

public eye. All the sister branches of the Service touch their caps to the infantryman who for so long bore the brunt of the fighting, took his medicine as cheerily as his rum, and carried on along the lines of the brief but violent schooling with which he had been so effectively crammed. That the cavalry units climbed down and for four years nobly did the work of line battalions redounds to their imperishable honour, and I think it was almost as great a joy to us as to them when they came into their own at last in the great drive. Few of us had hoped ever to see such battles in modern warfare as were fought to a splendid finish round Amiens, and as successfully, if they were a degree less spectacular, along the Drocourt-Quéant Line, the Canals du Nord and Sensée, and from Cambrai to Mons.

Inured as we were to the undoubted tedium of trench warfare, it had become an axiom that this nibbling process would go on to the end, with spasmodic ebullitions of open fighting. But the months of August, September and October of 1918, gave us a new heaven and a new earth, with our cavalry a familiar feature of the battlescape, our own Air Force flecking the blue, and, if our Tank Corps was organised too late to enter the