

THE R.C. SHERRIFF QUESTION

I've had another look at the parts of Sherriff's autobiography (*No Leading Lady*) that relate to the writing of his play, *Journey's End*. In consequence I think it is indisputably clear that he was not at the Ringmore pub, The Journey's End, nor anywhere in Devon, when he wrote and completed the play.

He relates that the play took about one year to write. At the time he was living in his mother's house in the Richmond area and working for Sun Insurance as a travelling agent in the Thames valley area. He says he wrote the play in the evenings, somewhat spasmodically. He would get stuck at various points and would have to put the manuscript away for weeks on end or until he had worked out what to do next. He describes how he used to shut himself in his sitting room in the evenings and struggle to find the way ahead with the writing. He gives quite a detailed description of how the last act, and then the title of the play, came into being:

'Finally, it came out of the drawer for the last time, and the three scenes of the final act wrote themselves.....It had taken a year... I had done it because I couldn't have written the play in any other way. It had been a labour of love... It had carried me through a long winter of discontent... All that remained was to find a name for it. I never had a flair for titles. I thought of calling it *Suspense*, but this didn't ring true... *Waiting* was a possibility, but it had the flavour of a restaurant or a railway station. The play didn't readily lend itself to an interesting title. One night I was reading a book in bed. I got to a chapter that closed with the words: "It was late in the evening when we came at last to our Journey's End". The last two words sprang out as the ones I was looking for. Next night I typed them on a front page for the play, and the thing was done.' (*No Leading Lady*, pp.38,39.)

Although it is clear from Sherriff's account that no part of the play was written at the Ringmore pub, this does not mean that the pub's change of name from The New Inn to The Journey's End was not in some way connected with the play's title. For one thing, although we haven't yet established exact dates, it does look as though the pub was renamed in the heyday of the play's popularity, and it certainly is not difficult to dream up several likely scenarios in which saloon bar chit-chat or the arrival of a new landlord with knowledge of the play and a romantic appreciation of the pub's position might have generated the idea of a change of name. The items of memorabilia still on the walls of The Journey's End give credence to such an account.

There is one event that indicates a link that the play has to South Devon, though it could not have had anything to do with the title of the play, for Sherriff unequivocally tells us how that was conceived. But the event is worth mentioning simply because it was the catalyst to the play's success.

In his endeavour to secure a West End run for *Journey's End*, Sherriff had sent it to many producers, publishers and actors. He had more or less given up hope of its acceptance when it was suggested he showed the script to Maurice Browne, a somewhat eccentric, often impecunious actor, poet, and promoter of the dramatic arts. Browne received the script on the morning he was about to leave London to spend Christmas with his influential friends, the Elmhirsts of Dartington, and he began reading it on the train from Waterloo to Devon. He was so enraptured by it that he briefly left the train at Salisbury in order to send Sherriff a telegram:

'Journey's End' magnificent. Will gladly produce it. Returning to London Monday afternoon. Shall look forward to meeting you without delay. My profound congratulations upon a splendid play. Maurice Browne.' (*No Leading Lady*, p.70)

In his autobiography Sherriff gave no dates, not even a year, concerning his writing and completion of the play, so any coincidence of the change of name of the New Inn and the heyday of the play must be discovered through other sources.

I've had another look at parts of Sherriff's autobiography.

I think it is indisputably clear that he was not at the Journey's End, nor in Devon, when he wrote and completed the play.

He relates that the play took about one year to write. At the time he was living in his mother's house in the Richmond area and working for Sun Insurance as a travelling agent in the Thames valley area. He wrote the play in the evenings, somewhat spasmodically. He would get stuck at various points and would have to put the manuscript away for weeks on end or until he had worked out what to do next. He describes how he used to shut himself in his sitting room in the evenings and struggle to find the way ahead with the writing. He gives quite a detailed description of how the last act, and then the title of the play, came into being:

'Finally, it came out of the drawer for the last time, and the three scenes of the final act wrote themselves.....It had taken a year.... I had done it because I couldn't have written the play in any other way. It had been a labour of love.... It had carried me through a long winter of discontent.....

All that remained was to find a name for it. I never had a flair for titles. I thought of calling it *Suspense*, but this didn't ring true.....*Waiting* was a possibility, but it had the flavour of a restaurant or a railway station. The play didn't readily lend itself to an interesting title. One night I was reading a book in bed. I got to a chapter that closed with the words: "It was late in the evening when we came at last to our Journey's End". The last two words sprang out as the ones I was looking for. Next night I typed them on a front page for the play, and the thing was done.' (*No Leading Lady*, pp.38,39)

Although it is pretty clear that no part of the play was written at the JE, this does not mean that the renaming of the New Inn was not in some way connected with the play's title. For one thing, although we haven't yet established exact dates, it does look as though the New Inn was renamed in the heyday of the play's popularity; and it certainly isn't difficult to dream up several likely scenarios in which saloon bar chit-chat or the arrival of a new landlord with knowledge of the play and a romantic appreciation of the pub's position might have catalysed the idea of a change of name. But, slightly less conjecturally, there is also the hint of a possible clue to a connexion between play and pub in one of the events that led to the lasting success of the Sherriff play.

Sherriff had sent the play to many producers, publishers and actors in his endeavour to secure a West End run for it. He had more or less given up hope concerning it when it was suggested he showed the script to Maurice Browne, a somewhat eccentric, often impecunious actor, poet and promoter of the dramatic arts. Browne received the script on the morning he was about to depart to spend Christmas with his influential friends, the Elmhirsts of Dartington, and he began reading it on the train from Waterloo to Devon. He was so enraptured by it that he got off the train at Salisbury and sent Sherriff a telegram:

'Journey's End' magnificent. Will gladly produce it. Returning to London Monday afternoon. Shall look forward to meeting you without delay. My profound congratulations upon a splendid play. Maurice Browne.' (*No Leading Lady*, p.70)

Again, we could conjecture and speculate, but should be careful to hang on to the facts. Amazingly, Sherriff gives no dates, not even years, in the autobiography, so any coincidence of the change of name of the New Inn and the heyday of the play must be discovered through other sources.

D.

BRITISH RED CROSS
— AND —
ORDER OF ST. JOHN.

ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT
FOR
WOUNDED AND MISSING

18 Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1

If replying please quote Officers' Dept.

June 17th, 1918

Major C.A. Clark M.C., 9th East Surreys

Dear Madam,

Since writing to you on June 12th we have another report, which goes to confirm the news we have already sent you on.

Our Informant, Pte. A. Chaplin, 17406. 9th E. Surreys, B. Coy., VI Pltn., now in France, states as follows:-

" I knew Major Clark. It was on about the fourth day of our retirement from the left of St. Quentin that we had occupied and held trench and held it until we found ourselves being surrounded. I saw him in the trench with Capt. Dymond, Lt. Grant and our C.S.M. Major Clark gave us the order to leave, shouting out 'Every man for himself'. Most of us were able to do so, and as I left I saw the above three officers staying back and unhurt. I heard afterwards that the Major was seen using his revolver, but I did not see this myself, and know nothing further".

We hope very much that you may hear of Major Clark as a prisoner of war.

Yours faithfully,

THE EARL OF LUCAN

Miss Ethel G. Clark,
2, Pentamar Terrace,
Stoke,
Devonport.

WITH THE STROLLER



Lieutenant Colonel C. A.
Clark

Journey's end

THE man who planned the trench raid which figures in R. C. Sherill's famous play of the First World War, "The End," died on Sunday at the age of 92.

He was, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Charles Alfred Clark, of 67 Harrow Road, Putney, London.

He rose from the ranks and completed 27 years' service, the greater part with the East Surrey Regiment, before he retired in 1933.

He was adjutant of 9th Battalion in 1915 when the raid on the German trenches at Thellach was carried out.

Other men, including Lieutenant Sherill, took part in the raid launched when Army intelligence reported that the Germans were seriously short of food and the men were on the verge of mutiny.

The exercise was completely successful but three Red surreys were killed on the way back to their own lines, which gave Sherill an idea for his famous play.

Subsequently the play writer commented: "Colonel Clark was one of the finest soldiers I have known. I was a witness of the raid he organised so brilliantly, and which resulted in information of the utmost importance being secured."

Colonel Clark was awarded

Dr J.H. Parry
Noddon Farm House
Ringmore
Nr Kingsbridge
Devon
TQ7 4HF

2 February 1995

Dear Dr Parry

re R.C. Sherriff

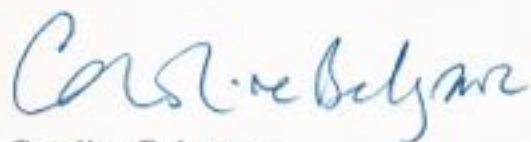
I am afraid I cannot be of much help to you. Whereas *JOURNEY'S END* may have been written at your local pub, R.C. Sherriff's autobiography entitled *NO LEADING LADY* does not say it was. As you will see from the enclosed copy of pages 36, 37, 38, and 39 of the book, the play was written at home, after supper, in the evenings after a day's work at the insurance office, and it took a year to write. From what I have discovered elsewhere, he rejoined Sun Insurance in 1918, and it was his interest in amateur theatricals that led him to try his hand at writing. Once written, the play was shelved for some time, but eventually *JOURNEY'S END* was given a single Sunday night performance by the Incorporated Stage Society in December 1928 and Laurence Olivier played the part of Stanhope and it was produced at the Savoy Theatre in 1929.

Unfortunately we do not have a photograph of R.C. Sherriff. The best I can do is to send you the enclosed photocopy .

I have not been able to discover any mention of Ringmore - but I can certainly tell you that I remember enjoying a three week family holiday there at the age of 11.

Best wishes for the exhibition.

Yours sincerely



Caroline Belgrave

OFFICE COPY
VALID ONLY IF BEARING
IMPRESSED COURT SEAL

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R. A. M. A.
EXECUTOR

M. J. Colton.
Solicitor.

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This is the Last Will and Testament

of me ROBERT CEDRIC SHERRIFF of "Rosebriars" Esher in the County of Surrey Author and Playwright and I HEREBY REVOKE all testamentary dispositions by me heretofore made AND DECLARE this to be my last Will

1. I APPOINT BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED (hereinafter called "the Bank") to be the Executor and Trustee of this my Will and I declare that the Bank's general terms and conditions upon which the Bank acts as Executor and/or Trustee last published before the date hereof shall apply and be incorporated herein and the Bank shall be entitled to remuneration by fees and otherwise in accordance with the terms of remuneration usually charged by it at the date of my death for its services in acting as Executor and/or Trustee of a Will _____

2. I GIVE the following legacies all free of duty:-

- (a) TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE my collection of bound manuscripts and books constituting my literary work and the translations thereof together with the sum of Two hundred pounds for the purpose of providing accommodation for the same _____
- (b) TO my BROTHER CYCIL HERBERT METHUSEN SHERRIFF the sum of Two hundred pounds _____
- (c) TO my SISTER-IN-LAW PAUL SHERRIFF the sum of One hundred pounds
- (d) TO my SISTER MRS. BERYL TUDOR-MASH the sum of Three hundred pounds
- (e) TO my BROTHER-IN-LAW EDWARD TUDOR-MASH the sum of Two hundred pounds
- (f) TO my COUSIN CONSTANCE BEATRICE IRISKELL the sum of Two hundred pounds
- (g) TO my HOUSEKEEPER MRS. M. E. WRIGHT One hundred pounds _____
- (h) TO the KINGSTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL, KINGSTON SURREY the sum of Three hundred pounds to provide annual prizes for the best original literary works submitted by any students of the School and _____
- (i) TO the KINGSTON (SURREY) ROYAL CLUB the sum of One hundred pounds for such purposes as the Committee of the Club may determine _____

3. I DEVISE AND BEQUEATH my freehold property Down House Farm Eye near Eridge in the County of Dorset to the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty upon and for the general purposes of the Trust AND I REQUEST (without however creating any legal or equitable obligation) that the Trust will make use of any rentals arising from the property for the purpose of improving the same or for the purchase of other adjoining property _____

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4. I GIVE DEVISE AND BEQUEATH all the rest and residue of my property whatsoever and wheresoever (including all property over which I may have any general power of appointment or disposition by Will) unto the Bank as my Trustee UPON TRUST either to retain the same in its existing form of investment or to collect and realise the same at such times and in such manner as the Bank shall in its discretion think proper with full powers to postpone such collection and realization during such period as it may think advisable and in the meantime I GIVE to the Bank as my Trustee full powers of management in relation to any contracts existing at the time of my death for the production of any dramatic or literary work in which I may be interested AND I REQUEST the Bank as my Trustee to be guided so far as concerns any dealings with my literary or dramatic work by my literary agents Messieurs Curtis Brown now of 13 King Street Covent Garden or such other firm or person as shall be my literary agents at the time of my death AND I DECLARE that the Bank as my Trustee may at its discretion delegate its powers relating to my said literary and dramatic works to such agents and that the Bank as my Trustee shall not be responsible for any loss or damage occasioned by delegation _____

5. THE BANK AS MY TRUSTEE shall out of the monies to arise from the sale calling in and conversion of or forming part of my said real and personal property and out of my ready money pay my funeral and testamentary expenses (including all estate duty leviable at my death in respect of my residuary estate) and debts and legacies given by this my Will or any Codicil hereto and all death duties and other monies which under or by virtue of any direction or bequest free of duty contained in this my Will or any Codicil hereto are payable out of my general personal estate _____

6. THE BANK AS MY TRUSTEE shall at its discretion invest the residue of the said monies in or upon any of the investments hereby authorized with power to vary or transpose such investments for or into others of a nature hereby authorized _____

7. THE BANK AS MY TRUSTEE shall stand possessed of the residue of the said monies and the investments for the time being representing the same and of such part of my estate as shall for the time being remain unsold and unconverted (all of which premises are hereinafter referred to as "my residuary estate") UPON the trusts following that is to say:

(a) UPON TRUST to pay and transfer thereout the sum of One thousand pounds to NEE COLLEGE OXFORD UPON TRUST at the discretion of the Warden of the College to provide some useful addition to the College buildings or furniture and if that shall in the Warden's opinion be unnecessary or impracticable then I DECLARE that the said sum shall be used to provide a fund to assist in defraying the expenses of College crews rowing at Henley Regatta or elsewhere _____
Resumptio Truettke *Wickham*

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(b) SUBJECT thereto the Bank as my Trustee shall hold my residuary estate both capital and income UPON TRUST to divide the same into two equal parts and to pay and transfer one of such equal parts to the Boy Scouts Association Trust Corporation UPON the trusts of its general Declaration of Trust for the time being in force and subject thereto with the request and without imposing any legally binding obligation upon the Trustees for the time being under the said Declaration of Trust that the Association purchase a suitable camping site preferably with a frontage to the sea or to an estuary suitable for the training of Sea Scouts and to use the income of any balance remaining to improve the amenities of the site so purchased AND the Bank as my Trustee shall hold the other of such equal parts UPON TRUST to pay and transfer the same to the Mayor Aldermen and Burgesses of the Royal Borough of Kingston-upon-Thames as Trustees of the Kingston-upon-Thames Endowed Schools to enable them to build a Boat House and Headquarters for the exclusive use and benefit of the Kingston Grammar School Boat Club preferably upon the site I have already given them AND I DIRECT that any balance thereafter remaining may be applied for the purchase of any necessary equipment for the advancement of rowing at the School or for the establishment of a fund to assist in meeting the expenses of school crews rowing at Henley Regatta or elsewhere in the event of the school having already secured an adequate property for rowing then the legacy may be applied to the purchase of a new playing field for rugby football cricket and athletics AND I DECLARE that the Bank as my Trustee shall not be liable to see the terms of the gifts to NEW COLLEGE OXFORD the BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION TRUST CORPORATION and the Mayor Aldermen and Burgesses of the Royal Borough of Kingston-upon-Thames have been faithfully carried out but shall be discharged from their obligations herein as soon as the transfer of the respective gifts has taken place AND I FURTHER DECLARE that the receipt of the Treasurer or other proper officer for the time being of the College School Club Trust Association or other body hereinbefore mentioned shall be a good and sufficient discharge to the Bank as my Trustee AND ANY monies available for investment under the trusts hereof may be invested by the Bank as my Trustee at its discretion in the purchase of or at interest upon the security of such stocks funds shares securities or other investments of whatsoever nature and wheresoever and whether involving liability or not or upon such personal credit with or without credit as the Bank as my Trustee shall in its absolute discretion think fit to the intent that the Bank as my Trustee shall have the same full and unrestricted powers of investing and transposing

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investments in all respects as if it were absolutely entitled thereto
beneficially _____

IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto set my hand this ~~date~~
day of August One thousand nine hundred and sixty-five _____

SIGNED by the said ROBERT
CERRIC SHERIFF as and for
his last Will and Testament
in the presence of us both
being present at the same
time who at his request and
in the presence of each
other have hereunto subscribed our
names as attesting witnesses:

R. C. Sheriff

*Thomas Alker
85 High Street
Coblen, Lunenburg
Solicitor.*

*Arthur S. Giddens
55 Colmanville Road,
Karlton, Lunenburg
Solicitor.*

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TELEPHONE
ESSEX HOUSE

P. R. Munnitt
EXECUTOR

ROSEBRIARS,
ESHER,
SURREY.

Wyeador
Solicitor.

ESSEX
CLIVE

This is a Codicil to my will dated 3rd August 1965.

I devise and bequeath my freehold property "Rosebriars" Escher Park Avenue Escher in the county of Surrey to the Urban District Council of Escher so that the said Council shall stand possessed of the land and buildings hereby devised and use and apply the same and the rents and profits thereof upon such Charitable Trusts and for such charitable purposes as the said Council shall in their uncontrolled discretion from time to time determine subject nevertheless that it is my wish as far as possible that for the benefit as the said Council shall determine of the public generally or any section thereof

- (1) The grounds of "Rosebriars" aforesaid shall be used for the purposes of a small park and
- (2) The house known as "Rosebriars" shall be preserved in its present condition and together with its furnishings shall be used as a Centre for social, cultural or similar activities

Otherwise I confirm my will dated 3rd August 1965 in all other respects. SIGNED by me in the presence of the witnesses whose names I have hereunto set my hand the 3rd December 1965

Lord Davies
BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED
ESHER
Bank Manager
R. H. H. H. H.
BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED
ESHER
Bank Official

Robert Cecil Sheriff

Robert Cedric Sherriff
EXECUTOR

Hyde
Solicitor

10/1

R.C.
7001
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THIS IS A SECOND CODICIL of me ROBERT CEDRIC SHERRIFF of "Rosebriars" Esher Park Avenue Esher in the County of Surrey to my Will which Will bears date the third day of August one thousand nine hundred and sixty five and a First Codicil thereto dated the third day of December one thousand nine hundred and sixty-five ~~WHEREAS by my said Will I devised and bequeathed my freehold property Down House Eye near Bridport in the County of Dorset to the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty as therein more particularly declared~~ NOT I HEREBY REVOKE that the said devise and bequest shall be free from Estate and all other duties arising from my death which duties shall be borne by my residuary estate in execution of such specifically devised property ~~AND WHEREAS~~ by my said First Codicil to my Will I devised and bequeathed my freehold property "Rosebriars" Esher Park Avenue Esher aforesaid to the Urban District Council of Esher upon the trusts and terms therein expressed NOT I HEREBY REVOKE the said devise and bequest and in lieu thereof I HEREBY DEVISE AND BEQUEATH my said freehold property "Rosebriars" Esher Park Avenue Esher aforesaid together with such of the household furniture and effects therein at the date of my death as the Council shall in agreement with the Bank (who shall in this connection have an unfettered and absolute discretion in the exercise of such agreement) require for the purposes hereinafter expressed in relation to the said freehold property to the Urban district Council of Esher so that the said Council shall stand possessed of the land building and furnishings hereby devised and use and apply the same and the rents and profits thereof upon such Charitable Trusts and for such charitable purposes as the said Council shall in their uncontrolled

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discretion from time to time determine subject nevertheless that it is my wish as far as possible that for the benefit as the said Council shall determine of the public generally or any section thereof

- (i) The grounds of "Rosebriars" aforesaid shall be used for the purposes of a small park and
- (ii) the house known as "Rosebriars" aforesaid shall be preserved in its present condition and together with its said furnishings shall be used as a Centre for social cultural or similar activities;

AND I DECLARE that the Estate duty and all other duties payable on my death in respect of the said land buildings and furnishings hereinbefore devised to the Urban District Council of Esher shall be paid out of my residuary estate in exoneration of such specifically devised lands buildings and furnishings AND in all other respects I confirm my said Will.

IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto set my hand this Sixteenth day of June one thousand nine hundred and sixty-six.

SIGNED by the said ROBERT GEORGE SHERIFF as and for a Second Codicil to his Will and First Codicil in the joint presence of himself and us who at his request and in such joint presence have subscribed our names as witnesses;



James A. O'Brien
 65 Bridge Road
 East Molesey, Surrey
 Solicitor

Peter J. Fielder
 55 Portsmouth Road
 Dorking, Surrey
 Secretary

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Robert Cedric Sherriff
EXECUTOR

W. Yeaman
Solicitor.

THIS IS THE THIRD CODICIL of my WILL of ROBERT CEDRIC SHERRIFF of "Rosebriars"
Esher Park Avenue Esher in the County of Surrey to my Will which Will bears
date the Third day of August One thousand nine hundred and sixty-five and
First and Second Codicils thereto dated the Third day of December One thousand
nine hundred and sixty-five and the Sixteenth day of June One thousand nine
hundred and sixty-six respectively and I HEREBY DECLARE that the devise and
bequest of the grounds of "Rosebriars" and the house known as "Rosebriars"
to the Esher Urban District Council contained in the said Second Codicil to
my Will shall also extend to any newly constituted non-Metropolitan District
Council or other Local Authority which the Esher Urban District might become
or become part of as a result of the reorganization of Local Government or
otherwise AND in all other respects I confirm my said Will.

IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto set my hand this seventeenth day
of October One thousand nine hundred and seventy-two

SIGNED by the said ROBERT
CEDRIC SHERRIFF as and
for a Third Codicil to
his Will and the First
and Second Codicils in
the joint presence of
himself and us who at his
request and in each joint
presence have subscribed
our names as witnesses

Robert Cedric Sherriff

Anna Tidy. 6. RYTHE ROAD. LAYTONS
Secretary

Mr C. Wright. 23, LONGGARD ROAD.
THAMES DITTON.
Housekeeper.

S

"Cophorme"
7, Treburley Close
Launceston
Cornwall PL15 9PG

CHIEF EXECUTIVE
ELMSBRIDGE BOROUGH COUNCIL
CIVIC CENTRE
HIGH STREET
ESHER
KT10 9SD

6th August, 1999

Dear Sir

May I pose a question that may no longer be an active concern of your council, but is of keen interest to myself.

My uncle and Mr R C Sherriff served in the same company of the East Surrey Regiment during the Great War, and from boyhood I've had a great admiration for them both, for their warm human qualities and of course for Mr Sherriff's contribution as a playwright.

When Mr Sherriff left "Rosebriars", Esher Park Avenue, to the Council to be used for such charitable purposes as the council should determine, he stated that it was nevertheless his wish that as far as possible for the benefit of the public generally or any section thereof, the grounds should be used as a park and the house for social cultural or similar activities.

In the event the property has been sold to developers and is now enjoyed only by a few wealthy proprietors.

May I ask what circumstances made it impossible for the Council to observe Mr Sherriff's express wish, and further what charitable trusts or charitable purposes are now benefiting from this item of Mr Sherriff's request, and to what extent?

Yours faithfully,

J. C. V. Bennett



ELMBRIDGE BOROUGH COUNCIL

Chief Executive's Department

Celebrating 25 years of service 1974 - 1999

Civic Centre, High Street
Esher, Surrey KT10 9SD
tel: 01372 474474
fax: 01372 474933
dx: 36302 Esher
Minicom: 01372 474219

When calling or telephoning please ask for:
Mr. Michael Lockwood : Tel. No. 01372 474381

Ref: ML/jbp

11 August 1999

Mr. J.C.V. Bennett
"Cophorne"
7 Treburley Close
Launceston
Cornwall PL15 9PG

Dear Mr. Bennett,

Thank you for your letter of 6 August regarding your concerns about the administering of Mr. Sheriff's bequest. I have passed a copy to Beccy Jones, the Director of the Rosebriars Trust, and have asked her to respond direct to you with a copy to me so I can be kept advised in this matter.

Yours sincerely,

CHIEF EXECUTIVE

Chief Executive: Michael Lockwood, BA(Hons), CPFA

Head of Committee and Electoral Services
Mike Downes

Head of Policy Unit
Julian Russell

Head of Personnel
Caroline Hall, BA, MIPD

Principal Internal Auditor
Adrian Blakebrough



Principal Business Efficiency Officer
David Brown, BA, MMS



THE R C SHERRIFF ROSEBRIARS TRUST

Advancing the arts in Elmbridge

Mr J C V Bennett
"Cophorme"
7 Treburley Close
Launceston
Cornwall PL15 9PG

13 August 1999

Dear Mr Bennett,

I am writing in response to your letter of 6th August, forwarded to me by the Chief Executive of Elmbridge Borough Council. It is with great interest that I read of your connection with, and admiration for, Sherriff and I hope that I will be able to answer queries in a satisfactory way.

As I have been with the Trust a little over a year, I was not involved in the establishment of the Trust, or the decision-making with regards to the future of "Rosebriars" following Sherriff's death. It will take a little time to research the precise history in detail and put this to you in writing but, in the meantime, I can give you full details of the Trust's activities.

The R C Sherriff Rosebriars Trust was established as a charitable trust in 1991, following the sale of "Rosebriars" and surrounding land. This was believed to be the most effective use of the bequest, as the Trust will sustain a far-reaching impact for many years to come with careful fund-management. The Trust now has an annual income of approximately £150,000, which is used to advance the arts in the Borough of Elmbridge. This is done in several ways:

- The Trust employs a full-time Arts Development Officer as Director, based in the Civic Centre in Esher, to administer the Trust's work.
- The Trust gives grants to local organisations for the development of arts activities. This includes schools, amateur societies, arts centres, individuals (training bursaries only) and professional groups. The grants enable participation in and enjoyment of events across all art forms and often give local people the opportunity to benefit from contact with professionals.

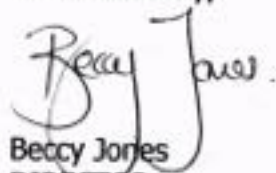
- The Trust organises its own projects and events in order to supplement the existing cultural activity in the Borough. Training courses are also arranged to develop the skills of local people who contribute to the artistic identity of the Borough.
- The Trust offers an advice and information service to local people and organisations with reference to the arts, also offering some administrative support to new and developing organisations and networks.
- The Trust offers an administrative base to the biennial Elmbridge Arts Festival, contributing financially to its development.
- The Trust harnesses funds from other sources, including Lottery and Arts Council, to bring further benefits to the arts in Elmbridge.
- The Trust produces a regular arts marketing leaflet (Elmbridge Arts Focus, enclosed for your information), helping local organisations to raise awareness about their events.

The Council remains as Trustee, although the Trust is an independent funding body. An elected committee of 16 Councillors meets regularly to make decisions on grant giving and the development of projects. It was estimated that over 5000 people benefited directly from the Trust's work in 1998 and work will continue to increase this figure annually.

You may be interested to learn that one of our current projects is the commissioning of a sculpture to be sited on the riverbank in memory of R C Sherriff. The sculpture refers to Sherriff's love of rowing and will be positioned in sight of the path he used to cycle along when collecting insurance premiums in Walton on Thames. We hope that this will serve as a permanent reminder to the people of Elmbridge of Sherriff's generous bequest. We have also arranged in the past for a production of *Journey's End* and several showings of films written by Sherriff.

Thank you for your interest in this matter – it is always interesting to hear from those who had first-hand contact with Sherriff. If you would like to be included on the Trust's mailing list, do let me know and I will continue to send you information in our regular mailings. I will be in touch as soon as research has been conducted into the pre-1991 history of the Trust.

Yours sincerely,



Beccy Jones
DIRECTOR



THE R C SHERRIFF ROSEBRIARS TRUST

Advancing the arts in Elmbridge

Mr J C V Bennett
"Cophorne"
7 Treburley Close
Launceston
Cornwall PL15 9PG

7 September 1999

Dear Mr Bennett,

Following examination of documents relating to the bequest made by R C Sherriff to Elmbridge Borough Council, I have been able to compile the following summary of the events leading to the establishment of the R C Sherriff Rosebriars Trust in its current form.

In December 1975 the Recreation and Amenities Committee of the Council recommended that the Council should accept the bequest left by R C Sherriff. In January 1976 representatives of the Council consulted one Mr Cockell, 1 New Square, Lincoln's Inn who confirmed that the Council was in no way bound by the wish of the deceased that Rosebriars be used as a centre for social, cultural or similar activities and that the grounds thereof should be used as a small park. It was concluded, however, that the property could only be disposed of with the agreement of the Charity Commission.

At this time it was clear that the Council did not have access to funding to develop and maintain Rosebriars as a cultural/social centre and park. There were also issues relating to physical access and car parking that would have made a change of use, from private residence to public building, very difficult without the full support of local residents.

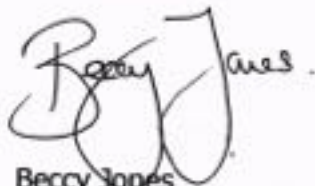
Following lengthy investigation into several possible uses for the building and grounds, the Rosebriars Working Party was formed in 1985 to investigate and decide how the proceeds from any sale would best be spent. In 1987 the Working Party undertook public consultation on the matter and received many suggestions, the vast majority of which related to the need for the development of the arts in the Borough.

In 1991, it was requested that an Arts Development Officer be funded for 3 years from the proceeds of the sale of a painting from the Rosebriars Bequest. This was agreed and it was also decided that the Rosebriars Working Party would become the Rosebriars Committee and take responsibility for appointing this Arts Development Officer and, ultimately, for distribution of the funds resulting from the sale of Rosebriars. It was decided that a grant-giving Trust should be established, utilising merely the income from any capital invested and that the Council would be the Trustee. This would give longer-term benefits for the Borough than if all capital relating to the sale of Rosebriars were to be spent on a new facility.

Rosebriars was sold in 1993. The Trust began operation in its current form in October 1993 and has continued to develop and advance the arts in Elmbridge ever since.

I hope that you will consider this to be a satisfactory answer to your query. As outlined in my previous letter, the R C Sherriff Rosebriars Trust is able to make a genuine difference to the cultural life of the Borough and will hopefully continue to do so for many years to come.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Beccy Jones". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, stylized initial 'B' and 'J'.

Beccy Jones
DIRECTOR

This battalion had lost in these operations its splendid Colonel, Anderson, whose work has earned a posthumous V.C. The enemy followed closely, and attacked again before dusk, but was driven off. The attack was renewed on the morning of March 25, but still without success, the 4th North Staffords bearing the brunt. The weary troops of the Scottish Division, who had been engaged for four long days, were rallied here and formed into provisional fighting units, which did good service by relieving the 106th Brigade at Maricourt, when it was forced back. The pressure upon the division was desperately severe, but was slightly eased by the arrival of a Northumberland Fusilier battalion from the 21st Division. That night the order was to withdraw to the line Bray-Albert.

The general command of the retiring line in this section, including the 9th, 21st, and 35th Divisions had for the time fallen to General Franks, who handed his own division over to General Pollard. The position was exceedingly critical, as not only were the units weak, but ammunition had run low. The line was still falling back, and the enemy was pressing on behind it with mounted scouts in the van. In this retreat tanks were found of the greatest service in holding the German advance. The route was through Morlancourt and Ville-sur-Ancre, a defensive position upon the right bank of the Ancre in the Dernancourt area, the orders being to hold the line between that village and Buis. Both villages were attacked that evening, but the 35th Division on the right and the 26th Brigade on the left, drove back the enemy. By the morning of March 28 the line seemed to have reached equilibrium on this part, and the welcome sight was seen of large bodies of troops moving up from the rear. This was the head of the Australian reinforcements. During the day the enemy got into Dernancourt, but was thrown back again by the 19th Northumberland Fusiliers Pioneer Battalion. The 104th Brigade also drove back an attack in front of Treux Wood. It was clear that the moving masses were losing impetus and momentum. That same evening the Australians were engaged on the right and inflicting heavy losses on the enemy. On the night of March 30 the 35th Division, which had lost nearly half its numbers, was relieved by the 3rd Australians.

We shall now follow the Nineteenth Corps in its perilous retreat. It will be remembered that on the evening of the first day of the battle it had been badly outflanked to the north, where the 66th Division had made so stout a resistance, and had also lost a great deal of the battle zone in the south, which was made more disastrous by the fall of Le Verguier at nine on the morning of March 22. The supporting line formed by the 50th Division had also been pushed in at Pecully and other points, and it was with no little difficulty that the depleted and exhausted corps was able to get across the Somme on the morning of March 23, where they were ordered to hold the whole front of the line including the important crossings at Brie. This, as a glance at the map

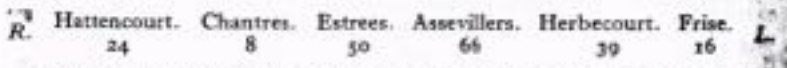
will show, was a very considerable retreat, amounting to no less than ten miles in two days, but it was of the first importance to get a line of defence, and also to lessen the distance between the sorely tried army and its reserves. It was hard indeed to give up ground and to be back on the line of Peronne, but there was at least the small solace that this was the ravaged ground which the Germans had themselves turned into a waste land, and that there was no town of any consequence nor any military point of importance in its whole extent.

By the late afternoon of March 23 the bulk of the Nineteenth Corps was across the Somme. The Germans had followed closely, and there was rearguard fighting all the way in which the 50th Division slowed down the pursuit of the enemy. The officers who were entrusted with the defence of the line of river soon realised that they had a difficult task, for the dry weather had shrunk it into insignificance in this section, and owing to trees and thick undergrowth the fields of fire were very limited, while the thin line of defenders scattered over some twelve miles of front offered, even after the advent of the 8th Division, an ineffective screen against the heavy advance from the east. Heneker's 8th Division, a particularly fine unit consisting entirely of Regular Battalions, had made heroic exertions to reach the field of battle, and fitted itself at once into its correct position in that very complicated operation in a way which seemed marvellous to soldiers on the spot.

In the evening of March 23 a number of Germans, some of them cavalry, were observed upon the farther side of the Somme and were heavily punished by artillery fire. None got across before dark, but during the night numerous bodies established themselves upon the western side. Local reserves had been placed near the probable crossings, and these in several cases hunted the enemy across again; but the fact was that the river could be forded anywhere, and that a German concentration on a given point could always overpower the thin local defence. The line of resistance was further weakened by the 24th Cavalry Division, which had linked up the Nineteenth Corps with the Eighteenth Corps on the south, being now ordered to join the Seventh Corps in the north. The general order of the troops at this moment was, that the newly arrived 8th Division was on the extreme right touching elements of the Eighteenth Corps at Bethencourt and extending with the aid of one brigade of the 50th as far as Eterpigny, nearly eight miles. From Eterpigny to Biaches, south of Peronne, were the remains of the 66th Division, covering about four miles, and joining the 39th Division on the right of the Seventh Corps near that point. The 24th was lining up between Hattencourt and Chaulnes.

It was on the front of the 8th Division, at Bethencourt, at Pargny, and at St. Christ, that the Germans made their chief lodgments upon the western banks of the river on the morning of March 24. The Bethencourt attack was particularly formidable, both for its energy and because it aimed at the junction of the two corps. By two in the

afternoon the German infantry were across in considerable numbers, and had forced back the right flank of the 8th Division, which fell back hinging upon the river farther north, so as to oppose the repeated efforts which were made to enfilade the whole line. General Watts' responsibilities were added to next morning, March 25, for the two much exhausted divisions of the Seventh Corps which were holding the northern bend of the river from Biaches to beyond Frise were handed over to him when the rest of Congreve's Corps was incorporated in the Third Army. These two divisions were the 39th and the 16th, the former holding as far as Frise and the latter the Somme crossings to the west of that point. March 25 was a day of great anxiety for General Watts, as the enemy were pressing hard, many of his own units were utterly exhausted, and the possibilities of grave disaster were very evident. A real fracture of the line at either end might have led to a most desperate situation. The French were now at the south end of the river position, but their presence was not yet strongly felt, and with every hour the pressure was heavier upon the bent line of the 8th Division, on which the whole weight of the central battle had fallen. By 10 o'clock on the morning of March 25, the defensive flank of the 8th Division had been pushed back to Licourt, and had been broken there, but had been mended once more by counter-attack, and was still holding with the aid of the 50th. The cyclists of the Nineteenth Corps, the armoured-car batteries, and other small units were thrust in to stiffen the yielding line, which was still rolled up, until after one o'clock it lay back roughly from Cizancourt to Marchepot and the railway line west of that place. Later in the day came the news of fresh crossings to the north at St. Christ and Eterpigny where the 66th Division had been pushed back to Maisonette. It was evident that the line was doomed. To stay in it was to risk destruction. At 4.15 the order was given to withdraw to a second position which had been prepared farther westward, but to retain the line of the Somme as the left flank. During these operations the 8th Division had performed the remarkable feat of holding back fourteen separate German divisions during thirty-six hours on a nine-mile front, and finally withdrew in perfect order. Every unit was needed to cover the ground, and the general disposition of divisions was roughly as drawn :



It will be seen that General Watts' command had increased from two divisions to six, but it is doubtful whether the whole six had the normal strength of two. The new line had not yet been completed and was essentially unstable, but none the less it formed a rallying point for the retreating troops. It should be noted that from the morning of March 25 General Fayolle took over the command south of the Somme.

The 24th Division, which had suffered so severely in the first two

days of the action, was again heavily engaged during this arduous day. In the morning it had been directed to counter-attack in the direction of Dreslincourt in co-operation with the French 22nd Division. In the meantime, however, the whole situation had been changed by the right flank of the 8th Division being turned, so that General Daly's men as they went up for the attack were themselves heavily attacked near Curchy, while the junction with the French could not be made. They fell back therefore upon their original position where hard fighting ensued all day, and a most anxious situation developed upon the southern flank, where a wide gap existed and the enemy was mustering in force. Colonel Walker, C.R.E. of this division, was killed that day.

On the morning of March 26 the new line had been occupied. The Seventeenth Corps had retired in the night to the Bray-Albert line, which left a considerable gap in the north, to the west of Frise, but this was filled up by an impromptu line made up of stragglers and various odds and ends from the rear of the army. It was in the south, however, that the attack was most severe, and here it soon became evident that the line was too long and the defenders too weak, so that it could not be maintained against a determined assault. Before the sun had risen high above the horizon it had been shaken from end to end, the 24th Division being hard put to it to hold Fonches, while the 66th were driven out of Herbecourt. At 9.30 the order was given to withdraw, and with their brave rearguards freely sacrificing themselves to hold back the swarming enemy, the troops—some of them in the last stage of exhaustion—fell back upon the second position. It was at this period of the battle that Major Whitworth, the gallant commander of the 2/6th Manchesters, stood at bay with his battalion, which numbered exactly 34 men. He and 17 of his men were dead or wounded after this last stand, and 17 survivors were all that could be mustered that evening.

Before the right wing fell back to Vrely there had been a good deal of fighting. The 24th Division, which was now a mere skeleton, was strongly attacked in the morning of March 27, and Dugan's 73rd Brigade was pushed back towards Caix, the 8th Sussex having very heavy losses, including Colonel Hill, and Banham, the second-in-command.

The situation on the other flank of the 24th Division was also particularly desperate, and the 9th East Surreys, under Major Clark, sacrificed itself to cover the withdrawal of the 72nd Brigade. There were few more gallant actions in the war. Major Clark, writing from a German prison, gave a small account which enables us to get a glimpse of the actual detail of such a combat. The enemy's infantry were in force, he says, within 100 yards of his scattered line. "We managed to get back some hundred yards when I saw that our position was really desperate. The enemy were sweeping up from the south, and several lines of them were in between us and our next defensive line. . . . We were seen and the enemy began to surround us, so I decided to fight it out. We took

up position in a communication trench, and used our rifles with great effect. Grant was doing good work till shot through the head, and Warre-Dymond behaved admirably. It was a fine fight, and we held them until ammunition gave out. They then charged and mopped up the remainder. They were infuriated with us. My clothing had been riddled with shrapnel, my nose fractured, and my face and clothing smothered with blood. There are 3 officers and 59 men unwounded. The rest of the battalion are casualties. It was a great fight, and the men were simply splendid. I have the greatest admiration for them. It was a glorious end." It speaks well for the class of men whom the East End of London sent into the New Army.

The new position on March 26 may be depicted as follows:

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	24	8	50	66	39	16.	

The Germans followed up closely all along the line, the pressure being great everywhere, but greatest on the left, where the 30th and 66th disengaged themselves with difficulty, both of them being heavily attacked, and the Cambridgeshires fighting a fine rearguard action in Biaches. About two in the afternoon the troops were solidly established in their new positions, but the extreme north of the line was in a very unstable condition, as the 16th were fired upon from the north of the river and their left was in no condition to meet an attack. On the right, however, there was earlier in the day some very spirited fighting, for the 8th and 50th Divisions, though very worn, were in far better shape than their comrades who had endured the gasings and the losses of the first day.

The 50th Division fought particularly hard to stop the enemy's advance, turning at every rise, and hitting back with all the strength that was left it. A very fine little delaying action was fought by a rearguard this day upon the line Lihons-Vernandovillers-Foucaucourt. The 5th and 8th Durhams, with a few of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers and a couple of batteries, held up the advance for several hours and stood their ground with such resolution that two platoons of the Northumberlands were never seen again, for they held on to Foucaucourt until both they and the village were submerged. As the day wore on and the pressure increased, the 66th Division was forced to let go of Framerville, for these men had fought without sleep for five days and nights. They staggered back through the rear ranks of the 50th Division, consisting of the 4th Northumberland Fusiliers, who at once, under the personal leading of General Riddell and Colonel Anstey, both of them on horseback and in red-banded caps, rushed the village once again. It was a fine advance which was much helped by the way in which Captain Thompson in Vauvillers brought his machine-guns to bear upon the flank of the Germans advancing to the south of him. Brigade Major Paget, a very rising officer, was killed in this spirited action.

The British Campaign in Europe - 1918

Sherriff of the screen

Cinema 100 is preparing a series of plaques to commemorate people or places of note in cinematic history. Let's hope it puts one on 2 Seymour Road, Hampton Wick. For this was the first home of R C Sherriff, born in Kingston a century ago this week, and noted as the highest paid screenwriter in Hollywood history.



R C Sherriff coaching a Kingston Rowing Club crew in 1919.

No-one, least of all the man himself, ever imagined that R C Sherriff would become not only the most admired playwright of his time, but the world's most successful screenwriter.

He wasn't literary or academic; indeed, didn't shine at any lessons during his years at Kingston Grammar School. Sport was his forte, and he became the school's cricket and rowing captain. Ironically, it was his love of rowing that first prompted him to write.

The story began on June 6, 1896, when Robert Cedric Sherriff (known to friends as Bob, and to the world by his initials) was born in Kingston Hospital. For his first 34 years he lived with his parents at 2 Seymour Road, Hampton Wick. Only in 1930, after earning his first big cheque, did he move with his mother to Esher "to be a little further into the country without breaking my

until your eyes ached. Sometimes they fizzled out with a smell of burning celluloid, and you sat in the darkness while the operator joined the burnt-out edges together.

"Monday was cheap night. You could get a seat for 4d, and those movies were evenings of enchantment. They opened a window in the drab, suburban world."

Sherriff is actually referring to the Coliseum, not the Kinema Palace. The Coliseum, Kingston's first moving picture theatre, opened in St James's Road in what had been a furniture depository.

Coincidentally, it became a furniture store again after its cinema days were over, and survived until demolished in the 1960s to make way for the big Lever House complex.

Sherriff yearned to go to Oxford (because of the rowing!) but he couldn't win a scholarship and his father couldn't afford the fees. So he followed his father into the

to be a variety show in The Gables Theatre at Surbiton (This stood in the grounds of what is now Hillcroft College, but was demolished in the 1930s to make way for flats in Glenbuck Road) but, Cyma eventually decided, the Gables was too luxurious for a variety show. They decided on a one-act play instead but couldn't find a play with parts for everyone. So Sherriff thought he'd try writing one.

He'd never written before, and it gave him much trouble. But eventually Profit And Loss was shown at The Gables in January 1923, and paid for a new racing eight.

Sherriff wrote other plays for Kingston Rowing Club, on the basis that the more tickets a member sold, the bigger the part written for him! The club was virtually the hub of his life, and he was elated to be its captain for three consecutive years. At the beginning of the fourth year, as a gentlemanly

It was put on at the Savoy Theatre in January 1929 and then transferred to Broadway. Sherriff's large royalties enabled him to buy Rosebriars, the Esher house where he moved with his mother in 1930, and take himself to Oxford as a mature student. For he was convinced that the success of Journey's End was a fluke, and his ambition was still to be a rowing coach at an English public school.

"One thing is certain: I'm not going to be a dramatist. I couldn't possibly do it," he told the Surrey Comet in 1930.

Then Carl Laemmle, head of Universal Pictures, summoned him to Hollywood to write the screenplay for All Quiet On The Western Front. Laemmle was so impressed by the modest and self-effacing Sherriff that he offered him huge sums to stay in Hollywood. But Sherriff was determined to be a rowing master.

Probably he would never have returned to Hollywood had he not

Thus it was, as a last resort, that he took up screenwriting again, and spent many years as the highest-paid screenwriter Hollywood had ever known - a record which, allowing for inflation, still stands.

But Sherriff's heart remained with rowing, and with Kingston. He retained a life-long interest in Kingston Grammar School, buying it rowing equipment and giving it a site at Thames Ditton for a boathouse.

He died in Kingston Hospital in 1975, aged 79, his obituary sums up why his titles are far more famous than he: "He was modest to a fault...with a distaste for limelight which for most of his life he was assiduous in avoiding."

Centenary showing

The Rosebriars Trust, which administers the proceeds of R C Sherriff's house to benefit local

when Robert Cedric Sherriff (known to friends as Bob, and to the world by his initials) was born in Kingston Hospital. For his first 34 years he lived with his parents at 2 Seymour Road, Hampton Wick. Only in 1930, after earning his first big cheque, did he move with his mother to Esher "to be a little further into the country without breaking my old associations in Kingston".

He loved films as a schoolboy. "Some enterprising people in about 1910 had converted an old furniture store into what they called the Kinema Palace to present moving pictures in my home town of Kingston," he recalls in his memoirs. "It was stuffy and uncomfortable, and you sat in the musty odour of the old furniture that had been stored there. People called the pictures 'the flickers', and they flicked

Invisible Man and The Dam Busters

Sherriff's many screenplays include *The Invisible Man*, *The Four Feathers*, *Goodbye Mr Chips*, *Lady Hamilton* (Winston Churchill's favourite film during the war years - Vivien Leigh in the leading role is featured on one of the current Cinema 100 commemorative postage stamps), *This Above All*, *Odd Man Out*, *No Highway* and *The Dam Busters*.

a furniture depository. Coincidentally, it became a furniture store again after its cinema days were over, and survived until demolished in the 1960s to make way for the big Lever House complex.

Sherriff yearned to go to Oxford (because of the rowing!) but he couldn't win a scholarship and his father couldn't afford the fees. So he followed his father into the Sun Insurance offices as an agent. In the First World War, he served with the East Surreys on the Western Front, and became a captain.

Years later he explained how rowing made him an author.

"It all began in 1919 when I came out of the Army and joined Kingston Rowing Club," he said. "The clubhouse was on a small island in the Thames (Raven's Ait), an island that got smaller every year when the winter floods came down and scoured a little more of its bank away. We were always hard up, and in the winter of 1921 we wanted money desperately, for our boats were worn out and could be patched up no longer. But how could we raise £100?"

Sherriff and his clubmates decided to form a drama group, *Cymba*, to raise money and keep rowing members together during the winter.

Their first venture was

at The Gables in January 1922, and paid for a new racing eight.

Sherriff wrote other plays for Kingston Rowing Club, on the basis that the more tickets a member sold, the bigger the part written for him! The club was virtually the hub of his life, and he was elated to be its captain for three consecutive years. At the beginning of the fourth year, as a gentlemanly gesture, he offered to resign if someone else wanted a turn. To his intense disappointment, his offer was accepted.

He feared he would have nothing interesting to do in his spare time, and so started writing *Journey's End* to fill the vacuum. This, still noted as the finest war play ever written, made its debut as a private performance by the Stage Society at London's Apollo Theatre in December, 1928. In the lead was a young unknown: Laurence Olivier.

The play - set in a dugout in 1918, its characters based on men Sherriff had served with in the East Surreys - was a sensation.

Comet in 1930.

Then Carl Laemmle, head of Universal Pictures, summoned him to Hollywood to write the screenplay for *All Quiet On The Western Front*. Laemmle was so impressed by the modest and self-effacing Sherriff that he offered him huge sums to stay in Hollywood. But Sherriff was determined to be a rowing master.

Probably he would never have returned to Hollywood had he not failed to get an Oxford degree. He also failed to get his longed-for rowing Blue because of illness.

famous than he: "He was modest to a fault....with a distaste for limelight which for most of his life he was assiduous in avoiding."

Centenary showing

The Rosebriars Trust, which administers the proceeds of R C Sherriff's house to benefit local arts organisations, marked the centenary at the Screen at Walton last night with a reception and showing of *Lady Hamilton*.



Left: The former Coliseum Cinema, where Sherriff grew to love films. This picture was taken in the 1960s, when the building had been a furniture warehouse for many years. Above: Seymour Road, Hampton Wick, where Sherriff spent his first 34 years.



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...good sense and a pointed
henstone were clouded by financial
by disappointed affections. After
and published by Dodsley.

Oct. 1751—7 July 1816), dramatist
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ster of the Temple in 1704, succeed-
at reputation as a preacher. In 1714
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a 1748, London. He wrote a number
oversies of the day, his most famous
es of the Resurrection of Jesus (1729).

college magazine. Later he wrote reviews for the *Nation*, and in
1911 was appointed Professor of English at the University of Illinois.
In 1924 he became a book reviewer on the staff of the New York
Herald Tribune, and two years later died of a heart attack while
swimming. His first book was a study of Matthew Arnold, published
in 1917. Others are *On Contemporary Literature* (1917), *Americans*
(1922), *The Genius of America* (1924), *Points of View* (1924), *Men of*
Letters of the British Isles (1924), *Critical Woodcuts* (1926), *The Main*
Stream (1927), and *The Emotional Discovery of America* (1932).
He also edited volumes I and II of the *Cambridge History of American*
Literature.

Sherriff, Robert Cedric (6 June 1896—1975), playwright
and novelist, was born at Kingston-upon-Thames, son of an insurance
agent, and went into the same business after he left Kingston
Grammar School. On the outbreak of the First World War he
joined the East Surrey Regiment, was commissioned at 18, and was
wounded at Ypres. Afterwards he worked at insurance for another
10 years, but in 1929 his play *Journey's End*, which had grown out of
his letters home from the front, was produced and immediately made
him famous, being staged in America and in five European countries.
At the age of 35 he had a two-year course at Oxford, then went to
Hollywood. His later plays, none of which approached his first
success, were *Badger's Green* (1930), *Windfall* (1933), *Dark Evening*
(1949), *Home at Seven* (1950), and *The White Carnation* (1953). His
novels include *The Fortnight in September* (1931), *Greengates* (1936),
The Hopkins Manuscript (1939), *Chedworth* (1944), *Another Year*
(1946), and *King John's Treasure* (1954).

Sherrington, Sir Charles Scott, O.M. (27 Nov. 1861—4 March 1952),
physiologist, born in London and educated at Cambridge, became
Professor of Physiology first at Liverpool and in 1913 at Oxford.
From 1914 to 1917 he held the Fullerian Chair of the same subject
at the Royal Institution, and from 1936 to 1938 delivered the Gifford
Lectures at Edinburgh. In 1922 he was made Knight Grand Cross
of the Order of the British Empire, in 1924 awarded the Order of
Merit, and in 1932 received the Nobel Prize. From 1920 to 1925 he
was President of the Royal Society, and he held honorary degrees
of more than 20 universities. A specialist on the brain and nervous
system, he wrote *The Integrative Action of the Nervous System* (1906),
Mammalian Physiology (1916), *Man on his Nature* (1941), and *Goethe*
on Nature (1946).

Dear Nobby,

Will you accept this little book with my best wishes for the New Year of 1936 and as a souvenir of days together in "The Gallants".

I would like you to have this because to me, and thousands of Officers and men, you symbolised "The Gallants" more than any other soldier.

You were the first Officer I met on reporting to the Battalion Orderly Room, along with Percy High, on a September afternoon in 1916, in a timbered building in Estree Cauchee. We went up to Vimy Ridge next day.

You were the last Officer I saw in active service with the 9th Battalion, for after being hit near Klein Zillebeke in August 1917 I reported to you in a Field Box (full of water) and got permission to go down the line.

I'm afraid that "Tommy's luck".

does little time credit to those great days - but one or two incidents are drawn from fact.

The details of the Raid in this play are partly drawn from the one you organised with Thomas and Lindsay at Hulluch in the spring of 1917.

None of the characters are drawn from life - but you may find in some of them a likeness to men you knew.

I have beside me a Menu of a Dinner given by Warrant Officer and "C" Company at Billy Grenay on the 13th March 1917. Your name appears amongst the guests. Do you remember?

Yours sincerely

Bob Sherman

"Rochmans"

Escher

1st January 1936

I hope you will let me call on you with this. I am in Zillebeke

How Sherriff became law unto himself



A scene from R C Sherriff's *Journey's End*.

STARTS 10am AUGUST 31st



Member of The Limalight Group

**ENDS SUNDAY
1st Sept 4.00pm**

Dolphin

FITTED BATHROOMS

Member of The Limalight Group

**CLOSING DOWN SALE
EVERY SINGLE THING MUST GO!**

DUE TO RELOCATION



OFFER REFUSED!

**10 KITCHEN DISPLAYS
6 BATHROOM DISPLAYS
MUST BE SOLD THIS WEEKEND**

EVERYTHING MUST GO, EVEN..

R C Sherriff was the world's most prized scriptwriter - you may not know the name, but you'll recognise the films - and he was born and bred, and died, around Kingston. **JUNE SAMPSON** looks at this great talent.

The death at 103 last week of Geoffrey Dearmer immediately evoked memories of the noted Kingston-born author R C Sherriff. For it was due to Dearmer that Sherriff became not only the most admired playwright of his time, but the world's most successful screenwriter.

The story began in 1896 when Robert Cedric Sherriff (known to his friends as Bob, and to the world by his initials) was born in Kingston Hospital. For his first 34 years he lived with his parents in Hampton Wick.

Only in 1930, when Dearmer had launched him to wealth and fame, did he move to Esher, his home for the rest of his life.

Sherriff, educated at Kingston Grammar School, was a dedicated member of Kingston Rowing Club.

as captain. Then, to fill the gap in his spare time, he wrote *Journey's End*.

That would have been that if a young actor hadn't shown the script to Geoffrey Dearmer, poet, playwright, novelist, BBC radio editor and a key figure in the Stage Society.

Dearmer recognised the play as a masterpiece and used all his influence to have it staged by the society in 1928, starring a then unknown Laurence Olivier.

The play, set in a military dugout in 1918, with characters based on men Sherriff had served with in the East Surreys, was a sensation. It has continued to be staged all over the world, and is still noted as the finest war play ever written. On the strength of its success, Sherriff

(OSBORNE)

Boy's Loss. 1911



W. J. - Raymond

Self.

(STANHOPE)

Things That Matter to Me—

—As told to W. R. Titterton

My first impression

was of a sun-bronzed eager face, and then of a lithe athletic figure.

When he smiled and shook hands he seemed altogether a frank boy . . .

I AM afraid that my life—that what has mattered in it—will be a bit of a disappointment to you. It's been so ordinary. The ordinary experience of all the ordinary young men of my time!

The tremendous background of "Journey's End" was handed to me. . . I just had the luck to express what nearly all my contemporaries had experienced, and most of them felt. That was the cause of its success, and it doesn't entitle me to a good-conduct stripe.

Enjoyed Myself

I had no intention of becoming a writer when I was a boy. At school (I was at Kingston Grammar School, you know) I was interested in sports. I took a non-scholastic interest in national history and literature, but mainly as another kind of sport. I had no afterthoughts. I just enjoyed myself.

Sport mattered. And friends.

As for my future, that was all arranged. My father was in an insurance office. And when I left school I was to go there. I was quite con-



"I DID NOT come home burning to write 'Journey's End.' I began by accident."

to meet all sorts and classes of men. I have always had a hunger for meeting and knowing people.

A middle-class English person usually meets only one class of man intimately. He imagines that those above him are wonderful, and those below him are common. I discovered to my surprise and joy that this was all wrong.

Yes, you did meet men, men as they really are, out at the Front. It was like going to the University. I got my education in human nature. That mattered tremendously. But I only realise it now.

I did not come home burning to write "Journey's End." I went back to the insurance office. And the old normal round revolved again.

I began to write by accident. Or, not entirely. I had come to the conclusion that I didn't like being a cog in a machine.

SPORT, FRIENDS . . .

and the People in My Train

Says

R. C. Sherriff

got the idea that it would be good fun to write and produce plays. I did so.

Afterwards I put them in the hands of agents. But they all came back. I didn't mind. They had served their purpose.

And then came "Journey's End." It was apparently another of these plays. I got the notion that it would be interesting to imagine the post-war generation in the atmosphere of the trenches. So I did it.

Everyday Fellows

With one exception the fellows I drew were those I met every day in the office and on the river and in the street. The other fellows I did not clearly remember — except Osborn.

I did have, though, a book of reference and a whole lot of letters I'd written home, and a lot of photographs, sketches, maps, dockets, and chits.

I thought it would be good fun to work that up into a diary of my war experiences.

losing what I value more than most things—my old friends.

Friends matter—yes, supremely.

Of course, I've gained new ones. I've met some of my old literary idols—men like Wells.

But these new friends aren't the same as the old ones. And I know that the old ones felt that this burst of notoriety might make a difference. I feared they might keep away from me. That would have been dreadful.

A "Great Idea"

But this reputation is a frightful handicap. How can I hope to do any better. Don't I know that whatever I do will be compared with "Journey's End"? They did that with "Badger's Green."

Publish my next work under another name? Yes, that's a great idea. I'll put it out under a pseudonym. Yes, that gives me a chance.

But I think one or two points are clearer to me than they were when we began chatting.

In a writer the two things that matter above everything else are that he should be keenly, hungrily

To-morrow—

Mrs. Crossell

I AM afraid that my life—that what has mattered in it—will be a bit of a disappointment to you. It's been so ordinary. The ordinary experience of all the ordinary young men of my time!

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Sport mattered. And friends.

As for my future, that was all arranged. My father was in an insurance office. And when I left school I was to go there. I was quite content. It was my father's job. And there would be plenty of time for sports. And for friendship.

Actually I went to the insurance office in November, 1913. But the war came so soon that I seemed to walk straight from school into the trenches.

It should have been a terrific upheaval. All my settled, ordered life gone in a flash! But it didn't seem like that. Everybody was going—all my friends.

The Old Round

It was the ordinary thing. It certainly was *ordered*. And it seemed settled. In going out to work I had gone out to the war. I was just eighteen.

Nor did my war experience shake me up very much, awaken the need of expression. I wrote home about it. Everybody did. You had to do something. When it was particularly beastly you felt more miserable. That was all.

There was one thing. It was great



"I DID NOT come home burning to write 'Journey's End.' I began by accident."

to meet all sorts and classes of men. I have always had a hunger for meeting and knowing people.

A middle-class English person usually meets only one class of man intimately. He imagines that those above him are wonderful, and those below him are common. I discovered to my surprise and joy that this was all wrong.

Yes, you did meet men, men as they really are, out at the Front. It was like going to the University. I got my education in human nature. That mattered tremendously. But I only realise it now.

I did not come home burning to write "Journey's End." I went back to the insurance office. And the old normal round revolved again.

I began to write by accident. Or, not entirely. I had come to the conclusion that I didn't like being a cog in a big machine. Entering up figures. It seemed such a waste of time. I wanted to do my own job. I felt that this mattered quite a lot.

They All Came Back

And so I passed in review all the professions that I might follow, and pushed those I'd no hankering after aside.

Medicine? No! The Law? No! And so on. History and literature? Yes! And for a time I thought of becoming a schoolmaster.

Literature pointed to writing. But my sports put a pen in my hand. I was captain of a rowing club. In the winter we got up smokers. And I

A Thought

The more you worry about your future the less of it you will have.

for To-Day

Readers' Thoughts, preferably of topical interest, should be sent on postcards. Had a sum is paid for each published.

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I did have, though, a book of reference and a whole lot of letters I'd written home, and a lot of photographs, sketches, maps, docketts, and chits.

I thought it would be good fun to work that up into a diary of my war experiences.

I'd got all the fellows down there. But I didn't see them any more. I saw the post-war fellows and drew them.

What? Yes, the success of "Journey's End" has mattered. Thank you for not saying my success. I'm not a successful man. I'd hate to be. It does so suggest fat cigars and white waistcoats.

His Literary Idols

Success doesn't matter. Or else it matters too much.

It would be silly to complain. I've gained reputation, which has pleased me. But it doesn't seem to apply to R. C. Sherriff. I have gained some money. Well, that has given me what I always wanted; a little bit of English earth I can call my own. That matters.

And it has given me leisure. Money won't give me more. Money doesn't much matter. It's the absolute lack of money that matters.

Have I lost anything? I don't think so. But I've been in danger of

losing what I value more than most things—my old friends.

Friends matter—yes, supremely.

Of course, I've gained new ones. I've met some of my old literary idols—men like Wells.

But these new friends aren't the same as the old ones. And I know that the old ones felt that this burst of notoriety might make a difference. I feared they might keep away from me. That would have been dreadful.

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But I think one or two points are clearer to me than they were when we began chatting.

In a writer the two things that matter above everything else are that he should be keenly, hungrily

To-morrow—

Mrs. Cressall

of Millwall

interested in his fellows, and that he should have the common experiences of his time.

The mere knack of writing I take for granted. Keen interest gives you the eyes to see and the sympathy to understand. But you must have the experiences—the ordinary experiences.

What tremendous experiences I have, for example, travelling in a Tube train! Wondering what people there are behind those faces. Following my fellow-passengers to their work, their play, and their home!

But if I had not had the experiences of the War, if I had not met all sorts of men when they were stripped of all disguise, I should not have had the key.

On the other hand, if I had not been a quite ordinary man, I should have got "Journey's End" all wrong.

CARTE POSTALE

Correspondance

Adresse

Handwritten notes in the correspondence section, including the word "M" and other illegible cursive text.

Handwritten address in the address section, including the word "M" and other illegible cursive text.

AUTHOR'S SHARE £50,000?

"JOURNEY'S END"
TRIUMPH

WEST END RUN

MR. SHERRIFF'S NEXT
PLAY—A COMEDY

THE West End run of "Journey's End," the war play which has transformed its author, Mr. R. C. Sheriff, from a fire insurance assessor earning a few pounds a week to a super-tax payer, will cease on May 24.

It is estimated that it has taken in cash more than £1,000,000. What the author's share of this is he does not know.

When £50,000 was suggested to him by a "Daily Herald" reporter yesterday he said:

"If one takes that as a rough estimate one has to deduct about 15 to 20 per cent. for super-tax, and the whole of the income has fallen in one financial year.

"The actual amount I have made is very difficult to ascertain within even a reasonable margin.

"We don't know, for instance, how the play has been going in Australia. The fact remains,

however, that I have to be ready for the revenue authorities."

The play was first produced 16 months ago and has been acted in 25 languages.

Another play by Mr. Sherriff is likely to follow "Journey's End."

"It is not a war play, and has no bearing on the war," Mr. Sherriff said. "It will probably take the form of a comedy."



R. C. Sheriff

WITH THE SERVICES.

EAST SURREY REGIMENT.

2nd Battalion Win Army Tug-of-War
Championship.

The 130-clone tug-of-war team of the 2nd Battalion the East Surrey Regiment won the Army championship on Monday by defeating the R.A.S.C. (Folham) team in the final by two pulls to all. The team were also successful on Thursday, defeating the Royal Air Force in the Inter-Services championship by two pulls to all. A photo of the team appears on page 5.

BACK TO THE DUG-OUT.

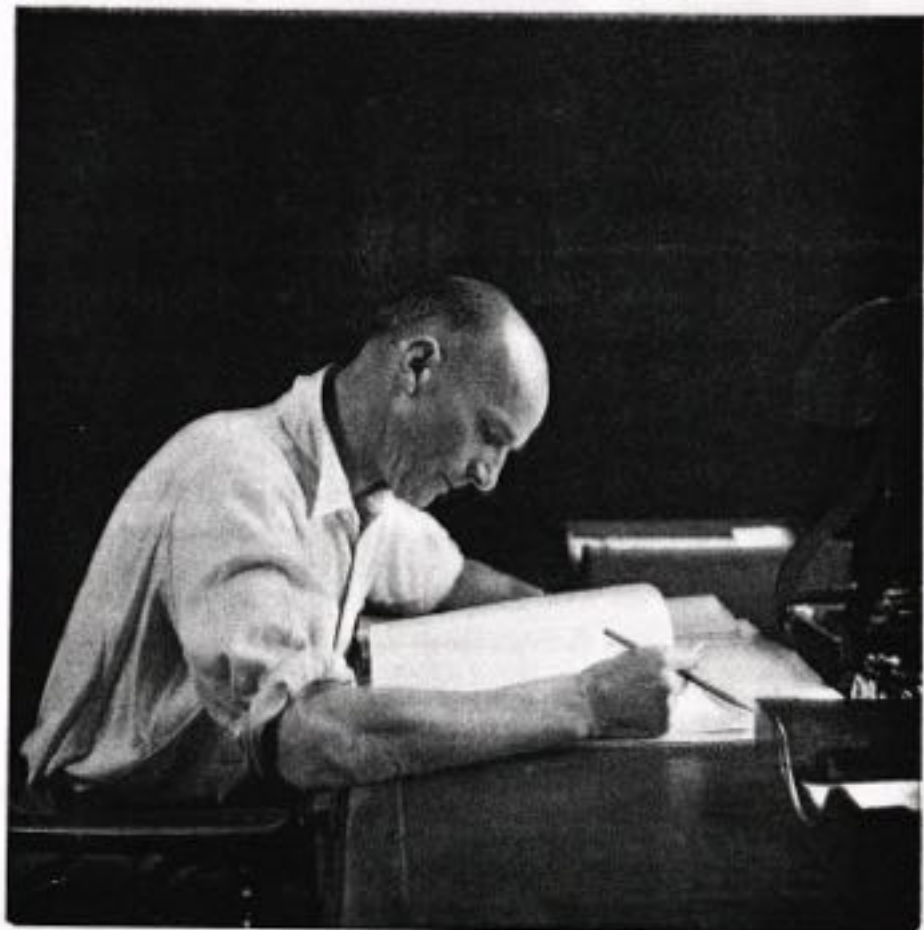


A hundred and thirty officers and men of the 9th East Surreys, with whom Mr. R. C. Sherriff served in France, saw his war play, "Journey's End" at the Prince of Wales Theatre last Saturday, previous to the Battalion's reunion dinner. After the play Mr. Sherriff conducted some of his guests behind the scenes, and the dug-out on the stage was also inspected, when the photograph reproduced above was taken. (Left to right): Mr. R. C. Sherriff, Mr. L. H. Webb, M.C., Capt. L. C. Thomas, M.C., Capt. G. Warre-Dymond, M.C., Capt. C. A. Clark, D.S.O., M.C., Capt. L. A. Knight, Capt. H. Ellis, Mr. G. Harris, Mr. F. J. Hardy.

NO LEADING LADY

An Autobiography

R. C. SHERRIFF



Humphrey & Vera Joel

LONDON
VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD
1968

the officers slept, the opposite one to the quarters of the signallers and runners, and the place where the cook-batman prepared the meals. This made it easy to move the characters in and out as needed. An officer would go up the steps to take his turn of duty in the trenches: the one he relieved would come in for a meal, then go off stage to the adjoining dugout for some sleep when he was no longer required. With a little simple planning you could bring the characters together and disperse them easily, and I had lived in those murky underground caverns for so many months that I knew them as intimately as the room I was working in.

It was ideal for the playwright, but a more unappetising set-up for a commercial manager would have been difficult to find. In those days the theatre worked in colourful, romantic surroundings. The producer staked a lot on the attractive design of his scenes, making them as eye-catching and alluring as possible. A dirty, gloomy dugout lit with candles; no furniture beyond a rickety wooden table and a few upturned boxes for seats; no love interest; no plot; and no women in the cast: you could scarcely have done better if you had set out deliberately to make the thing as repulsive to a manager as possible.

But I wasn't thinking in terms of box office. The prospect of writing about men in the trenches, with all the drawn-out wretchedness and longing for home, held moments of exultation that never came to the daily routine of work for an insurance office. The play was to fill the empty evenings with a nostalgic journey into the past, and the first act was so absorbing that it carried me every night into the small hours of the morning. All the previous plays had been about imaginary people in imaginary situations, and now for the first time I was writing about something real, about men I had lived with and knew so well that every line they spoke came straight from them and not from me. I had lived through it all, and poured into it such a wealth of detail that more than fifty pages were written before the curtain came down on the first act.

It had been an exhilarating experience. I fretted every day for the time when I could go to my room after supper, draw the curtains on the lamplit street and live again with old com-

rades in the trenches. But unhappily that first surge of enthusiasm had swallowed up everything I had to say. I had brought in the young officer Raleigh, burning with ardour to serve under his schoolday hero, and dramatised the shock of his discovery of Stanhope's deterioration through years of strain. All this had come so easily that I took it for granted that the rest of the play would write itself. The impetus behind those opening scenes had been so strong that I had no doubt of its carrying the play through to a triumphant end. But unfortunately it didn't, and when the curtain went down on the first act there was nothing to bring it up again.

It was frustrating to have a good story at your finger tips and feel it slipping out of reach no matter how you tried to write it; and to sit every night in front of a blank sheet of paper did nothing beyond keeping you awake when you went to bed. No effort of mine would bring the curtain up on the second act, and after a long and fruitless struggle I gave it up and went back to the history books.

History served well to fill the evenings when there was nothing else in mind, but reading in an atmosphere of frustration and defeat brought little in return. It was hard to concentrate upon the Norman Conquest with a play still nagging in the background, itching to be written if only I could find the key.

The play had fizzled out, but the characters remained alive: so insistently and urgently alive that they obsessed me. I thought about them day and night: they seemed to be accusing me for bringing them to life and giving them lungs to breathe, only to throw them aside when they were strong enough to do my bidding if I would tell them what to do.

It was a case of getting so entangled in a story that you can't see the wood for trees. It began to be apparent that the first act was so clogged up with detail that the characters hadn't got the space to move. When I had unravelled it the play began to breathe again, and it was the characters more than the story who finally got the curtain up on the second act. Their relationships with each other began to weave a pattern. New scenes developed out of earlier scenes, and when this

happened there would be a furious and exciting period of writing until the newly found material had spent itself and a dead end came again. For a time it would seem as if that sudden spurt had been another flash in the pan. The play went back into its drawer, and then another episode would bring it out again, and every time the period of writing lasted longer as the play took firmer shape and form. Finally it came out of the drawer for the last time, and the three scenes of the final act wrote themselves; or it might be truer to say that the characters by that time had so taken command that I merely had to write down what they called for.

It had taken a year, and had been put aside so often as an unfulfilled endeavour that when one evening I wrote at the bottom of a page "The Play Ends" there was an unreality about it. I never thought the time would come to write them. Now that it had I wrote them grudgingly. I had lived with the play so long, and shared so many hopes and disappointments with it, that things would never be the same without it.

Nothing new had emerged to make it any the more palatable for the theatre: no light beyond the flickering candles on the dugout table and the rise and fall of the flares over No Man's Land that lit the sky beyond the dugout steps; no sudden dramatic developments or surprise twists in the story. Such things couldn't happen with men caught in a trap with no hope of escape. The end was inevitable from the moment it was revealed that Stanhope's company had moved into the front line on the eve of the great German offensive that overwhelmed every regiment in its way.

My text-book on playwriting laid down that a play of suspense must never allow the audience to guess its ending until the last moments of the final scene. If they knew too soon, then the play was bound to drift into an anti-climax and fizzle out before the curtain fell. I didn't question this: it was plain commonsense. I didn't pretend that I could rise above it. Maybe the fate of the play was sealed from the moment its ending became obvious before the first act was over. I hadn't thrown the rules aside for nothing. I had done it because I couldn't have written the play in any other way. It had been

a labour of love, and if nothing ever came of it I shouldn't be much cast down. It had carried me through a long winter of discontent, and had served its purpose.

All that remained was to find a name for it. I never had a flair for titles. With the plays for the Adventurers it used to wait until somebody came up with a good one at rehearsal. I was on my own now, and it didn't come easily. I thought of calling it *Suspense*, but this didn't ring true because I couldn't honestly claim that it had any. *Waiting* was a possibility, but it had the flavour of a restaurant or a railway station. The play didn't lend itself readily to an interesting title. One night I was reading a book in bed. I got to a chapter that closed with the words: "It was late in the evening when we came at last to our Journey's End". The last two words sprang out as the ones I was looking for. Next night I typed them on a front page for the play, and the thing was done.



Scypen, Ringmore, Kingsbridge, Devon. TQ74HJ

John Pamy . Noddon Farm Ringmore

7th February 1997.

Dear John.

Herewith

Thank you for your letter regarding the Parish map proposals; as you may have heard Belinda and I have had a discussion and have in mind now we would like to present the map. Both of us are a little concerned that the commitment does not get out of hand and grow into something that does not reach fruition - I was surprised at George's reference to the Millennium which was completely new to me!

Could you please arrange for Belinda and I to meet the committee to explain our outline proposals and set down the parameters for us and the committee and hopefully agree them and an outline programme. I look forward to hearing from you with a date time and venue.

yours sincerely . John .

telephone (01548)810646

John 16/12
c/ 1940

HOW'S THIS FOR A RECORD?

FOLKESTONE'S NEW CHIEF AIR RAID WARDEN

LT.-COL. C. A. CLARK, D.S.O.,
M.C., of Harcourt Road, Folke-
stone, has been appointed Chief Air
Raid Warden for the Borough. He
succeeds Mr. H. C. Green, who
resigned.

Folkestone's new chief warden has had a very distinguished career. He served in the Army for thirty-seven years, mainly with the East Surrey Regiment, rising from the ranks.

It is interesting to recall that when Colonel Clark was adjutant of the 9th Battalion during the Great War, Mr. R. C. Sherriff, author of the famous war play, "Journey's End," was one of the officers under him. It was Colonel Clark who organised the night raid upon which Mr. Sherriff later based the plot of his famous play.

The Colonel is well-known also in the realm of sport. A first-class shot, he is the proud possessor of some fifty trophies and medals which he has won in various competitions. The admirable way in which he trained the tug-of-war teams for the 2nd Battalion of the East Surreys resulted in their winning the Army championships at Olympia in 1930, 1931, 1932 and 1933. A great record!

Colonel Clark is no stranger to the town. He was under canvas at Shorncliffe with the 4th Battalion East Surreys at the outbreak of the Great War.

Here are just one or two extracts from the exciting life of the Colonel:

Near Herbecourt, in the Great War, a battalion of the East Surreys under his command failed to receive the order to retire until the Germans were right on top of them. Realising that it was then too late, Colonel Clark occupied some disused trenches and established his men in them. There they held up



the German advance until ammunition ran out. When the enemy finally captured the "battalion" it consisted of only two officers and fifty-five unwounded men. Most of the rest had died where they stood.

In November, 1920, he went to Egypt with the 1st Bn. The East Surreys, and while there arrested the powerful Egyptian leader, Zaghol Pasha, and took him under escort to Suez.

He also took an active part in quelling the severe riots which broke out following the murder of a British subject.

These are some details of his rise in the ranks: Enlisted 1896; went to South Africa in 1899, fought in the battles of Spion Kop, Colenso, Willow Grange, etc.; was at the relief of Ladysmith and Laings Nek; was promoted Regimental Sergeant-Major in 1914; commissioned in 1916; commanded the 9th Bn. The East Surreys in the battle of Delville Wood; promoted to temporary Major in 1917, commanding the 9th Bn. in the third battle of Ypres; appointed second-in-command of the 40th Bn. Northumberland Fusiliers in 1919; took over command in 1920; later in the same year rejoined the 1st Bn. the East Surreys in Ireland; appointed Quartermaster to the 2nd Bn. in 1923, Captain the following year, Major in 1931 and Brevet Lt.-Col. in 1933; he retired the same year. He was three times mentioned in dispatches during the Great War.

ONE OF THE MEN WE NEED

THE appointment of that distinguished soldier, Lt.-Col. C. A. Clark, as Chief A.R.P. Warden at Folkestone, will, I am sure, give considerable satisfaction. He is a man of outstanding ability, tact, and judgement. "The right man for the job," will be the general verdict. Details of his splendid career will be found in another column of "The Sun" but I feel that I cannot let this opportunity pass without quoting what Mr. R. C. Sherriff, the author of that famous war play, "Journey's End," thinks of Colonel Clark. This is what he said:—

"Colonel Clark — or Captain Clark as he was when I met him in the war — was one of the finest soldiers I have known. I was a witness of the raid which he organised so brilliantly, and which resulted in securing information of the utmost importance. This raid figured in 'Journey's End.' He was the first officer I met when I joined the 9th Battalion in France, and when I was wounded at Passchendaele and left the front line, he was the last officer of the regiment I saw. He was held in such affection that many war-time officers who served with him in the East Surreys still keep up correspondence with him."

So now you know!

Wanted

OLD GOLD,
SILVER and
FALSE

Any condition — TEETH

F. G. KING & Co. 46 Guildhall St.



A "FULL MOON" EVENT

LEAS CLIFF HALL

NEWS 22 FEB

Doyle On 30th April, 1971, Major Patrick Doyle, M.C., aged 75. Served in The East Surrey Regiment from 1916 to 1942. See obituary.

Regimental Families

Thompson We regret to announce the death last October of Mrs Nellie Thompson, widow of the late Major (QM) S. J. Thompson, MBE, The East Surrey Regiment, and of their daughter, Joyce, who died in September, 1970.

Longley We regret to announce the death of Lady Longley on 19th January, 1971, within five days of her 101st birthday. At the funeral, The East Surrey Regiment was represented by Brigadier G. R. P. Roupell, VC, CB, DL, the last Colonel of the Regiment, and by a number of retired members of the Regiment and their ladies.

Brigadier Roupell writes:

"As one of her oldest friends I should like to pay a tribute to Lady Longley's loyalty to what she always looked upon as "her Regiment", The Surreys, and her devotion to that unit.

"During the First World War Mrs Longley was largely responsible for the organization and administration of the fund for sending food, tobacco, etc. to our prisoners of war and in so doing brought relief to a number of our men in German prison camps.

"Throughout her life in the Army, firstly as the wife of a junior officer and later when he became Bn Commander and eventually Colonel of the Regiment, Lady Longley always took a great interest in the welfare of All Ranks of The East Surrey Regiment.

"Great kindness was Lady Longley's outstanding characteristic and we remember with gratitude the life and example of a great lady."

Among the tributes paid by the Regiment, the following was received from Major General J. Y. Whitfield, the last Colonel of The Queen's Royal Regiment:

"I want to send you a word to say how much we admired her steadfast loyalty to her husband's Regiment. She was a charming person, and I know how much you yourself will miss her."

Wilkinson On 19th March, 1971 at St Helier, Jersey, Mrs Theresa Eliza Wilkinson, aged 91, widow of the late QMS G. H. Wilkinson, The East Surrey Regiment. Mr Wilkinson died in internment in Germany after being deported from the Island during the Occupation in the 1939-45 War.

Summers On 12th March, 1971, as the result of a riding accident Mrs C. W. Summers, 77, of 11, St. John's Road, C. W. Summers, TD, The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Twohey On 13th April, 1971, aged 81, Mrs Twohey, widow of Mr Alec Twohey, first Chairman of the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Association.

Obituaries

Colonel Brian Hughes Reckitt, TD

By the death of Colonel Brian Hughes-Reckitt on 23rd August, 1970, at the age of 75, the Queen's Regiment has lost a proud and loyal member and friend of fifty six years standing.

Educated at Shrewsbury School he joined the Honourable Artillery Company at the outbreak of war in 1914. Later that year he was commissioned into the 24th London Regiment (The Queen's) in St Albans where he then lived.

He served with the 24th in France, transferring to the Machine Gun Corps in 1916. A cut on barbed wire caused blood poisoning and heart trouble, and he was invalided home, spending the rest of the war in command of a training company at Grantham.

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In 1944 Colonel Hughes-Reckitt was chosen by Captain Pimm to accompany the Prime Minister to the second Quebec Conference. A working Map Room was established in RMS "Queen Mary" which crossed the Atlantic in September. The full Map Room was set up in the Citadel, Quebec. It was visited daily by President Roosevelt who personally complimented Colonel Hughes-Reckitt on the arrangements and his explanations.

Captain Pimm speaks highly of the Colonel's work during the five years he was in the Map Room: of his good humour under many trying conditions, and of his handling of the many distinguished visitors.

After the war he retired to Sproughton Village near Ipswich where he lived until his death. He was known affectionately as 'The Colonel' and no one had any doubt who was meant. He continued keenly interested in Regimental affairs and attended many Queen's functions.

In 1925 he married Miss Nancy Reckitt who survives him with two sons and one daughter.

H. G. Eley, MBE

Henry Gerard Eley, who has died at the age of 83, was another of our officers with a seafaring background. Born in Dublin in 1887, he was educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge. He went to sea in 1907 as an apprentice in a four-masted barque, and later became fourth mate. On the long voyages between London and Sydney he had time to study for his Master's square-rigged ticket for which he qualified in 1915. At this time he was second officer of a tanker and hoping to be transferred to the Royal Navy. Impatient at the delay, Eley decided to 'swallow the anchor' and within four days he was commissioned as a second lieutenant in The East Surrey Regiment and posted to the 8th Battalion.

He brought to the Surreys a bright and breezy character, and what a brother officer has described as 'a varied and copious nautical vocabulary' which much impressed his platoon. Eley was wounded in France and was not fit enough to rejoin the Battalion. He was awarded the MBE for services in the post of *Disbanded* where his *experience* of handling ships was put to good advantage.

For the remainder of his long career, Eley was associated with his family cartridge firm which became part of ICI.

K. West

Mr J. A. Herbert writes:

"Ken West loved his Regiment and never ceased at any given opportunity to recollect past events, and I have spent many hours with him on this theme. This note would be incomplete without a word of praise for his devoted wife. For her this was a very long haul, she was under constant strain but never ceased in her endeavours to read, care, nurse, and love her husband during his very long illness. And he himself, throughout his illness showed great courage and fortitude. The Regiment has lost a very loyal and devoted member, and a soldier in the true sense, of the "Old School".

Lieut-Colonel C. A. Clark, DSO, MC

Brigadier G. R. P. Roupell, VC, CB, DL, writes:

"C. A. Clark, known to all his friends as "Nobby", enlisted in The East Surrey Regiment in 1896 and first saw active service in South Africa with our 2nd Battalion. At the end of that war he was posted to the 1st Battalion and served with them in England and Ireland until 1914 attaining the rank of CSM.

"It was then that I first met Nobby and was deeply impressed by the fine example of man-management, loyalty, efficiency and love for his Regiment which he set for us all.

Early in 1914 he was promoted to 2nd Lt of the 4th Battalion with whom he served until January, 1916 when he received a commission and joined the 9th Battalion in France as Adjutant. Nobby served with the Battalion continuously until wounded in the Cambrai Offensive of March 1918 and during that time saw a great deal of heavy fighting and severe losses in the 9th Battalion. He seemed to bear a charmed life but some indication of the casualties of his unit can be gathered from the fact that, in spite of his junior rank, on no less than five occasions Nobby was left as the senior surviving officer and as such took command of the Battalion until the arrival of the next CO. He proved himself to be a most courageous and highly efficient officer and his quick promotion from 2nd Lieutenant to Major speaks for itself.

He retired in 1933 as a Brevet Lt Colonel, but 1939 saw him in uniform again in the ARP service. He was Chief Air Raid Warden of Follentone from 1940 to 1945.

One of Nobby's outstanding characteristics was his ability to inspire men with self-confidence and enthusiasm, not only in war but also in peace-time soldiering as shown by the success of the teams he coached in rifle-shooting, tug-of-war, athletics, etc.

Nobby Clark was held in high regard by all who had the privilege of serving with him and now we remember a most lovable character, a very gallant officer and a great gentleman.

Other opinions and recollections

R. C. Sherriff

The following extract is from 'My Diary' published in the Regimental Journal of May 1937. Second Lt Sherriff joined the 9th Bn The East Surrey Regiment in France in 1916 and wrote of the Adjutant as follows:

Lieut. Clark—universally known as "Nobby" (later Major Clark, DSO, MC) was an ex-RSM and a great soldier who knew every detail of his work (and everyone else's, too). He was very popular and commanded the respect of officers and men without distinction. I think this was because his rigid training as a Regular soldier had never robbed him of his sense of humour and his understanding of civilians in temporary uniform.

F. T. Eatwell

The late Mr Eatwell, recalling the time in 1918 when Major Clark assumed command of the 9th Surreys when Lt Colonel Le Fleming was killed, wrote:

"On 28th March, 1918 the 9th Battalion was in the line near Rosières, much reduced in numbers and short of ammunition. During a lull in the bitter fighting in which the Battalion was completely cut off, Major Clark addressed his men as follows:—

"We have nothing on our flanks, and there are no supports in rear. You will either be killed or captured before the morning is out. Stick it out for the honour of the Regiment!"

The remnants of the Battalion fought on till they were overrun. The Germans then charged and took 2 officers and 55 men, among them Major Clark and Mr Eatwell.

The Regimental Journal

The following appeared in the Regimental Journal of February 1934 on his retirement.

Colonel Clark has the rare gift of inspiring others with his own enthusiasm, and this gift, above all, accounts for his exceptional success as a leader and trainer in war and peace, work and sport. Whether with a squad of recruits, a shooting team or a battalion in action, he always attained the whole-hearted co-operation of each individual, and as a result, the highest success.

Although few have done more for this Regiment, Colonel "Nobby" Clark will be missed by all ranks more for his genial personality than for his many achievements. No boxing meeting will seem complete without him in the chair, and no Regimental or social occasion without his cheerful presence.

The Happy Warrior

There is perhaps one outstanding characteristic by which Nobby will always be remembered, and that is the radiant happiness which shone through the whole of his life and inspired everyone who came into contact with him. This

did not derive solely from the blessings of a devoted family life, nor from his host of friends—it was part of his disposition. His cheerfulness never failed even in the darkest hours. If ever the term 'gaiety and high-spirited happiness' applied to anyone, it was to Nobby Clark.

He loved people and there was nothing he enjoyed more than to be with old friends. Who can ever forget seeing him, with the tears streaming down his face, convulsed with laughter at some story he was telling. It was not just the funny side of life which Nobby saw, he imbued everyone he met with the spirit of gaiety and good cheer.

He wrote recently 'Merry goes the day when the heart is young'. His friends may feel these words exemplify his own wonderful spirit of courage and good cheer.

Lieut-Colonel Jack Stephens, TD

Jack was born on 10th August, 1918, his father being a Regular officer of The King's Own Royal Regiment (Lancaster). Educated at Cheltenham College, on leaving school in 1936, he declined to follow in his father's footsteps, and instead entered commercial life by joining Hay's Wharf in the same year.

On 17th June, 1939 he was commissioned to The London Irish Rifles (TA) and served with that Regiment until 1942 when he was transferred to his father's Regiment. Promoted to Captain in 1944, he attended the war-time Staff College where he qualified etc. Posted to India he served in various staff appointments in New Delhi finally attaining the rank of Lieut-Colonel.

In 1948 he returned to UK, the same year that he married Miss Daphne Louise Lloyd, and returned to his old company, Hay's Wharf. In this year too he rejoined the Territorial Army being gazetted to 6th Bn The East Surrey Regiment (TA) to serve as Staff Captain of Headquarters 131 (Surrey) Infantry Brigade, subsequently to become DAA and QMG of that formation, until retiring from the TA in 1959.

In his civilian career he rose through several managerial posts to become in 1965, Managing Director of Pickfords and Hay's Wharf Shipping and Forwarding Company Ltd, the appointment he held with Pickfords until his death.

Jack was an extrovert, and a man of many and varied interests. In addition to his keen and wholehearted interest in the Territorial Army, he was Chairman of the Hay's Wharf Branch of the British Legion, and a Member of the London Junior Chamber of Commerce. His hobbies included shooting, fishing (he was a member of the Shark Angling Club of Great Britain), music and horse racing (he was quite successful a punter). He dearly loved any games of chance and was noted for organizing poker-dice on 'even-odds' games at TA Annuals "or" where his cry of 'Up she goes—and Baudley Braxer' as the dice rolled, or 'Who's for a drop of Whittle' at the bar after a long and hard exercise, will be remembered by many Brigade Commanders, Brigade Majors, and anybody who visited the HQ 131 Bde or 6th East Surrey Messes.

Jack's engaging personality, his unflagging energy, his deep interest in people, and his determination to enjoy life to the full continued despite his becoming ill with diabetes in 1959, and it was only in the last six months of his life that he curbed both his business and social activities. With Daphne, his wife, we share the loss of a truly great character.

Major P. K. Doyle, MC

Philip Doyle was commissioned in The Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment in July 1916 and served in France and Belgium. He was wounded twice and was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in 1918. On the disbandment of the Irish Regiments in 1922, he was transferred to The East Surrey Regiment and served at regimental duty at home and abroad for the next twenty years.

Of a cheerful, happy disposition Philip will be remembered by his many friends for his generosity and companionship. He was, like most officers transferred from the Irish Regiments, an accomplished horseman, and he was hunting regularly until quite recently. He was a regular member of Regimental hockey teams in his younger days.

Philip had an engaging personality, and his kindness and the little twinkle in his eye will be remembered by all who knew him.

Doyle On 14th April, 1971, Major Philip Doyle, MC, aged 75. Served in The East Surrey Regiment from 1914 to 1942. See obituary.

Regimental Families

Thompson We regret to announce the death last October of Mrs Nellie Thompson, widow of the late Major (QM) S. J. Thompson, MBE, The East Surrey Regiment, and of their daughter, Joyce, who died in September, 1970.

Longley We regret to announce the death of Lady Longley on 19th January, 1971, within five days of her 101st birthday. At the funeral, The East Surrey Regiment was represented by Brigadier G. R. P. Roupell, VC, CB, DL, the last Colonel of the Regiment, and by a number of retired members of the Regiment and their ladies.

Brigadier Roupell writes:

'As one of her oldest friends I should like to pay a tribute to Lady Longley's loyalty to what she always looked upon as "her Regiment". The Surreys, and her devotion to that unit.

'During the First World War Mrs Longley was largely responsible for the organization and administration of the fund for sending food, tobacco, etc. to our prisoners of war and in so doing brought relief to a number of our men in German prison camps.

'Throughout her life in the Army, firstly as the wife of a junior officer and later when he became Br Commander and eventually Colonel of the Regiment, Lady Longley always took a great interest in the welfare of All Ranks of The East Surrey Regiment.

'Great kindness was Lady Longley's outstanding characteristic and we remember with gratitude the life and example of a great lady.'

Among the tributes paid by the Regiment, the following was received from Major General J. Y. Whitfield, the last Colonel of The Queen's Royal Regiment:

'I want to send you a word to say how much we admired her steadfast loyalty to her husband's Regiment. She was a charming person, and I know how much you yourself will miss her.'

Wilkinson On 19th March, 1971 at St Helier, Jersey, Mrs Theresa Eliza Wilkinson, aged 91, widow of the late CQMS G. H. Wilkinson, The East Surrey Regiment. Mr Wilkinson died in internment in Germany after being deported from the Island during the Occupation in the 1939-45 War.

Summers On 12th March, 1971, as the result of a riding accident, Mrs C. W. Summers, TD, The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Twohey On 13th April, 1971, aged 81, Mrs Twohey, widow of Mr Alec Twohey, first Chairman of the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Association.

Obituaries

Colonel Brian Hughes Reckitt, TD

By the death of Colonel Brian Hughes-Reckitt on 23rd August, 1970, at the age of 75, the Queen's Regiment has lost a proud and loyal member and friend of fifty six years standing.

Educated at Shrewsbury School he joined the Honourable Artillery Company at the outbreak of war in 1914. Later that year he was commissioned into the 24th London Regiment (The Queen's) in St Albans where he then lived.

He served with the 24th in France, transferring to the Machine Gun Corps in 1916. A cut on barbed wire caused blood poisoning and heart trouble, and he was invalided home, spending the rest of the war in command of a training company at Grantham.

A keen Territorial, he joined the 22nd London Regiment (The Queen's) in Bermondsey after the war. He was appointed second-in-command in 1929 and commanded the Battalion from 1931-35. He then retired with the rank of Brevet Colonel. The Hughes-Reckitt Bowl presented during his command for Assault-at-Arms is now in possession of the Cadre of the 6th Queen's at Kingston upon Thames.

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After the war he retired to Sproughton Village near Ipswich where he lived until his death. He was known affectionately as 'The Colonel' and no one had any doubt who was meant. He continued keenly interested in Regimental affairs and attended many Queen's functions.

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In 1948 he returned to UK, the same year that he married Miss Daphne Louise Lloyd, and returned to his old company, Hay's Wharf. In this year too he rejoined the Territorial Army being gazetted to 6th Bn The East Surrey Regiment (TA) to serve as Staff Captain of Headquarters 131 (Surrey) Infantry Brigade, subsequently to become DAA and QMG of that formation, until retiring from the TA in 1959.

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Of a cheerful, happy disposition Philip will be remembered by his many friends for his generosity and companionship. He was, like most officers transferred from the Irish Regiments, an accomplished horseman, and he was hunting regularly until quite recently. He was a regular member of Regimental hockey teams in his younger days.

Philip had an engaging personality, and his kindness and the little twinkle in his eye will be remembered by all who knew him.

"JOURNEY'S END"

Sir,—On November 7, I cut a small paragraph from The Cowichan Leader of that date as regards Mr. R. C. Sherriff, the author of "Journey's End," which was staged in Victoria from November 18 to 20, stating that Mr. Sherriff served as a Temporary Lieutenant in the 9th (Service) Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment, which battalion I, (Lt.-Col. T. H. S. Swanton), had the honor to command.

I gave a member of your staff a photo (postcard size) on November 20, 1929, of a group of officers of the 9th East Surreys, taken in France, at Hulluch, in 1917, showing Sherriff and myself.

Today I have received a letter from my old Adjutant, Captain C. A. Clark, who is sitting on my left in the photo, and who is still serving with the East Surrey Regiment, stating that the ideas Sherriff obtained for the daylight trench raid, which was shown in the play, were obtained from a raid we carried out at Hulluch in 1917, when at midday

two young officers and fifty men raided the German trenches and captured three Germans who were eating their midday meal.

It was a very successful raid, and we obtained a paragraph in all the English papers, and the 9th East Surrey Regiment received the thanks of the Army Commander. Incidentally, the two young officers received Military Crosses, a medical officer received the Military Cross for bringing in some wounded men after dark, and a Distinguished Conduct Medal and a Military Medal were awarded as well. I myself received a "Mention in Despatches."

Once again pardon my reasonable pride for writing once more—with perhaps more success than my previous letter. When I saw the play I could not help remarking on the resemblance to what actually occurred. I remember keeping one of the prisoner's hats as a souvenir.

Now that Sherriff has actually admitted he based his ideas on the above, I have no hesitation in writing to say so. My own experience entailed over three years in the trenches without a rest.

T. H. S. SWANTON,
Lieutenant-Colonel,
(late East Surrey Regt.)

R.M.D. 1, Duncan, B.C., November 21, 1929.

"THE JOURNEY'S END"

Sir.—One only ventures to write on this subject as one of the many average people who did not experience the devastation of the war. I am sure that Mr. Devitt's fears are

groundless. After all the play presents not only the "Stanhopes," whom I am sure most of us at least realize to be an exception, but also gives us the "Osbornes," "Trotters," "Raleighs," "Colonels," "Sergeant-Majors," "Private Masons," and others (more than six to one), whom we know to represent the vast majority of officers and men. Even Stanhope's true courage comes out when he is sober and not kept going by whisky.

Some of the greatest moments in the play are when the stage is empty, and all are outside in the trenches or on the raid. What is left, and must be left, to our imagination is far more impressive than any attempt to depict that which could not be depicted as it really must have been.

It is necessary that the truth, as far as is possible, should be presented to us and to the rising generation. This play does do so to a remarkable degree. I, for one, realized as never before, what lies behind the fact that those who suffered and endured most are the most reluctant to speak about it, and shows one a little more of the dark background of that great silence.

Furthermore, we desire to give the honor and gratitude really due to officers and men who so endured for us, and it is just in proportion as we realize the devastating experience for them of the war that we care to give them the honor due to them.

NORMAN E. SMITH,

St. Barnabas' Rectory, Victoria, B.C.,
November 23, 1929.

ember, 1916, and who, although conscious of the "touch of romance," recorded that "the main idea of it was repulsive."

"It was a comfort to know," the future author of "Journey's End" reflected, on that last morning at home, "that I was only one among millions; to know that a crowd of men who were commissioned with me from the Artists' Rifles were all going over to-day—were all probably lying in bed as I was—wondering—and not wait-

have pepper."

No one would have thought to watch him that he had dodged death for three hours—"two Minutes at a time."

The diary consists of 244 pages, and it is difficult to realize that it is an account of less than a fortnight in France, ending when C. Company returns to the reserve trenches. Mr. Sherriff told me that he had intended to follow it with his experiences

'Journey's End' Moves

★ ANOTHER ARMY PLAY, of a very different calibre, has done so well on its revival at the Gateway that it is coming to the Westminster Theatre on October 5.

This is R. C. Sherriff's "Journey's End." The little Horsham Repertory Company put it on earlier in the year; so successful was it in Sussex that they brought it to London. Now they are moving it farther into Town. I have no doubt that the most surprised man at the news is the author himself.

He is touring in Scotland at the moment and won't be back at his Esher home until next week. When he wrote "Journey's End" in 1930 and made a fortune from it he was staggered at the way in which it caught the public imagination.

★ SHERRIFF didn't write the play as peace propaganda; nor did he intend it to glorify war. He didn't, he once told me, even have the possibility of production in mind. For Sherriff, who was in the East Surrey Regiment, founded his story on an actual raid carried out by the 9th Battalion in January, 1917.

Now, 22 years after the play was first put on, theatregoers are still moved by the experiences of Stanhope, Osborne and Raleigh in that Western Front hell of 1914-18.

"Journey's End"

You probably remember the great play by R. C. Sherriff, "Journey's End." For those who saw it it was an unforgettable experience.

No doubt, too, you recall Captain Stanhope, the central figure of the play. The captain, I am told, did really exist like other characters in the play, and he was in Folkestone one day this week.

His visit to the town, one of a number such he makes from time to time, was to meet and spend the day with Lt-Col C. A. Clark, D.S.O., M.C., of Epsom Road, Folkestone, who was adjutant of the 9th Bn. East Surrey Regiment in which Sherriff and "Captain Stanhope" also served.

"We have a day out together every so often," said Col. Clark.

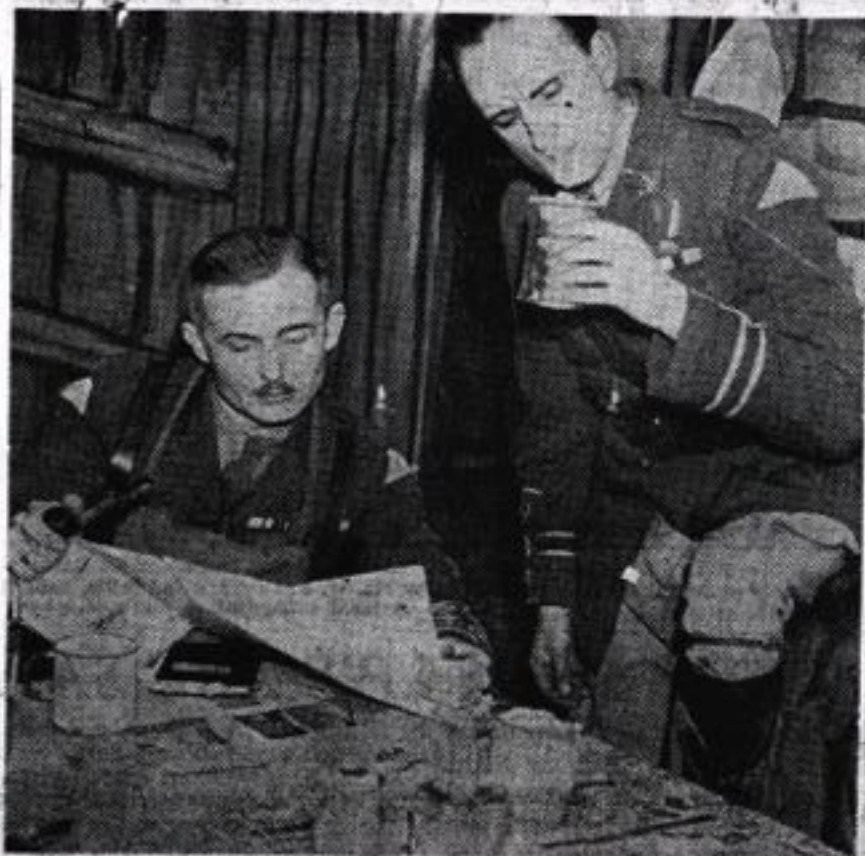
"Captain Stanhope" is expecting to join up again," he went on. "He is on the Emergency War Reserve of officers and any day now may receive his papers calling him back to the Army."

Colonel Clark recounts how "Captain Stanhope" and he were invited by Sherriff to see the play when it was first produced.

After intently watching in complete silence for some time the Captain turned to his friend and said "Was I really as bad as that . . .?" You will remember that Sherriff pictured the Captain as a hard drinker. Yes, in those days of hell some did drink hard at times.

Reid

Colonel Clark organized the play



"JOURNEY'S END," at Crownhill, with the Colonel (Eric Whitehead), seated, and Capt. Stanhope (George England). The play was performed in the British Legion Hut last night, and will be presented again tonight.

"JOURNEY'S END" FILMED.

PLAY MAKES A PERFECT
TALKIE.

"Daily Express" Cinema Correspondent.

George Pearson, who was responsible for the production of the screen version of "Journey's End," publicly presented at the Tivoli last evening, told me that commercial magnates in Hollywood, where this British film was made, thought that he was mad in refusing to include a woman in the cast.

When he also refused to take advantage of the two occasions in the play on which he might have shown the photograph of a woman they thought that he was a hospital case, but at a meeting of Hollywood film directors, which included Erich von Stroheim and Ernst Lubitch, his refusal was cheered.

People in New York are now paying 25c a seat to see this incredible film without a woman in the cast. "Journey's End," in screen form, is the perfect talkie. It is flawless alike in recording, in acting, in photography, and in scenic design.

There is great pictorial art in it. Its trench and No Man's Land scenes have the stark and vivid quality of Dore himself.



Mr. R. C. Sherriff.

DUG-OUT SCENE.

The concluding scene, which shows the dug-out, occupied only by the dead body of Raleigh, obscured by fume and fog, is a masterly bit of stagecraft. Only a candle-glimmer survives the obscurity, and that, too, is extinguished, like the life it recently illuminated.

This film-version is greater than the play, because it fills in all the war atmosphere.

The dug-out is not so isolated as it is in the stage version. There is a thrill, for example, in peeping through the periscope at the German trenches, and then there is the mud, especially the mud. Mr. Sherriff has sought and captured a complete fragment of war, but not the whole war.

There is no dramatic perspective in "Journey's End," and little meaning, except in its analysis of the psychology of fear and its reaction on various minds.

WAR AND WARFARE.

About war, as distinct from warfare, Mr. Sherriff has nothing to say, and the circumstances of his drama might have happened with almost equal effect in a coal-mine explosion or in the engine-room of a wrecked liner.

The sincerity of his work, however, is deeply impressive, and he is magnificently served by his cast, notably, of course, by Colin Clive, who repeats his stage role of "Stanhope."

The film left me with a feeling that the whole nation should be paraded and marched off to the cinemas to see it.

G. A. A.

'JOURNEY'S END' AUTHOR.

MR. SHERRIFF IN
THE ARMY AT 17.

By THE THEATRICAL
CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. R. C. Sherriff, whose "Journey's End" at the Savoy Theatre is being acclaimed as the best play of the war yet produced, is a young man engaged in the insurance business.



Mr. R. C. Sherriff.

"My job is to inspect buildings on which it is proposed to take out fire and other policies," he told me yesterday.

Mr. Sherriff wrote "Journey's End" about a year ago from personal experiences in France. He was a lieutenant in the East Surrey Regiment and was in the Army when he was 17.

The action of his play shows what goes on in a front-line dug-out during three days before a big attack. There are no women in the play. Mr. Sherriff said:

The play was submitted to several London managers, but they turned it down on the ground that "the public would not like this kind of play." I sent a copy of it to Mr. Bernard Shaw, but he did not enthuse about it; he said, in effect, that he saw no reason why it should not be produced.

Finally it got to the Stage Society. The committee took a vote on it, and the result was three votes for production and three against. The chairman gave his casting vote in favour.

"Journey's End" was put on for a Sunday evening performance at the beginning of the month. Now it is the talk of theatrical London.

FORTUNE FOR A YOUNG MAN.

MR. R. C. SHERRIFF'S
WAR PLAY.

TO BE GIVEN IN NEW
YORK & BERLIN.

By THE THEATRICAL
CORRESPONDENT.

Behind the great success of the war play, "Journey's End," at the Savoy Theatre is the story of the almost magical change in a young man's fortunes.

A few weeks ago Mr. R. C. Sherriff was employed by an insurance company at a modest salary.



Mr. R. C. Sherriff.

At the beginning of January his play was given a Sunday evening performance and was at once snapped up for West End production.

Now Mr. Sherriff's royalties from it amount to £150 a week.

At a very conservative estimate he should easily make £10,000 out of "Journey's End."

It is almost certain that he will make a great deal more than that.

Starting to-day, the ticket-selling libraries begin a 12-weeks deal of £16,000 over the play.

"Journey's End" is to be done in New York shortly, and also in Berlin, and already one talking film offer for it has been made.

Meanwhile, the young man who wrote it—he is about 26—has been granted six months' leave of absence from his insurance work and is to go to the United States for the American production of his play.

CHARACTERS

STANHOPE - Commanding an Infantry
Company

OSBORNE

TROTTER

HIBBERT

RALEIGH

} Officers of the Company

THE COLONEL

THE COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR

MASON - The Officers' Cook

HARDY - An Officer of another Regiment

A YOUNG GERMAN SOLDIER

TWO PRIVATE SOLDIERS OF THE COMPANY

*First produced by the Incorporated Stage Society
at the APOLLO THEATRE, December 9th, 1928, with
the following cast:*

<i>Stanhope</i>	-	-	MR. LAURENCE OLIVIER
<i>Osborne</i>	-	-	MR. GEORGE ZUCCO
<i>Trotter</i>	-	-	MR. MELVILLE COOPER
<i>Hibbert</i>	-	-	MR. ROBERT SPEAIGHT
<i>Raleigh</i>	-	-	MR. MAURICE EVANS
<i>The Colonel</i>	-	-	MR. H. G. STOKER
<i>The Company Ser- geant-Major</i>	-	-	MR. PERCY WALSH
<i>Mason</i>	-	-	MR. ALEXANDER FIELD
<i>Hardy</i>	-	-	MR. DAVID HORNE
<i>A young German soldier</i>	-	-	MR. GEOFFREY WINGOTT

The play produced by MR. JAMES WHALE

*Subsequently presented by MR. MAURICE BROWNE at
the SAVOY THEATRE, January 21st, 1929*

*Copyright in U.S.A. 1929 by R. C. Sherriff and all rights of repro-
duction reserved by author. Application for performances to be made
to Messrs. Curtis Brown Ltd., of 6 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2*

*A dug-o
A few
a low d
dig-out
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double p
wooden
seat, and
Another
beyond t
Gloomy
right.
Except
furniture
few tatt
girls in
The ea
them fan
only fifty
burn day*

Evening

SCENE I

SCENE II

SCENE I

SCENE II

SCENE II

cookery

DIET WITHOUT LOSING FRIENDS

by WILLY, Pacesetter Cook

FOR the past two months I have been on a rigorous diet. I do not claim to have become beautiful, but I feel, and I am told I look, a lot better.

I went to my doctor and asked if he could stop everything going dark when I put on my shoes.

"Certainly," he said, and gave me some pills. At the same time he had me hop on the scales, and declared me three-stone overweight.

Since then I have lost two stone and am determined to lose another.

Some of you may feel like following my example. I would certainly like to feel that I was in company.

It is an unorthodox diet of my own which happens to suit my metabolism. You are advised to consult your doctor before you try it.

I am utterly against taking pills to destroy appetite as they are often a depressant.

BALANCE SHEET

Here are the ins and outs of my diet:—

IN:—

- Lean meat including ham, tongue, etc.
- Fish (poached);
- Green vegetables (not peas or broad beans);
- Root vegetables (except potatoes);
- All salads;
- Eggs;
- Fresh fruit (except bananas);
- Powdered skimmed milk;
- Bouillon cubes;
- Dry white and red wine (makes life a little more tolerable);
- Very dry cider (Bulmers' No. 7 is sugar-free);
- Calorie-free soft drinks (Slim-line, etc.).

OUT:

- All fats, including butter, milk and cream;
- Potatoes;
- All flour, including bread, biscuits and cakes;
- All sugar including preserves, treacles and honey;
- All beers and spirits;
- All cereals.

You can break training every now and then, but not too often.

Some items are absolutely invaluable. For example I find dried milk a great help as I tire very rapidly of lemon tea

and black coffee. Eggs are a staunch ally, although they should only be taken poached, boiled or raw.

Here are some fairly agreeable concoctions to help out:—

Sauce for poached fish: Poach a small tin of soft herring roes and pass through a sieve.



Harold Wilsaw (Willy) carries 28lb. of meat—the amount he has lost on his diet.

Season with salt and pepper and grated horse-radish.

Sauce for grilled meat: Place 1 teaspoon made mustard in a saucepan with 2 heaped teaspoons tomato purée. Add a dash of Worcestershire sauce, a squeeze of lemon juice and dilute with a little vegetable water.

Soups: Chop spinach, lettuce or watercress, or all three, and boil briskly with some finely chopped onion in chicken or beef bouillon. Add a good dash of soya sauce and pour the soup into bowls, each containing a raw egg. Beat the egg in quickly and it will thicken and enrich the soup.

You can think of many variations on this with such things as tomato purée or cabbage, using eggs and bouillon as your bankers.

You can serve these to guests and, provided they get a piece of bread and a potato as well, they will never know they are on your diet.

books

For those with a censer fumah

by PETER PHILLIPS

IT'S NORRA NEEZY job to review, soda speak, a booky Nenglish which doesn't look like Kinglish. If you seawater mean.

In other words, Professor Afterbeck Lauder is at it again.

Lauder, the Australian who made 'Strine' a funny-sour language, has bent his acute ear to the speech of West London and come up with 'Frazilly Well Spoken' (Wolfe, 5s.).

From which come such gems as these (no translation supplied; if you cannot come up with your own, go mad quietly):

Bessa Clare: Meaning "basically." As in "the tropple, besa clare, is that he has nir censer fumah. Quietness chepper koss, but wilhar chooma."

Azany: "I say." As in: "Asey earl krell, water chollicker dead ear."

Spinnagret: "It has been a great." As in "Spinnagret plesher; spinnagret prifflich."

And so on and merrily on. A misren chopple five bobs' worth.

Peathers' by A. E. W. Mason.

Mason, who had written the original more than 30 years previously, was asked to OK Sherriff's script, into which Bob had — for purely flimsy reasons — introduced an entirely new character.

Not only did A.E.W. accept that it was one of his own characters, but tried to tell the actor on the set how he intended him to be played. . .

Sherriff, now 70 or so, and in the Home Counties, has written a brilliant account of London theater in the thirties, and Hollywood in its daff days.

Quiet valour

TODAY the members of the Victoria Cross and the George Cross Association will be received by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Buckingham Palace.

All that the G.C. suffered to get their poms — rated as the civilian VC — is related in 'The Story of the George Cross,' by Brigadier The Rt. Hon. Sir John Smyth, Bt., V.C. M.C. (Arthur Barker, 42s.).

Sir John uses every tired cliché in the book, but no clichés will dull or damn the cold, quiet *recalling* of people who would prefer to defuse a bomb or land-mine than take an enemy position at the point of a bayonet.

This G.C. history, like Sir John's earlier book on V.C.s, will become a source-work for historians.

Journey's end? Not for Sherriff

"I DID enjoy 'Journey's End,'" said an old lady to Robert Cedric Sherriff recently. "Why don't you write something else?"

Admittedly, R. C. Sherriff has not written anything better than this World War I play — "perhaps the greatest of all war plays," wrote Hannen Swaffer, reviewing it in 1929 — but he has written a great deal since.

Including screen plays for 'Lady Hamilton,' 'The Dam Busters,' 'Goodbye, Mr. Chips' and 'Mrs. Miniver.'

There is joy and good reading in Bob Sherriff's autobiography, 'No Leading Lady' (Gollancz 42s.). He tends to demean himself as a writer, which he should not do, for he can write, and write really well.

One of the film scripts he was asked to write was based on the novel 'The Four

Short stories

IF YOU fancy a few short stories for easy, beginning-and-ending plot-wise stuff do not try either 'The Knightly Quest,' by Tennessee Williams (Secker & Warburg, 30s.) or 'A Story That Ends With A Scream,' by James Leo Herlihy (Jonathan Cape, 21s.).

Williams sounds lost off the electric stage of humour combined with black tragedy; he has made his own as a playwright; and Herlihy, who is an actor-writer, experiments wildly.

But if you are interested in the short story as a way of expressing things, read both. Avidly.

THE SMUTS-LETTOW DINNER.

REUNION OF OLD ADVERSARIES,

SPEECHES TO BE BROADCAST.

The interesting occasion when General Smuts, as chairman of the East Africa Campaign Dinner, will meet his former adversary, General Von Lettow-Vorbeck, the commander of the German Forces in East Africa during the war, is being anticipated with universal approval and gratification. "Thrilling and inspiring," it has been described in correspondence at home; and in the German Press it is regarded as "a gesture of reconciliation."

It is a point of exceptional interest that General Smuts and General von Lettow-Vorbeck had, at different times, both fought one another and the British Empire.

The dinner will be held at the Holborn Restaurant on Monday, December 2, a thousand officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, and Nursing Sisters, who served in East Africa. The High Commissioners for South Africa and Rhodesia are also expected to attend. General Smuts will propose the toast of the guest of the evening, and General Von Lettow will respond. The two speeches will be broadcast. General Von Lettow is being accompanied to England by his wife, who will be at the dinner with him.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DINNER.

The origin of the meeting is a romance in itself. For not only does it go back many years, but the seed was actually sown in pre-war days, long before Von Lettow was known to us, when one who was afterwards to plan the present meeting—Capt. A. W. Lloyd, who illustrates "The Essence of Parliament" in "Punch"—was beginning to learn from the great events in South Africa, of some of which he was a personal witness, that one of the lessons to be learned from fighting is that when it is all over the sensible thing to do is to shake hands and become friends.

Captain Lloyd saw General Smuts for the first time at the Hot Volk Conference which was held at Pretoria three years after the Boer War to discuss the Lyttelton constitution. General Smuts was accompanied at that time, he recalled yesterday in an interview with a representative of THE OBSERVER, by General Botha and General Delarey. "Eleven years later," he said, "when he was Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in East Africa, I was serving under him as a lieutenant."

When General Smuts came to London for the Imperial Conference in 1921 he was the guest of the evening at a dinner given by officers and men who had served under him in East Africa, and in the course of his speech he said whenever he visited England again he should look forward to a similar reunion.

"A CHIVALROUS ADVERSARY."

Two years later he came again for another Imperial Conference, and before he arrived Captain Lloyd, who, in a letter to him had mentioned the lesson of fighting and friendship he had learned in South Africa, wrote to Von Lettow to ask whether,

WAR DIARY

OF

MR. SHERRIFF.

1916-1917.

THE FIRST EIGHT DAYS IN THE LINE.

ORIGINS OF "JOUR- NEY'S END."

A SCHOOLBOY AT VIMY RIDGE.

INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR.

To-night Mr. R. C. Sherriff is the guest of honour at a special dinner arranged by the O.P. Club at the Hotel Cecil, and his theme is to be proposed by Mrs. Philip Snowden. Ten days ago the young author, who a year ago was a clerk in an insurance office, was received by the King who talked to him for ten minutes about his play.

In the following article THE OBSERVER Theatre Correspondent gives an account of Mr. Sherriff's war service and the planning of "Journey's End." With the author's consent he has been permitted to give some quotations from the diary that was compiled from the letters he wrote during his eleven months in France.

This volume has not been shown before to anyone outside Mr. Sherriff's family circle. But it will be drawn upon by Mr. R. C. Sherriff and Mr. Vernon Bartlett, who are now collaborating in the novel of "Journey's End," which is to be published by Victor Gollancz, Ltd., in the spring.

"MEMORIES: 1916— 1917."

(By G. W. Bishop.)

"Memories of Active Service in France and Belgium, 1916-1917." Volume One. It is a big, heavily-bound book, and on the title-page is the crest of the East Surrey Regiment. There is a short Introduction, dated January, 1922:—

In the following pages I have tried to give an account of my experiences as an infantry officer on active service, and

Observer, by MICHAEL SMUTS, R.E. ...
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another Imperial Conference, and before
he arrived Captain Lloyd, who, in a letter
to him had mentioned the lesson of fighting
and friendship he had learned in South
Africa, wrote to Von Lettow to ask whether,
in the event of another East African dinner
being held he would accept an invitation
to be present.

Von Lettow replied, on October 15, 1923,
that it would be "a great honour" to him
to accept an invitation, and added that "it
will be an occasion I shall particularly
value to make the personal acquaintance
of General Smuts, whom I learned in the
field to esteem as a chivalrous and skilful
adversary."

So many, however, were the engagements
which General Smuts had to attend at the
time that it was impossible for the dinner
to be held. "But this last summer," Captain
Lloyd said, "as soon as I heard that he was
to pay another visit to England to give the
Rhodes Lectures at Oxford, I again suggested
the meeting. I wrote to several officers
who had been in the East African campaign
and whose opinion carried weight, and
they were not only unanimous, but most
enthusiastic that an invitation should be
extended to Von Lettow.

"I sent copies of these letters of enthusi-
astic approval of the idea to General Smuts
and telegraphed to Von Lettow, who re-
plied: 'Delighted to accept your invita-
tion.'"

THE ITALIAN PIC- TURE SHIP.

"LEONARDO DA VINCI."

TREASURES FOR LONDON.

Signor Mussolini has found a vessel
with an appropriate name for the
transportation of the Italian pictures
which are to be included in the exhibi-
tion of Italian art at Burlington House
in January.

The vessel originally chartered to
bring the Italian masterpieces up the
Thames was the *Caesar Baptiste*, but a
change has been announced by Major
A. A. Longden, Secretary-General of the
exhibition, in the following state-
ment:—

Signor Mussolini, finding that the ship
Caesar Baptiste had a sister ship,
Leonardo da Vinci (so called after the
great Italian painter), has decided that
the vessels shall be changed, and that
the *Leonardo da Vinci* shall bring the
pictures up the Thames.

Major Longden also announced that
... an agreement had

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of the East Surrey Regiment. There is
a short Introduction, dated January,
1922:—

In the following pages I have tried to
give an account of my experiences as an
infantry officer on active service during the
Great War... I think my experiences
were fairly typical of those of thousands of
others who fought in France and Belgium.
It has been my endeavour to make my
story as true as possible by concealing
nothing that happened and by trying to
avoid exaggeration.—R. C. Sherriff.

The author of "Journey's End" tells me
that nobody outside his family, with the
exception of myself, has read this remark-
able war diary of his first ten days in
France, which is written on quarto sheets
and illustrated throughout by photographs
(some of them taken in disregard of regu-
lations by himself) and beautifully drawn
maps of sectors of the front line. The
volume is the work of an orderly mind, not
only in its get-up, but in the way the story
is told. On one of the early pages is
pasted the "Movement Order" that in-
structed Second-Lieut. R. C. Sherriff, 9th
East Surrey, to proceed to join his unit on
September 30, 1916. Later are shown the
"orders for officers" on arrival at the base
camp at Etaples.

In the middle of the volume is
"Scarlet Pimpernel: from the side of
a communication trench leading to
Vimy Ridge." It is a flower he
picked and pressed in either "Old Mor-
tality" or "Marcus Aurelius," the two
books that the boy of nineteen took with
him to the front. When I saw it, carefully

Features of To-day's "Observer."

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inserted in its neatly hand-printed cover thought of Trotter's "blinkin' may-tree" and Osborne's primroses in the second act of "Journey's End." Throughout I was able to trace how, ten years later, Mr. Sherriff's mind went back to the incidents he has recorded so graphically in the diary.

HOW IT WAS WRITTEN.

Since he lent me the volume I have had a long talk with him in which he told me how he came to write it. He left school at about the age of seventeen and went at once into an insurance office. In June, 1915, when he was eighteen he asked his chief's permission to join up. It was refused, as so many men had left the office. He applied again three months later, and was refused again. Without the office sanction he joined the Artists' Rifles in October, 1915, and was told that, as he had done so without permission, he would lose his position. A fortnight later, however, he received a letter from the office informing him that he would be retained on the staff during his war-service at full pay. He was in camp until June, 1916, commissioned to the East Surrey Regiment in July, left for France at the end of September and three days after landing was in the front line.

The diary starts from the morning of his departure and ends after the first eight days in the trenches on Vimy Ridge. It was actually written a year later, when he was lying wounded in St. Thomas's Hospital, being composed chiefly from the letters he had sent to his mother. He was in France for nearly eleven months and during that time wrote a letter home every day.

It is with Mr. R. C. Sherriff's permission that I was able to quote some passages from the diary. He is conscious of the immaturity of the writing. "It is the first thing I ever wrote," he said to me, "do please take that into consideration." That there is a school-boyish touch in many of the phrases seems to me to add to its extraordinary value as a frank, truthful human document. It was a schoolboy who set out for that strange swim adventure in September, 1916, and who, although conscious of the "touch of romance," recorded that "the main idea of it was repulsive."

"It was a comfort to know," the future author of "Journey's End" reflected, on that last morning at home, "that I was only one among millions; to know that a crowd of men who were commissioned with me from the Artists' Rifles were all going over to-day—were all probably lying in bed as I was—wondering—and not wanting to get up."

VIMY RIDGE.

In the train from Waterloo he tried to read "Old Mortality," "but it was difficult to concentrate." There are several neat little thumbnail sketches of the other officers with whom he travelled, and the first important event in the journey to the front was the arrival at Etaples. Within thirty-six hours he was on his way to the trenches, not to the Somme, "where the world's greatest battle was then raging at its very height," but to Vimy Ridge—then "a cushy part of the line."

After leaving St. Pol he saw in the distance the flicker of the Very lights over No Man's Land miles ahead, and when the train stopped a little later there was the first sound of the guns. The arrival at Bruay and the instructions to join "C" Company, his early impressions of his fellow officers and the loneliness that followed the separation from his friends, occupy a dozen or more pages.

"I felt very, very miserable," he says; "a dreadful loneliness came over me. Next day I was going into the line, the very place where friends were so much needed, and yet I had none. I knew none of these officers sufficiently to call them friends. Besides, they had all been in it before and I thought they looked down on me because I had not. I knew nothing of the line, none of the duties, none of the things that actually happen. I imagined all sort of things."

He was astounded that the officers looked upon the war as a sort of picnic. "In imagination I had seen some stern, grey-haired captain explaining to us what our next sector of line was like, and detailing

give 'em' relief if thou doest every act of thy life as if it were the last."

Then comes his first duty alone:—"I am responsible for one hundred yards of the British Front Line. . . . I think of the days at home, when I read of this famous ridge in the papers; I recollect pictures of slaughtered Germans and slaughtered French lying on this ridge in awful confusion. I wonder if they are all buried under these sandbags, and whether they still have ghastly convulsive expressions on their rotting faces. And I wonder if their souls still float in the air above the ridge—French and German mingled together in one inevitable cloud of suspended life."

"What an eternity this evening is! I think of the other hours of duty I have got to do in the next eight days and nights—I shudder when I add them up; I shall never do it. . . . Show torture in which every minute is an eternity."

DEATH.

Here is an entry about the young officer's first experience of death:—

"The news had stunned me, when I heard it; then I felt sick. Never before had death come so intimately, so close: a few hours ago, in the grey light of dawn, I had inspected my sections as they stood along the trench—and now C—'s face came vividly in my memory—it had been a stupid, boyish face with a receding chin and watery eyes: he had stood there, with his rifle held up for inspection and his face held down because a thin, sprouting beard showed on his chin—and I had told him to shave the day before. I asked him why he had not done so, and he had just shifted his feet about, uttering something."

"Now he was dead—and I had worried him in his last few hours."

It is followed by "Father's" description:

It was a perfectly bloody time. The Minnies came down two at a time—you couldn't watch both; and when the Minnies didn't come aerial darts and rifle grenades did—ugh, it was rotten! He glanced round the table and said—now in the voice of a really annoyed man—"Pat, you're useless president, why the Hell isn't there any pepper! Must have pepper."

No one would have thought to watch him that he had dodged death for three hours—two Minnies at a time."

The diary consists of 244 pages, and it is difficult to realise that it is an account of less than a fortnight in France, ending when C Company returns to the reserve trenches. Mr. Sherriff told me that he had intended to follow it with his experiences for the rest of the time he was in France. Another volume was started, but he had to give it up.

He never returned to Vimy Ridge, for he was detailed with twenty men to go to Loos and take charge of some tunnelling operations. He actually had his Christmas dinner in France under the German trenches. Later he returned to his company and fought at Lens, Loos, and Messines. He was wounded in the Battle of Passchendaele by a shell fragment that hit him in the head and arm, and he was in St. Thomas's Hospital for six months. When he was convalescent he drafted the diary.

"JOURNEY'S END."

"Was it then," I asked him, "that you first had the idea for 'Journey's End'?" "Yes, vaguely," he replied. "I first thought of a book, and you will see that in the letter to my mother which is pasted on one of the early pages I say, 'I should like to write a book about it one day if I can.' I had quite forgotten I had said this until I looked through the diary the other day. Actually I planned 'Journey's End' five years before I wrote a word of the play. That is, I actually drew up a plan of the dug-out and incoherently pictured Stanhope and Raleigh and the clash between them. Then Osborne stepped in. And those three characters were—subconsciously most of the time—with me until I began the first act on a holiday at Selsey Bill in August, 1917."

"Why did you not start the play before?" I asked.

"Immediately I drew the plan upon which the setting was eventually based by

first sound of the guns. The arrival at Bruny and the instructions to join "C" Company, his early impressions of his fellow officers and the loneliness that followed the separation from his friend, occupy a dozen or more pages.

"I felt very, very miserable," he says; "a dreadful loneliness came over me. Next day I was going into the line, the very place where friends were so much needed, and yet I had none. I knew none of these officers sufficiently to call them friends. Besides, they had all been in it before and I thought they looked down on me because I had not. I knew nothing of the line, none of the duties, none of the things that actually happen. I imagined all sort of things."

He was astounded that the officers looked upon the war as a sort of picnic. "In imagination I had seen some stern, grey-haired captain explaining to us what our next sector of line was like, and detailing our duties. Instead of which — seemed far more concerned about getting the gramophone up the line without breaking the records."

"OSBORNE."

The loneliness was only momentary. The first night at dinner he found friends, and a little later he writes superlatively: "By degrees, 'C' Company became my most perfect ideal, and it would have broken my heart to have been transferred to any other company." In it he met several of the men who inspired the characters in "Journey's End," and notably Osborne—"Uncle" in the play—and lovingly and tenderly drawn as "Father" in the diary. When Sherriff first met him he was drying a sock over a candle. "It seems impertinent to write of a man like Father: words cannot explain the respect and love I had for him." Ten years later, Father became the hero of a play that is being acted all over the world.

Almost immediately "C" Company set out for the trenches. There is a graphic description of the march: "Somewhere from the wood a field gun barked out every few minutes, one solitary gun, it seemed, keeping the war going by itself, for no other sound broke the silence." Then the first experience of a trench, and one is reminded of Raleigh's description to Osborne of the young officer's eventful journey, and on to Cabaret Rouge.

ERSATZ CRATER.

Finally, "Journey's End"—the front line in which he spent eight days and nights within fifty or sixty yards of the German trenches. His first "duty" was in the early morning: "I shouldn't take a walking stick with you, it's in the way," said his fellow-officer. The same remark made by Trotter to Raleigh usually gets a laugh at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. They inspect the whole sector and arrive at Ersatz Crater.

"Ersatz Crater lay in No Man's Land—a secluded little hell on earth. The British lay on one lip and gazed, unseeing, through the night into the eyes of Germans on the opposite lip. You can imagine a couple of baby frogs crouching on the edge of a pudding-basin watching two more baby frogs squatting on the other side. This crater post, with the two hollowed-out recesses where the men lay and watched formed one of those god-forsaken, desolate outposts of the front line. There was something about Ersatz Crater that still makes me shudder, that still makes my heart beat hard when I think of it."

Before leaving the dug-out to go on duty he picked up "Marcus Aurelius," and, "opening it, read a passage that I have remembered ever since: 'And thou wilt

Yes, vaguely," he replied. "I first thought of a book, and you will see that in the letter to my mother which is pasted on one of the early pages I say, 'I should like to write a book about it one day if I can.' I had quite forgotten I had said this until I looked through the diary the other day. Actually I planned 'Journey's End' five years before I wrote a word of the play. That is, I actually drew up a plan of the dug-out and incoherently pictured Stanhope and Raleigh and the clash between them. Then Osborne stepped in. And those three characters were—subconsciously most of the time—with me until I began the first act on a holiday at Selsey Bill in August, 1927."

"Why did you not start the play before?" I asked.

"Immediately I drew the plan upon which the setting was eventually based by James Whale, I was appointed captain of the Kingston Rowing Club, and that took up most of my spare time. It might never have been written if I had not been, because it was to keep the men together in the winter that I started writing little plays for them to act. I finished 'Journey's End' in April, 1928, and sent it to Curtis Brown. They wrote and told me they were impressed, but added, 'Whether we can interest a management remains to be seen.'"

The rest of the remarkable story is well known.

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THE "FATHER OF ST. ANDREWS."

A TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR M'INTOSH.

The Father of St. Andrews University, Emeritus Professor M'Intosh, who is now in his ninety-third year, was yesterday presented with his portrait by the University Boxing and Gymnastic Club, of which he is honorary president.

The presentation was made by Mr. Tom Robertson, president of the club, who referred to the fact that student friends of the professor had already shown their appreciation of him by subscribing towards a cup, now known as the M'Intosh Cup, for which the boxers of the four Scottish Universities would compete for all time.

Professor M'Intosh said that their gymnasium was the finest he had seen in any of the Universities he had visited.

RADCLIFFE OBSERVATORY, OXFORD.

VALUABLE SITE SOLD FOR A HOSPITAL.

The Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford is to be moved to South Africa when its present programme of work is completed. The new site for the Observatory has not yet been finally selected, but it will be somewhere on the high central plateau where the atmospheric conditions for astronomical work are second to none in the world.

The Radcliffe trustees and Sir William Morris, President of the Radcliffe Infirmary, have come to an agreement by which the trustees will sell to Sir William



LAST NIGHT'S WAR PLAY.—Geoffrey Wincott as a German soldier, Walter Lindsay as a company-sergeant-major, and H. G. Stoker as a colonel in a scene from "Journey's End," produced last night at the Savoy Theatre.

FINE NEW WAR PLAY

Realistic Scenes in a Dug-Out in
"Journey's End" at the Savoy

BY OUR DRAMATIC CRITIC

"I'm thankful we didn't bring mother," said a girl leaving the Savoy Theatre last night, and, of course, "Journey's End," which was produced there, is by virtue of its sincerity and realism, specially calculated to revive poignant emotions.

Otherwise it is an excellent entertainment; the best war play we have yet had.

Not only does the author, R. C. Sherriff, faithfully reproduce life in a dug-out on the eve of the fatal attack of March, 1918, but he shows in a natural and cumulative way how various temperaments react to the strain of war.

The company is almost the same as that in the recent original production by the Stage Society, but there is a new and equally good Captain Stanhope in Mr. Colin Clive. As a whole the acting cannot be bettered in London at the present time.