

THE LATE LIEUT. KNOWLES.

A SOLDIER'S APPRECIATION.

Writing from "somewhere in France," on the 12th inst., a well-known local private in the 6th Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, says (inter alia):—"You will by now have heard about Lieut. Knowles. It was a very sad business. He was one of our most capable lieutenants, and it is such men as he that a Battalion out here can't afford to lose. We have had a few thunderstorms this last day or two, after a week or two of tropical heat, but the weather soon clears up after these storms."

Sergt. A. Pryke, of Skipton, writing to his parents, makes the following reference to the late Lieut. Knowles: "He was a fine soldier and a credit to the British Army. His father and mother ought to be proud of him. We felt his loss very much indeed. He was always looking after his lads; always thinking of them first. His heart and soul was in the army and its work, and he would have made a name for himself if he had not gone under. But such things cannot be helped; we are getting used to them by now."

The Late Lieut. Hedley Knowles.

A letter written by an officer who was with Lieut. Hedley Knowles at the time of his fatal accident (recorded in last week's "Herald") gives the exact circumstances under which the sad affair took place. We give the facts to set at rest any idea that may have been entertained that the young officer was in any way guilty of carelessness in his performance of duty.

The deceased, accompanied by an officer (with whom he had lived alone for the previous five weeks), and four men, went to a place where they were accustomed to throw live bombs to fire rifle grenades from a stand that they had invented. "We were seeing what range we could get at certain angles. Everything went off well until the very last one we were going to fire. All, except two privates, got down into the trench in case any missiles flew back. Then one of the men fired the grenade, and there was an awful explosion and noise. I was dazed for a minute, but not hurt, but poor Knowles, who was in the trench behind me (not a foot away), was hit. . . He was never conscious. He never spoke, though I thought he heard me speak to him at the very beginning, but the doctors say it was improbable."

Three of the men were hurt, two of them badly. They both exclaimed when help was summoned, "We are all right, see to Mr. Knowles; we can wait." The officer adds in his letter that the accident was not the fault of any person, but was a mechanical defect in the grenade. "The Grenade Co. behaved splendidly at the funeral, and everything was done decently and in order. The General and Brigade-Major were present, as also the Colonel and a few officers—the rest were in the trenches."

SETTLE.

AGRICULTURAL SHOW ABANDONED.

Representative and Conflicting Views.

A general meeting of members of the North Ribblesdale Agricultural Association was held at the Conservative Club Assembly Room, Settle, on Tuesday afternoon, the principal business being consideration as to whether the 1915 show should be held as usual. Mr. Walter Morrison, J.P. (president) presided over an attendance of about forty members.

The Secretary (Mr. G. K. Charlesworth) presented the treasurer's statement of accounts. Receipts had amounted to £303 9s. 10d., made up of—balance from last account, £11 2s. 10d.; subscriptions, donations, and special prizes, £171 14s.; outside subscriptions, £1 15s.; entrance fees, £25; receipts at gate, £25 11s. 6d.; entrance tickets, £48 3s. 6d.; catalogues, 10s. 9d.; grand stand, £9; bank interest, 18s. 6d.; sundries, £2 15s. 6d. Payments aggregated £277 17s. 2d., leaving a balance in hand of £28 12s. 8d. (applause). The Secretary added that the balance was really less than it looked, as he was awaiting the forwarding of another bill still owing. The prize fund was also considerably helped by his request to some of the larger prize-winners not to retain all the prizes won, and in certain cases these were very kindly handed back.—The accounts were considered very satisfactory, and passed.

THE SHOW: CONFLICTING VIEWS.

The next business was as to the advisability or otherwise of holding the annual show.

The Secretary produced several letters on the matter received from certain members unable to be present. Mr. J. Anson Farrer (Ingleborough) wrote:—"It is difficult to say (whether the show should be held) as no one knows how things will be then, but if they are much as at present it would seem to me a pity to deprive the neighbourhood of the pleasure and interest that the show affords to so many, nor do I see how its omission will shorten the war. In fact, if the war is to last ten years, as it may do before Berlin is stormed and sacked, we may as well go on as much as possible on the old lines of life as our unfortunate circumstances permit." The writer added that he bowed willingly to the opinion of the majority.—Mr. T. Preston was against holding the show, owing to the state of the railway service; Mr. J. W. Morphet, Horton, wrote that the rearing of stock and produce needed encouragement at the present time; Mr. F. Marlor thought that if the show was an agricultural show they should hold it, Mr. F. J. Haggas was against the project, also Mr. Marshall; Mr. W. A. Carr pointed out that last year's exhibition was a success; Mr. C. E. Pickles' view was that fewer people would go to the sea-side, and that the show would succeed; and Mr. R. W. Nicholson (Helfield Peel) emphasised the railway difficulty.

MR. MORRISON'S VIEWS.

Mr. Morrison, in calling for a proposition on the matter, said that he did not feel very strongly on the question one way or the other. A good many other agricultural associations would hold shows and a good many would not. He was certainly very strongly opposed to holding a mere "gala" meeting, and generally, he would like to see the Government put down those cricket and football matches held for the prime purpose of getting money. There was something pertinent in the argument used that the function of agricultural shows was to help the agricultural interests to provide food for the people. It was very desirable that they should encourage the increase of stocks and herds. If they held their show, he would like it to be a very modest one, and nothing in the nature of a gala. He knew it was very tempting to the committee of an agricultural society to have something which would bring in shillings up to noon and sixpences afterwards. At Skipton they used to rely on very expensive bands of music. Settle relied on its jumping, as they had done to some extent at Skipton, to bring in money at the gate. His feeling was that if they had a show it should be a show and nothing else, and there should be economy in the arrangements. The President concluded by inviting further points of view, adding that he did not think they should merely have mechanical voting. There was no response beyond conversational interchange.

Mr. Charlesworth: If we knew how long the war would last it would help us.

Mr. Morrison: Ah! Well—I will venture to predict that the war will not be over by next Autumn.

Mr. Charlesworth said that in any case they would have to knock about £100 off the prize fund. The show was usually considered helpful to a sale of farm stock, but—as Mr. Waugh had recently pointed out to him—there was absolutely no difficulty in selling farm stock this year.

Mr. R. D. Metcalfe proposed that the show be not held.

Mr. R. Wilcock, seconding, said he did not think the show could be held without the special raising of money.

AN AMENDMENT

Mr. Geo. Lund proposed an amendment. He wanted the show to be held as usual. He believed the attendance at the show this year would be larger than ever if only the day were fine. Let them trust to the "gate" for the greater finance. They must not stay the business of the country until they were forced to do (hear, hear). In the schedule they read that the Settle Show was held for the encouragement and breeding of stock in the neighbourhood. That necessity still held good (hear, hear).

Mr. R. Lord pointed out that there were no cheap bookings whatsoever, and no certainty of cattle landing in time for showing. Neither, he understood from the secretary, had they yet paid all they owed. Until they were in a fully solvent position they should not carry on. If the jumping was knocked off—which was the attraction for a good many people—there would be much less gate money, and they would have nothing to fall back on for another year. Stock was largely bred for the Army at the present time, and certainly so far as horses were concerned there was every prospect of the farmers having a good time. If they could see their way to have a show without relying on the working classes for support, he would second the amendment.

Mr. Charlesworth reminded the last speaker that when all the accounts were met they would still have a credit balance. He would also have £30 or £40 in hand for prize-money already.

Mr. F. J. Cornthwaite enquired if it was certain that subscriptions would be forthcoming.

Mr. Charlesworth: They will all have an opportunity of subscribing. I can assure you (laughter). Subsequently, the

Secretary said he would, of course, voluntarily sacrifice part of his usual salary.

Mr. J. Waugh remarked that all their efforts should go to the prosecution of the war (hear, hear). The great argument against the show was that any farmer could dispose of his cattle quite easily. It was quite true that if a farmer had anything to sell he had no bother now in selling it. He would give them a tip about their wool—don't let them take the first offer for it ("Oh!" and laughter).

A vote was then taken, only six voting for the amendment, which was, of course, put first, there being a large majority against and also for a substantive motion that the show be not held.

All the officers were re-elected, and the secretary was empowered to proceed in the customary way with the collection of subscriptions in preparation for a future occasion.

WOMEN AND FARM LABOUR.

Mr. Charlesworth mentioned that Mrs. Geldard, of Capell Side, had informed him that there were several women willing to help in the hayfields, but that she understood that farmers had refused them when they had made application. He (Mr. Charlesworth) could hardly understand that. "You could utilise female labour some of you—surely?"

Mr. Lund: Oh, aye! We are willing enough to take workers, but not women who simply want to loll and gad about in the hay! (laughter).

THE ALLEGATIONS AGAINST FARMERS' PATRIOTISM.

In proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Morrison for presiding, Mr. Charlesworth said it was a regret to them all that the show could not be held, as were the causes for it. There were some people, he continued, who were saying that farmers had not done their duty, that they were not "sending" their sons to the Front, etc. Well, Mr. Lund (referring to a statement made in that gentleman's remarks) had a son in the trenches, and doubtless there were quite a good many farmers whose sons had gone to the war. Personally he thought there were a good many Government officials who could be well spared, say school inspectors, and so on (laughter). Farmers looked to such people, with a better education, to give them a lead, and if they got an example they would not find the farmers very slow to follow (hear, hear).

Mr. Morrison acknowledged the vote of thanks, and humorously added: "We could spare some of those valuation officers, could not we?" (loud laughter).

Mr. R. Wilcock: Do those who wish us to lose our labour understand that we can't easily fill their places? If you must have stock raised, you must also have the men to look after it (hear, hear).

Mr. Charlesworth: It must also be remembered by those who criticise that farms are usually worked with a minimum of labour.

OFF TO FRANCE.

DEPARTURE OF THE 6th WEST RIDING REGIMENT.

We received on Wednesday the following letter from the Colonel commanding the 6th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment, whose headquarters are at Skipton, intimating that the regiment are now "over the water." The letter, which speaks for itself, is as follows:—

Doncaster, 14 April, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRAVEN HERALD,
SKIPTON.

Sir,—I wish on behalf of the N.C.O.'s and men of my regiment to thank all your readers for the very generous way in which you have showered on us many useful presents, and which have been very much appreciated by us all.

As it is impossible for me to thank you in any other way, I ask you, Mr. Editor, to kindly publish this letter.

When this appears in print we shall be over the water, carrying with us I know your best wishes.

Right glad are we that we have this opportunity to serve our King and Country.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BIRKBECK,

Lt.-Colonel Commanding 6th Battalion
Duke of Wellington's Regt.

Our address will be:—

Expeditionary Force,

6th Duke of Wellington's Regiment,

2nd West Riding I. Brigade,

West Riding Division,

France.

Thus, for the first time in history, the battalion takes its place as a complete unit among the fighting forces of the Crown on active service abroad, and the war will henceforth be invested with a very real and personal interest, not only to the people of Craven, but throughout the area from which the men have been drawn. No one doubts but that the battalion will worthily uphold the traditions of the famous regiment whose crest it bears.

The men have borne the discomforts and inconveniences of their preparatory training with commendable cheerfulness. It was on August 4th that the battalion, after a hurried return from the annual manoeuvres at Marske, was called upon to comply with the general mobilization Order which followed Germany's declaration of war. It was a memorable Tuesday night, and the scenes then witnessed are without parallel in the history of Craven's capital.

The Mobilization Order was issued at 6 p.m., and by midnight the entire force capable of responding was at headquarters ready to entrain. It was not until the following morning, however, that 660 men with a machine gun and a two days' supply of provisions, departed by troop train for Inningham Dock, near Grimsby. Col. Birkbeck was in command, and among the other officers to leave with the battalion were Col. Breerton, the Brigadier, and Brigadier Major North.

Major Cass remained behind as Officer Commanding the Depot, with instructions to recruit the battalion to full strength. On the following Sunday about 200 more men were dispatched. The battalion remained at Inningham guarding the docks until the 13th of August, when they marched to Healing, a village 6½ miles away, possessing the unique distinction of having no public house. While here the whole of the officers and 500 men responded to Lord Kitchener's call for volunteers for active service, and this number was subsequently considerably augmented.

Meanwhile recruits were constantly dispatched from Skipton and were trained with the battalion, first at Riby and latterly at Doncaster, where they have undertaken advanced manoeuvres and a good deal of night work. There have been repeated inspections by important War Office Officials, and the fact that the battalion has been selected to take its place in the firing line is evidence of its general efficiency.

For some time past persistent rumours have been circulated as to the probability of the Brigade to which the battalion is attached being sent abroad, and various surmises made as to its destination. Without exception these rumours proved to be unfounded, but last week end it was evident more important events were pending. A number of men who had been allowed week-end leave received orders to report themselves at headquarters at the earliest possible moment.

The news soon became noised abroad and a large number of people with friends or relatives in the battalion paid visits to Doncaster, and some remained until the departure of the troops, which, we understand, took place at various times early in the week. As to the destination of the Brigade there was much speculation. Some declared it to be Egypt, others the Dardenelles, and even India was mentioned, but the letter from the Commanding Officer given above settles the point definitely, inasmuch as it gives the future address of the battalion as c/o the British Expeditionary Force, France.

The Transport and Gun Section, we are informed, left on Monday and the remainder of the Battalion were due to depart on Wednesday afternoon. The general impression was that Folkstone would be their destination on this side of the Channel, and Havre on the other, though, of course, there was no official announcement in this connection.

The local lads were in high spirits, and, according to an ex-non-commissioned officer, who went over to say good-bye to friends, "looked as fit as fiddles."

Craven Soldiers Off to the Front.

As will be seen under the heading "Craven and the War," Lieut.-Col. John Birkbeck, commanding the 6th Duke of Wellington's Regiment, whose headquarters are at Skip-ton, has left Doncaster and, with his regiment, crossed the water. As Col. Birkbeck rightly assumes, the men of Craven (who form the Regiment) carry with them the best wishes of the inhabitants; and, it is almost superfluous to add, they carry with them also the certain knowledge that in whatever part their lot may be cast, the people of Craven know they will quit themselves like loyal Britishers, conscious of the fact that they are fighting for a righteous cause and for the best interests of a higher civilisation than is represented in German "Kultur."

This is the first fully equipped regiment from Craven that has been despatched to the scene of actual hostilities. We are proud of the West Ridings; every officer and man is actuated by the purest patriotism and most intense loyalty; and though it be inevitable that some may "fall by the way," the sacrifice will be made ungrudgingly, and their names will go down to posterity as those of men who nobly responded to the call of duty in the hour of their country's trial. In the name of Craven's loyal population we wish the men of the 6th West Riding Regiment "Good luck and a Safe and Speedy Return."

6th West Riding Regiment Within Sound of the Guns.

From letters that have been received during the week, we gather that the men of the 6th West Riding, Duke of Wellington's Regiment who were removed from Doncaster to France last week, had a very pleasant voyage, and are in the best of health and spirits.

The following letter has been received by Mr. Geo. W. Willan, of Otley Street, Skipton, from his son, Private J. W. Willan:—

"Here we are in France, but I cannot tell you at what place, and so far everything has been first rate. The journey was a long one, for we came a very round about way. You know we left Doncaster with the transports, and we had plenty of fun in getting the horses and mules into the cattle trucks and then unloading and getting them into the boats at Southampton. Well, I am not allowed to say much as to where we are or as to where we may go, but we are not so far away from the firing line as most of you at Skipton will think, and we stand a very good chance of having a nearer look at it in a very short time. We certainly shall be disappointed if we do not get there very soon, and when we do get into the firing line we hope that all will be well. We have been trying to have a bath: I had mine in a bucket behind a hen pen. We do not care whether anyone saw us or not for we had not had a shave or a scrub since we left Doncaster, and with four days' growth on our faces you never saw such "pills" as we looked in your life. Well, everything so far is all right. The food is good, the butter fine, and we are every one of us in the best of health and spirits. Remember me to all.—Jack."

Writing to his mother, Mrs. T. H. Taylor, Gargrave Road, Skipton, Private Reginald Borrisow says:—"We are having lovely weather here, and we are stationed at a village within sound of the guns. The village has been bombarded some time ago, and the church tower has been hit by shells and is very badly damaged."

A Settle Lad's Letter From the Front.

The following is a letter which has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Gilchrist, of Settle, from their son, Harry, who is a private in the 20th County of London Battalion, which he joined when war broke out, and is now serving at the Front:—

"Of course, I had formed my own impressions of the trenches before I'd seen them, and had also imagined my feelings the first time I went there, but in both cases I was wrong. I'll try to describe them to you, but I am afraid you'll have to imagine a lot for yourselves. We were marched up the other day from our billet towards the trenches, and when about a mile away, we came under artillery fire, so had to wait till dark. We stopped in a ruined house, and shells were whizzing all over the place. One hit a cafe about thirty yards away, and blew a few holes in it. I always imagined that when I came under fire for the first time I should feel fearfully funky, and so did all our chaps, but we were all too interested to feel frightened. An old Frenchman was driving a donkey along the road just as the shell dropped, and he turned round, left his donkey and cart, and ran like a hare. I thought we should all have died with laughing at him. It's a funny thing, but the thoughts of being fired at are much worse than the real thing and after a few minutes you get quite used to it. At night, we went up to the reserve trenches to dig. It would be a long job to describe the trenches to you, so to give you a real idea of them, they are just like the streets of an underground city. There are long communication trenches leading up to the firing line, and you've got to crawl along these, keeping your head down all the time. It's funny to see chaps the first time they go in, and of course I was the same as the rest. Every time you hear a bullet coming or a shell, you all duck instinctively, even though it's a mile off. The shells you can hear coming quite a long way off, and they make a whistling noise as they go over, and then explode with a fearful noise. I had in front of me a chap who was as good as a pantomime. Every time he heard one coming he'd fall flat on his face, and as I came next, I invariably fell on top of him, as it was pitch dark, and we couldn't see a yard in front of us. Of course, those behind came on, and we all found ourselves in a heap on top of him. He is rather short-tempered at the best of times, so you can imagine his feelings and language. When we got up to the firing line, we were placed among a regiment of regulars, and the matter-of-fact way they took everything put us at our ease at once. I must say my opinion of an English regular has gone up with a big jump, and if they are all like the chaps we were with, they'll take a lot of beating. At night, fire shells were sent up, lighting the whole country round, and then we popped up, and had a few shots."

THE 6TH BATTALION NEAR THE FIRING LINE.

Since the departure of the 6th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment from Doncaster practically no reliable information has been available regarding their whereabouts. It matters little at which English port they embarked, or where and when they landed; it is sufficient to know that by the time these lines appear they will have been in France practically a week.

So far as can be gathered they spent one night under canvas and then went forward to a destination which is, of course, not known, but which is generally understood to be La Bassée, where comparatively recently there was heavy fighting.

A large number of letters have been received, all of them censored and endorsed by Major C. P. Cass. In quite a number of them it is stated that at the place where they are stationed the roar of the guns can be heard, and there are other indications which point to the fact that the Battalion are not very far from the fighting line.

The only point about which the men appear to be in any way worried is the cigarette supply. One Corpl. writes that he would like a tin of "Capstan," as the cigarettes out there are like tea leaves and smell lovely (?).

A junior officer of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, now at the front, writing home, says:

16th April.—At last we are here. We started from Doncaster at 3 p.m. on Wednesday, and got into our billets at 3 a.m. Friday morning. We embarked 11-30 p.m. Wednesday and landed 1 a.m. Then we marched through the town in absolute darkness, narrow cobbled, and deserted streets, up an apparently interminable hill, past the cathedral on the hill to a camp there. We got the men all settled in there and lay down ourselves just as the first peep of dawn was starting about 4-30. We were up again at 7-0, so that was not much of a night. Then we spent much time in getting breakfast and cleaning up, inspecting rifles, &c., and giving out the rations which the men are supposed to keep till the very last emergency and only eat when especially ordered to. We had just finished that when we had to fall in again to march off to the station. It was about 11 o'clock and getting rather warm. There had been a collision and we had to go from the next station, which made it 8 miles instead of four, but we got there fine, and had a gorgeous rest at the end waiting for the train.

You know those French trucks: well the men had to go in them, only instead of 40 they were 48 or 50. They had scarcely room to stand up. They were not able to get their packs off to begin with until some men had stooped down to give the others a little more play. We had carriages, but were pretty squashed in them. We met our transport and horses there. They had left Doncaster Monday night and gone further round. The whole battalion with waggons, horses and men, went on one train, so you may imagine it was a pretty long one. We got to the station at 9-30 p.m. and had four miles to march and did not get settled into billets and off ourselves until 3 a.m. It is a slow job, but we are very comfortable.

19th April.—It really seems quite funny to get letters implying that we are in such a dangerous place when I am now living in a farmhouse in most peaceful rural circumstances. You occasionally hear a gun go off in the distance and aeroplanes are flying all over the place.

The weather is glorious, which is a great point. We had a drumhead service this morning in the open.

We are just preparing for lunch—stewed bully beef and part of yesterday's roast, combined with carrots and potato, followed by Welsh rarebit and washed down with white wine obtained from the town near; and you get an enormous appetite here.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

During the week a number of letters have been received from N.C.O.'s and men of the 6th Battalion West Riding Regiment, from which it appears that they are at present billeted in a village which at one time has been occupied by the Germans. They are having many interesting and novel experiences, and, despite having to "rough it," are making the best of matters, and getting as much enjoyment out of the situation as circumstances will permit. There have been various rumours as to the battalion, or part of it, having been in action, also that a number of the men have been wounded. So far as can be ascertained there is some truth in the suggestion that some of the officers, and probably a certain number of N.C.O.'s, have had a spell in the trenches. We understand that it is the usual thing for officers to take preliminary duty of this description in order that they may become acclimatized to the conditions and better able to control the men when the latter are called upon. The statement as to the casualties is one that must be taken with reserve, inasmuch as no definite information in regard to this matter had up to Wednesday been received at the Skipton depot, which is the headquarters of the battalion.

The following communications are typical of a large number that have been received in the town and district.

SKIPTON SOLDIER'S INTERESTING EPISTLE.

A Private in the 6th Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, writing home from "somewhere in France," describing the journey from Doncaster the other week, says:—

"From the deck one could see the lights of cruisers, minesweepers, &c., as they performed their silent and often dangerous work. As one of the firemen said, it was those boats that made the journey possible for us. There is no doubt the money spent on our Navy has been a magnificent investment. If only England had made a similar investment in her Army earlier, the history of this war would surely have been different. That journey across the 'silver streak' is taking us to what? We are just finding out, and the gradual unfolding of the new life we have come to has been continuously interesting. We have roughed it; we have been uncomfortable; we have been dead tired carrying a pack which seemed to weigh tons after marching a mile or two; but we have found plenty of humour and enjoyment in it in spite of all.

For instance; our first bed here consisted of a waterproof sheet on wet clayey ground. We had two hours in which to sleep, but seeing that only one blanket and canvas protected us from the cold, there is no wonder that we didn't sleep the two hours. Feet like blocks of ice are not conducive to sleep. Still, the new and beautiful scene which was spread out before us in the morning was worth all the night's unpleasantness. Anyhow, the day brought a new journey and new scenes.

We moved, partly by road, partly by rail, to within sound of the guns. We are only a very few miles from the fighting, and even if we are not where the fighting is now, we are where it has been. This village has been occupied by the Germans, and the pretty, almost new, red brick church in sight as I write this, with shell holes in its tower, roof and walls, nearly all its windows broken, is a forcible reminder of the fighting that has gone before. The tower of the church was used, so the natives tell us, by the Germans for observation purposes, and they were shelled out of it, as they were driven out of the village, by the French. In the village also, filled-in trenches and a grave containing a German brigadier and four troopers, and a grave containing a French soldier, tell of the part the village has played in the fighting.

Well, we have been in the village four days now; we have marched through three or four French villages; we have seen a good deal of the countryside on our railway journey here. All we have seen and experienced has necessarily been interesting because new, but my impressions of what I have seen have not been very great. The railway system of France, so far as we have experienced it, is not comparable to our English system. The permanent way, especially, seems to be in a parlous and neglected condition.

Our journey on the railway was performed in a horse truck. If you can imagine 50 'soldats Anglais,' with 50 sets of equipment in a truck which would only comfortably hold 40 men without equipment, you will have some idea of what our journey was like. It was a 'joy ride' of about 8 hours at least. We tried to sleep, but seeing that generally there were three or four chaps on the top of someone else, with other chaps on the top of them, sleep was impossible. When one chap turned, they all turned, and forcibly, if not politely, expressed their idea of things in general and cattle trucks in particular.

Well, the villages we have seen are, to say the least, disappointing. Poverty, thriftlessness, and lack of progress seem to brood over them. The majority of the cottages, which are of brick, are in a dilapidated condition. As one chap said, they are not worth blowing up with shells. You see none of the cleanliness, homeliness, and comfort that you experience in country cottages in the Craven district. Neither does cleanliness seem to be one of the outstanding virtues of the people we see. There is one thing though that the people do excel in, and that is talking. They speak quickly, and to us who do not understand what they say, they seem like magpies chattering.

There are not many pretty women—at least I haven't seen many. The children can chatter, and they have picked up English to the extent of asking for 'souvenir,' or singing 'Tipperary.' There are plenty of inns in the villages. There are no closing hour restrictions for them either. And no wonder! They only sell beer and temperance drinks, and the beer is like watered hop-ale. Drunkenness among the troops is punished by two years' imprisonment. I should think two years has been decided upon because it would take two years continuous drinking to produce a state of inebriety. The inns provide coffee, which is good, and which seems to be the chief household drink."

Territorials Watch Aeroplanes Shelled.

Another Private writes: Received your letter and parcel containing writing pad, which you secured at the "Craven Herald" Shop; it is just what I wanted; cost twice as much to buy it here. We are still in the same place, "somewhere in France." I will tell you all when I come back; are expecting a move nearer the firing line sometime soon.

So far the most exciting time is about 5-30 to 6 p.m., when we generally watch some of our aeroplanes being shelled, but the shots are very

wide. We can hear the cannons all day. It is very hot during the day and cold at night.

Our billet is a barn. The rats and mice come out at night to keep us company, and squeak all night! The food is better than at Doncaster. I never could eat "gippo"; we don't get it here—bully beef and biscuits. The latter are very hard, but with good teeth are soon demolished. We can buy bread—large, round cakes like oven-bottom bread; very good, but short of salt. The best of our grub is the butter and jam, which is very good. I have found a good place for supper. Coffee, bread and butter, chip potatoes (not the greasy sort) 4d.; eggs are 1½d. each and plentiful.

I bought a cigar for 1d.—not bad; but the "bacca" 4 oz. 3½d. is beastly stuff.

I saw Bob Duckett to-day; he was passing our billet with some transports of food. He spotted me and called out. He does look well—good enough for Yorkshire "pack" again. Whilst I was talking to him someone else called and there was Jack Coles sitting on a transport waggon.

Sleeping Amongst Old Straw and Hens.

"Just a line to let you know I am still alive and kicking and in the best of health," writes a third. "We are having splendid weather, but it gets cold towards evening.

We are billeted in a village, and the nearest town is two miles away. I have not been in the trenches yet, but expect going any time. We can hear the guns quite plain. We are sleeping amongst old straw and hens!

I have not seen very much of the country, but what I have seen is quite sufficient. The people are about one hundred years behind the English in their methods and are most dirty. There are no cigarettes to be bought out here, but we can get an abundant supply of eggs for 1½d. each and sometimes a little bread, but the prices are very high.

The village where we are billeted was been occupied by the Germans a short time ago and the church has been shelled. The Regulars out here seem to think the war will be over by August, so let us hope it will—the sooner the better."

The letter goes on to say: "We left the shore of England at — and arrived at our destination at —. It was a lovely sail, but very cold. We then marched about 3 miles to a 'rest camp,' and you can imagine we were pretty done up. We each got a blanket and went to sleep, but were not long before we woke starved to death. We had a walk, and four of us went to a farm house and tried to get something to eat. After a little swearing we succeeded in explaining what we wanted.

We left the 'rest camp' the following morning and marched to a station about eight miles away, where we were put into cattle trucks, arriving at the end of our journey late at night. We then had three miles to march to the village where we are at present."

Another letter is brief and to the point. The writer states he is well, asks for a "Craven Herald" to be sent every week, and adds "I have not been in the trenches yet, but a lot of our battalion have."

Twenty-four Hours in the Trenches.

Confirmation of the statement that a number of the 6th Battalion have been in the trenches is forthcoming in a letter written by a Skipton non-commissioned officer formerly prominently identified with the Boy Scout movement. In a letter dated April 23rd, he writes:

"I have had the experience of being in the trenches, but only for 24 hours. We went up to learn what it was like and were with the Kensingtons. It is all right so long as you don't look over too long. If you do you give a German sniper a chance.

Star shells are going up all night from both sides, but the Germans send up a lot more than we do. Our guns dropped a few shells on the German trenches in the afternoon, and we were wondering if they would reply and give us a few, but they tried to take it out of a building behind us. They hit it once out of about 30 shots. We heard the shells whistle over our trenches and watched them burst in the rear.

It was very quiet at night; you could hardly have imagined that the German trenches were three or four hundred yards in front. We see aeroplanes shelled nearly every day, but we have not seen one hit yet. The Germans sent up about 100 shells at two of ours when we were in the trenches.

Food is very good on the whole, but better in the trenches. Tobacco is getting short; they stuff they sell here isn't worth smoking, and the matches are worse. You get choked almost everytime you strike one."

WITH THE SKIPTON TERRITORIALS IN FRANCE.

A Settle Sergeant on his Experiences
in the Trenches.

The following are extracts from letters which Mrs. W. J. Robinson, of Giggleswick, has received from her husband, Sergt. W. J. Robinson, the Settle representative of the "West Yorkshire Pioneer," who is now with the 1st 6th West Riding Regiment "somewhere in France":—

20th April, 1915.

To give you any names of places where we are or have been is out of the question. I had better start by saying we had a good voyage across and then encamped under canvas for the night. It was very cold. It is generally warm during the day, but at night turns quite cold. Next morning we were off again, and after a long march got on the train, if that term can properly be used, as we were huddled together in a sort of cattle-truck, about forty to a truck.

A long, uncomfortable journey, and then another march, landed us at our destination. You must understand that our pack to carry was larger than usual, as we must carry individually all we want, so the weight is greatly increased. We are living in a beautiful country, very flat, but the people here seem far removed from civilisation as regards sanitary matters. There are no sewage works, and everything seems to be thrown into dykes, which abound on the road sides, across fields, and everywhere. The consequence is that in the warm weather the stagnant water will not be very pleasant. There is also a shortage of water, and if we drink any it must first be boiled. As far as possible we use the same sanitary arrangements as we do when under canvas. We are billeted in houses or barns, and sleep on straw, or as best we can. The tobacco here is not very nice, though very cheap. We can buy four ounces for fivepence. We have to buy bread, the supply to us at present being scanty, hard biscuits taking its place, and they take some cracking. We are allowed plenty of liberty, and the lads stroll about as if they were in one of our own villages.

21st April, 1915.

I have been in the trenches for a night and a day, and received what I suppose you might call my "baptism of fire." We set out in the evening, several officers and non-coms., and by stages of walking and riding in London motor-buses we landed in the trenches in the dark. There was quite a fascination about the business of getting in, but there was practically nothing to fear. The big guns could be heard booming, and there was the cracking of rifle fire. Once in we were safe enough, although within 400 yards of the German trenches. Our trenches are an elaborate system of walls some 8 or 10 feet high, built of sand-bags, and, of course, bullet-proof.

22nd April, 1915.

Just as I was writing the above we were again ordered to the trenches, with some fifty men, so I had to put this letter away again, and am now continuing it in the trenches, to the accompaniment of the boom of big guns and the crack of rifle fire from the German trenches. Nice music! but one soon gets used to it. The rifle fire passing overhead seems something like marking shots at the rifle butts. This morning we had some lively shelling from the Germans. They were, I suppose, directing their fire upon our artillery. We could see the shells bursting about 700 or 800 yards away, and demolishing the one remaining wall of a monastery or convent. Some say the Germans are no marksmen, but we saw three successive shells hit the wall. You may wonder why they do not shell our trenches. The reason given us is that our lines are so close to those of the Germans that if their shells fell short they would naturally injure their own men. We see air-craft galore, and these are well worth watching when being shelled in the air, but we have not seen one brought down yet.

As we came along to the trenches it was appalling to see the destruction wrought in the towns and villages. What at one time were peaceful farms in a beautiful country are now shattered ruins, some houses having scarcely one stone on the top of another. The religion here seems to be chiefly Roman Catholic, and shrines are landmarks on the roadside. A curious feature regarding the numerous images of Christ and the Virgin Mary in the zone of the fighting, is that though the buildings containing them may be shattered, yet not even a bullet mark is to be seen upon the images themselves. Much comment has been passed here on this point.

I may say that this latter time we came into the trenches we had to walk the ten miles, and we shall not leave till dark this evening. Getting out and in is the most dangerous part of this game, as the Huns have the road covered, and snipers like to give us a bit of trouble.

Skipton Corporal in France.

Writing to his mother, Mrs. Carruthers, of "Westbourne," Gargrave Road, Skipton, Mr. Douglas Carruthers says in the course of a letter dated April 24th, and posted from "somewhere in France":—"I see several chaps have got parcels, and some of them have had food sent: this is rather foolish, I think . . . cigarettes and tobacco are however, very welcome, as we can only get some beastly French cigarettes. The people here are very good to us in their own way, and will make up meals. We can't get such a drink as tea—all the people, of course, use coffee. I have seen Fred Ambler and Duckett several times. . . . You can tell Fred's sister that he looks all right and very lively! - I am writing my letter while waiting in a cottage for some potatoes to be cooked. . . . I understand they have got us on the "pictures" at Skipton, taken when we left Doncaster. . . . The racecourse there is a decent place to camp. By the way my rank now is corporal. I have just got promoted."

In a letter written to his sister soon after the battalion's arrival in France (April 18th), Corporal Carruthers wrote:—"As you know, we are not allowed to say where we are . . . but I can say we are quite all right and content. The place where we are at present stationed is very pretty and quaint. The customs of the people seem years behind the times, and shops are somewhat scarce and their goods expensive. We have to pay a penny each for oranges, and bread eightpence a loaf, though they are a good size. Matches, of course, are a notorious price in France. A newspaper seller offered me a copy of "John Bull," which was a fortnight old, for 2d., but I didn't consider it worth the price. The food we are getting here is very good, and so far we have nothing to complain of.

"Some of the people here remark how lively the British troops always are. Just a few yards from where I am sat is a very small pond, only a few yards across, but the fellows were not here long before they discovered there were some fish in it, and now whenever they have finished work I see them fishing with very primitive tackle; but they have caught some very large fish!

"This morning we have had a church parade. One of the battalions has brought a band with it, so we are not entirely without music. . . . I would rather be here than at Doncaster. It's healthier, and we are in 'the country.' The sun is very warm during the day, and the nights are cold. I think the spring here is a little more advanced than at home."

After returning thanks for presents of tobacco and an allusion to French cigarettes as "antiquated," Corporal Carruthers adds: "I saw one Skipton boy while we were coming here. His name is Thurgood—you may know him. He has

been out here since February, and belongs to the Army Service Corps. . . . I forgot to tell you that we had a very smooth passage across the Channel; no one was ill."

Private James Garwood writes to a friend from France:—"Just a line to let you know that I am all alive and kicking. I guess by now you will have got to know that we are within sound of the guns. I don't care much for the people in this part of France. They seem to be far too slow. Please remember me to friends at Gargrave Road (Primitive Chapel)."

Private Wilrid Turnbull writes:—"I am pleased to say I am well and in good spirits, and doing all I can to be useful to my country. . . . It is grand to think what good friends are thinking about us at home."

Private Ernest Cowgill writes:—"None of my section have been in the trenches yet but a lot of our battalion has."

Pte. Fred Thornton writes:—"Thanks for your promise to keep me supplied with cigarettes. They are very scarce out in France. See you don't have the tobacconist's name outside your parcels or they will go astray. . . . We are billeted at present in a country farm-house, and are just becoming accustomed to the place and the people."

Settle Par. Mag. for May

VICAR'S NOTES.

The war has been brought closely home to us during the past month by the departure for the front of the men from our parish and district who have been in training at Doncaster. We are proud of the reputation they have won for character, conduct and efficiency whilst they have been under instruction, and we have every confidence that they will give a good account of themselves now they are at the scene of action. May God protect every one of them in the hour of danger and grant to them all a safe and speedy return, with honour and victory.

I received letters from three of our Settle men immediately on their arrival at the front. They all write in the best of spirits, one says, "We are within sound of the guns, so we may be in the firing line before very long. But we are happy over it and are feeling well and getting fit. All is well and we are merry and bright." Another writes, "We are all well, fit, and ready for anything. I think we shall be in the trenches soon." The third says, "I am dreadfully busy here. . . . We are about 10 kilometres from the trenches, guns being well within hearing. I am first-rate and hope you are all flourishing." May God bless and keep them all.

May 7.

Settle Man Wounded at the Front.

Private Thomas Hardacre, son of Mr. Thomas Hardacre, of Upper Settle, has been wounded, and is at present lying in the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, Norwich. Private Hardacre joined the West Riding Regiment last November, and was immediately sent to the Front. In a letter to his wife, he says:—"I was wounded in the Battle of Hill 60 on Sunday morning, April 18th. I shall never forget it. It was hell upon earth." He hopes to be able to have a week at home on his discharge from Hospital, and judging by other portions of his letter, he appears to be quite happy.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

LIFE BEHIND THE FIRING LINE.

SKIPTON SOLDIERS' EXPERIENCES.

A Skipton private in the 6th Battalion Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, writes some chatty letters from "Somewhere in France," and, replying to one from the Editor of the "Craven Herald" says:—"A 'Herald' for April 17th found its way out here, and the paragraph referring to the regiment aroused kindly feelings in the hearts of those who read it. Getting the 'Herald' out here will be like seeing old England and the Yorkshire Dales for a few moments. We are leading a grand healthy life. Many of the chaps are as brown as they usually are after a long summer holiday. We sleep in barns, and clean straw makes an extremely comfortable bed. The greater part of the day we spend in the open-air—three parades to keep us fit. We have our meals on the "lawn"—the field behind the barn—and the extremely fine weather we have experienced since arriving has enabled us to live to the full a simple open-air life.

Meal times provide many humorous incidents. Only this morning one of our chaps had bread and a piece of bacon in one hand and his mess tin full of tea in the other. The grass was rather wet with over-night rain and he could not put his bacon on the ground, so he utilised a broken match-box as a temporary table. It is a novel sight to see us sat on our packs munching away. Suddenly some chap finds he has left something in the barn, and leaves his bread and cheese on the pack to fetch it. When he returns he finds two or three not over-shy hens helping themselves to his food.

Food Good : Cigarettes at a Premium.

The food we get, if rough and lacking in variety, is good and sound. The funny part of it is that we had to eat margarine at Doncaster, while here we get English fresh butter put up in tins. Those who wish can buy meals—often cheaply—at neighbouring houses. We cannot speak French, but where is there a hungry Yorkshireman who cannot make a Frenchman understand that he wants food? You can get a good meal of chips, eggs, good coffee, bread and butter and pay your 6d. Surely we are not robbed at that! If you want to go further afield you can walk about two miles to a village and obtain a similar one. At this village you can obtain English postcards and daily papers—a day late naturally, but if we never get above a day behind out here we shall do remarkably well. Half-penny papers such as the "Mail," cost us 2d., while penny papers cost 3d. They are worth it though. A chap with a newspaper here is generally surrounded with an eager crowd wanting to know the news from the Front. And the funny part of it is we are only a few miles from the trenches.

Cigarettes are almost an article of diet. And sad to say there has been a famine in cigarettes amongst the 6th Duke of Wellington's during the past week; they have been at a premium. The famine has not been confined to our Battalion. Had any person come here last week with a million packets of cigarettes—especially Woodbines—he would have sold the lot in a day. The famine ended this afternoon about 2-30, each man receiving 20 to 25 cigarettes or between one and two ounces of tobacco. It was a rare and refreshing sight to see chaps who had been without a cigarette for a week receive them. They jumped for joy. From what we gather cigarettes and tobacco are dealt out daily in the trenches, hence many of our men are eager to visit them, if only to keep up a constant supply of the soothing weed.

Perhaps their desire will be gratified before long because in all probability we move from here to-morrow, either into trenches or nearer them. We do not know what will be in store for us there, but other regiments have faced the difficulties with determination and I do not see any reason why Craven chaps should not be able to do the same—at least I hope we shall."

Territorials go Fishing.

In a subsequent communication the same writer gives more interesting details of the life of the men and the country in which they are billeted. He says:—"In the middle of the field behind the barn there is a pond which has provided unexpected sport. All you have to do is to obtain a piece of string, fasten a bent pin to the end, and you can fish to your heart's content. Fish from 4 to 8 oz. have been obtained—perch probably—and if you saw all the chaps crowding round you would realise how exciting the sport is—and within sound of the guns.

One platoon of A Company (he proceeds), went into the trenches yesterday for 24 hours, another goes to-day, and I think our platoon will go in on Saturday.

The predominant—probably the only—religion in these parts—is Roman Catholic. One can see signs of it everywhere. Every few hundred yards on the road sides there are small buildings—chapels—which will hold about six or eight people. Each contains an altar and a few chairs and the motto over each is 'Pray for us.' I think the chapels must exist to enable people, especially travellers, to stop and pray for a few minutes. Then, again, in the walls of many of the houses one sees a small niche containing a statuette of the Virgin Mary. Sometimes a cross is depicted by means of coloured tiles on the roofs, and plates and pictures are decorated with a representation of the Virgin Mary."

Service Within Sound of the Guns.

The writer goes on to give an interesting account of a Church Parade held recently:—"The parade was held in a field not far from the village church. The weather was so fine, the countryside so calm, and the birds sang so merrily that we might have been hundreds of miles from the battle line. Yet there were other signs which indicated that we were not far away from it. Just behind was the Church with its shell holes and broken windows. Hovering above us were two biplanes, while in the distance could be heard the intermittent booming of our heavy artillery.

The service was short, but solemn and impressive. Our nearness to the fighting line increased its solemnity. The rifle and ammunition which each man carried and the signs of war which surrounded us seemed to be at variance with the Christian ideals the service proclaimed. But after all, fighting and Christianity go hand in hand. So long as the aim of the fighting is in accordance with the teaching of Christ, what matters it how fierce the battle. And to my mind the Allies are fighting for justice, freedom, and the oppression of the weak—against the bullying, bragging, caddish spirit which permeates the present military madness of Germany.

The first two hymns, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' and 'Lead, Kindly Light,' produced a sort of reflective, thoughtful mood, while the last hymn, 'Fight the Good Fight'—which was heartily sung—struck the martial note. The sermon, which was short, forceful, and to the point, was woven round the prayer, 'O God, give me good speed this day.' The parade was one not easily forgotten and the prayer well worth remembering."

Nearer the Trenches.

After predicting an early move nearer the trenches, the writer goes on:—"We rub shoulders with soldiers of all nations here—French, Belgians, Indians, Scotch, Irish, English, and Canadians. Yesterday a good part of the Army Corps passed through the village; it took them nearly three hours and was an interesting and novel sight."

Writing under date April 27th, he says:—"The rumour that we were going to change our billets has proved true. We have moved, and much nearer the trenches too. We left our old billets about 5 p.m., and arrived here—after about three hours' marching—a good bit after dusk. It was an interesting march in spite of heavy packs. One village we passed through showed clear signs of having been in the thick of the fighting not long ago. The Church was absolutely in ruins. The roof, the windows and parts of the walls were gone, and, if I am not mistaken, some transport waggons were housed between the four bare walls. One could also see shell holes in the roofs of other buildings.

Different regiments, some of which had lost heavily in recent fighting, were billeted along the line of route. They were having a few days' rest after their long spells in the trenches. Several football matches were in progress, and from the whole-hearted way in which the chaps joined in the games, you would have thought such a thing as war did not exist.

Rats have a Night March.

We reached our destination safely and found, as usual, that we were billeted in a barn. We marched into the barn, and as we had no lights and could not use matches we had to feel our way. The darkness did not trouble us though. We threw our packs off, sat down on them, and waited for a light to turn up. A light arrived at last, and, after obtaining a blanket each, we rolled up and went to sleep. I had a good night's rest in spite of the rats which seemed to be having a night march round and round the barn with two or three cats prowling after them.

There was a little firing to be heard about dawn, but it did not disturb us. Some of our artillery are in the rear of our billet, so that we are between the guns and the trenches. Some guns behind us are shelling the Germans now. I am told that German shells had fallen in or near the village yesterday, so there is just enough risk to remind us that we are not here for a holiday. We are not allowed more than 50 yards from our billets, and when we see any aircraft we have to scutter like rabbits into our

There are some rifle pits, gun pits, and 'outs' in the field adjoining the barn, are relics of the last few months' fighting. I sat on a sand-bag in a rifle pit writing this letter—quite cosy and sheltered from the cold wind. When we shall go into the trenches I don't know, but I don't expect we shall have much longer to wait before having the experience.

Several 'Craven Heralds' arrived this morning, and there was a big demand for them. The 'Herald' will always be a welcome weekly visitor."

Rumours of a Casualty.

The only mention of rumoured casualties is contained in a further letter from the same writer, dated April 28th. He states:

We had an easy day yesterday—a rifle inspection at 9 a.m. and the rest of the day to ourselves. This applies to our platoon, for parts of some companies had to go to the trenches last night working—I think to dig a new communication trench. I hear that one unlucky chap, from Keighley, I think, 'fell by the way.' Whether the report is true or not I cannot say, but I think it is. We passed the day in sports and rest. If there were a few hills round here we might, by a great effort, have almost imagined we were in the Craven Dales.

There were reminders, however, that we were in the midst of it. Some of our guns, concealed in a hedge not above 100 yards to the rear of our barn, banged away merrily at intervals. At first the discharge of one of the shells was an experience. You could see the smoke and a flash near the muzzle of the gun; then you heard the bang. And it was a bang. It shook the ground of the barn and almost made your heart stand still for a moment. The shell whizzed over us making a noise similar to that of an express train as it rushes past. You could hear the shell for a moment or two as it travelled on its journey to the German lines.

When the guns were quiet we might have been on a country holiday. A sort of enlarged ditch surrounded the field and provided humorous, if poor, sport. Six Skiptonians with long twigs went in Indian file along the edge of the ditch frog-hunting. When one was found it was made to jump into the water and swim to the other side. Afterwards they settled down to fishing, despite the fact that it is the close season in France. They may have broken the laws in spirit, but not in reality, because their catch was nil. We finished up the evening with a game of 'buck' and 'stick.' "

Longpreston Private's Letter.

Private John E. Beecroft, who joined the Territorials in November last, has written to his brother in Longpreston an interesting letter. He said:—"After I had finished my last to you we were told to pack up and be ready to set off to the trenches for 24 hours. We marched from 2 to 6-30 p.m., then had to wait till dark. At 8 we started on the last mile to relieve the 13th City of London, and for 200 yards we doubled down a hedge side. We then got our baptism of fire. The German Maxims were turned upon us, and we sought cover whilst bullets whistled overhead. Nobody was hit, but if we had stood up we should have been wiped out. We got into the trenches at last; they were dug about 4 feet deep, and in front a parapet of sand bags 3 to 4 feet wide to make it bullet proof, and so long as one keeps down it is quite safe. I can tell you I did not want to look over the top. Now and again bullets flew past, buzzing like bees. From 3 to 4 o'clock the Huns were pumping lead across for all they were worth. They do it every morning, as they are afraid we should make an attack at dawn, which is a favourite time. They send plenty of sky rockets during the night, which light up the ground between the trenches, so that both sides can see if any men are working at the wire entanglements. We come out to-night. The other half of our battalion, that J. J. is in, comes in. I am sat in the trench writing this. Most of the others are asleep or reading. Occasional shots from a German sniper is all that is going on, and an aeroplane over the German lines is getting the range for our guns, which are a good way behind us."

Friday, 23rd April:—"We have just had a dozen shells over us. They fell about 100 yards to the rear. The Germans were firing at an old monastery. They made six hits and six misses. I have been on duty this afternoon watching for movements in the enemy's lines, through a periscope, and acting as sniper. I am now back at our billet, which took us five hours to reach, arriving at 1-30 this morning after a tiring march. I have just been down to J. J. He said it was their turn to go on duty on Sunday night. No one was killed or wounded whilst we were on. In fact, it is as safe as being in our billet, so long as we keep our heads down. . . . We know now what the trenches are like, and we shall be left here for a time in peace. If you are in as good spirits as I am you will not be ailing much."

Settle Amateur Operatic Society.



APRIL, 1915.

The Society intends to give on **MAY 6th** and **two following nights**, performances of **GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S POPULAR OPERA:**

“H.M.S. PINAFORE,”

and proposes to hand over the whole of the profits to the **LOCAL WAR RELIEF FUND.**

The Opera, which is especially suitable to the present time, is being produced under the direction of Miss **BENSON**, and no effort has been spared to make the performances most successful.

On **Saturday Afternoon, May 8th**, a **Matinee Performance** will be given, thus affording an opportunity to those attending from a distance to see the Opera, and enabling them to return home early in the evening.

The Scenery is being specially painted by **MR. E. HANDBY**, and the costumes are supplied by **MESSRS. B. J. SIMMONS & Co.**, of **Covent Garden, London.**

In order to avoid disappointment please book your seats as early as possible. The first performance will be quite as good as the subsequent ones, and, as better seats can be obtained for this, the public need have no hesitation in booking them.

It is hoped that this opportunity of helping in the work of providing comforts for those who have gone to fight our battles, and of looking after their dependents at home—surely the least that we can do—will be grasped by all.

BOOKING ARRANGEMENTS.

Plan of the Hall may be seen and Seats booked at **MR. T. TOMLINSON'S**, **Duke Street, Settle**, on and after **Monday, the 26th April, at 8 a.m.**

Tickets may also be obtained at **Mr. Tomlinson's.**

Requests for Seats by post will be allotted by ballot, the officials booking the best available seats in the order in which the letters are opened.

Seats booked by Telephone or Telegraph will be crossed off provisionally awaiting payment by next post.

Amateurs Rehearsing Opera.—The Settle Amateur Operatic Society on behalf of the Relief fund are staging Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "Pinafore" in the Victoria Hall on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 6th, 7th and 8th, with a matinee on the Saturday. This Society has done excellently in the past and the present cast can be credited with having given as good a performance, if not a better, than its predecessors. Practices have been well attended. There is a strong well-balanced chorus, whilst the important parts are in the hands of very capable people.



"HMS Pinakora" 1915.

Victoria Hall, Settle.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE."

THURSDAY, MAY 6th, 1915.

Upper Circle, 1/6.

VICTORIA HALL, SETTLE.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE."

THURSDAY, MAY 6th, 1915.

DRESS CIRCLE (RESERVED).

Row **C**

No. **2**

Victoria Hall, Settle.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE."

THURSDAY, MAY 6th, 1915.

Area, 1/-. 2

Settle Amateur Operatic Society.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE."

MAY 6th, 7th & 8th, 1915.

BALANCE SHEET.

Dr.	£ s. d.	Cr.
To Acting Rights	7 7 0	£ s. d.
„ Hire of Band Parts	2 2 0	By Cash at Door and Tickets sold ...
„ Hire of Costumes	8 0 0	„ Sale of Programmes... ..
„ Scenery Painting	5 0 0	„ Sale of Flowers (per Mrs. Stirzaker)
„ Joiners' Account for Staging ...	3 12 8	
„ Rooms for Rehearsals—cleaning, heating, &c.	3 5 6	
„ Gas at Rehearsals and Performances	2 5 8	
„ Printing	4 4 9	
„ Hire of Piano, Tuning, &c... ..	1 5 0	
„ Hire of Cabs at Performances ...	1 0 0	
„ Plants for Hall	0 3 6	
„ Limelight-box, Oxygen, &c. ...	0 8 0	
„ Music, Librettos, &c.	1 11 3	
„ Scenery Storing, Removing, &c. ...	1 18 1	
„ Postages, &c.	1 3 10	
„ "Make-up," &c.	0 10 6	
„ Sundry Expenses:—Carriage of Cos- tumes, Plumbers, Plans, Materials, National Amateur Association, &c.	3 6 10	
„ Balance handed to Local War Fund Committee	25 0 0	
	£72 4 7	£72 4 7

C. F. ARMISTEAD, *Hon. Treasurer.*

Examined with Vouchers and found correct,

JOHN W. BUTTERWORTH.

MALHAM TARN,
LANGCLIFFE,
SETTLE,
JULY 14TH, 1915.

MR. C. F. ARMISTEAD,
Duke Street, Settle,
Treasurer of the Settle Operatic Society.

DEAR MR. ARMISTEAD,

As President of the Council of the Settle War Relief Fund I have pleasure in conveying you our sincere thanks for the very handsome sum of £25 which your Society has contributed to our Funds as the result of the performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore."

I understand that your Members not only took great trouble but exercised many acts of self-denial and incurred personal expense in their efforts to help the sufferers in this terrible war, and I would therefore tender my thanks not only to your Society as a body, but also to the individual Members for their valuable and public-spirited assistance to a good cause, that of help to men who are fighting to protect the liberty of Europe and the cause of civilization and the right.

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
W. MORRISON.

SETTLE
Amateur Operatic Society.

November, 1915.

Dear Sir or Madam,

I have pleasure in sending you a Balance Sheet of the recent performances of "H.M.S. Pinafore," which resulted in the Society being able to hand over to the Local War Funds a sum of £25.

The Committee take this opportunity of thanking you for your valuable assistance, which contributed in no small measure to such an excellent result.

Whilst indebted to all for the help so readily given, they feel especially thankful to the Ladies who willingly undertook to provide their own costumes, and kindly gave the refreshments at each evening performance.

Yours truly,
JOHN HAYTON,
Hon. Sec.

SETTLE AMATEUR OPERATIC SOCIETY.

The Local War Fund.

A successful performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore" on behalf of the local War Fund, was given by the Settle Amateur Operatic Society in the Victoria Hall from Thursday last to Saturday evening, with a matinee on Saturday. This Society has done much in the past and gained much deserved credit, and the Society's performances have been invaluable from a social and entertaining point of view. They fulfil an important mission apart from charitable consideration. In this time of war, however, funds are wanted, and so economy had to be the watchword of the Society in this production. "Pinafore" was an appropriate opera for the occasion. Its satire is good natured and clever; it could not interfere with the public's appreciation of our Navy, nor admit of jarring regrets. This accomplished body of amateurs has, in its time, figured with great credit in most of Gilbert and Sullivan's collaborations, and has given "H.M.S. Pinafore" on two previous occasions. The proceeds are to be given to the Local War Fund, and the idea, therefore, was to hit upon a work that would entail little cost in producing, and would, at the same time, maintain the attractiveness of the Society's fare. To save expense, the ladies had provided their own costumes, which included many varieties of summer gowns, and thus they departed from the usual dressing. At each performance enthusiastic audiences attended, and on Saturday night the hall was packed, many people being refused admission. Great credit is due to Miss Benson for the excellent manner in which the opera was given; everything went quietly and naturally. Mrs. Stirzaker, also on behalf of the Local War Fund, attended each performance, and sold paper flowers, and it is understood she will be able to hand over about £2. As Sir Joseph Porter, Mr. Chas. A. Milford made his first appearance in comic opera in Settle, and was a distinct success. He played and sang the part with just the necessary reserve and freedom from exaggeration. Mr. Edward Lord's splendid baritone voice was heard to great advantage in the numbers allotted to the Captain, and he was deservedly encored, his rendering of the Song to the Moon at the commencement of the second act being worthy of special mention. "Ralph Rackstraw" was capably represented by Mr. George Brown, who has greatly improved since he last appeared in opera in Settle, as also has Miss Haygarth, who achieved considerable success in the central figure of "Josephine," and acquitted herself very creditably, their duets being well received. Miss Benson, upon whom the success of the opera in a large measure depended, had the part of "Little Buttercup," and her representation was, as it always has been, a finished one in every way, whilst Miss Aked filled with credit the smaller part of "Hebe." "Dick Deadeye" was in the very capable hands of Mr. H. Edmondson, and he gave a splendid performance. His make-up was good, and he scored a huge success. Mr. J. Hayton as "Boatswain's Mate" was encored for his song, "For he is an Englishman," and he did not forget to put plenty of weight into it. Mr. A. Adams had the minor part of "Carpenter's Mate," whilst Mr. G. Cardus, as the "Middy," was every inch a sailor. The choruses were well sung, and their finale of the first act was splendidly received. Praise is due to Mr. W. Horner who conducted, and who had got together a very fine orchestra, which, on this occasion, blended well with the voices of the artistes. Mr. Edmund Handby had again exhibited his usual skill with regard to the scenery, which looked very pretty. The limelight effects were capably handled by Messrs H. Graham and W. Whitmore. The make-up was by Mr. John Hunt, and the honorary stage-carpenter was Mr. J. W. Bilton. A word of thanks is due to the members of the orchestra, and to all who helped to make the opera such an unlimited success. The following was the cast:—Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., Mr. C. A. Milford; Captain Corcoran, Mr. Edward Lord; Ralph Rackstraw, Mr. George Brown; Dick Deadeye, Mr. H. Edmondson; Bill Bobstay, Mr. J. Hayton; Bob Becket, Mr. A. Adams; Tom Tucker, Mr. G. Cardus; Josephine, Miss Haygarth; Hebe (Sir Joseph's First Cousin), Miss Aked; Little Buttercup, Miss Benson; chorus of First Lord's sisters, cousins, aunts, sailors, &c., Mrs. Francis, Mrs. J. Nelson, jun., Mrs. Willan, Misses B. Duxbury, M. Graham, N. Graham, H. Hunt, E. Laycock, Elsie Laycock, B. Leaworthy, D. Ralph, E. Willan, A. Gyte, M. Vant, Messrs. E. Armistead, T. Bradley, T. Elmer, T. Fletcher, G. Gill, J. Heelis, R. Hodgson, S. Holdsworth, A. Horner, A. Jackson, Theo Kelly, R. Sanctuary, T. Simpson, and A. Warren. The orchestra was:—Pianoforte, Mrs. Yates; 1st violins, Miss D. Wilson, Mr. O. Graham, jun., Mr. D. Lister, Mr. F. Pullen; 2nd violins, Mr. R. Wilson, Mr. J. Haygarth; viola, Mr. T. Dawson; violoncello, Mr. H. Dawson; contra bass, Mr. J. W. Nelson; flutes, Mr. W. Edmondson, Mr. H. Wilson; clarionets, Mr. W. A. Foster, Mr. F. H. Lister; bassoon, Mr. A. T. Bilton; cornet, Mr. Wm. Brown; euphonium, Mr. F. Williams; trombone, Mr. A. R. Bilton; tympani, Mr. M. G. Edmondson.

Settle Amateur Operatic Society.



IN AID OF THE WAR FUNDS.

© "H.M.S. PINAFORE" ©

PROGRAMME.



VICTORIA HALL,
MAY 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1915.

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL NAUTICAL COMIC OPERA

(In TWO ACTS) entitled

“H.M.S. PINAFORE,”

or “THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR.”

(By permission of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.)

Written by Sir W. S. Gilbert. Composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B. (First Lord of the Admiralty)	MR. C. A. MILFORD
CAPTAIN CORCORAN (Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore)	MR. EDWARD LORD
RALPH RACKSTRAW (Able Seaman)	MR. GEO. BROWN
DICK DEADEYE (Able Seaman)	MR. H. EDMONDSON
BILL BOBSTAY (Boatswain's Mate)	MR. J. HAYTON
BOB BECKET (Carpenter's Mate)	MR. A. ADAMS
TOM TUCKER (Midshipmite)	MR. G. CARDUS
JOSEPHINE (The Captain's Daughter)	MISS HAYGARTH
HEBE (Sir Joseph's First Cousin)	MISS AKED
LITTLE BUTTERCUP (A Portsmouth Bumboat Woman)	MISS BENSON



Chorus of First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts, Sailors, Marines, &c.

MRS. FRANCIS, MRS. J. NELSON (JUNR.), MRS. WILLAN, MISSES B. DUXBURY, M. GRAHAM, N. GRAHAM, G. GRAHAM, H. HUNT, E. LAYCOCK, ELSIE LAYCOCK, B. LEAWORTHY, D. RALPH, E. WILLAN, M. VANT; MESSRS. E. ARMISTEAD, T. BRADLEY, G. ELMER, T. FLETCHER, GEO. GILL, J. HEELIS, R. HODGSON, S. HOLDSWORTH, A. HORNER, A. JACKSON, THEO. KELLY, R. SANCTUARY, T. SIMPSON, A. WARREN.

Ladies are particularly requested to remove their Hats, an act of courtesy which will conduce greatly to the comfort of those sitting behind

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

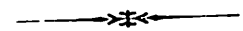
Quarterdeck of “H.M.S. Pinafore,” off Portsmouth.

Act 1 - - - Noon.
Act 2 - - - Night.

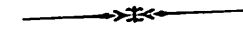
There will be an Interval of 15 minutes between the First and Second Acts.

ORCHESTRA.

Pianoforte... ..	MRS. YATES
First Violins	MISS D. WILSON
	MR. C. GRAHAM (JUNR.)
	MR. D. LISTER
	MR. F. PULLEN
Second Violins... ..	MR. R. WILSON
	MR. J. HAYGARTH
Viola	MR. T. DAWSON
Violoncello	MR. H. DAWSON
Contra-Bass	MR. J. W. NELSON
Flutes	MR. W. EDMONDSON
	MR. H. WILSON
Clarinets	MR. W. A. FOSTER
	MR. F. H. LISTER
Bassoon... ..	MR. A. T. BILTON
Cornet	MR. WM. BROWN
Euphonium	MR. F. WILLIAMS
Trombone	MR. A. R. BILTON
Tympani	MR. M. G. EDMONDSON
CONDUCTOR	MR. W. HORNER



Hon. Coach and Stage Manageress	MISS BENSON
Scenic Artist	MR. E. HANDBY
Hon. Stage Carpenter... ..	MR. J. W. BILTON
Lime-light Effects by	MR. H. GRAHAM
Make-up by	MR. J. HUNT



Costumes, &c., by MESSRS. SIMMONS & Co., Covent Garden, London.

THE LOCAL WAR FUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRAVEN HERALD.

Dear Sir,—I wish, through the medium of your valuable paper, to thank all those who so kindly helped me to raise the sum of £2 ls. towards the local War Fund. First those who gave me their help in the making of the artificial flowers, to those who gave me the opportunity of selling them at the performance of H.M.S. Pinafore, and to Messrs. Heppleston, of Bradford (who always supply me with fern, leaves, paper, &c.) for their gift of rose and other leaves.

If we cannot fight at the front, we can fight to provide the necessary comforts for those who are fighting for us both ashore or afloat. By providing these comforts we are helping to bring nearer the day when we shall have the satisfaction of seeing those who are responsible for such inhuman actions as the sinking of the "Lusitania," and using poisonous gases, &c., brought to the tribunal of the world and punished accordingly.

Yours, &c.,

M. STIRZAKER.

Settle, May 11th, 1915.

SETTLE WAR RELIEF FUND.—The Settle Amateur Operatic Society have handed over the handsome sum of £25 to the treasurer of the local war fund, being the profits on the successful performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore" recently given by the society.

IN THE TRENCHES: THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

Another member of the Battalion, writing home to Keighley, gives a thrilling account of his company's baptism of fire. He says:—

"I would have replied thanking you for the parcel on Saturday but for the fact that we were warned for the trenches that morning, and so I had no time. This startles you, doesn't it, but it is a fact that the noble 6th have been under fire at last—at least our company has. We set off about 3 p.m., and reached the trenches about 10. It is about twelve miles from here to the trenches. The road is vile, and we were foot-sore when we got there. The nearer we got to the trenches the wilder the country looked. Houses with holes in the walls and roof, or with just the cellar left, don't tend to improve the looks of the country. About 6 we were halted to await dusk. At 8-30 we went forward and were mixed in with a regular battalion. There was only one company, 200 men, of us, you know. Within a short time we could hear stray bullets singing above us. It was exciting getting into the trenches, expecting to be spotted and fired on. When we were in we were all right, and felt quite seasoned soldiers already. We were told off to our duties, and I was on sentry every other hour, starting at 11 till 3-30. About 11-30 'stand to' was shouted, and everybody rushed for his rifle. A patrol or working party of the enemy were out in front of their trenches, and one of their own lights showed them up. They caught it hot, I can tell you. Our lads were up to the parapet as quick as the Regulars, letting them have it as fast as they could. We couldn't have had a better breaking in. Some hundreds of bullets must have gone whistling over our heads, but nobody seemed to mind. Through the night we kept having a pot at them, but, of course, we were shooting at random.

Nothing of any note happened during the night after this, and with morning coming, and consequently less duty, I was able to get a sleep in the dug-out. Some of the dug-outs are champion little places, but ours was a poor sample. After a sleep, breakfast—and we'd a job to get a fire as it had been pouring with rain all night, and but for our oil sheets we should have been soaked. The day was fine, and we had quite a pleasant time until 4 o'clock, and then they started. In the next hour they dropped between a dozen to a score of shells all round us. They did no damage, although three or four dropped very close, and they knocked spots off the wall behind which we had come in. It's a very funny feeling, I can tell you, when the first shell comes shrieking over you. After one or two we got used to them, but we could have done without them quite well. We got out about 8 p.m., without any casualties, although they kept putting an odd shell or two on to the road. It was a very exciting twenty-four hours, and we were lucky to have such a good breaking in. The German trenches were about 200 yards from ours, and one had to keep his head below the parapet if he valued it. Altogether to me it was a wonderful day, but it's only one more experience of many. We are distinctly proud of the fact that ours was the first complete company in the battalion to be in the firing line, and you might let the boys know their 'pals' have been in it. I fancy they rather skitted at us in secret, and it will just show them we are considered something here."

In a later communication he wrote:—

"Since I wrote last we have been moved nearer the firing, and are now about a mile away. Here we have a much better billet, ten of us being in one room of a deserted cottage. The village is practically in ruins, and has very few inhabitants. All the same it is a very pleasant little place, or would be if there was not so much noise from a mile ahead. The 'shell-the-aeroplane game' has lost its novelty to us now, and an aeroplane excites as much attention as would a milk cart at home. Last night we spent the night in a dug-out, acting, I suppose, as a reserve, though none of us knows what we were really there for. We work by night and sleep by day. Part of the company were assisting the Engineers to carry stores and building material to the trenches. They were under fire in open country the whole time, and unfortunately one man of another company was killed."

May 14

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

A RUSH FOR THE "HERALD."

Cigarettes a Necessity—Not a Luxury: Skipton Soldiers' Life at the Front.

(Exclusive to the "Craven Herald.")

A Skipton member of "A" Company, Skipton, of the First 6th West Riding Regiment, whose letters (exclusive to the "Herald") have been read with deep interest by all concerned, again forwards a batch of comment, from which we extract the following:—

"Yes, I wanted the 'cigs.' and we shall want some more before very long—(He and the rest of the men from the Skipton district have by this time received the 300 packets of cigarettes despatched by us last week out of contributions of our readers up to the 5th inst.—ED., "C.H.") I have received the 'Herald'; several copies for different chaps arrived this morning (Tuesday, May 4th), and there was quite a rush to read them. Home news, while on foreign soil, is like English cakes—almost a luxury. I see the 'Herald' is initiating a fund for supplying us with cigarettes and tobacco. Excellent! Cigarettes are more than luxuries; they are necessities. I HOPE THAT THE FUND WILL BE A HUGE SUCCESS. I HOPE THAT 'OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MIND' WON'T BE THE MENTAL ATTITUDE OF CRAVEN FOLK; ANYHOW WE SHALL SEE.

Trench life, that is normal trench life, without attacks and counter attacks, is safer than many people imagine. Of course, if you carelessly and ruthlessly place your noddle above the trench top it is quite on the cards that a German sniper might use it as a target. That's only natural, seeing that the Germans are there for the purpose. I am thankful to say, however, that during our three days in the trenches only one of our chaps was hit. The greatest danger is in entering and leaving the trenches, and in going out to fetch rations and water. The trench in this part is horse-shoe shape, and you can understand that, in going up a road or path, approximately up the middle of the horse shoe, you come within range of many bullets leaving the German trenches and passing over the top of ours. Then, beside these stray bullets, there may be a German sniper or two. Anyhow, as we leave and enter the trench, bullets whistle around us. Luckily when we entered and left no German bullet found a mark. The whistling or crack of the bullets—for they appear to have different kinds—overhead adds a spice of adventure to the nocturnal journey, for of course it is performed after dark, and in Indian file.

The rations are fetched into the trenches by a ration party from the corner of four bare broken down walls which, before being shelled by scores of German shells, formed part of a ————. I went out with one ration party. You leave the trench, double across a piece of open ground to the leeward side of one of the walls. You wait there, listening to German bullets coming pit-a-pat against the other side of the wall, until a fatigue party brings the rations to you from trench headquarters. The rations are placed in small bags. You shoulder your bag or bags and get back as quickly as possible to the shelter of the trench, which seems like a haven to you. Water-fetching is a similar experience. These, however, are but incidents in trench life, and work in the trenches is organised and carried out on methodical and hygienic principles as far as possible—in fact, trench life is as well organised as municipal life in England, and better than municipal life seems to be carried on in the part of France we have seen.

The men cook their own food and would rather do this than have the food cooked for them in large quantities. As you pass down the trenches at meal times a continuous appetising smell, arising from the several wood and charcoal fires, meets you. We are all well loaded when going to the trenches with wood, charcoal, coke, candles and anything else that will be of use for cooking, &c. We do sentry-go in parties, each couple of men having a certain stretch of trench allotted to him. All we have to do on sentry-go is to keep an eye on the German trenches to see that the enemy is up to no tricks. This is done by means of periscopes. By using them you can observe the German trenches without offering your head as a target. If you see anything to shoot at you shoot. I never saw anything in all the three days. At dawn and daybreak every man stands to for an hour.

Trench warfare seems very peculiar. It strikes me as being slow, almost stationary. So long as each side has men, money and munitions, it seems to me that this sort of warfare could go on indefinitely. An account of this sort of fighting won't possess the glamour and interest as, say, a realistic description of the Napoleonic wars. There isn't the vivid quick movement about it. It seems funny, too, to stand in front of the wall of sand bags and think of it stretching almost 600 miles and forming the present temporary boundary of eastern France. But so it is. Let's hope the trench wall will soon be pushed swiftly and surely eastwards with the hordes of Huns behind it. The sooner that is done the sooner we shall be home.

The question everyone is trying to answer is—
“How long will the big push take?” It depends upon many things—upon the success of the Navy, the success of the operations at Dardanelles, the number of men who enlist in England, and the quickness of the supply of ammunition, &c. At the best I think it will take a good long time.

The Germans, too, seem ever ready to use some new devilish trick, as is proved by their use of asphyxiating gases in the battle for Ypres. I hope the next time they make use of them the wind will veer round quickly and turn the tables upon them. The most cultured rogue possesses the clever roguish tricks. And so it is with the Germans. German culture? Ugh! There is one thing to be thankful for—justice and fair fighting will prevail in the end—most do so or civilisation will tumble into ruins.

It may be assumed that we are so interested in our new life here that we don't mind being away from home. Home! Why it is this magic word that has brought us here. That is what the Allies are fighting for—English homes, French homes, and above all, Belgian homes. If every man in England had stayed at home, it wouldn't have been very long before we shouldn't have had a home to stay in. English homes would have been destroyed by German barbarity—otherwise called culture. I wish we were coming home, but it cannot be yet. So I am not going to get ‘down in the dumps.’ ”

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

The son of a retired Skipton schoolmaster, writing home from the trenches, where he is with the rest of the Skipton lads, says:—

“I have just about got accustomed to ‘life on the Continent,’ and the roving life of a ‘now-a-day's soldier,’ and as each passes one might almost say the comfort increases. I have experienced life in the trenches, and have come forth again alive and kicking. We were in for three days and are having a day or two's rest. I say ‘rest,’ but in the strict sense of the word it is wrong, because there is heaps to be done during the interval of time, which is supposed to be rest. However, it's a change, and, best of all, it relieves the monotony which prevails in trench work. The most dangerous part of the business appears to be in getting in and out of them. Of course, the Germans know approximately at what time the trenches are relieved, and centre their efforts upon trying to polish as many off as possible.

We have moved from the place where we were formerly stationed. It is nearer the firing line. Aeroplanes, both hostile and otherwise, are continually hovering overhead, and it is very fascinating and interesting to watch the shells bursting in the air in the attempt to bring the machines to the ground. When they have located a certain place they carry word back to their own artillery and give them the range to set the guns. This can be done in many ways, but the principal method used is to drop what is called a smoke bomb. This, of course, can be seen for a good distance, and thus the range is found. The village in which we are at present situated was shelled on Wednesday last, and it was the most exciting time I have had yet. Either two or three chaps out of this battalion were killed. It is awfully sad!

They have just been shelling a house about 400 yards away, and I saw the roof blown almost off. By the way, of all the ruined places I have seen I have noticed one thing in particular. Most of the objects that are shelled seem to be churches. I don't know why but perhaps it is because such tall buildings can be used for observation posts. However, the thing I have noticed is this, that I have never seen a Crucifix or even a statue that has been mutilated in any respect. There was a very large one I saw the other day, and the foundation of the Crucifix was almost shattered, but the Cross and the figure remained quite intact. Isn't it peculiar?

The time the trenches are relieved is, of course, at night, and except for the night we arrived here from England I have never experienced anything so romantic. It was beautifully moonlight, which necessitated more caution than at other times. Up to a certain point in the road which led to the trenches we were relieving, we marched in files of four. Then the order was passed down, “No talking,” and then again that we should form two deep. In this way we went until a more dangerous part was reached. In order to ensure more safety we had then to walk very near the hedgeroad in single file. One person got wounded out of the whole battalion. Then the destination was reached, and I never got a greater surprise before. The trenches aren't a bit what I thought they would be. I imagined them to be channels cut into the ground and earth piled up on each side. Instead there are sand bags piled up to about six feet in height, and at the back are what are called ‘dug-outs.’ These are places where we can sleep when off duty. In appearance they are more like dog kennels, but exceedingly comfortable. I should think one of the ancient Briton's ‘mud huts’ would better describe them, but one appreciates any kind of refuge to rest

At three o'clock every morning there is what is called 'Stand to,' which means that everybody who is in the trench stands up to the side of the parapet for an hour and a half. It is supposed to begin at daybreak. What the idea is I don't quite know, except perhaps in readiness for any attack being made. The same thing happens at sunset. Of course, there are men on sentry all day and night, and the remainder are occupied in fatigue work, such as filling sand bags and drawing rations. One is comparatively safe in the trenches, that is if he is careful to keep his head down. There are some very funny notices put up in some places, such as 'Duck-^{er}-nut Avenue.' I suppose you can define its meaning. It is also very laughable to hear some fellows shouting 'Waiter'! The Germans reply, but, of course, we can't understand their answers. The chief song which was sung with much gusto was 'Has anyone seen the German band,' and really it would make a good concert if you had to hear all the remarks that are passed.

I have just received the 'Craven Herald.' Thanks, very much!"

GERMANS USING EXPLOSIVE BULLETS.

The son of a Skipton insurance agent, with the Skipton lads, writing on May 3rd, says:—

"How are the Skipton Scouts doing now? Yes, I think the Germans are a rotten lot. They are using explosive bullets now. Our chaps shout all kinds of things across to the Germans. Our chaps started singing 'Has anyone seen a German Band.' I don't know whether they understand it or not, but they started firing like blazes. They are frightened to show their faces over the top of the trenches. We have been shelled out of the place we were in once. They were sending those 'Black Marias' across. They go off like a young earthquake. We went to bring some water carts the other night, and the Germans must have seen us. They started letting go with bullets, so we dropped into the road side. There must have been thousands flying over us. For about five minutes it was one long scream.

There's a big battle been going on somewhere, we could hear it yesterday. The guns sounded like distant thunder. I hope they have knocked the Germans into cocked hats. We have been told that anyone that knocks a sniper over gets £15. We have had some rather exciting times since we have been in the trenches. I don't mind the bullets so much; it's the shells that disagree with me. We are as right as rain in the trenches. I'd rather be in the trenches than at the back where they drop shells.

"NOT PAY BUT CIGS. THAT BOTHER U."

A corporal of the 6th West Ridings, writing on May 5th, says they have had sufficient rain to down the dust and goes on:—"We have had some fun lately; quite lively in fact. I received the 'Craven Herald' last night, and we were paid for the first time since landing, but we can manage very well without pay as the French stuff is off. It's not the pay so much as cigs. that bothers us. I have been in the trenches and it is not so bad as it is made out. We cook our own food; a jolly good job I have been at it before. I have just got another pair of boots. That's two pairs. I shall carry them both if they break my neck; they come in very handy."

CARRYING RATIONS TO TRENCHES.

A Skipton private in C Company of the 6th Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, writing on May 3rd, states:—

"Our Battalion has just come out of the trenches in which we have been for a few days. Our platoon has been taking rations in for other companies and we have had a very unpleasant time, but it's all in the game, and we have been very fortunate to have no one hurt.

The worst time we have had since we have been out was on the 29th of April, when they started bombarding the village we were staying in. You can just think what a sorry time we had with shells bursting about in all directions. Now we are getting more used to it and take cover as soon as they start with their guns."

TWO CASUALTIES.

Another Skipton Territorial, writing on May 7th, states, "it is grand to have a bit of Skipton twist and some Woodbines," and asks for a tin of milk, of which they see little in the trenches. He goes on:—

"No doubt by now you will have heard that young Scott died of his wounds. We have had other two casualties. One poor fellow from Barnoldswick called Bowker is doing nicely, but the other, poor Tommy Foster, got hit through the head and died before he landed at the hospital. I was talking to him one minute and he was shot the next. It is a very bad job, especially for his wife, because she has four children, the oldest only seven."

RUMOURS OF ANOTHER CASUALTY.

Skipton Man said to be Killed.



During the past week there have been persistent and apparently well-founded rumours regarding another local casualty. The victim on this occasion was said to be Thomas Foster (29), of the 6th Battalion Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, who is reported to have been shot through the head while in the trenches.

Foster, a married man with four children, had for two years resided at Foulridge, where he was employed on the railway. Prior to that he lived in Skipton—where his parents are still domiciled—and at one time was employed in the dye-works attached to Belle Vue Mills.

For ten or twelve years he was a member of the old 3rd Volunteer Battalion, Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, but was understood to have severed his connection with it at or about the time the Volunteers were superseded by the Territorial Force. While at Foulridge, however, he resumed his connection by joining the 6th Battalion, with which he departed for the front a month ago.

The first intimation that Foster had met with a mishap was contained in a letter from a comrade to relatives in Skipton. In this communication the writer definitely stated that Foster had been shot in the head and died subsequently, and that a Barnoldswick man had been wounded, but was doing nicely.

Another member of the Battalion, also writing to relatives in Skipton, states: "One of my pals was shot through the head. We hear he is dead. That is poor Tom Foster; but we cannot help these things." This testimony seems convincing enough, though, at the time of writing, neither Foster's wife nor his parents had been officially notified of the sad occurrence.

Authentic information is anxiously awaited in Skipton, where Foster was well-known.

GERMANS LIE LOW.

The teachers and scholars attending one of the elementary schools recently sent a parcel of cigarettes to a couple of friends now with the 6th Battalion Duke of Wellington's. One of the recipients, writing on May 6th, expresses his gratitude in a chatty letter in the course of which he says:—

"We are in the trenches for the second three days and we are both in the same dug out, which is a combined dining, living and sleeping room built up of earth, sandbags and corrugated iron. You creep into it like a rabbit into a burrow. When we opened the parcel we rubbed our eyes. We have given up being surprised at most things, but the parcel surprised us, it is not often cigarettes come in a flood. They will help us to pass pleasantly what would otherwise be monotonous hours. Cigarettes, especially when we are imprisoned for three days in the trenches, are more than a luxury they are a necessity.

We have had a couple of wet days in the trenches and are in a dreadful state. Clay, clay, clay everywhere—on our clothes, coats, equipment, bread, bacon and beds. Last night you had to stop at every step to pull your feet out. But we manage to get plenty of humour out of it all in spite of the draw-backs.

The Germans are about 300 yards away from us, but we never see them. They lie low like Brer Rabbit and fire away through loopholes. They only hit the front of the trench and luckily sand bags have no feelings. Therefore shells, which are sent up throughout the night by both sides to light up the ground between the trenches, are like a firework display at Skipton gala.

There are plenty of wild flowers here and they are very forward. I enclose a small piece of ivy leaved toad-flax, which we plucked from the ruined wall of _____, which has been shelled heavily by the Germans. It was growing quite close to a large shell hole. I expect it will be withered when it arrives, but it will be a curiosity. We were fetching drinking water from the old pump in the ruins when we collected it."

A SETTLE MAN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Hodgson, of Castle Hill, Settle, whose son, Jack, joined the Durham Light Infantry at the outbreak of war, have received from him the following letter:—

"We have now been in the reserve trenches for a week, and my word we have been getting it hot from shell fire. We have lost a few horses, one of my comrades has been killed, and two men wounded.

Last night we did a move, and had been gone about ten minutes when a shell burst beside my off horse, killing him instantly, while Darkie was untouched. My hat was blown off, although I had my chin strap round my jaw, and a button blown off my tunic.

It is somewhat dreary with no newspapers to read to see how things are progressing."

In a later letter, he again refers to the above incident, and says that after resting he went back to the place where he had left his kit, but found it all gone, presumably stolen, which left him without a razor, brushes, towels, socks or anything, and asked for a supply to be sent on.

A SETTLE MAN IN THE TRENCHES.

Mr. Harry Gilchrist, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilchrist, of Settle, has written another letter concerning his doings at the Front as follows:—

"Since writing my last letter we have been under fire again in the trenches. This time we were in a different part of the line, and it was quite a change from our last place. The trenches, or rather barricades, are just behind a ruined village rather smaller than Settle, and if you want to see the tragic side of war you ought to come here. The village is simply a heap of ruins, and not a house is left standing.

The church, or what used to be a church, is a pile of bricks and the only thing intact is a huge crucifix in the churchyard. The effect at night is very uncanny, as, of course, the whole place is deserted, and when the fire bombs go up at night, lighting up the place, this crucifix can be seen hovering over the ruins.

We were billeted in a ruin in the village, and under the circumstances were very comfortable, although each day the Germans sent over a few shells just to shew us they hadn't forgotten us. We are supposed to make a dive for our "dug-out" when the shelling starts, but on this particular day Sandy and I were writing letters and felt too lazy to move.

We soon changed our minds as the second one burst about 20 yards away and a heap of bricks fell into the next room, from the roof. At the same time a piece of shrapnel knocked a brick out of the wall just above us, so we decided to quit. I beat Sandy by about six inches, but there wasn't much in it you can bet. My work as a Scout took me all around the trenches, and as the roads are generally spotted by snipers one gets a few shots occasionally, especially when a bullet comes close to your head.

The Germans opposite us seem a cheerful lot and often oblige us with a song or a tune on a mouth organ. The other night one of them shouted across 'What about Chelsea,' referring to the Cup Final, so I suppose he's lived in London before the War. At present we are in a small village some few miles behind the firing line, and are resting for a few days, before moving up again. I'm hoping to come across the 6th West Ridings and see all the Settle chaps again. Remember me to all in Settle."

Mr. Harry Gilchrist is in a London Territorial Regiment.

INGLETON SOLDIER WOUNDED.

Sergt. Wm. Slinger, 6th Duke of Wellington's Territorial Forces, has been wounded in the fierce battle that is raging round Ypres. He was shot in the right arm, which was broken. The bullet which did the mischief has been extracted and his nurse writes to say that he is free from pain, except when the wound is being dressed.

He is now in England at the Middlesex Hospital at Clacton-on-Sea. Previous to mobilisation he was a member of the Territorial Forces, and worked with his father as a plasterer and builder. He was the first caretaker of the Conservative Club, a position he relinquished since he went to the front.

News has also been received that Private Roger Brown, who joining the 5th King's Own after war broke out has been wounded, and is now lying in the base hospital. Prior to his joining the Army he was a porter at the Midland Railway Station.

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LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

"NOTHING DOING!"

Captain E. G. Whittaker Shows that there is something Doing Every Hour.

Capt. E. G. Whittaker, of Skipton, who is with his regiment, the 6th Duke of Wellington's at the front, writing to Mr. W. E. Pitts, of Horton-in-Ribblesdale, gives a graphic description of what the men of Craven are doing at the front as opposed to the popular notion of the average newspaper reader every morning that "there's nothing much doing." The letter, dated May 4th, states:—

The people at home often pick up the paper and say "Oh dear, nothing doing." But still the work goes on, the ceaseless vigilance; the steady work so necessary to make all secure. The newspaper reader squirms with impatience when he opens his daily journal, but here it is quite different. We have marched eight miles from our old billets to our new ones—eight miles carrying full packs, water bottles, our pockets stuffed with all sorts of useful odds and ends we do not want to part with. We slept well and soundly on the "harvest festival" (straw). According to the newspaper reader, there was nothing doing, but there would soon be disease, disaster, and death if there was not a great deal done here.

THE ROLL CALL: So important always to know where every man of our Company is, and what he is doing. He may be a cyclist orderly, a shoemaker, a groom, a signaller—no matter; twice at least a day he must be accounted for.

FEET: A soldier, it has been said, marches on his stomach. True, but he wants his feet as well. The men sit and have their feet examined by the officers, assisted by the doctor and a R.A.M.C. orderly. Ingrowing toe nails, sores, bruises, &c., are all attended to. Some may be admonished for not washing oftener and changing their socks.

RIFLE AND AMMUNITION: Cleaned and inspected daily. Dust accumulates, and if not seen to, when we are opposed to the great oncoming wave of German brutality, the magazine would stick, the bolt would not work smoothly; and if kept in perfect condition and accuracy and rapidity of fire, may save our lives.

SANITATION: Refuse to be gathered up, broken food, old tins, paper, &c., and all burnt; pits dug for all sorts of purposes, and filled up daily.

RATIONS: It is no little thing to feed an army, and any man who complains of the food in the war is no man at all, but a paltry grumbler. Sometimes we could do with more of some things, but taking it all round many would be much better in health if they did with less. Orders are also to be read, and see that the men understand them; tobacco and rum rations to be issued. On we go, and it is bedtime before we know where we are. Yet "nothing doing"!

The order comes along—"Wanted a working party, 400 men, to carry revetment frames and sand-bags to the trenches. We fall in quietly to do our share—our Captain in front, the others in the rear. We draw the frames from the Royal Engineers and start on our journey. We have to cross a bit of rising ground behind the actual trenches. The bullets whistle overhead, some spit down at our feet in the earth as we tramp on, two men carrying too large frames. Up goes a flarelight. We sink on our knees if we are exposed; otherwise we just carry on—"nothing doing"! The big guns of the enemy have been shelling our lines and the trenches are damaged and broken. They must be repaired and so we carry on.

The first time how the whizz of the leaden messengers makes you start and involuntarily duck your head. We arrived safely at the trenches and deposited our load. Then again, in single file, we start for our billets. Once more the rain of bullets whirl across our heads; some fall lower than others. Then it happened—our first. I shall never forget it. Up the line came the word "A man hit." The men behaved splendidly. No shouting, no running; just tramped steadily on. But the poor lad is shot through the neck; he throws up his head—dead! Killed in action just the same as if shoulder to shoulder he had been standing with the heroes of Neuve Chappelle, Ypres or Mons. "Nothing doing"! But in a Yorkshire town when the news comes through to some sorrowing father and mother there will be something doing, won't there?

We left a sergeant and three men to bury our comrade in the little soldiers' "God's Acre," situated behind the lines, and at last in the early dawn got back, fired and very quiet, to our billets and beds. The next day a wooden cross was made and sent to the little graveyard, and the few remains of the laddie were brought back to the Company officers. It upset me considerably when we saw the various articles, and found a Prayer Book and Text Book among them.

Another day, just getting ready to sit down to dinner, when a shell whizzed to our right about 200 yards away. Another we watched fall near the church, and how the dust flew up after the explosion! But we noticed then that the next shell came nearer, and soon it was apparent

that the "Bosches" were ranging along our road, shelling our very billets. So we left our meal and spread out into the fields, getting away from the houses, which had without doubt been shown up to the Germans by one of their aeroplanes. About 40 shells altogether were dropped in the little village, smashing the windows, knocking down gable ends of houses, and smashing the roofs. Nothing about all this in the papers! No need; merely an everyday occurrence, a very ordinary affair—"Nothing doing"! At last it was over, and we returned to our over-cooked dinners; our company intact thank God!

But soon a shout is raised. Across in the fields just beyond our farmstead a body is discovered blown to pieces. We covered him up with some oil sacking. Then another man is found mutilated and dead—"Nothing doing"! And thus the work goes on. The Company Officer reads the Burial Service over the hole and two good fellows leave us for good and all—"Nothing doing"!

Another day we are told off for the trenches; everybody pleased. Three of our companies go into the trenches, and one company, ours, is placed just behind in an old farm as a reserve company and fatigue party. This company has to carry rations, sand-bags and ammunition from a certain place in the rear to the trenches. Every night at various hours, changed so that the Germans cannot be sure of when we do our work, this is what happens: About 80 men, led by their officers, go in single file down the road to the ration rendezvous. Bullets are whistling and singing, and one night we had a maxim gun turned on us. Arrived at the rendezvous, there we find the waggons. The bags, each containing eight rations, are unloaded. The bags are shouldered and the hazardous journey is commenced again. We get used to it, but be as brave as you like, it is with a prayer of relief that you return to your old farm again and get to rest.

The newspaper reader has been asleep in bed all this time while there has been "Nothing doing in France"! To bed, but only till 3 a.m., when everybody is aroused, and until 4-30 a.m. we stand to arms prepared for anything. During the day we were shelled and had to go outside to get into deep trenches; also working parties with pick and shovel had to be provided to improve dug-outs and make communicating trenches. The same work again at night, for the food goes, likewise the ammunition, and must be replaced.

Then comes our night for relief. Another battalion comes along, and we start for our village billets again. As the relieving battalion was going the old, old road into the trenches, the bullets were singing their old tune and one found a billet, going through the wrist of a man carrying a box of food and then into his side. Still you see "Nothing doing"! But remember, the work goes on; it is done, and done well. The call for the ambulance men came back, and my sergeant and myself dashed up the road. The man was attended to and put on the stretcher and carried down to the first-aid station.

To-day I went for a bath to a brewery! In the water was placed creosote to kill vermin. It was a comfort and I thoroughly enjoyed it. The men are all well, and very willing, and very happy.

SKIPTON MEN IN THE TRENCHES.

HOW TO END THE WAR.

A member of the Skipton Companies of the 6th West Riding Duke of Wellington's Regiment, writing from near the trenches, Tuesday, May 11th, states:—

"We came out of the trenches after dark on Sunday night, after being in four days, and for the second time. We are only a short distance behind our front trenches; in fact we can see them from here, and as large numbers of bullets from the German trenches come whizzing over us, especially at night, we have to lie low. During our last stay in the trenches we witnessed lively doings, in which our battalion took no active part though. We found out what a real bombardment by artillery was like. . . . In the distance we could see the wreckage of buildings in flames. Our trench rocked for a moment or two when some mines, which had been laid by our sappers, exploded not far away. Before very long the Germans naturally began sending shells over in search of our guns, but so far as we know they damaged none. We saw seven 'Black Marias' burst away behind our trenches. Each time a 'black Maria' burst with a boom and a huge cloud of smoke, a battery of our threepounders would go bang, bang, bang, as much as to say 'You've missed again.' The Germans went on trying though for hours. Some infantry not very far from us took a hand in the day's doings, but I shall not be allowed to tell you much of that, although I could.

I think the artillery bombardment is the most impressive lesson we have yet had of what this war means. It was quite bad enough being where the shells passed over us, but it must have been horrible to be where they were falling and bursting in such large numbers. We know already what it is like to be where they burst every two or three minutes—that is bad enough. The other night when a party of us went down the road for rations a couple of shells burst within 20 or 30 yards of us. Luckily we were untouched by any of the flying metal. To a certain extent you get used to shells falling near you, but you never feel comfortable as you don't know where the next shell is going to burst.

THERE IS ONE THING WE HAVE REALISED THOUGH, AND THAT IS THAT GUNS AND SHELLS WILL DO MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE TO END THIS WAR. MEN ARE WANTED CERTAINLY—ANOTHER MILLION OR TWO WOULDN'T BE TOO MANY, BUT THE GUNS PAVE THE WAY FOR THE WORK THE MEN HAVE TO DO.

Our battalion, I am pleased to say, has suffered very few casualties so far. . . . We are not allowed away from our billets even for a few yards without a rifle. We had to take rifles and ammunition the other day when we went for a bath! Our rifles are our continual companions, I can assure you, and they become rather tiresome companions too when you have carried them a good distance, or when you have rations or water bottles, or boxes of ammunition to carry beside. Still our rifles are our best friends.

The 'Herald' for this week arrived by last night's mail, and there was the usual eagerness to see any news of home. I think all the Skipton chaps are quite well and in good spirits. The weather here is excellent, but rather cool during the night."

A "LUXURIOUS" DUG-OUT.

In the course of a chatty letter from the trenches the son of a Skipton Urban Councillor states:—

"We are now occupying some reserve trenches about 600 yards behind the firing line. We arrived here on Sunday night and had to sleep in the open trenches. It was rather cold, but we were tired out after four days in the firing line, so we hardly noticed it. We did not mean to have another night out so — and myself made ourselves a dug-out on Monday.

It is a fine little place too, covered at the top with wood, sandbags, and earth, so that we are quite sheltered from shells. There are shelves all round on which we can store our food. Yesterday H— found some rhubarb, which we stewed and served to tea. This morning we have had a fine breakfast—bacon and two fried eggs. We do all our own cooking, and with the extras we buy can live quite decently when we have the chance to make fires.

We have to keep popping under cover here so that the German aeroplanes do not spot us, otherwise the trenches would be shelled. A whistle is blown when aircraft are in sight and we make ourselves scarce in quick time. This morning our men opened rifle fire on one, but he seemed too high. — and myself were on guard last night. We were on a road that leads up to the firing line, and all night bullets were making sparks fly as they struck the stones in the road. Star shells were also going up, making it as light as day.

Sunday was an exciting day in the trenches. Our artillery shelled the German trenches and it was fearful. The bombardment lasted — hours and the noise was deafening. We also saw the infantry make a charge; it was a fine sight."

IRON RATIONS TO FRITZ.

A Skipton Corporal acknowledges the receipt of a parcel and "John Bull," and goes on to say:

"I read it has been rumoured that Sergt. Pryke's son has been killed. It is not true. I don't know where the yarns come from. You do not want to take notice of anything that is not official. We have had fairly lively times this last day or two and have seen some sights. We are just enjoying the sound of our big guns sending iron rations to Fritz. It's rather noisy, but we are getting used to it.

I am still in good health, but could do with disinfecting. It's a good job the dry season is one: it must be awful out here during the winter—I don't know how the chaps have stood it. THERE ARE QUITE A LOT IN SKIPTON I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE OUT HERE.

By the way, you ought to see the Gurkhas. They are lively looking little beggars. I thought they were Japs at first. If they had their way they would run the Germans all the way to Berlin."

Letter from a Settle Youth.

Writing to his father, Mr. R. Robinson, manager of the Co-operative Society at Settle, Private George Robinson, who is attached to the Cyclist Section of the 6th West Ridings, says:—"I have just read uncle's letter in the "Pioneer" ['uncle' is Sergt. W. J. Robinson, "Pioneer" correspondent at Settle], but I dare not go as far as that does as regards describing our experience, but I will do my best. We were living at the time I am speaking of in dug-outs. These consisted of square holes dug in the ground about ten or twelve feet square, with sand bags piled up the sides and over the top, as 'Jack Johnsons' are sent into the village every day by the Germans. On Saturday last thirty men were required from our Company to assist the Engineers. I was one of them along with brother John and several other Settle fellows. We carried fighting kit, as they call it, that is 200 rounds of ammunition and rifle, about two days' rations of bully beef and biscuits, and also a pick and shovel, so we were well burdened. We had not been in the trenches above ten minutes before a heavy bombardment of artillery opened from our side. It was soon answered by the Germans, and shells began to fly round us thick and fast, tearing down the trees in an orchard not many yards to our rear. It was very strange to us at first, but as time went on we became quite used to it, and I had a good sleep in the afternoon, in spite of the noise.

"Our work was to dig a communication trench, but we were not required, as things did not develop as were expected, and so we had to return on Monday afternoon. Leaving the trenches in the day time is a very risky job, and we found that out luckily without anyone being seriously hurt. We had got down the communication trench quite safely, and were just getting on the road when a shell burst just behind us on the ground we had just passed over. That was nothing to what followed just after. We were just turning a corner in the road when about six shells burst above us. Big pieces of iron and bullets were flying on the road all around us, but we got down on our stomachs like one man. Picks and shovels flew in all directions. We no sooner got on our feet again than another one would burst, and down we went again. It was all over in a few seconds and we were lucky enough to escape uninjured, except two who were hit by pieces of shell and slightly wounded. A few minutes afterwards I was lucky enough to meet uncle [Sergt. W. J. Robinson] on the road, and he says all the Settle lads are quite well, and he also received the parcel you sent out. We have since been removed from the last billet away from the firing line, and so are much safer."

HAVING A ROUGH TIME.

A Skipton private, writing home on May 11th states :—

"We came out of the trenches on Sunday night after being in for five days. We had a rough time on Sunday as there was a big battle going on, and they (the Germans) were bombarding us from five o'clock in the morning until long after ten at night. We shall be going back into the trenches on Wednesday night until Sunday again. I can tell you whilst the bombardment was going on it was awful to hear the noise of the guns, and explosions of land mines, and we heard that there was a large number of killed and wounded. When we come out for a rest, we are under shell fire all the time, and during the day we have little rest, for from day-break to late at night the guns are shelling one another. I don't want you to get it into your head that our lot have lost a lot of chaps, for the battle was on our right and left hands, but our battalion had three or four killed and a few wounded. But I can tell you that by the way all our lads talk they don't want to be in another 'do' like there was last Sunday, as a great number of them could not keep a limb still. We are having very fair weather just now—hot during the day and cold at night."

SETTLE SOLDIER'S TRENCH EXPERIENCES.

The following letter has been received from a Settle Territorial who is in France:—

"I promised to write you a long letter as soon as I had anything to write about. I have now plenty to tell you, but I hardly know how far to go (I mean I do not exactly know what the Censor will pass). We have been living in a field in 'dug-outs' By 'dug-outs' I mean holes dug in the ground about two feet deep and three yards square with sand-bags piled about four on top of each other all the way round; we have no roof on. This is a protection against shell-fire. We have had shells dropped into the village and also into the field adjoining ours. On Saturday night we had word that 30 men were wanted to work with the Engineers, and 10 men went out of our platoon, I being one of them. We started about 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, and had to march three miles, carrying our equipment—200 rounds of ammunition, a day's rations (we were afraid we might be short so we carried enough for two days) and a pick and shovel. We felt to have a fearful weight before we had finished.

We got to the trenches without mishap, but had no sooner got in them than the shells began to whistle over our heads. It seemed very funny at first, but we soon got used to it. The shells came all day on Sunday, some landing only a few yards away, breaking down trees, &c., but I should say we were firing about six shells to their one, so what they might have felt like I do not know. In the trench we were in there was no one hurt bar a few scratches from stray pieces of shrapnel—we were exceptionally lucky. The Germans just failed to find the range of our trench by a few yards. We were expecting a shell all the time. We saw some terrible sights from some of the other trenches, and it made us think more of our own good luck. We could hear the bullets go screeching over our heads—it made us keep down I can tell you. A chap has not to be told to keep down out here I can tell you. We were expecting to have to go out repairing trenches, &c., on Sunday night, but the Germans kept up a continual rifle fire whilst occasionally a gig gun would fire, and every few minutes all was lit up by star shells.

I am trying to give you an idea of what it is like, but you could not think of it being as bad as it was. I do not know if it was because of the continuous rifle fire through the night, or if things did not work out as expected, but we were not wanted, and lucky for us that we were not. About 2 p.m. on Monday we got orders that we were to leave the trenches as we should not be wanted, and I can tell you we were not sorry. We packed up ready to go out and got into the communication trench. We had to stop a while in this trench whilst some reserves came in and some wounded were taken out. We had just got out of the communication trench when a 'Jack Johnson' blew part of the trench up that we had just come through. I said we must thank our lucky stars we had got out of that. We walked about 100 yards on the road when we heard a noise like a rocket flying through the air; then there was a bang and stones and splinters seemed to fly all over the place. I remember I thought I was hit, and I went down on one knee, but was soon up again. I was no sooner up than there was another coming. This time we went down like one man, flat on the road. Up we got again, but we had to drop again immediately. I should say we had about six shells dropped amongst us. We did not half seek cover after the first one. I saw one piece of shrapnel fly past me larger than my hand it seemed about a couple of inches from my head, but it crashed up against a brick building. Some of our chaps had their shovels knocked out of their hands.

We had two of our chaps wounded—one slightly and the other they took to hospital. I fear he is badly wounded. What would have happened if we had not dropped I do not know. We have had a move a bit further from where there is any shelling. I am on guard at a lock over a canal for 24 hours (by I, I mean myself and six men). I am in a little room joining a cottage, writing, and this is our guard room. I do not think we shall have to go into the trenches again for some time, if at all, as it is not our job. We had a job searching a village to-day, and were given certain houses to search. Some were occupied, and some were empty, and we had to search all over, in drawers and cellars, and in fact, everywhere. It was all right in empty houses, but not in the ones that were occupied. You can guess what sort of a job it was when none of us could speak French. In the unoccupied houses things were thrown all over the place. The inhabitants must have left in a hurry. I am not surprised at them leaving a house in a hurry, when a shell comes and takes half the roof off. I am not going to write such a long letter to anyone else, so you can pass it round. I started this by daylight, but it has got to candle-light now. We are in the best of health and spirits. You should have heard us laugh after we had got out of our first taste of shell-fire, each kidding the other on how he took cover, and the way one and another dropped on the road. You would have thought we had been playing football by the different arguments that were going on after we got back home. I am afraid I must close, or whoever has to censor this will bless me."

How an Ingleton Sergeant Dodged the Bullets.

The following are extracts from a letter sent by Quarter-Master-Sergeant J. W. Lambert, who is with the 6th Battalion, West Riding Territorial Force, in France:

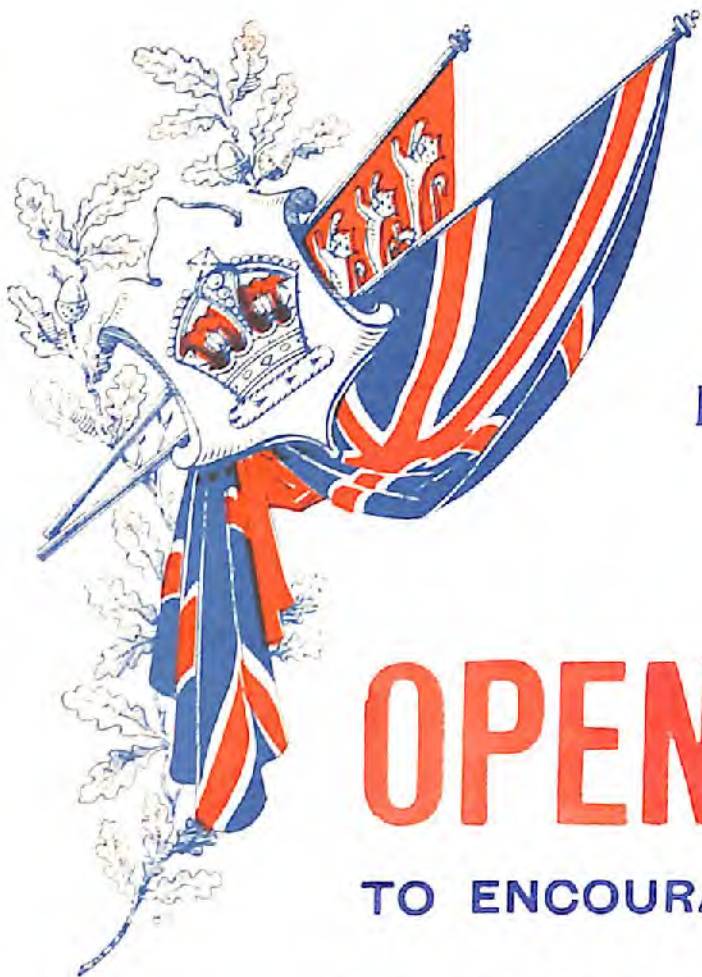
"I am very thankful indeed that I am able to write this letter to you. I am just fair myself, but I have been in it as they say this last few days. I was coming through a village the other day with my company limbers, with all my stuff on, when the brake man and I were knocked into the road just as we got opposite the church by a shell. We did not hear it coming for the noise the wheels made, and the shell just went bang fairly in front of me. The next thing was that the bricks were flying and I was in the road, but how I missed getting hit I don't know. We did a run after that to get out of danger. I had been in a near thing or two before that, but this was the nearest squeak for me. We were taking the rations up last night, and set off about 11 o'clock with the cart so far on the journey, then men from another battalion carried the food into the trenches. You are all right when you get in the trenches, but it is getting there and back that does it. I got within about 100 yards of safety when the bullets started coming. Only one of our party got knocked out, then we started to get down, but every time we got up they started shooting again, which looked as if they could see us, so at last we got orders passed down to leave the rations and creep out. Three men got hit, and the rations not yet at the trenches. I got back about half a mile to the communicating trench, which was not half slush and water, but I went down it. Another Quarter-Master-Sergeant and I stuck together after this for company. We were fired on the whole of the way until we got there, so after we got the rations in we started to go back up the trenches, and we did have a lively time dodging the bullets. There was one open space, a bridge, to go over, and a tree in the middle. I said we should have to be careful as the bullets were coming over there as if one man had it marked out, which no doubt he had. I was first, so I crept down until I got near the bridge and rested. Of course, the blessed Germans shot, so I waited for the next to go, and then after he shot I bolted over before he could load again. My pal was to come yet, though they shot again. They must have seen me go over, so he waited for the next, but they were waiting too this time, so he crept over and just nicely got over when bang came another. They followed us all down the trench until we got out on the road. We got far enough away as we thought, and were just congratulating ourselves on getting out of the wood, when bang came another just behind us into the trees. You know the Germans are getting "wind up," as they call it here, and there is no doubt they are losing now. There have been a lot of prisoners, guns, etc., taken this last few days, and general opinion here is that the war won't last long, as they will throw in. I hope the war will be soon over, but I rather doubt it, although they expect being on the borders of Germany in some parts in nine days from now. Warren Metcalie has got wounded, but I don't think it is a bad one. I have seen a lot of Indian troops, but have not been with them. The regular troops seem to think that the advance has begun, and we are off for Germany, and the Kaiser, but I think if all the news is true that we have got just now the Germans will throw in soon."

SHELLS WORST PART OF BUSINESS.

A Skipton soldier, writing home from the trenches, remarks :—

“ We came here last night for the second time, and I am sat with my back to the parapet. The first time in the trenches we stayed three days. It rained the other night rather heavily, and when we arrived here we found the mud was u'p to our boot tops, and in some places up to the knees.

The only thing I have found cheap so far are cigars, and they are just a little cheaper than at home. I am at present enjoying the last one I possess. I bought a limited stock, but haven't been near enough a shop lately to get any more. The worst part about the business is when the shells begin to fly our way. You never know where they are going to drop. Nearly all day different guns are firing, and we can hear the shells flying overhead.”



BRITONS!

Your King & Country Need You.

**PARLIAMENTARY RECRUITING COMMITTEE
(SKIPTON DIVISION).**

- - AN - -

OPEN-AIR MEETING

**TO ENCOURAGE ENLISTMENT IN THE ARMY
WILL BE HELD IN**

**MARKET PLACE, SETTLE,
On Thursday, May 20th, 1915,**

When ADDRESSES will be delivered by

**Mr. G. H. BIBBINGS
AND MR. WILL. DYSON**

(Of the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee).

AND OTHERS;

**Major Mackillop, Capt. R. D. Roberts and 2nd-Lieut. Blakey,
*are expected to attend this Meeting.***

Chair to be taken at 7-30 p.m. by

MR. THOS. BRAYSHAW, J.P.

COME IN CROWDS.

*If the weather is unfavourable the Meeting will be held in the
VICTORIA HALL, SETTLE.*

*The SETTLE PRIZE BAND has kindly consented to render
selections in the streets previous to the meeting.*

1
Parliamentary Recruiting Committee,

SKIPTON DIVISION.

W. CLOUGH, M.P., *Chairman of Committee.*
J. W. MORKILL, J.P., *Vice-Chairman of Committee.*
R. B. BARRETT, J.P., *Chairman of Meetings Committee.*
G. M. ROBINSON, *Vice-Chairman of Meetings Committee.*
A. Broadbent, Liberal Club, Skipton, } *Joint-*
J. Illingworth, Conservative Club, Skipton, } *Secretaries.*

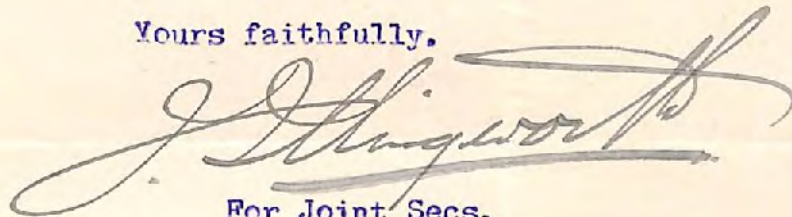
TELEPHONE 14Y.

SKIPTON, 19th. May 1915

Dear Sir.

Herewith find agenda for meeting at Settle on Thursday and we trust
the arrangements will be satisfactory.

Yours faithfully,



For Joint Secs.

T. Brayshaw Esq. J.P.

Settle.

Market Place. Settle.

At 7-30. 20th. May 1915.

Agenda.

Chairmans Address.

Mr. Brayshaw.

Address.

Mr. Bibbings.

Address

Military Representative.

Address

Mr. Dyson.

N.B.—This Form must accompany any inquiry respecting this Telegram.



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TO { *Thos Brayshaw Solicitor Seattle*

*In. 5. 5 Am bringing bond
and men tomorrow Tuesday Can
you arrange open air meeting
we arrive 10-10
Brewin*

Excitement at Settle, but—!

Tuesday was quite a gala day at Settle. The pretty old town was crowded with visitors in addition to the ordinary market day influx, and the appearance of the Band of the 6th Battalion Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, with a detachment of men from Skipton, created unwonted excitement which extended even into the subdued atmosphere of the Guardians' board room. The members were in the midst of their business when the first note of a martial air were heard in the distance, and for a few minutes the proceedings were suspended while the majority went to the window to see the men pass. It was quite a novelty to conduct the Board's affairs to a musical accompaniment, and no one seemed to mind in the least that the concluding sentences of a letter from the Local Government Board were lost in the chorus refrain of "Tipperary"!

The military, of course, were seeking men, and they were there in plenty—big, strapping fellows, straight from the land, pictures of health, and possessed of physique calculated to make glad the heart of the recruiting officer. They listened to the speeches and sang God Save the King lustily, but there they drew the line! The immediate result of the morning's work was one recruit, who was duly attested and returned with the detachment. It is possible that others will feel inclined to follow his example after taking time for reflection, but one cannot help thinking that, after all, there is some ground for the assertion that the young men of the agricultural community have not responded so eagerly as was anticipated.

Recruiting Meetings.—An assembly of over 1,200 persons gathered in the Market Place on Thursday evening, the Battalion Band from Skipton first parading the town. The Settle Brass Band also lent their services, so there was music galore. Mr. Thomas Brayshaw presided, and took, as the basis of his remarks, a fragment of a German shell which had exploded within 20 yards of the Settle Territorials. This he dubbed a "message from Berlin to Settle," and he invited the young men present to carry back an answer, "Settle to Berlin" in the shape of cold steel.—Mr. Bibbings and Mr. Dyson spoke from the patriotic and national point of view, whilst Captain Brewin, as a native of the locality, received a warm welcome when he addressed the crowd from a soldier's standpoint. An effective interlude was provided by a spirited recitation by one of the soldiers.—Another large meeting was held in the Market Place on Tuesday morning, the Battalion Band again rendering lively music. During the meeting a number of men belonging to the Battalion from Skipton, who had accompanied the Band, moved about amongst the crowd of farm servants and others and tried to induce them to don His Majesty's uniform.—Mr. Brayshaw again presided, and was supported by a number of officers and civilian gentlemen.—The Rev. W. Rapson urged young men to join as a matter of duty and in defence of liberty and true religion; Mr. G. K. Charlesworth pressed the farmers' sons and labourers to give in their names to join the Army after haytime if they could not do so at present; and the Rev. Percy Coates plainly intimated that if the young men wished to avoid the stigma of conscription they would have to promptly respond to their country's call. Captain Brewin and Sergt. Gavins spoke from a military point of view.

SKIPTONIAN'S IMPRESSIONS AT THE FRONT.

(Exclusive to the "Craven Herald.")

A Skipton Private in the 6th Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, whose letters, written exclusively for the "Craven Herald," have been a much appreciated feature of our columns for some time, continuing his impressions of life in the firing zone on Sunday May 16th, says:—

"I will give you a summary of the impressions I have formed after over a month's experience of life and doings at the front—a magic term to people in England and to soldiers who have never been here, but one of which they form vague and often incorrect ideas. I know that when we arrived at our first billet in France the first question that came to our minds, and to which we sought an answer, was 'How far are we from the front?' And when we found out that we were particularly there—could hear the guns we seemed in our imagination to stand a good deal higher in the military world. We had reached the scene of the greatest war the world has ever seen and we had reached the goal at which

THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF SOLDIERS.

are still aiming. We were within sound of the guns; as a result we felt ourselves to be of more importance—to be real soldiers. But when a day or two after our arrival we witnessed the departure of some regulars for the trenches we were excited, and admired them, and we felt that we had still a little higher to climb, a little further to go before being actual warriors in the great struggle. We somehow felt also that we were inferior to the regulars—perhaps because we realised that soldiering to them was a profession and that fighting was something they were always prepared for and which they expected, while to us the military duties constituted a phase of life hastily assumed for a definite purpose and a limited period. I couldn't help but think that a regular soldier must look upon the work before him from a different point of view to a 'Terrier,' for he approaches the struggle through a different avenue. The regular soldier was the 'Tommy Atkins' Kipling wrote about in his 'Barrack Room Ballads,' while the 'Terrier' in this war is a new type of soldier. He has never been written or sung about. We might call him the 'Citizen Tommy.' He has left home for one particular purpose—to free French homes and Belgian homes from German savagery, hatred, and domination. In doing this he realises quite well that in the long run he will prevent the Hun from laying his

MURDEROUS HANDS ON ENGLISH HOMES

And 'Citizen Tommy' hopes that the Germans will be beaten quickly and thoroughly so that, knowing that his task is done, he can return home to his desk, loom, or counter. But despite these differences in outlook and training the Regulars and Territorials are as one out here. They perform the same duties, face the same difficulties, and fight for the same object. In fact, it is marvellous how quickly 'Citizen Tommy' acclimatizes himself to his new environment, and to the new work he has to perform. There is another point on which many people form a mistaken idea with regard to 'Tommy' at the front. He is not always singing and frolicsome. When he gets into the trenches, or near to them, where shells and bullets are flying about, he realises very forcibly the serious and dangerous work he is up against, and that song and continuous fun are out of place. Since landing in France I only remember our company

BREAKING SPONTANEOUSLY INTO SONG

twice. The first time was on the march when music hall songs provided the programme, and the second occasion was on a wet evening, when all the chaps were gathered together in a barn. This time good old hymns and sentimental songs were sung. The absence of singing doesn't mean that the chaps are downhearted—far from it. It means that they realise they are here for serious work; and that the Huns are close at hand ready to be crushed, and that song will be more fitting after this great work is done, and the front is left behind. It is Sunday morning as I write this in a dug-out a short distance behind the trenches. A glorious morning it is too! Brilliant sunshine, blue sky, a gentle breeze, and the song of the lark and the thrush. What more could one desire except

CRAVEN UNDER SIMILAR CONDITIONS.

Look away from the trenches and a beautiful landscape, bathed in sunshine, is spread out before you. True, ruined shells of what once were buildings are dotted here and there to mark and mar the peaceful scene. Yet in spite of these the peaceful calm, for there is neither artillery nor rifle fire just now, would almost lead one into the enchanting belief that we were in some glorious country where it was impossible for war to exist. Look before you, though, and you can see distinctly our own trenches and the enemy's. Suddenly a salvo of artillery breaks the stillness and bullets whizz overhead too near to be comfortable. You forget the peaceful scene behind you, and you can only for the time being think of what is in front—destruction, disaster, war! It is these two aspects of the front—the peaceful one behind and the destructive one before, that one is continually trying to blend into one harmonious whole and cannot. It is a case of peaceful scenes and ideas woven round home and the

DEVILISH INVENTIONS AND IDEAS CALLED WAR

battering for mastery in the mind. I am thankful to say the former are generally victorious.

For instance I can picture distinctly in my mind Skipton as it is on Whit Monday. I can see the fine old street with the Church and Castle standing like sentinels at the top; I can see the throng of sightseers from the villages round about; and the processions of children and the varied enjoyments and sports of the gala fields; the whole breathing a spirit of peace, happiness and contentment. The whirr of a British aeroplane overhead, however, ends the reverie and brings one back to realities. One almost forgets on a fine morning like this the uncomfortable conditions, and the discomfort we have to put up with from time to time. I have a vivid recollection of the night on which we came out of the trenches about a week ago. It was very dark. As we left the trenches and came down the road scores of bullets from the German trenches fell thick and fast at no great distance from us, while away in the distance blinding flashes, which almost lit up the landscape, accompanied by deep booms, told us that our guns were giving the Germans good value for the shells they were expending upon us. It was

AN EERIE, ALMOST GRUESOME EXPERIENCE

and the continuous boom, boom, boom was almost deafening. Some of us had to go a mile further down the road for rations later on, and it was quite an exciting if short journey. It was pitch dark, and what with dodging shell holes in the road, shells dropping within 50 yards of you, and bullets flying overhead, you can quite understand that we didn't feel exactly comfortable. Anyhow, we all returned safe and sound with the rations, and we willingly laid ourselves down to sleep, although that night our bed consisted of an open trench, and we had nothing but our overcoats and waterproof sheets to cover us. You might think we were in a terrible position. I should have thought so nine months ago; but we might have been worse. I laid my waterproof on the ground, placed my valise for a pillow, covered myself with my overcoat and fell asleep. And in spite of the cold I slept, as most of us did, until five or six in the morning, when a beautifully fine sunny day gave us new life and energy. We have learnt how to rough it, and no mistake! We can sleep in trenches, dug-outs, barns, or in the open if only we have a blanket. In fact we can sleep anywhere—standing up if we can't get to lie down. My standard of what constitutes a comfortable bed has lowered considerably. Since coming out here I have learnt that a real first class bed consists of clean straw in a barn and one blanket, and if we could always have such a bed out here I, for one, should be extremely thankful. We are getting so used to lying on the ground that when we return home I am sure some of us will be sleeping on the bedroom floor instead of on the bed. But roughing it doesn't seem to be doing us any harm. We are all, I think, fit and well; at least I am; I have never felt better. As long as I can obtain tobacco, cigarettes newspapers, and letters I shall continue to exist."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

WHITSUNTIDE IN THE TRENCHES.

SKIPTON SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

(Exclusive to the "Craven Herald".)

A correspondent of the "Craven Herald," in the A Company of the 6th West Riding Duke of Wellington's Regiment, writing from France on Whit Sunday, says:—

"I hope the Germans will be done for before long, but I am afraid it will be longer than many people think. I see Lord Kitchener asks for 300,000 more men. Well, the Government could have had another million or two million and had them all trained by now, if they had gone about it in a right way. There would have been some chance then of the Germans being beaten before long. . . . Whit-Sunday, and in the trenches! It needs a big effort of imagination to realise that it is Whitsuntide, the days and weeks are so much alike. It is a glorious day, and I hope you are experiencing a similar day in Craven. I hope that to-morrow, when the annual processions take place, the flag of St. Andrew on the top of the Church tower will be wafted by a gentle breeze under a blue, cloudless sky. I can almost see the processions in my mind's eye. I can see the old Church at the top of High Street almost hidden from view by the lime trees. I can see the children, happy and eager, walking through the Castle grounds, anticipating the good tea that awaits them in the schools and the pleasures that await them in the gala fields."

Writing on Whit Tuesday, the same correspondent says:—"Whit Monday has been like other days in one sense. Nothing has happened to make it stand out as a feast, no children's processions, no simple pleasures and rustic sports in the gala fields, no crowds of Dales people and farmers in the streets, no day's outing up the Dales; and yet it has left its mark in the minds of many Skiptonians. There was a vague, imperceptible waft of the holiday spirit. The quaint, humorous remarks of several fellows were indications that for the time being they had drawn upon past memories and built up in their imagination some of the Whit-sun scenes they had witnessed often in Craven's capital. War, with its horrors, miseries, and glory; the Germans, their shells, bullets and barbarities; trench life, with its monotony—were all forgotten, being replaced by happy thoughts of the children's processions and galas, of the 'Cheap Jacks' in Skipton streets, who with their glibness of tongue and plausible tales reap a good harvest by gulling their listeners. The many and varied remarks showed how much the fellows would have enjoyed spending their Whit Monday at home. On Sunday afternoon one Skiptonian acquainted his fellows that he had obtained 24 hours to return to Skipton to take part in the procession, and that the Germans had promised him not to make any attack until he returned! When asked how he was going to make the journey in the time, he vaguely suggested that he might be able to borrow an aeroplane from the aircraft station! Yesterday another remarked that he would carry a mug and walk with the children if only they would give him half a chance; while another, more desperately still, threatened to crawl round the streets on his hands and knees for a chance of joining the procession. About 2 o'clock yesterday the casual remark made by someone that the processions would be in full progress released the waggish tongue of a certain Skiptonian, who, forthwith, at the top of his voice, proclaimed, 'Skiptonians! The procession is about to start. Anyone wishing to take part in it must be dressed in their new Whitsun suits, be washed and shaved, and carry with them an enamelled mug or mess tin. Tea will be served in the field at 4 p.m., when each man will receive a current bun, nicely coated with sugar, in lieu of army biscuits.' The same member afterwards reproduced the story of the 'Cheap Jack.' . . . We have been out here about six weeks now, and I don't think one of us has really seen a German. They seem to be very scarce; and it seems to be the prevalent opinion that the German trenches are very thinly manned."

The Rum Ration.

In another communication dated May 29th the writer, among other things, says:—"I don't think I have ever told you about the rum ration. As all the temperance societies know to their sorrow, a rum ration is issued occasionally to troops out here. Temperance fanatics would, of course, like the practice abandoned; they are convinced that it is harmful, physically and morally. On the other hand the Army authorities are convinced that it has a good effect or they would not issue it. Well, seeing that the rum ration is optional on the part of the men, I don't think the teetotallers have a leg to stand on. Every man to his taste. I generally refuse the rum, but that is no reason why others should. The rum is brought round near bed-time, and about half an hour afterwards we perceive a 'certain liveliness.' Some break into song, others recover lost elocutionary powers, with flavoured speeches, and for a short time silence is at a premium. Then slumber conquers elocution and the billet becomes silent. I am sure that the rum ration does more good than harm, especially when it is cold at night."