

## PART ONE

### Image: English Countryside 1

#### [1 Piano: 'Alexander's Ragtime Band']

### Image: Big Ben

#### [2 Newspaper headlines from first half of 1914]

**Tim:** Blizzards Rage across England!

**Ian:** Cover Price of *The Times* halved to One Penny!

**Lesley:** Triumph for Mr Tyler's Sunloch in Grand National!

**Penny:** Brussels witnesses World's First Successful Blood Transfusion!

**James:** Cambridge Crew crushes Oxford in Boat Race!

**Sarah:** Marconi uses Wireless to light Lamp Six Miles Away!

**Chris:** King George sees Burnley victorious in FA Cup Final at Crystal Palace!

**Alison:** First British Performance of Wagner's *Parsifal* at Covent Garden

**Barbara:** All-British Wimbledon Ladies' Final – Dorothea Chambers wins for 7th time!

**Ann:** Queen of Portugal opens Alexandra House Nurses' Home at Treloar's Hospital!

**Morris:** New Alton Picture Palace shows Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford – *and* Red Indians

*Memories! Of that ragtime craze, and of those news headlines dating from the innocent early months of 1914. Before it became 'The Year of Sarajevo'. A midsummer murder in Bosnia was hardly surprising – the Balkans were always like that! But, even then, hardly any of us predicted that, within a few short weeks, we should be entering what*

*soon became a great European, and even global, war. As Winston Churchill, who in 1914 was running the Admiralty, would later recall...*

### **[3 Churchill's memoirs]**

**Tim:** The spring and summer of 1914 were marked in Europe by an exceptional tranquillity. All through the tangle of the Balkan Conferences of 1913 British and German diplomacy laboured in harmony. The long distrust which had grown up in the Foreign Office, though not removed, was sensibly modified and the peaceful solution of the Balkan difficulties afforded justification for the feeling of confidence.

*Our complacency and even light-heartedness were well reflected in the popular songs of those last peacetime months. I can still hear the favourite Music Hall pieces, like this one...*

### **[4 Song: 'I was a good little girl...']**

*I also recall how, that Spring, one of the West End highlights was the first production of George Bernard Shaw's Pygmalion at His Majesty's Theatre. Things went more amusingly than smoothly...*

### **[5 Reactions to Shaw's Pygmalion]**

**Chris:** Shaw wrote this play as a gift for Stella Patrick Campbell, a capricious, raven-haired, bewitching star he loved "violently and exquisitely". On reading it, she wrote thanking him...

**Sarah:** For thinking I can play your pretty little slut.

**Penny:** She was flattered, too, as Eliza was 30 years her junior. Tree would play Higgins and also direct. Rehearsals were stormy. Shaw yelled at Tree for being...

**Ian:** So damned treacly!

**Chris:** Shaw also wrote irate letters. This led Tree to scribble in his notebook:

**Sarah:** I will not go so far as to say that all people who write letters of more than eight pages are mad, but it is a curious fact that all madmen write letters of more than eight pages.

**Penny:** Just before the dress rehearsal, Campbell disappeared to get married – secretly. The press swarmed about the theatre, and Tree gave an impromptu press conference, lying that he had known all about the wedding. He also had to contend with questions about the play. All London knew that Eliza was scripted to cry out:

**Sarah:** ‘Not bloody likely!’

**Chris:** The *Daily Sketch* speculated on the forbidden word.

**Morris:** Will Mrs Patrick Campbell speak it? Has the censor stepped in, or will the word spread? If he does not forbid it then anything might happen!

**Ian:** When Campbell did pronounce the incarnadine adverb (as the Daily Mail fastidiously put it), the audience laughed for a full 75 seconds. Appalled by the shallow response, Shaw stormed off. The word was denounced by preachers and politicians – as well as by a genuine flower-girl whom the Daily Express took to the play and then bribed with several pints of milk stout to say that the language was shocking. However, she also expressed the view that Campbell was...

**Alison:** Just louverly - but she was not altogether what you might call true ter life. As for Bernard Shaw, well, he thinks a blooming sight too much of himself, he does.

**Chris:** Another audience member complained thus to the *Sandwich Gazette*:

**Morris:** Ever since Mr Shaw flung his unprintable word at the play-going public, my wife, who is a refined and educated woman, has regarded it as a huge joke to use this expletive... May I ask whether one's sense of humour is likely to be still further strained?

**Ian:** The critics were less prurient. The *Daily Sketch* judged the word

**Sarah:** absolutely appropriate... and Mrs Patrick Campbell's consummate comedy acting robs the phrase of all offensiveness.

**Chris:** Overall the verdict was that *Pygmalion* - the first of Shaw's plays to become a popular hit - was, as the *Daily Telegraph* put it,

**Sarah:** the jolliest stuff!

## **Image: English Countryside 2**

*Even if fears about international warfare did not as yet bulk large in Britain during the earlier part of 1914, there was of course another source of conflict that did threaten to put a brake on our jollity. Nothing less than the growing prospect of civil war over the issue of a yet another Irish Home Rule Bill – the seeming certainty of Asquith's Liberal government having to face increasing mutiny from British soldiers loyal to Ulster unionism as well as continuing hostility from Irish nationalists who were fearful lest Westminster might still*

*renege upon what had been promised to Dublin. Here again is Churchill's memoir...*

### **[6 Churchill's memoirs]**

**Tim:** The strange calm of the European situation contrasted with the rising fury of party conflict at home ... where the Protestant counties of Ulster were openly developing their preparations for armed resistance. In this they were supported and encouraged by the whole Conservative Party.

*No one in 1914 put the Unionist case to us more fiercely than Rudyard Kipling...*

### **[7 Kipling on the Ulster crisis]**

**Ian:** We know the wars prepared  
On every peaceful home,  
We know the hells declared  
For such as serve not Rome –  
The terror, threats, and dread  
In market, hearth, and field –  
We know, when all is said,  
We perish if we yield.

*Our second major focus of domestic discontent was “Votes (or not) for Women!” One of the most notable instances of violent protest against denial of female suffrage erupted in March, inside the National Gallery. It involved an attack on the altogether luscious painting of a nude by Velázquez, known as “The Rokeby Venus”...*

### **Image: Damaged Rokeby Venus**

### **[8 The Rokeby Venus]**

**Ann:** A slight woman wearing a tight grey skirt and a coat had stood for some time in front of the painting, apparently

in deep contemplation. Then she suddenly smashed the protective glass, and began hacking furiously at the picture with a chopper which, it is assumed, she had hidden under her jacket. When she was apprehended by a guard on duty in the room, she calmly surrendered and allowed herself to be led to the inspector's office.

*In her statement the culprit, Mary Richardson, said...*

**Lesley:** I have tried to destroy the picture of the most beautiful woman in mythological history as a protest against the Government for destroying Mrs Pankhurst, who is the most beautiful character in modern history. Justice is an element of beauty as much as colour and outline on canvas. Mrs Pankhurst seeks to procure justice for womanhood, and for this she is being slowly murdered by a Government of Iscariot politicians.

*In an interview forty years later, Mary gave yet another reason for her action:*

**Lesley:** I didn't like the way men visitors gawped at it all day long!

*The gawping male was only one part of the problem that a feminist was likely to face in 1914. This bit of doggerel from the period hints, splendidly but also disgracefully, at the scale of prejudice then prevailing...*

### **[9 'Ruled by Girls']**

**Ann:** If the world were ruled by girls  
What a difference there would be  
The country and town would be upside down  
And a wonderful change we'd see.

**Alison:** If ladies were P'licemen

The fun it would quickly begin  
All the fellows would murder, burgle and steal  
For the pleasure of being run in.

**Sarah:** If the world were ruled by girls  
Some as doctors would want to pose  
They'd take their degrees and become MD's  
What the end would be, goodness knows.

**Ian:** If ladies were doctors  
The fellows would think it all right  
Well, I know for a fact that I've got several chums  
Who' d be awfully ill tonight.

**Tim:** If the world were ruled by girls  
Perhaps football players they'd be  
They'd scream and they'd scratch when they lost a match  
And they'd blame the poor referee.

**Alison:** If ladies played football  
The game would be ruined alack  
For on purpose to show off their evening dress  
They'd all want to play half-back.

**Ann:** If the world were ruled by girls  
They'd be knights of the knife and steel  
And all the fops would admire their chops  
Their mutton, their beef and veal.

**Chris:** If ladies were butchers  
'Twould please all the men, it's a cert  
They'd be going round every Saturday night  
For a couple of pounds of skirt.

### **Image: Suffragettes**

*With that sort of stuff doing the rounds, one can readily see why even an explosion in Westminster Abbey might be an understandable reaction. The Melbourne Argus reported*

## [10 The Westminster Abbey Bomb]

**Alison:** 12 June 1914

**Sarah:** Bomb in Famous Chapel!

**Alison:** British Nation Shocked!

**Morris:** Not even Westminster Abbey, the nation's treasured possession, has escaped the destroying hand of the militant suffragette. At the very moment – 6.30pm – when the Home Secretary was explaining to the Commons the Asquith ministry's policy on suffragette militancy, a violent explosion occurred.

**Alison:** Edward the Confessor's Chapel was filled with smoke and dust, and a piece of the top of the Coronation Chair had been blown off. The bomb appears to have been well made, loaded with iron filings, and fired by a fuse. There were actually two explosions – both heard in the Commons.

**Ian:** It is supposed that some members of a large party deposited the bomb under the chair. A woman's boa, a guide book, and a silk bag were found close by. In the excitement, the police temporarily detained two inoffensive Danish ladies for the crime!

*The labour requirements of the Great War that still lay ahead, and the vital role that women would soon play on our home front, eventually helped the suffragettes to win the day. But no one who heard it could ever forget the stirring anthem that was still regularly promoting their cause in 1914. Under the title 'March of the Women', it was composed by the redoubtable Dame Ethel Smyth. While imprisoned in Holloway for her own part in civil disobedience, she once conducted it from her cell-window for a choir of fellow-suffragettes. Her baton was a toothbrush...*



**[11 Suffragette Anthem: ‘The March of the Women’**  
(first & last stanzas –with flourished toothbrushes!!)]

**Image: Rhossili Beach**

*As yet, any fear of major warfare abroad was far from widespread. But, the sounds arising from Britain’s mastery of the seas could often be heard coming from naval exercises in the so-called English Channel – and nowhere more loudly than along the coasts of Hampshire and Dorset. In 1914 Thomas Hardy wrote ‘Channel Firing’, a poem telling how the din of Royal Navy gunfire might even carry far enough to rouse from their graves the village dead of Wiltshire and Somerset as well...*

**[12 Thomas Hardy: ‘Channel Firing’]**

**Lesley:** That night your great guns, unawares,  
Shook all our coffins as we lay,  
And broke the chancel window-squares,  
We thought it was the Judgement-day  
And sat upright. While drearisome  
Arose the howl of wakened hounds:  
The mouse let fall the altar-crumbs,  
The worms drew back into the mounds,  
The glebe cow drooled. Till God called...

**Morris:** “No;  
It’s gunnery practice out at sea  
Just as before you went below;  
The world is as it used to be:  
All nations striving strong to make  
Red war yet redder. Mad as hatters  
They do no more for Christ’s sake  
Than you who are helpless in such matters.

That this is not the judgment-hour  
For some of them's a blessed thing,  
For if it were they'd have to scour  
Hell's floor for so much threatening...

Ha, ha. It will be warmer when  
I blow the trumpet (if indeed  
I ever do; for you are men,  
And rest eternal sorely need)".

**Lesley:** So down we lay again.

**Tim:** "I wonder,  
Will the world ever saner be..."

**Lesley:** Said one

**Tim:** "...than when He sent us under  
In our indifferent century!"

**Lesley:** And many a skeleton shook his head.

**Ian:** "Instead of preaching forty year..."

**Lesley:** My neighbour Parson Thirdly said

**Ian:** "...I wish I had stuck to pipes and beer."

**Lesley:** Again the guns disturbed the hour,  
Roaring their readiness to avenge,  
As far inland as Stourton Tower,  
And Camelot, and starlit Stonehenge.

### **Image: Malvern Hills**

*In contrast, and as an epitome of the final weeks of tranquillity, I recall a writer who, on 23rd June in midsummer warmth, journeyed by rail from Paddington to Malvern – and had something of an ‘epiphany’ as the train was held, briefly, by a signal as it neared his destination. He jotted the experience in his notebook. And it soon served to inspire one of his earliest poems – a piece from Edward*

*Thomas that is now widely renowned, and loved, as one of the masterpieces of the pastoral tradition in English poetry...*

**[13 Edward Thomas: ‘Adlestrop’]**

**Penny:** Yes. I remember Adlestrop —  
The name, because one afternoon  
Of heat the express-train drew up there  
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.  
No one left and no one came  
On the bare platform. What I saw  
Was Adlestrop—only the name  
And willows, willow-herb, and grass,  
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,  
No whit less still and lonely fair  
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.  
And for that minute a blackbird sang  
Close by, and round him, mistier,  
Farther and farther, all the birds  
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

*Just five days later, on 28th June, the most important sound in Sarajevo – capital of the Habsburg province of Bosnia-Herzegovina – was not birdsong, but this... [crack of two pistol shots] ... pistol shots that, as someone later remarked, “echoed round the world”. The assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince and his wife by Bosnian Serbs, trained across the border in Belgrade, was subsequently described by one of the conspirators....*

**Image: Sarejevo**

**[14 The Sarajevo Assassination]**

**Tim:** The 28th of June is a date engraved deeply in the heart of every Serb – the day on which our old kingdom was conquered by the Turks at the battle of Kosovo in 1389. That was no day for Franz Ferdinand, the new oppressor, to venture to the very doors Serbia, for a display of the force of arms which kept us beneath his heel. Our decision was taken almost immediately. Death to the tyrant!

The fateful morning dawned. When the Archduke and his retinue drove from the station they were allowed to pass the first two conspirators. The cars were driving too fast to make an attempt feasible – and throwing a grenade at that stage would have killed many innocent Serbians. However, when the car passed Gabrinovič, he did throw his grenade. It hit the side of the vehicle, but Franz Ferdinand with presence of mind leaned back and was unhurt – though several others riding in his attendance were injured.

The cars sped on to the Town Hall. After the reception the Austrian commander pleaded with Franz Ferdinand to leave the city, as it was seething with rebellion. The Archduke was persuaded to drive the shortest way and to go quickly.

The road out to the military manoeuvres was shaped at one point like the letter V, involving a sharp turn at the river bridge. The car could go fast enough until it reached this spot. But here it was forced to slow down – at the very point where Gavrilo Princip had taken his stand.

As the car came abreast he stepped forward from the curb, drew his automatic pistol from his coat, and fired two shots. The first struck the Archduchess in the abdomen – she was an expectant mother, and died instantly. The second bullet struck the Archduke close to the heart. He uttered only one word – ‘Sofia’ – a call to his stricken wife.

Then his head fell back and he collapsed. He died almost instantly.

*Two days later, the writer Wilfred Scawen Blunt recorded laconically:*

**Ian:** There has been another assassination, this time the heir of the Austrian Emperor. I do not quite know how it affects the political situation.

*In that respect Scawen Blunt was not untypical – for Europe did not fall instantly into the abyss of general war. For a few weeks yet, we still expected the problem of ‘Sarajevo’ to be resolved by almost routine resort to delicate diplomacy on the part of the major Powers. David Lloyd George recalled in his memoirs...*

### **[15 From David Lloyd George’s memoirs]**

**Morris:** Not even the most astute and far-seeing statesman foresaw in the early summer of 1914 that the autumn would find the nations of the world interlocked in the most terrible conflict that had ever been witnessed in the history of mankind; and if you came to the ordinary men and women who were engaged in their daily avocations in all countries there was not one of them who suspected the imminence of such a catastrophe. Of those who, in the first weeks of July, were employed in garnering their hay or corn harvests, either in this country or in the Continent of Europe, it is safe to say that no one contemplated the possibility that another month would find them called to the Colours and organized in battle array for a struggle that would end in the violent death of millions of them, and in the mutilation of many millions more.

*So, whatever was going on in the chancelleries and embassies of Europe during the three or four weeks after Sarajevo, the leisure habits of our customary British July seemed to be surviving almost unscathed. This song symbolizes the remarkable persistence of ‘business as usual’....*

### **Image: Beach with bathing machines**

#### **[16 Song: ‘Those Lovely Seaside Girls’]**

*Nor were the more formal July rituals of the upper-middle classes to be lightly disturbed. One of them was attendance at the ceremonies of prize-giving that honoured those leaving the major public schools. Much later Vera Brittain would recollect how, at Uppingham on the 11th of the month, she attended such an occasion – in support of Roland Leighton, the rather solemn, but undoubtedly gifted, young man whom she was soon determined to take as a husband.*

### **Image Uppingham School**

#### **[17 Vera Brittain at Uppingham]**

**Sarah:** The Headmaster, in spite of his contempt for women, was a splendid man. He, Dr Mackenzie, stalked up the Hall very majestically and stood before the table removing his gloves with a far greater dignity than I have ever seen anyone remove their gloves before!

*The programme indicated that Roland, already titled Captain of Classics, was due to receive the prizes for...*

#### **Ian: (in Headmasterly tones)**

English Essay

Latin Prose

Greek Prose Composition

Latin Hexameters

and Greek Epigram.

**Sarah:** I do not recall much of the speech, but I shall always remember the final prophetic precept and breathless silence which followed the Headmaster's slow religious emphasis upon the words...

**Ian:** If a man cannot be useful to his country, he is better dead.

**Sarah:** For a moment their solemnity disturbed with a queer, indescribably foreboding the complacent mood in which I watched Roland, pale but composed, go up to receive his prizes.

### **Image: London at Night**

*It was not until 23rd July that our general complacency began to ebb rapidly away. This was the day on which Austria, now fully backed by Germany, issued to Serbia an ultimatum so fierce as to defy any adequate measure of compliance. Over the next ten days there was a confusion of threat and counter-threat which increasingly edged out the working of peaceable diplomacy. This was the rapidly worsening atmosphere in which, as Lloyd George put it...*

### **[18 Lloyd George's Memoirs]**

**Morris:** The nations slithered over the brink into the boiling cauldron of war.

*Thus very soon youths such as Leighton, or indeed myself, who had been drilled in the Classics would be marching off as officers – many of us under the illusion that, like Ajax or Achilles, we too were entering upon some renewal of dignified and heroic epic in the Homeric mode. All too soon the future which we had imagined for ourselves in peacetime would turn out to be – just that – imaginary.*

*One of the most curious features of the very last days of peace was the rapid exchange of telegrams conducted (in English) between the Russian Tsar, by now the protector of Serbia, and the German Kaiser. The purpose of each was now, arguably, not to avoid war – but rather to rig the historical record so as to ensure that the other’s regime carried the major blame for the outbreak of hostilities. On Tuesday 28th July Austria had moved on to an actual declaration of war against Serbia, and very early the following morning – at 1 a.m. – Tsar Nicholas wired to Kaiser Wilhelm as follows:.*

**[19 Telegrams between the Tsar and the Kaiser] Sarah as Telegraph boy**

**Tim [TSAR]:** I appeal to you to help me. An ignoble war has been declared by Austria] on a weak country. The indignation in Russia, shared fully by me, is enormous I beg you in the name of our old friendship to do what you can to stop your allies from going too far.

Nicky.

**Sarah:** This crossed with a telegram from the Kaiser...

**Chris [KAISER]:** The unscrupulous action that has been going on in Serbia for years has resulted in the outrageous crime, to which Archduke Franz Ferdinand fell a victim. All Sovereigns, have a common interest to insist that the persons morally responsible for this dastardly murder should receive their deserved punishment... However, with regard to the hearty and tender friendship which binds us both firmly from so long ago, I am exerting my utmost influence to induce the Austrians to arrive at a satisfactory understanding with you.

Your very sincere and devoted friend and cousin, Willy.



**Sarah:** The Kaiser wired again that same Wednesday evening...

**Chris:** Austria does not want to make any territorial conquests at the expense of Serbia . I therefore suggest that it would be quite possible for Russia to remain a spectator of the Austro-Serbian conflict without involving Europe in the most horrible war she would ever have witnessed.

Willy.

**Sarah:** The Tsar promptly sent a conciliatory reply, ending...

**Tim:** Trust in your wisdom and friendship.

Your loving Nicky.

**Sarah:** At 1.20 a.m. the next morning (Thursday 30th) Nicholas despatched a further wire...

**Tim:** The Russian mobilization measures which have now come into force were decided five days ago for reasons of defence on account of Austria's preparations. I hope from all my heart that these won't in any way interfere with your part as mediator, which I greatly value.

Nicky.

**Sarah:** That message again crossed with one from Wilhelm...

**Chris:** If Russia mobilizes against Austria, my role as mediator will be endangered. The whole weight of the decision now lies solely with you, who have to bear the responsibility for Peace or War.

Willy.

**Sarah:** Later that day, Russia declared a general mobilization. On the Friday the telegraphic exchanges continued, with the Kaiser observing...

**Chris:** My mediation has been made illusory. The responsibility for the disaster which is now threatening the whole civilized world will not be laid at my door. In this moment it still lies in your power to avert it...

Willy

**Sarah:** Nicholas replied...

**Tim:** It is technically impossible to stop our military preparations which were obligatory owing to Austria's mobilization against Serbia. We are far from wishing war... I put all my trust in God's mercy.

Your affectionate, Nicky

**Sarah:** The final interchange came on, Saturday 1st August. Tsar to Kaiser...

**Tim:** Understand you are obliged to mobilize, but wish to have from you the same guarantee which I gave – that these measures do not mean war and that we shall continue negotiating...

Nicky

**Sarah:** And Kaiser back to Tsar...

**Chris:** Yesterday I pointed out to your government the way by which alone war might be avoided. Although I requested an answer from your ministers by noon today, none has reached me as yet. I therefore have been obliged to mobilize my army...

Willy

*Later that same day Germany moved on to an actual declaration of war against Russia, claiming 'self-defence'. The immediate sequel in St Petersburg was a violent attack on the German Embassy, located in the square opposite St Isaac's Cathedral. Eye-witnesses reported.*

## [20 War Frenzy in St Petersburg]

**Ian:** The Square was swarming with people. It must have been about 9 o'clock, with the enervating, exciting twilight of the northern lights. The steady hammering of axes on metal made me look up at the Embassy roof, which was decorated with colossal figures of overfed German warriors holding bloated carthorses. A flagstaff supported a bronze eagle with spread wings. Several men were busy hammering at the feet of the Teutons. The very first strokes pitched the mob to a frenzy – the heroic figures were hollow!

[ cries spread among various voices... ]

**Penny:** They are empty!

**Ann:** A good omen!

**Lesley:** Another German bluff!

**Morris:** We'll show them!

**Chris:** Hack them all down!

**Lesley:** The axes were hammering faster and faster. At last one warrior swayed, pitched forward, and crashed to the pavement. The turn of the eagle arrived. The bird came crashing down, and the battered remains were immediately drowned in the nearby Moika river. But obviously the destruction of the symbols was not enough. A quickly organized gang smashed a side door of the Embassy. Soon a big window opened and spat out a great portrait of the Kaiser into the crowd below. When it reached the cobblestones, there was just enough left to start a good bonfire – one that was shortly being fed by the furniture, books, pictures, and papers which also came hurtling down.

**Chris:** A woman tore her dress at the collar, fell on her knees with a shriek, and pressed her naked breasts against the dusty boots of a young officer in campaign uniform. Then she cried out...

**Alison:** Take me! Right here, before these people! Poor boy... you will give your life... for God... for the Tsar... for Russia!

*As expected, the Franco-Russian alliance held good. But what stance would we, the British, take – under a Liberal cabinet hitherto disinclined towards involvement? On Monday 3rd August, faced with an imminent German invasion of France that would also violate the neutrality of Belgium and threaten the Channel ports, most of the Asquith ministry at last accepted the necessity of entry into war. Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary – torn away from his summer hobbies of bird-watching and fly-fishing along the River Itchen – addressed the House of Commons...*

### **[21 Sir Edward Grey]**

**Tim:** It may be said, I suppose, that we might stand aside, husband our strength, and that, whatever happened in the course of this war, at the end of it intervene with effect to put things right, and to adjust them to our own point of view. If, in a crisis like this, we run away from those obligations of honour and interest as regards the Belgian treaty, I doubt whether, whatever material force we might have at the end, it would be of very much value in face of the respect that we should have lost. And I do not believe, whether a great power stands outside this war or not, it is going to be in a position at the end of it to exert its superior strength. For us, with a powerful fleet, which we believe able to protect our commerce, to protect our shores, and to

protect our interests, if we are engaged in war, we shall suffer but little more than we shall suffer even if we stand aside.

*Later that day Germany declared war on France, and began to invade Belgium. In his subsequent memoirs Grey wrote:*

**Tim:** A friend came to see me that evening. We were standing at a window of my room in the Foreign Office. It was getting dusk, and the lamps were being lit in the space below on which we were looking. My friend recalls that I remarked on this with the words: “The lamps are going out all over Europe, we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime.”

*On the following day our own country, in its turn, declared war against the German Reich.*

## **IMAGE: INTERVAL**

[ Interval ]

## **PART TWO**

### **Image: Words of Land of Hope and Glory**

**[22 ‘Land of Hope and Glory’, to be sung by All, including the Audience if we’re lucky!]**

*Splendid tune! So splendid indeed that, as we sang it like that in August 1914, it blinded most of us to the fact that the words – particularly the stuff about God making us mightier and Himself driving the expansion of our Empire – were virtually identical to what Kaiser Bill was spouting on behalf of his Germans too! Most of the British press was similarly minded...*

## Image: Recruiting Poster

### [23 The Papers]

*The Daily Express...*

**Chris:** England expects every man will do his duty. The mood in London is calm, confident, and grim.

*The Telegraph...*

**Alison:** Readers should be shedding tears of pride over the spectacle presented by the British race.

*The Mirror...*

**Penny:** We could not stand aside! Britain will not allow Germany's fleet to batter France's undefended coast. The safety of the Empire may easily again depend on the Navy, which has given us such an heroic history.

*The Mail...*

**Ann:** Yesterday's Commons proceedings were worthy of tremendous occasion. They will fill the nation with fresh courage and confidence

*...going on to add...*

**Ann:** How to economise, with tips for housekeeping in wartime.

*But there were also some words of caution. For example, from The Manchester Guardian...*

**Tim:** Europe in arms watches Great Britain. Italy has asserted her freedom to keep the peace. Will England follow the good example? The country is facing the greatest calamity that anyone living has known.

*The Daily Herald certainly took an anti-war stance – only to find its sales promptly plummeting! Meanwhile, The Daily Chronicle warned...*

**Lesley:** A newspaper's duty is to give news, but at times of war it has a patriotic duty as well. It must give no news

which would convey information or advantage to an adversary”

*The Times published the first war poem by Sir Henry Newbolt, while The London Gazette announced practical measures...*

**Ian:** An export ban on animals, pack, saddle and draught, suitable for use in war: ditto surgical bandages and dressings; projectiles of all kinds and their component parts. Silk cloth, braid and thread, suitable for cartridges.

*Within a few days, the effects of the declaration of war began to permeate into life at home, followed by a flourishing rumour mill, directed at those who might not be British, or worse still, might indeed be spies. Ann Scott's father wrote in his memoirs of life in North London at the time...*

### **[24 Scott extract]**

**Ann:** At that time, the Scott family lived in the St Pancras district. Nearby was a baker's shop. My mother and I often passed this shop and I used to enjoy the yeasty smell of freshly baked bread and look longingly at the cakes and buns in the window.

After war was declared, because the baker had a German name, his business became the target of anti-German sentiment. One morning, my mother and I were out walking when a mob assembled, intent on smashing the windows and entering the shop to wreck it. The shouts and actions terrified me and whenever I saw the empty boarded-up shop, I was reminded of the senseless savage attack.

In the early days of the war, a rumour circulated that Russian troops were passing through Britain on the way to

the Western Front; adding authenticity to the story was the detail that they had snow on their boots. The story was soon denied, but the phrase survived to express ironic scepticism.

As Belgian refugees arrived in England, newspapers took up their story, telling of atrocities alleged to have been committed against them by German soldiers. Cartoons depicted the soldiers as bestial monsters, jackbooted, goose-stepping brutes who impaled women and children on their bayonets. Stories were told of dead soldiers being converted into fat, oil and pig food; other stories told of violated nuns and babies with their hands cut off. The hysteria whipped up by this propaganda created hatred towards the Germans and suspicion of innocent people became prevalent as rumours spread about the presence of supposed spies in the community.

*Soon a powerful recruiting campaign swung into action and there was no shortage of volunteers to join up to the colours. Military and political leaders lent their names to this new war effort, as did stars of the Music Halls...*

### **Image: Lancers**

#### **[25 Song: 'The army of today's alright']**

*I well remember a rush to enlist that attracted old and young alike. In 1929 Robert Graves, now best known for his historical novels about the Roman Emperor Claudius, published his autobiography. This included a salutary account of the first few months of the war, when he was a subaltern in the Welch Regiment...*

#### **[26 Robert Graves]**



**Chris:** I still have the roll of my first platoon of forty men. The figures given for their ages are misleading. On enlistment, all over-age men had put themselves in the late thirties, and all under-age men had called themselves eighteen. But once in France, the over-age men did not mind adding on a few genuine years. No less than fourteen in the roll gave their age as forty or over, and these were not all. Fred Prosser, a painter in civil life, who admitted to forty-eight, was really fifty-six. David Davies, collier, who admitted to forty-two, and Thomas Clark, another collier who admitted to forty-five, were only one or two years junior to Prosser. James Burford, collier and fitter, was the oldest soldier of all. When I first spoke to him in the trenches, he said:

**Tim:** Excuse me, sir, will you explain what this here arrangement is on the side of my rifle?

**Chris:** That's the safety catch. Didn't you do a musketry-course at the depot?

**Tim:** No, sir, I was a re-enlisted man, and I spent only a fortnight there. The old Lee-Metford didn't have no safety catch.

**Chris:** I asked him when he last fired a rifle.

**Tim:** In Egypt, in 1882.

**Chris:** Weren't you in the South African War in 1901?

**Tim:** I tried to re-enlist, but they told me I was too old, sir. I had been an old soldier in Egypt. My real age is 63.

*Poets, both British and German, promptly exhorted their troops to heroic deeds. Rupert Brooke, who would not live to experience for himself the trenches of the Western Front, positively revelled in the challenge. During the first months*

*of war he could still see the conflict essentially as a bracing and cleansing opportunity. Using language which seems a whole world removed from that of Wilfred Owen three or four years later, Brooke exclaimed as follows...*

### **Image: Marching troops**

#### **[27 Rupert Brooke]**

**Chris:** Now God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,

And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,  
With hand made sure, Clear eye, and sharpened power,  
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,  
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,  
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,  
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,  
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! We, who have known shame, we have found release there,

Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,  
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there  
But only agony, and that has ending;  
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

*Meanwhile, part of the Kaiser's 700,000 strong army marched towards France via neutral Belgium. This is how we read of its awesome progress through Brussels on August 21st...*

#### **[28 The German Advance through Brussels]**

**Penny:** At the sight of the first few regiments of the enemy, we were thrilled with interest. After they had passed for three hours in one unbroken steel-grey column, we were bored. But when hour after hour passed and there was no

halt, no breathing time, no open spaces in the ranks, the thing became uncanny, inhuman. It held the mystery and menace of fog rolling towards you across the sea.

**Alison:** Yesterday the German Military Commander of Brussels assured the Mayor that the German army would not occupy the city, but would pass through it. It is still passing, as smoothly and compactly as an Empire State Express. There were no halts, no open places, no stragglers. This army has been on active service three weeks, and so far there is not apparently a chin strap or horseshoe missing.

**Penny:** The men of the infantry sang 'Fatherland, My Fatherland'. Between each line of song they took three steps, At times two thousand men were singing together in absolute rhythm and beat. When the melody gave way the silence was broken only by the stamp of iron-shod boots, and then again the song rose.

**Alison:** For seven hours the army passed- like a river of steel it flowed, grey and ghostlike. At midnight pack wagons and siege guns were still passing. At seven this morning I was awakened by the tramp of men and bands playing jauntily. Whether they marched all night I do not know- but now for twenty-six hours the grey army has rolled by with the mystery of fog and the pertinacity of a steam roller.

*The French Sixth Army, opposing the Germans, went to war in a way which can best be described as - well - French.....*

### **[29 Taxis to the Marne]**

**Ann:** A most unusual example of military transport and troop movement occurred in France. In September 1914, with the German army almost at the gates of Paris and the French 6th Army in desperate need of reinforcement, the

city's fleet of Renault taxis was requisitioned to take men to the front.

The meters were kept running – and the operation cost the public purse a massive 70,000 francs!

*Among the German poets, Ernst Lissauer was one whose invective took no prisoners; his 'Hassgesang', became well known to the British as the 'Hymn of Hate'...*

### **Image: Trenches**

#### **[30 Lissauer's 'Hymn of Hate']**

**Ian:** French and Russians they matter not;  
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot;  
We love them not, we hate them not...  
We have but one and only hate,  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe and one alone.  
He is known to you all, he is known to you all!  
He crouches beneath the dark grey flood,  
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,  
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood...  
We will never forego our hate,  
We have all but a single hate. We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe, and one alone - Eng-er-land.

*The poem was vigorously sung in the German trenches. But not only there. In a time-honoured tradition, our own troops adopted it. As an American major recorded...*

**Morris:** The German "Hymn of Hate" bids fair to become one of England's national songs. It is truly an extraordinary sight to see some English county regiment on the march singing this at the top of their lungs, and then at the chorus to hear some clear tenor voice call out "Oo Do We

‘Ate?’”, followed by the whole battalion’s reply in a voice of thunder: [All] “**Eng-er-land!**”

*Our first major battle took place when the British Expeditionary Force confronted the German advance at Mons in Belgium. The B.E.F. was forced to retreat but, not for the first time, achieved glory in defeat. Billy Naylor, boy trumpeter, serving with the Royal Field Artillery on August 24th recalled...*

### **Image: Bandsman trumpeter**

#### **[31 The Boy Trumpeter]**

**Lesley:** It was the most heady day of my life. It was as if the highlights of every tale of derring-do I had ever read had been rolled into one stupendous adventure. All day, I had stuck closer to the Colonel than his shadow, and I had seen it all. I had seen the dense grey masses of the enemy and watched them advancing, quite free from apprehension because as an avid reader and fervent follower of Mr G.A.Henty’s adventure yarns, I knew that even when all seemed lost, the British always won. The sight of the horses galloping, albeit in a cloud of dust, the long lances of the riders, the flying pennants, the glint of steel thrilled me to the core. It was almost the crowning moment of my day.

**Morris:** But one matchless moment was still to come. It came when it was time for the guns to go- and go fast if they were to escape being captured. But the guns could not move until the limbers and horse teams came up to trail them away. It was Jimmy who had taken the order to the transport, waiting with the ammunition wagons in the shelter of the village a quarter of a mile away. Now he was back, breathless and excited, waiting for them to appear.

The infantry had been pushed back. They were close in front now firing on a mass of German soldiers whose ragged ranks faltered occasionally in their withering fire and then surged on like an incoming tide. Behind the racket of the firing, Jimmy listened fascinated to the voice of their officer, steady and cool as any heroic character in one of his well-thumbed books. He was saying-

**Ian:** “At four hundred....At three-fifty...At three hundred.”

**Lesley:** The rifles blazed, but still the Germans came on. They were getting nearer and nearer and for the first time I began to feel rather anxious and frightened. They weren't an indeterminate mass any more- you could actually pick out details, see them as individual men, coming on, and coming on. And the officer, still as cool as anything, was saying,

**Ian:** “At two-fifty...At two hundred”.

**Lesley:** And then he said,

**Ian:** “Ten rounds rapid!”

**Lesley:** The chaps opened up- and the Germans just fell down like logs. I've never seen anything like it, the discipline, the fire discipline of those troops. I've never forgotten that, I was so impressed. As a boy of sixteen I was simply astounded. I thought, “What a marvellous army we are!” The attack was completely repulsed- not for long, but long enough for us to get the guns away. It saved us.”

**Ian:** But there was no time to gloat or to savour the immensity of relief, for the limbers had arrived, the guns were hooked up and the Colonel, turning to Jimmy, gave him the order to sound the trot. It was the first time he sounded it in action. Putting the trumpet to his lips, taking a deep breath to expand his chest already swelling with

pride and elation, Jimmy sounded the high, clear call that sent the guns galloping out of the battle to safety.

*Such exploits were meat and drink to the young, and many under-age boys found their way past the recruiting sergeants into the ranks. One eleven-year-old Oxfordshire schoolboy, Eric Blair (better known in later years as George Orwell) penned, possibly with the aid of a white feather, this patriotic ode which was published by his local newspaper in October...*

**[32 Eric Blair]**

**Alison:** OH! Give me the strength of the Lion,  
The wisdom of Reynard the Fox  
And then I'll hurl troops at the Germans  
And give them the hardest of knocks.

Oh! Think of the War Lord's mailed fist,  
That is striking at England today:  
And think of the lives that our soldiers  
Are fearlessly throwing away.

Awake! Oh you young men of England,  
For if, when your country's in need,  
You do not enlist by the thousand,  
You truly are cowards indeed.

*Within a short time, our army faced serious problems of supply. There was desperate shortage of everything – uniforms, boots, weapons, transport, and all manner of other essential kit. Frantic efforts were made to remedy the situation, giving ammunition to the wordsmiths, who resorted to some unauthorised versions of a well-known hymn tune...*

**[33 Song: 'Where are the uniforms? –Far, Far Away']**

*F.E.Smith, Lord Birkenhead, had his own private difficulties of supply. On October 21st, he wrote to his wife concerning urgently needed stores...*

### **[34 Birkenhead's Cigars]**

**Morris & Sarah**[with transition of voices from one to the other at the wording underlined]

My angel, do send me from the Stores every 20 (or perhaps 18) days a box of my cigars. I can live, as I am doing, on bully beef, I can drink, as I am doing, cocoa and tea. But I cannot, and will not, as long as my bank will honour my cheques, wash them down, so to speak, with nothing but a pipe. I can smoke two pipes a day and not more, which leaves me with a necessity for five cigars, or say seven (two to a friend) and honestly the support of my system requires this. This is most important and quite serious. Tell the Stores not to print any indication the boxes are cigars. Have printed yourself some gummed labels as follows: "Army Temperance Society Publications Series Nine". And put these and nothing else on the outside.

These precautions are very necessary, as they will always be stolen by the men if they escape the officers!

*By now, the war in the West was beginning to shift from one of rapid initial movement to one of protracted stalemate. As autumn turned to early winter in southern Belgium and northern France both sides were starting to dig in for a lengthy trench-based campaign. Somehow, the humour of our soldiers was more than equal to the miserable conditions – even around the Ypres salient where the first battle of Passchendaele proved to be particularly murderous. There, in the troop-magazine called the "Wipers Times", Kipling's "If" provided the raw material for defiant parody...*



## **Image: Devastated Landscape**

### **[35 The “Wipers Times”]**

**Tim:** If you can drink the beer the Belgians sell you,  
And pay the price they ask with ne'er a grouse,  
If you believe the tales that some will tell you,  
And live in mud with ground sheet for a house.

**Chris:** If you can live on bully and a biscuit,  
And thank your stars that you've a tot of rum,  
Dodge whizzbangs with a grin, as you risk it,  
Talk glibly of the pretty way they hum.

**Ian:** If you can crawl through wire and crump holes  
reeking  
With feet of liquid mud and keep your head,  
Turned always to the place which you are seeking,  
Through dread of crying you will laugh instead.

**Tim:** If you can clamber up with pick and shovel,  
And turn your filthy crump hole to a trench.  
When all inside you makes you itch and grovel  
And all you've had to feed on is a stench,

**Chris:** If you can hang on just because you're thinking  
You haven't got one chance in ten to live,  
So you will see it through, no use in blinking,  
And you're not going to take more than you give,

**Ian:** If you can grin at last when handing over  
And finish well what you had well begun,  
And think a muddy ditch a bed of clover,

**[ALL THREE]** You'll be a soldier one day, then, my son.

*Nor was the German enemy entirely lacking a sense of humour. Alfred Lichtenstein, who has some claim to be the first of the anti-war poets, wrote a plea to heaven...*

**[36 Lichtenstein on Divine Protection]**

**Lesley:** God protect me from misfortune,  
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
May no high explosives hit me,  
May our enemies, the bastards,  
Never take me, never shoot me,  
May I never die in squalor  
For our well-loved fatherland.

**Tim:** Look, I'd like to live much longer.  
Milk the cows and stuff my girlfriends  
And beat up that lousy Josef,  
Get drunk on lots more occasions  
Till a blissful death o'ertakes me.  
Look, I'll offer heartfelt prayers,  
Say my beads seven times daily,  
If you, God, of your gracious bounty,  
Choose to kill my mate, say Huber  
Or else Meier, and let me off.

**Lesley:** But suppose I have to take it  
Don't let me get badly wounded.  
Send me just a little leg wound  
Or a slight gash on the forearm  
So I go home as a hero  
Who has got a tale to tell.

*Sadly Lichtenstein's prayers went unanswered, as he was killed very shortly thereafter. Meanwhile, on our side, Maurice Baring – already a well-known man of letters – was serving as a lieutenant in the Expeditionary Force. Writing in his diary on October 25th near the Franco-Belgian border he said .....*

**[37 Baring and Agincourt]**

**Morris:** When our troops arrived, singing ‘It’s a long way to Tipperary’, after forced marches in the dark, it was one of the most tremendous moments I have ever experienced. The most tremendous moment. They swung up- or the tune swung them up- as very steep hill and the French came out and threw them flowers, fruit and cigarettes, and they looked so young, so elastic and so invincibly cheerful, so unmingledly English, so tired and so fresh.

And the thought of these men swinging into horror undreamt of - the whole German army- came to me like the stab of a sword.

I went to Mass this morning and it was nice to think that I was listening to the same words, with the same gestures that Henry the Fifth and his ‘contemptible little army’ heard before and after Agincourt, and I stood between a man in khaki and a French *poilu* and history flashed past like a jewelled dream.

*As the horrors of the war became more and more apparent, our soldiers turned often to thinking about the life they had left behind. ‘Homeward’, a poem by Cicely Fox-Smith, captures the homesickness of a Hampshire ploughboy...*

### **[38 Cicely Fox-Smith]**

**Tim:**

Beneath a trench in Flanders the sun was dropping low,  
With tramp, and creak and jingle I heard the gun-teams go;  
And something seemed to ‘mind me, a-dreaming as I lay,  
Of my own old Hampshire village at the quiet end of day.

**Alison:**

Brown thatch and gardens blooming with lily and with rose,  
And the cool shining river so pleasant where he flows,  
White fields of oats and barley, and elderflower like foam

And the sky gold with sunset, and the horses going home!

**Ann:**

Old Captain, Prince and Blossom, I see them all so plain,  
With tasselled ear-caps nodding along the leafy lane,  
There's a bird somewhere calling, and the swallow flying  
low,  
And the lads sitting sideways, and singing as they go.

**Penny:**

Well gone is many a lad now, and many a horse gone too,  
Off all those lads and horses in those old fields I knew;  
There's Dick that died at Cuinchy and Prince beside the  
guns  
On the red road to glory, a mile or two from Mons.

**Tim:**

Dead lads and shadowy horses- I see them just the same,  
I see them and I know them, and name them each by name,  
Going down to shining waters when all the West's a-glow,  
And the lads sitting sideways and singing as they go.

*As the 'Year of Sarajevo' drew towards its close and our initial hopes about the war being 'over by Christmas' were proving to be yet another illusion, Ivor Novello gave us all one of his most beautiful songs...*

**Image: Christmas Truce**

**[39 Song: 'Keep the Home Fires Burning']**

*The Christmas Truce of 1914, which occurred at some points along the front lines, was a unique event in the history of modern warfare. Very shortly afterwards the wife of Captain R.J.Armes of the North Staffords received a letter...*

#### **[40 The Christmas Truce]**

**Penny:** I have just been through one of the most extraordinary scenes imaginable. Tonight is Christmas Eve and I came up into the trenches this evening. Firing was going on all the time and the enemy's machine guns were at it hard. Then about seven the firing stopped.

As I was in my dugout reading a paper, it was reported that the Germans had lighted their trenches up all along our front. I went out and they shouted 'no shooting' and then somehow the scene became a peaceful one. All our men got out of the trenches and sat on the parapet, the Germans did the same and they talked to one another. I got to the top of the trenches and asked them in German to sing a German folk song, which they did, then our men sang quite well and each side cheered each other.

**Tim:** I asked a German to sing one of Schumann's songs, so he sang 'The Two Grenadiers' splendidly. Then Pope and I walked across and held a conversation with the German officer in command. One of his men introduced us properly. He asked my name and then presented me to his officer. I gave the latter permission to bury some German dead who were lying between us and we agreed to have no shooting until 12 midnight tomorrow.

*Further down the line, Rifleman Williams had a similar experience...*

**Chris:** I was gazing toward the German lines when suddenly lights began to appear along the top of the German trenches. These were Christmas trees, which were adorned with lighted candles burning steadily in the still frosty air! Our guards quickly awoke those asleep in the shelters to "come see this thing which had come to pass"

Then suddenly our opponents began to sing ‘Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht’. **[CUE FOR MUSIC - WITH MOUTH ORGAN?]** We thought we ought to retaliate, so we joined in and so it went on. I thought, well, this was really a most extraordinary thing- our nations both singing the same carol in the middle of a war.

*And, as Mrs Armes found herself reading on...*

**Penny:** At times, we heard the guns in the distance and an occasional rifle shot. I can hear them now but about us is absolute quiet. I allowed one or two men to go out and meet a German or two halfway. They exchanged cigars, a smoke and talked. The officer I spoke to hopes we shall do the same on New Year’s Day. I said ‘yes, if I am here.’ The German who sang had a really good voice.

It is weird to think that tomorrow night we shall be at it hard again, If one gets through this show it will be a Christmas time to live in one’s memory. Am just off for a walk round the trenches to see all is well. Good night.

#### **[41 Front-line Football]**

*The most famous feature of the Truce was a football match, played in No Man’s Land between a Saxon regiment and the Sixth Cheshires. The Times reported a 2-1 German victory, but the account given by Ernie Williams suggested a less decisive outcome...*

**Chris:** The ball appeared from somewhere, I don’t know where, but it came from their side. They made up some goals and one fellow went in goal and then it was just an organised kickabout. I should think there were about a couple of hundred taking part. I had a go at the ball. I was fairly good then at nineteen. Everyone seemed to be

enjoying themselves. There was no sort of ill-will between us. There was no referee and no score. It was simply a melee. The boots we wore were a menace. Those great big boots one had on- and in those days the balls were made of leather and they soon got very soggy”

Next day we got an order that all communication and friendly intercourse with the enemy must cease.

*Nothing like that would be repeated during any of the three further Christmases that still lay ahead of us before the guns fell silent – more than fifty months on from the outbreak of war.*

*Was it all worth it? Perhaps it's now more important for the generations that have followed mine to ask the question than to expect any agreement about an answer.*

*When I recall that momentous and tragic opening year of conflict and confusion, my thoughts often turn to some words written in Vera Brittain's diary on the very last day of 1914. These focused once again on Roland Leighton, who was by now a Lieutenant. She was full of foreboding about the fate of the man to whom she would shortly become engaged – but who would indeed be killed in action at Christmas 1915.*

#### **[42 Vera Brittain's Diary]**

**Sarah:** Thursday 31st December, 1914

The old year departs in a whirl of the deepest & most conflicting emotions I have ever known, a tumult of love & sorrow.

Over dinner, I asked Roland whether he would like to be killed in action...He answered quite quietly, “Yes, I should; I don't want to die, but if I must, I should like to die that way. Anyhow, I should hate to go through this war without being wounded at all; I should want something to prove I

had been in action". I sat looking at him with his expressive brown eyes & suddenly was conscious of a deep sense of tragedy in my heart both for my sake & his.

At Charing Cross we could not speak any more; I wished the train would go, for we could do nothing but look at one another with a sad, restrained expression that seemed to speak of a feeling that could find no words. At last the train moved. He took my hand in a long warm grip & once again I said "Au revoir", for I would not say the Goodbye that I thought it might be. I wondered whether if in days to come I should look back on that evening as the beginning of the great glory of my life, or as an occasion which in silent remembrance I should forever mourn. Beside these newly-born dreams of a possible future my old dreams & aspirations grew pale....I felt then that I would give all that I had lived and hoped for during the brief years of my existence, not to astonish the world by some brilliant & glittering achievement, but some day to be the mother of Roland Leighton's child. And yet the old dreams in themselves had not faded but were intensified for his sake. And the New Year, with all its giant possibility for grief and joy, came in while I sat motionless in the train, watching the dim railway lights in a blurred state go swiftly by.

**Image: Poppies**

**THE END**