-attack near Braila. Attacking the bridge-head 12 miles from Braila itself, the enemy is thrown back by the Allies.
Renewed Offensive in East Africa.—Our forces in vicinity of Kissaki, south of the Uhuguru Hills, storm the strongly-entrenched lines of the enemy in the Mgeta Valley.
- JAN. 2.**—Text of New Allied Note to Greece published.
Mackensen's army reported before the Sereth lines at Focsani.
- JAN. 3.**—Lord Cowdray appointed Air Minister.
Enemy clear the Dobruja by the capture of the Macin bridge-head, but checked in the Valley of the Buzeu.
- JAN. 4.**—Russian Success in the Carpathians.—Our ally breaks through the front of General von Kóvess's army near Mount Botosul, capturing 600 prisoners and three guns.
Germans report that the Milecovu sector, some distance west of Focsani, has been captured.
East African "round-up." Announced that while the operations of Jan. 1 were in progress, a detached column reached the Rufiji River in the vicinity of Mkalinsu, and established itself on both banks of that stream. Farther east our forces hold a line east and west, through Kibata in the Matumbi Hills, astride the tracks leading south from the Rufiji delta.
British airmen again bomb the railway bridge at Kuleli Burgas.
- JAN. 5.**—Capture of Braila announced by the Germans.
Allied Conference in Rome.—Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Milner arrive in Rome to take part with the French and Italian Governments in an exchange of views upon the general situation.
North of Beaumont-Hamel British troops seize two hostile posts.
- JAN. 6.**—British carry out successful daylight raid against the enemy's positions south-east of Arras, penetrating as far as his third line.
Russian rally on the Sereth. Our ally delivers an attack on a front of 15½ miles, and gains ground in the direction of Obilisti.
- JAN. 7.**—Russians report heavy fighting near Riga, where they vigorously attack. They advance their line and take 800 prisoners.
British carry out a successful raid south of Armentières.
- JAN. 8.**—The Drive in East Africa.—War Office announces that General Smuts has pressed his operations against the main body of the enemy in the valley and delta of the Lower Rufiji River. Our troops have reached Kibambwe.
Germans capture Focsani.
New Allied Note to Greece, with 48 hours' time limit.
- JAN. 9.**—Sinai Cleared of the Turk.—Our troops capture a strong enemy position covering Rafa (30 miles north-east of El Arish). A Turkish relief force is engaged about four miles from the Rafa position, and entirely destroyed. Our unwounded prisoners total 1,600; enemy killed and wounded in our hands amount to 600.
Russians attacking in the Riga region capture an island in the River Dwina, east of Glandan.
British seize and consolidate section of enemy trench east of Beaumont-Hamel, taking 140 prisoners.
Advance near Kut.—An Indian division captures enemy's trenches on a front of 1,000 yards in the bend of the Tigris on the right bank.
H.M.S. Cornwallis sunk by enemy submarine in Mediterranean, 13 men missing.
- JAN. 10.**—Russians report continued advance in the Riga district. They take enemy's position between the Tirul Marsh and the River Aa, and advance 1½ miles towards the south.
- JAN. 11.**—British carry through another "local operation" north-east of Beaumont-Hamel, taking three-quarters of a mile of trench and a number of prisoners.
Our cavalry occupy Hai town, on the Shatt-el-Hai.
H.M. seaplane-carrier Ben-My-Chree sunk by gun fire in Kastelorizo Harbour (Asia Minor), 1 officer and 4 men wounded.
Allies' Reply to President Wilson's Peace Note published.
Greek reply to allied ultimatum complies with demands on the main points.
- JAN. 12.**—New War Loan issued.
Rome announces that during night of December 11-12, 1916, the warship Regina Margherita struck two mines and sank; 675 lives lost.
Rumanian success reported in the Valley of the Casin, enemy driven back over a mile.
- JAN. 13.**—British post north-west of Serre lost and regained.
On the Lower Sereth Mackensen's Turkish troops storm the village of Mihalea. In the Casin Valley, in the Moldavian Highlands, the Rumanians attack and occupy enemy trenches.
- JAN. 14.**—British bombard enemy's trenches north-west of Lens with good results.
British troops on the Struma front defeat a Turkish patrol. Enemy positions at Neohari are bombarded in co-operation with the Navy.
- JAN. 15.**—Rumanian Success.—Our ally successfully repulses enemy attack on the heights south-east of Monestirka-Kachineel.
Activity in Macedonia.—Italians repulse Bulgarian attack near Lake Prespa; the French destroy a munition depot at Putures, while other engagements take place in the neighbourhood of Lake Ochrida, particularly at Veliterna.
Sir Douglas Haig and General Nivelle attend conference with the War Cabinet in London.
- JAN. 16.**—Closer Grip on Kut.—War Office announces that the south bank of the Tigris east of Kut-el-Amara has been cleared of the Turk, save for one small stretch in the bend of the river.
Announced that General Smuts is to represent South Africa at the special War Conference of the Empire.
Fighting in Rumania confined to the valleys of Southern Moldavia, where the enemy is checked.
Italian Advance in Albania. Cavalry occupy Salesi and Arza, thus making a further advance towards their line of posts extending from Valona.
- JAN. 17.**—British Success on the Anere.—Our troops occupy a line of enemy posts north of Beaumont-sur-Ancre, the whole of our objectives being gained on a frontage of 600 yards.
Splendid Canadian Raid.—Canadian troops carry out a very successful daylight raid north-east of Cité Calonne, entering the enemy's trenches on a front of 700 yards and penetrating to a depth of 300 yards.
Greece accepts the demands of the Allies in their entirety.
- Rumanians Recapture a Height.**—Between the Valleys of the Casin and Susitza the Rumanians surround a height occupied by the enemy and take a great number of prisoners.
- JAN. 18.**—Despatch of General Smuts, covering operations in East Africa from end of March to the end of October, 1916, published.
British make further progress during the night north of Beaumont-sur-Ancre
- JAN. 19.**—Great Munitions Explosion.—Explosion occurs at a munitions factory in the neighbourhood of London, 69 killed, 72 seriously injured, and 328 slightly injured.
- JAN. 20.**—Mackensen's Renewed Activity.—Enemy announces he has captured the village of Nanesti, forming part of the advanced bridge-head position on the south of the Sereth. Later the Germans claim to have taken the whole of the bridge-head.
British Air Raid on Bagdad.
Lieut.-General Hoskins succeeds Lieut.-General Smuts in East African command.
- JAN. 21.**—In the fighting for the Sereth bridge-head and near Pralea, in South Moldavia, the Germans claim to have taken over 900 prisoners.
British carry out successful daylight raid south-east of Loos.
War Office announces the capture of the last trenches in the Tigris bend, north-east of Kut-el-Amara.
- JAN. 22.**—Officially announced that the encircling movement against the Germans on the Lower Rufiji River is making progress. In the Makenge region they are being harassed by converging columns.
Naval Actions in North Sea.—Our light forces meet a division of enemy torpedo-boat destroyers off the Dutch Coast, and in a short engagement one of the enemy torpedo-boat destroyers is sunk, the rest scattered after suffering "considerable punishment." In a short and sharp engagement between enemy torpedo-boat destroyers and British destroyers in the vicinity of the Schouwen Bank, one of our torpedo-boat destroyers struck by a torpedo; 46 casualties.
- JAN. 23.**—Germans report that Bulgarian troops have crossed the southern branch of the Danube opposite Tultcha.
- JAN. 24.**—Russians attack Bulgarians who had occupied part of the Danube delta, take 337 prisoners, and annihilate the rest of the battalion.
Dimitrieff's army forced to give up part of its gains near Riga, is driven back a mile and a half, and loses a third of the ground previously won.
- JAN. 25.**—Obstinate fighting continues west and south-west of Riga.
British carry out a very successful daylight raid near Hulluch.
The Greek Government presents formal apologies to the Ministers of the Allied Powers for the regrettable occurrences of December 1, 1916.
Allied Naval Conference.—Admiralty announces that the results of an important Naval Conference held in London between representatives of Great Britain, France, and Italy were entirely satisfactory.
Small German vessel bombards Suffolk coast; no casualties.
British gain 1,100 yards of first-line and a considerable length of second-line trenches south-west of Kut.
H.M. auxiliary cruiser Laurentic sunk off Irish Coast by German submarine or mine; 121 officers and men saved.
- JAN. 26.**—War Office reports continued falling back of enemy on the Lower Rufiji; 100 miles east of Lake Nyasa a German force has surrendered.
- JAN. 27.**—Brilliant operation near Le Transloy carried out by British; 350 prisoners.
- JAN. 28.**—Russians break through enemy's line on front of 3,000 yards near the meeting-place of the Bukovina, Transylvania, and Rumania.
- JAN. 29.**—British raid north-east of Vermelles.
- JAN. 30.**—Duke of Connaught appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Volunteer Force.