



Armistice 1918: an unenthusiastic response

by Philip Dutton

2018-11-09 16:37:58

Befitting a world-wide conflict that caused unprecedented human and animal casualties, vast material destruction and immeasurable suffering and misery, the ending of the First World War was greeted with displays of uninhibited joy and relief.^[1] Once the news of the 'armistice' had percolated, via rumour and the press, through to the cities, towns and villages of the Allied powers worldwide, enthusiastic celebrations were instant and extensive. Although some contemporary observers have noted a mismatch in the degree of enthusiasm shown in response to the news of peace between service personnel near the battle zones^[2] and those on the civilian home fronts, the overwhelming impression of the visual, reported and anecdotal evidence is that the immediate news of the end of hostilities was widely and fervently embraced.

Not so, and by way of utter contrast, was the response of GHQ Poona in India in November 1918. There, if the personal memory and eloquent prose of one who was present are to be believed, the military authorities calmly, and with great restraint, played down the welcome news of peace, which had filtered through to the place via local newspapers by the 12th November.

Here and there regrettable signs of spontaneous boisterousness did bubble up. Some common soldiers, territorials and the like, had cheered and sung patriotic songs in the cinema, and others had attempted to form an impromptu procession. But the official eye had looked askance on these manifestations of joy and they had petered out.^[3]

GOC Poona reacted to this epic day by 'soldiering on' and patriotically instructing all temporary RAMC officers still resident, to attend mule-saddling classes. An order which bewildered the medical officers but proved the source of great hilarity amongst combatant officers to whom, of course, it did not apply.

In fact the high degree of post-armistice lethargy displayed in Poona' stimulated noisy correspondence on the subject, and reasons for it, in the 'Times of India'. The press spotlight once focused, had its effects and no sooner than the 27 November (16 days after 'the guns fell quiet') 'a monster procession' was organised involving children, of all nationalities and faiths, marching in columns of four and waving little flags, and finally brought to a close by 'a not too costly display of fireworks'.

The source for this bizarre picture of peace tardily and reluctantly celebrated is a remarkable personal account of First World War service: 'Memoirs of a Camp Follower' (1934), by Philip Gosse^[4]. It is a gentle, compassionate and at times delightfully humorous take on active service life and front line experience. Gosse was a brave and resourceful RAMC doctor but the unassuming story he tells lays greater emphasis on his interest in observing wildlife on all the fronts he served rather than recording the details of his (often harrowing) medical work and narrow escapes. He was a great friend of the zoologist Oldfield Thomas who worked at the Natural History Museum in London, and sent a large number of specimens, including a wide variety of small

mammals, expertly stuffed[5], from the battlefields back to the curators in South Kensington.

And, if Poona in November 1918 disappointed Gosse by its reluctance to celebrate the arrival of peace, only three months previously it provided him with an instance of inspiring optimism and hope. While working at the King George Hospital in the late summer of 1918 he was in charge of a ward of seriously ill soldiers - all suffering from 'Spanish influenza' - and came across a patient who was clearly dying. This soldier was a Private in an unspecified Somerset Territorial unit, who in civil life had been a porter on the Great Western Railway and whose home was Stogumber. Gosse was familiar with the stretch of line from Taunton to Dunster, and, knowing the man's civil profession, and at something of a loss, recited the names of the railway stations on the line in the hope that it might revive his patient's spirits or at least soothe him in his last moments. The effect was remarkable in changing for the better the Territorial's physical and mental state, and the performance was therefore regularly repeated. The man eventually recovered and Gosse was convinced the recitation of the familiar place names - '*Norton Fitzwarren, Bishops Lydeard, Stogursey, Williton, Blue Anchor, Dunster, Minehead*' - had contributed significantly to his soldier's survival.[6]

We do not know, Gosse does not tell us, but how fitting it would have been for the fully recovered unknown Somerset Territorial to have witnessed Poona's belated Peace procession and that modest display of fireworks.

Online References

- Full online access to '*Memoirs of a Camp Follower*' (with some OCR errors) is available: https://archive.org/stream/in.ernet.dli.2015.528065/2015.528065.Memoirs-Of_djvu.txt
- Summary biography of Philip Gosse available via online Oxford Dictionary of National Biography (requires reader's card number for institutional access):<https://doi.org/10.1093/ref:odnb/37475>

-----NOTES -----

[1] The visual evidence is there for all to see, e.g.: <https://www.iwm.org.uk/history/armistice-day-1918-in-pictures> (content may be in copyright - please check rights before re-use)

[2] See '*A Passionate Prodigality?*', Guy Chapman, Ivor Nicholson & Watson Ltd, 1933, pp.335-336

[3] '*Memoirs of a Camp-Follower?*', Philip Gosse, Longman, Green & Co, 1934, p.282

[4] Later re-published during the Second World War as '*A Naturalist Goes to War?*', Penguin Books, 1942. The origins of '*Memoirs of a Camp Follower*' may be discerned in the three short 'chapters' of '*Rest Billets?*', Philip Gosse (illustrated by Sylvia Gosse), Dulau & Co, 1927

[5] Gosse was inspired to assist Thomas by another medical officer, Captain Charles McKerrow, while serving with 69th Field Ambulance in France in September 1915, whom Gosse observed '*attentively skinning a field vole*' in order to make a fur muff for his young daughter's doll. See '*Memoirs of a Camp-Follower?*', p.3.

[6] *Memoirs of a Camp-Follower?*, p.270-272

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Wilfred Owen: The '60s Poet

by Harry Ricketts

2018-10-16 09:31:22

With the centenary of the first Armistice Day ' and the centenary of Wilfred Owen's death a week earlier ' rushing towards us, it is worth remembering that Owen's pre-eminence as *the* WWI poet and his 'Dulce et Decorum Est' as *the* WWI poem, are both relatively recent phenomena; in fact, they date from the 1960s.

During his lifetime, Owen published only a handful of poems, none of them the ones that have become iconic. A small collection appeared soon after the war (*Poems*, 1920, reprinted 1921), edited by his friend Siegfried Sassoon and Edith Sitwell, and made some small impact, but by then few wanted to read poems about the war. It is true that W. H. Auden and his friends Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender and C. Day-Lewis adopted Owen as one of their poetic ancestors and exemplars in the late 1920s and through the 1930s, and wrote poems in dialogue with his. Two obvious instances are Spender's 1937 Spanish Civil War poem 'Ultima Ratio Regum' ('the boy lying dead under the olive trees / Was too young and too silly / To have been notable ' / He was a better target for a kiss?) and Auden's 1938 sonnet-sequence 'In Time of War' with its Owen-resonant line: 'We learn to pity and rebel'. And Edmund Blunden edited a considerably more inclusive volume of Owen's poems in 1931. But, again, this attention, though admiring, hardly converted him and his work into household names.

It was the turbulent 1960s which effected that. A number of factors came together, feeding each other and precipitating the decades-dead Owen into his pre-eminent position, now seemingly unassailable. On the wider front, Alan Clark and A. J. P. Taylor wrote revisionist, popular histories of World War I: *The Donkeys* (1961) and *The First World War: An Illustrated History* (1963). (The title of Clark's book, *The Donkeys*, played on a favourite commonplace about the rank-and-file troops: 'lions led by donkeys'.) These offered a demythologising view of the war, shifting sympathy towards the plight of the ordinary soldier and castigating the Higher Command as high-handed and ludicrously incompetent. This was a view underpinned at the time by Joan Littlewood's sharp musical farce *Oh! What a Lovely War* (1963) and later hilariously reinforced by the final 'Blackadder' series *Blackadder Goes Forth* (1989).

More portentously, in 1964, BBC2 gave the epic stamp to 'The Great War?', as it was still sometimes known, by running a 26-episode documentary with much original footage. With the Vietnam War and other insurrections producing shock waves of protest round the world, with (among many others) Philip Larkin in 'MCMXIV' (ie 1914) lamenting 'Never such innocence again?', with Roger McGough explaining 'Why patriots are a bit nuts in the head?', with Bob Dylan singing the finger-pointing 'Masters of War' and Donovan mourning the 'Universal Soldier?', the *Zeitgeist* for Owen as 'the national poet of pity' (Hibberd 2002, 142) had arrived.

And his arrival was abrupt and, however belated, apparently inevitable and ubiquitous. Benjamin Britten constructed *War Requiem* (1962) around nine of Owen's poems. C. Day-Lewis edited an enlarged and annotated *Collected Poems* (1963). His work was given a dominant presence in two highly influential and widely taught anthologies of WWI poetry: Brian Gardner's *Up the Line to Death: The War Poets 1914-1918* (1964) and Ian Parsons's *Men Who March Away: Poems of the First World War* (1965). Indeed, Parsons gave Owen pride of place with thirteen poems and highlighted his work's enduring significance in his introduction. In 1967, John Bell and Owen's brother, Harold, brought out a *Collected Letters*, and the biographies and fictionalised accounts, such as Pat Barker's brilliant *Regeneration* trilogy (1991-1995), were to follow.

The claim for Owen as, in essence, a poet of the '60s, might seem initially quirky, but is, I think, in its own terms, unanswerable. Of course, his war poems had always (so viscerally) dramatised World War I as a kind of

hellish cockpit, with the imagined reader a pitying spectator watching, often in appalled close-up, the actions of unwilling victims subject to irresistible human, mechanical, chemical and political forces. The poems had always been that. But it was the 1960s which allowed that vision to achieve its full horror and pity.

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The smaller picture: 'In Retreat' - Herbert Read and the 2nd Green Howards during the German March Offensive 1918

by Philip Dutton

2018-03-20 13:30:25

PRELUDE *'The enemy is rather threatening for the moment.'*

Wednesday 20 March 1918 (BEF GHQ, France): much concerned for the welfare of his wife and recently-arrived third child 'a much longed for son (born 15 March), Sir Douglas Haig penned a solicitous letter to Lady Haig. Acknowledging the strong likelihood of an imminent German offensive on the southern sector of the British held front Sir Douglas regretfully explained that his planned visit to England would be better delayed until the following week - "*The enemy is rather threatening for the moment.*"^[1] But keen to maintain his wife's health and morale, the fifty-seven year old Field Marshal arranged for his cook to make some soup for her and organised for it to be sent to her by King's Messenger. The next day, while this sustaining broth was in transit, the awaited German offensive was indeed launched following a terrific early morning bombardment of British positions; a bombardment which *'in grandeur of scale, of awe, and of destruction surpassed any other in the World War'*^[2]. The German March Offensive had begun.

SUMMARY

Written in 1919 but not published until 1925, Herbert Read's short memoir 'In Retreat' tells the story of the 2nd Green Howards during the German 1918 Spring Offensive. Despite its brevity the account is rich in the type of detail missing from many of the official unit war diaries of the period. Though a small picture of a huge event it would be hard to find a better account of what the infantry of Sir Hubert Gough's Fifth Army went through during those last days in March 1918.

1918 - a year in the shadows?

In terms of public awareness the date '21 March 2018' may well trigger more ideas of the spring equinox than the centenary of the opening day of a cataclysmic battle on the Western Front. Fixated on the tragedies of the

Somme in 1916, and, to a lesser degree, the dismal slog towards Passchendaele in 1917, the start of the 1918 German Spring Offensive gets short shrift, even though this monumental battle represented the greatest possible danger to the Allied cause in the west since the German invasion of Belgium and France in August 1914.[\[3\]](#)

The German March 1918 Offensive

The Kaiser's Battle (*Kaiserschlacht*?) was planned as the decisive battle of the war and the scale and complexity its organization and execution, virtually defy description. The size of the battlefield, numbers of troops involved, and the tumultuous progress of the fighting impose the heaviest of burdens on the chronicler seeking to establish an accurate and coherent narrative. Seventeen years were to pass before the British Official account of the March fighting saw print.[\[4\]](#) Its arrival in 1935 was met with considerable interest.

Herbert Read's 'Time & Tide' Review of the Official History

In February 1935 the political journal *'Time and Tide'* included a review of the British official version of the German offensive. Entitled *'History and Reality'*, the article was written by the editor of the *Burlington Magazine*, a highly respected literary figure, poet, art theorist and pacifist, who was particularly qualified to comment as he had been a by no means disinterested bystander in the events depicted. **Herbert Edward Read** (1893-1968) served with distinction on the Western Front during the First World War. Commissioned into the Green Howards[\[5\]](#) in 1915, he was awarded the MC in 1917 and the DSO the following year. In March 1918, as acting Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion of the Green Howards (2/Green Howards), then occupying defensive positions opposite St Quentin, Read had the misfortune to be deeply implicated in the anxieties, chaos and destruction of the March Offensive, but the very good fortune to survive it. This was for him an unforgettable experience and one that compelled him to write an account of his ordeal, which, though completed by 1919 as *'In Retreat'*, was not published until 1925. Read's participation in the great battle inevitably informed his responses to Edmonds' narrative. Acknowledging both his personal and literary involvement in the battle, Read mused on the differing 'truths' offered by the 'scientific historian' (Edmonds) and the experience-based 'poetic truths', offered by the 'artist' (Read himself). Taking, by way of example, Edmonds', necessarily summary, treatment of the activities of the 2/Green Howards, and scrutinising the professional historian's use of the tasteful conventions of military historical phraseology, Read came down emphatically on the side of poetic truth: *'History is ...an aggregation of facts which excludes feeling, excludes humanity, excludes truth. The only truth is in poetry'*?[\[6\]](#) So saying, Read's admiration for the Official History was high, and he commended Edmonds' *'scientific account of objective forces and events'*?[\[7\]](#), and his consummate skills of concision and clarity. Having vigorously flown the flag for the poetic sensibility Read, despite quibbles on Edmonds' treatment of artillery co-operation and the performance of the Royal Flying Corps, gave an emphatic 'thumbs up' for *'1918'* Volume I.[\[8\]](#)

In Retreat 'origins

If Edmonds' History of the March Offensive constituted an attempt to render a comprehensible version of the 'bigger picture', Herbert Read's treatment of those days is, understandably, more narrowly focused. The origins of his memoir may be traced to early April 1918, when Read, enjoying a temporary reprieve from the crisis wrote a letter to his fianc in Leeds: *'I think the experiences of the last ten days have had a rather deep effect on me...I saw humanity very naked and life more precious and more pitiful'*?[\[9\]](#). Earlier in the same letter he intimated that he was unwilling to let her hear the details of that *'raging hell... until I have written a book about it.'*?[\[10\]](#) Read duly began, in the spring of 1919[\[11\]](#), a prose account of his part in the 'retirement', which was finished that same year. Publication proved something of a problem and the work did not see print until 1925, when Leonard and Virginia Woolf issued *'In Retreat'* under the imprint of the Hogarth Press. A self-consciously literary outlet for what was essentially a highly specific military reminiscence written by a poet and (at the time) museum curator[\[12\]](#), *'In Retreat'* was well received, and later merited positive comments (and indeed a single

'asterisk' emblematic of merit) in Cyril Falls' *War Books* (1930).[\[13\]](#)

?In Retreat? ' 'a transcript of experience?'[\[14\]](#)

Less than 50 pages in length[\[15\]](#), *In Retreat* is rich in intimate detail. Read combines a record of his personal sensations with a series of vivid, documentary-like, pictures of the actions involving the 2/Green Howards between 21 and 29 March 1918. The bare outline of his story is as follows: the battalion, in reserve on 20 March, was rushed up to the 'Battle Zone' on the morning 21 March, there to repel a series of mass German infantry assaults. Following an injury to Battalion's Commanding Officer in the early afternoon of the 22nd, Read assumed effective leadership (up until 26th March) of the battalion and, though repeatedly near-surrounded by the advancing enemy, co-ordinated with cool military professionalism a series of withdrawals. The much depleted and exhausted battalion, denied rest, is engaged in more defensive fighting before its eventual relief from the line.

His narrative includes many valuable historical insights into the nature of the battle. These include: descriptions of the local British defences and initial success in repelling the enemy onslaughts in the Roupy sector; the intensity and accuracy of German artillery bombardments; enemy infantry infiltration tactics; the shortcomings of British artillery (see **Appendix 1**) and the disorienting effects of fog, mist and smoke upon the defenders. Importantly, he highlighted the British failure to complete an effective third line of defensive trenches ' the Reserve or 'Green Line' - and the negative impact this had on British morale[\[16\]](#). The memoir reads at times like a military report, with its spare clarity and precisely timed messages (carried by heroic 'runners?') punctuating the chaotic course of days and nights where sleep was not an option and food and water scarcely available.

The record of actuality is complemented by Read's scrupulous depiction of his own sensations during the battle. The accumulations of anxiety in the anticipation of the expected German attack; admissions of despair and exhaustion as disappointments mount and defeat and extinction loom. Also, contrastingly, moments of acute elation: following the repulse of an attack, or the discovery of French infantry reinforcements arriving in support. Discernible throughout is Read's competence as an officer and a very humane one at that. His concern for his men shines through[\[17\]](#). If Read took pride in his military career in the post-war years it was surely as much due to his having earned the respect of the 'other ranks' in the battalion as to the official awards that formally marked his gallant service.

Conclusion

Although Edmond's *'1918'* Volume I and Read's *'In Retreat?* could not be more different, - the authors, unlikely as it sounds, shared some things in common. Both experienced at first hand disastrous headlong military retreats ' Edmonds as a Divisional Staff Officer on the Western Front after the Battle of Mons in August 1914[\[18\]](#), and Read as a temporary infantry battalion commander in March 1918. Both were writers of the highest quality ' valuing detachment, analysis and clarity of expression. And both ' the much older and brilliantly academic Regular Edmonds, and youthful 'imagist' poet and literary-theorist, temporary officer Read - shared the highest sense of professionalism as soldiers.

Widely disparate as they are the two works offer complementary truths: the fact-based objectivity of the military historian and the experience-charged response of the artist/writer. Read's short account, though specifically recording the trials experienced by the 2/Green Howards includes observations of general conditions, tribulations and, on occasion, minor triumphs, that were almost certainly shared by other infantry units of Fifth Army. Read's 'small window' opens on to a narrow view of a tiny portion of the huge landscape of the March 1918 battle front. But the wealth of data it supplies and the humanity with which writer conveys his and his unit's ordeal helps make more intelligible, from the British perspective at least, the vastly complicated story of the German Spring Offensive - that hugely significant, yet relatively ignored, event in the history of the Great

War, the centenary of which we commemorate this year.

APPENDIX 1

Read makes reference in *'In Retreat'* to five instances of, what we would now call 'friendly fire'. Undoubtedly there were cases of British 'shorts' causing havoc during the retreat ' but in the chaos of a rapidly moving series of actions such accidents, were inevitable. Read's eager attribution of blame to his own side may well be based on 'experience' but his ready identification of the origins of the incoming fire also perhaps reflects inherent prejudices of the infantryman towards the gunners. The difficulties for the latter were legion and the prevalence of thick fog and heavy smoke only added to the problems of registration and observation. There may well be some truth in A G MacDonell's wry definition of the function of the artillery subaltern in the latter part of the Great War: '*... a young artillery gentleman had to be attached to each battalion headquarters in the Line, whose duty it was to point out the fundamental difference between east-bound and west-bound projectiles and thus soothe the fighting troops into feeling a partial, at any rate, security.*'[\[19\]](#)

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----- NOTES -----

[1] *The Private Papers of Douglas Haig?*, edited by Robert Blake, Eyre & Spottiswoode, London, 1952, p.294

[2] *History of the First World War*, Basil Liddell Hart, Cassell & Co Ltd, 1970, p.493

[3] '21 March 1918 was one of the great turning points of the First World War and, in the number of men involved, was probably the greatest battle of that war.' *The Kaiser's Battle. 21 March 1918: the First Day of the German Spring Offensive*, Martin Middlebrook, Penguin Books, 1983, p.9

[4] *Military Operations. France and Belgium 1918: [Vol I]. The German March Offensive and its Preliminaries*, Brigadier-General Sir J E Edmonds, Macmillan, 1935.

[5] The Green Howards (Alexandra, Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment)

[6] *Time and Tide*, 9 February 1935 (Quoted in *Herbert Read. All That was Left of Them*, edited by Benedict Read, The Orange Press, 2014, p.209)

[7] 'Ibid, p.210. The praise for Edmonds was in marked contrast to Read's reaction to Liddell Hart's *The Real War* (1930), which he condemned as a 'shoddy piece of rhetoric' in the July the 1930 issue of *Criterion*. See ' *The Real War?: Liddell Hart, Cruttwell and Falls?*, Hew Strachan in *The First World War and British Military History*, edited by Brian Bond, Clarendon Press Oxford, 1991, p.46

[8] The military operations of 1918 ultimately required four additional volumes of official histories ' making a grand total of five. 'Put together these make a work substantially longer than the Bible?; see *The Imperial War Museum Book of 1918: Year of Victory*, Malcolm Brown, Sidgwick & Jackson, 1998, p.xxix.

[9] *Extracts from a War Diary*, Herbert Read, entry for 1 April 1918, quoted in *Herbert Read. All That was Left of Them*, edited by Benedict Read, The Orange Press, 2014, p.136.

[10] Ibid, p.135

[11] *In Retreat*, Herbert Read, The Hogarth Press, 1925, p.7

[12] Since 1922 Read had been Assistant Curator in the Department of Ceramics and Glass in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

[13] *War Books. An Annotated Bibliography of Books about the Great War*, Cyril Falls, (new edition introduced by R J Wyatt, Greenhill Books, 1989, p.226-27. (Originally published in 1930; the single asterisk denoted, in Fall's categorization, 'a good book'.

[14] *In Retreat*, Herbert Read, The Hogarth Press, 1925, p.8

[15]

In its original 1925 edition *In Retreat* comprises 44 numbered pages (including Introduction and Appendix; if the map of 'The Route of our Retreat' is included the total would be 46 pages.

[16] 'We found an empty mockery and I was in despair??', *In Retreat*, op.cit, p,23

[17] One instance stands out: entrenched before the village of Esmery-Hallon, on 23 March, he distributes sustenance (Army biscuits and red wine) in almost sacramental fashion to his famished men. *In Retreat*, op cit., p.29.

[18] As a senior Staff Officer (GS01) of the 4th Division of the British Expeditionary Force.

[19] *England Their England*, A G MacDonell, Folio Society edition, London, 1987, p.4. (Originally published by MacMillan & Company in 1933). My thanks to Chris McCarthy for pointing me towards this reference

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C R M F Cruttwell (1887-1941) - Oxford historian. Participant and chronicler of the Great War

by Philip Dutton

2017-04-05 15:43:33

Charles Robert Mowbray Fraser Cruttwell was an Oxford historian and academic. During the war, he served in Belgium and France until he was declared unfit for general service, and recommended for light duties at home. After the war, he returned to academic life and published a number of books, most notably ['A History of the Great War 1914-1918'](#). This post offers an introduction to Cruttwell and his work.

In the cold spring of 1915, not long after the arrival of the men of 1/4th Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment in France[1], their presence in that country was, somewhat surprisingly (at least to English ears), aggressively questioned by a local priest. In place of the more customary speech of welcome the cleric regaled its astonished Officers with a diatribe in which he loudly declared that the war in which they were now involved was primarily the consequence of the selfish, economically motivated, British desire to defeat Germany and 'take over' her markets. Understandably nonplussed by this partial version of events (and one that ignored the many selfless attitudes that had motivated the 'Terriers' to serve overseas) a Second Lieutenant (in civil life a history lecturer at Oxford University) was summoned to refute the disaffected cleric. Although this confrontation was not recorded in the Battalion War Diary (and understandably so) we have it on good authority the Lieutenant emphatically rebutted the priest's argument, and countered powerfully with the thesis that '*the French Army had not been defeated but had 'run away' and that we had arrived to bolster its morale.*'[2] The words were spoken by Lt C R M F Cruttwell and the context represented a conjunction of his roles as participant in and interpreter of an historical event that would claim his attention for the rest of his life.

Cruttwell ' a short biography

The son of the former headmaster of Malvern, Canon C T Cruttwell and his wife Annie Maud (daughter of the Conservative MP Sir John Mowbray), **Charles Robert Mowbray Fraser Cruttwell** was born on 23 May 1887. He attended Rugby School and was a contemporary of Geoffrey Keynes and Rupert Brooke, the future poet,

whom he knew.^[3] In 1906 he won a scholarship to Queen's College, Oxford where he worked diligently and with great success 'winning first classes in Classical Moderations and Greats and a First in History. In November 1911 he became a Fellow of All Souls and took up History tutorial work at Hertford College. Following the outbreak of war he was gazetted, as a rather elderly subaltern (aged 27), to the 1/4th Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, a Territorial Force battalion in which his brother, George, was already serving as an officer (a factor very probably influencing his choice of unit). He served in France and Flanders from 31st March 1915, with notable stays early on in or near Ploegsteert Wood and, later, from July 1915, further south, in the Somme area, near Hbuterne, in trenches formerly occupied by the French - opposite the German-held fortified village of Gommecourt. His trench service (during which he received various mentions in the Battalion War Diary for patrols in No Man's Land) resulted in him developing myalgia and exacerbating his constitutional pre-disposition to rheumatics. On leave in early 1916, and following a medical board in late January, he was declared unfit for general service, and recommended for light duties at home. Between January 1916 and August 1917 (during which period his condition fluctuated) he was regularly re-assessed by medical boards; he eventually (August 1917) took up an instructor's role with 4th Officer Cadet Battalion, Oxford. His intellectual gifts were not ignored and in April 1918 he was sent to assist H W V Temperley in the Intelligence Department of the War Office (M.I.E.2), where he remained until demobilization.^[4] He returned to Hertford College in 1919 and the following year was appointed Dean. In these immediate post-war years he helped in the production of the '*History of the Peace Conference*' (writing the section on Alsace-Lorraine) and he also wrote an excellent short war history of his battalion, '*The War Service of the 1/4th Royal Berkshire Regiment (T.F.)*' published in 1922.^[5]

His history teaching liberally embraced historical geography and political science, and although possessing a gruff exterior and an ex-soldier's capacity for picturesque language, was more admired and respected by his students than his most famous pupil's - Evelyn Waugh - infamous caricature appreciations of him might convey.^[6] He also became deeply and conscientiously involved with the administration of the University. He was appointed Principal of Hertford in 1930. But almost certainly the physical strains and emotional stresses of his war service took their insidious toll. Over time, aspects of his character and behaviour - displays of irritability, eccentricity and impatience - suggest that the long shadow of the trenches increasingly darkened his mood, especially so during the late 1930s. It is not impossible that he may have experienced some sort of delayed reaction to his wartime experiences, at the very least a form of nervous exhaustion 'a variant of what we now might call 'PTS' disorder' a condition that is more willingly and openly acknowledged today. Ill-health forced him to resign as the Head of his College in 1939 and the tragic (and personally distressing) last months of his life were spent in the recently opened Burden Neurological Institute, Stapleton, near Bristol^[7]. He died in obscurity at the age of 53, on 15 March 1941. Although a likely long-distance casualty of the conflict, many positive aspects of his communal war experiences on the Western Front informed the writing of his epic history, notably his breadth of vision and sympathy for ordinary soldiers and citizens caught up in its tumultuous events.

Cruttwell's '*History of the Great War 1914-1918*' (OUP, 1934)

Writing in 1972 about the origins of his own single volume history of the First World War, '*Great Britain and the War of 1914-1918?*', **Sir Llewellyn Woodward** made clear his motivation: '*I have written it because, with one exception, the war histories which I have read do not answer the questions I would put to them. The exception is C R M F Cruttwell's '*History of the Great War?*', written over thirty years ago, and covering all the battle-fronts? I think it the most profound study of any war in modern times.?*

On its publication in 1934 positive endorsements for Cruttwell's history came thick and fast - notably from the *Times Literary Supplement*, the *Spectator* and the '*Manchester Guardian*'. All were agreed on the work's essential fine qualities: its excellent and clearly crafted concision (655 pages including appendices and index for the 1936 second edition) and supreme readability, a consequence of the writer's mastery of his sources and

literary skill. But not all authorities were unanimous in their praise ' the review of the Royal United Services Institution was notably critical, and while admitting the history was 'entertaining?', more loudly proclaimed its dissatisfactions centring on: the view that the author had not consulted an adequate number of authoritative foreign sources; that the account of the Battle of Jutland was 'tendentious' and, perhaps more damningly, the writing was considered of poor quality. In contrast, the *Naval Review* ' although critical of Cruttwell's overall underplaying of the importance of the war at sea, regarded his account of the Battle of Jutland as admirable: ' *His descriptions of actual fighting at sea are complete, skilful and readable. In particular, his description of the Battle of Jutland is well-balanced and impartial?*'^[8] and fulsome praise was heaped on Cruttwell's descriptive powers, and his brilliant summary character analyses of the War's principal military and political leaders. In the final paragraph the naval reviewer commended the work '*for those who wish to gain a clear but not too detailed idea of the general course of the war, and of the relations of the different parts of it to one another, the book should be invaluable*'.^[9]

From the outset Cruttwell never claimed that his history was fully comprehensive ' no single volume could ever be so ' and in his Preface he gracefully acknowledged its omissions: '*it deals neither with its causes remote or immediate, nor with the so-called settlement which followed?no account is given of the campaigns in Africa, of the civil war and foreign interventions in Russia after the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, or of the Irish rebellion, while the internal history of the belligerent countries is very summarily and imperfectly sketched*'.^[10] Nor is it flawless^[11]. At times, the tone is high-handed and sardonic. Notably, his depictions of certain national stereotypes fall short of civility. His portrait of the Rumanian officer class in Bucharest in 1916, when that country entered the war in support of the Allies, was subject to a particularly ironic, if at times amusing, scrutiny. But in its claim to present '*the general reader with an accurate, intelligible and interesting account of the greatest conflict between civilized states?*'^[12] Cruttwell was, overall, entirely successful.

This success was based on the descriptive power of his narratives; his lively critical awareness and the insights derived from his own personal experiences of war.

Cruttwell's narratives are lucid, dramatic and memorable. If his unit history was a close-up record of a Territorial Battalion at war displaying all the limited horizons of its trench-bound context, his 'Great War' history was stupendous in the breadth and range of its vision, and sometime reads like an epic novel. His appreciation of geography and topography served him well, positively informing his comments and analysis of strategic decisions and the actual fighting. The topographical contextualisation, for example, of the Gallipoli campaign and the battles for Verdun are supremely well done.^[13] His language is engagingly literary - picturesque or even poetic - as enemies 'prowl?', 'lurk' and 'scowl?'; or disturbingly evocative, e.g. in his appreciation of German motives at Verdun: '*A break-through was not necessary; if the battle were kept alive with limited resources, the French forces would bleed to death*'.^[14] The text is liberally sprinkled with Classical and pre-20th century quotations, historical references and comparisons so as to illuminate fully the range of human fallibilities exposed by the press of events. It is also enlivened with subjective, summary character studies (pen-pictures) of the principal political and military participants. These are, variously, entertaining and insightful and at times humorous or moving. Haig is granted a respectful paragraph of twenty lines (168 words) in which criticism, sympathy and admiration are expressed in equal measure; his final judgement reading: '*Haig grew with disappointment and disaster, until he stood out in the last four months of the war as a very great general.*'^[15] Evocative descriptions also enhance discussions of grand strategy, diplomacy, perspectives of the rival global powers and help make sense of the complexities of ever-changing international relations and peace negotiations.

Analysis and critical awareness

Although highly praised for its descriptive qualities Cruttwell's history includes analysis and, where appropriate

and evidential, striking criticisms; structural and procedural failures were ruthlessly delineated. Many of these may have a modern ring for the contemporary reader. In his discussion of the Battle of Loos (September 1915) he highlights failures in British Army Staff methods and preparations: *'The Higher Staffs studied maps and not the ground; they could not believe, sitting in their studies or workshops that the mass of destruction which they had assembled would prove less annihilating in practice than in theory.'*^[16] Command and control failures at sea and on land are logged, including the delicate problem as when 'to cut losses'. Citing events at Loos, his comments were uncompromising: *'The battle should now have stopped dead. Nothing, however, in warfare demands more moral courage on the part of a commander than cutting his losses. Time after time, British, French and German generals fell through lack of will to stop, into the protracted futility of a wasting struggle.'*^[17] Neither does he hold back in connection with the bloody failure on the first day of the Battle of the Somme (1 July 1916), succinctly identifying three key reasons for the disaster: the failure of the British bombardment; the ill-conceived hour of assault; and *'the simultaneity of the attack in practically equal strength on the whole front'*^[18] and, concurring with the conclusions of the Official History, *'that the methods prescribed by the directing staff made any considerable success impossible.'*^[19] His comments on the military debacle in Mesopotamia (modern Iraq) in connection with General Sir John Nixon's reckless late summer 1915 advance towards Baghdad, spearheaded by the flamboyant Charles Townshend, carry a poignancy born of more recent events in that region. Quoting Oliver Cromwell's maxim *'No man goes so far as he who knows not whither he is going'*^[20], he sadly concludes *'The advance on Baghdad is perhaps the most remarkable example of an enormous military risk being taken, after full deliberation, for no definite or concrete military advantage.'*^[21]

The personal element

Cruttwell experienced the war intimately, at the 'sharp end', and his own personal trials filter through into his history in a clearly expressed compassion for the ordinary soldier and profound sympathy for civilian participants. His knowledge and experience of front line conditions gives authenticity and flavour to his accounts of conditions, operations and battles. Familiarity with the fighting zone allows his accounts of tactics, weaponry and battlefield innovation to be understood even by the non specialist^[22]. His sympathy for the common man bearing arms is variously expressed in the text and as footnotes: the personal consequences of concentrated artillery bombardment was communicated by his description of Russian infantry in the wake of the German breakthrough in Galicia in May 1915: *'masses of ragged, demented figures ran out to meet them with uplifted arms, their faces distorted into the horrible and staring vacuity of shell-shock.'*^[23] He also brings home the full horror of the individual and random casualties incurred day to day by trench garrisons: *'The extent to which a human body can be mangled by the splinters of a bomb or shell, without being deprived of consciousness, must be seen to be believed.'*^[24] The plight of civilians in wartime was not ignored: describing the flight of the Serbian Army towards Albania in November 1915, he relates: *'In their train followed a great concourse of the population, escaping the savagery of the Bulgars and Austrians. The words 'Pray that your flight be not in winter' can never have been more appropriate.'*^[25] Cruttwell also generously acknowledged the countless displays of courage, both at sea and on land, displayed by the enemy. If we are in any doubt about the sincerity directed to the 'ordinary participants' (and surely reflecting his own experiences) Cruttwell reminds us in his 'Epilogue': *'Yet while the war could not be won by the fighting men alone, nothing in history is more astonishing than the endurance, patience, and good humour so generally shown by the great masses of hastily trained civilians from all the great countries engaged.'* He ends his history in true scholarly style and also hopefully 'despite Hitler's recent accession to power in Germany - with a quote from Sophocles: *'Many are the marvels and nothing is more marvellous than man.'*^[26]

Postscript

C R M F Cruttwell and Evelyn Waugh

On the morning of Thursday, 15th December 1921 [\[27\]](#) a precocious and sophisticated public schoolboy received two important letters from the University of Oxford; one announced that he had won the 100 Hertford College Scholarship; the other, from that College's Vice-Principal, congratulated him on this achievement. The recipient of the letters was, the future novelist, Evelyn Waugh, and the writer of the congratulatory message was the historian and Dean of Hertford, C R M F Cruttwell, who, with a sharp eye for talent, praised Waugh's English style as employed in his recent entrance examination papers.

This was the first contact between two characters, who, when required to interact clearly did not 'get on?'; in fact their short relationship (1922-1924) was characterised by an incurable '*mutual dislike*'. [\[28\]](#) As far as it is possible to attribute attitudes to the complex developing personality represented by the youthful Waugh, it would seem that Cruttwell, already a distinguished historian and his tutor at Hertford, had merely the misfortune to have participated in the recent war, and thus fell foul of Waugh's youthful and faddish obsession with what he perceived to be that event's unimportance and folly. Too young to have served, Waugh missed the war (in which his older brother, Alec, had done relatively 'well?') [\[29\]](#) and, too self-consciously urbane to express guilt or regret, resolutely cultivated an enduring attitude of denigration towards it and those who he regarded as its mud-stained survivors. In the process he fuelled an unpleasant and continuing persecution of his tutor which is easy to exaggerate but served neither of them well.

Systematically defamed during his pupil's time at Oxford, the name '*Cruttwell*' was subsequently exploited by Waugh, the successful young novelist, being applied to a number of his more unpleasant fictional characters; it even mutated into a grotesque synonym for eccentric incompetence and deviousness. Waugh's mischievousness might, in the light of his prodigious talent, be forgiven but surely it is time to redress the balance and look again at Cruttwell the man, the soldier and academic historian with a view to rehabilitating his name from distorting fictions and accord him due respect as the author of the magisterial '*A History of the Great War*'.

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NOTES:

- [1] The unit, a Territorial Force Battalion had sailed from Folkestone on the evening of 30 March and landed at Boulogne in the early morning of the 31st.
- [2] 'Personal Recollections of G H W Cruttwell pre 1914-1916. Dedicated to the 4th Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment'. The theme of Britain as 'perfidious Albion?', in the war for its own ends, was widespread in France early on; Jerome K Jerome, serving in a volunteer ambulance unit also remarks on it: 'The general opinion of the average poilu, he recorded, was that 'the English had started the war to capture German trade, and had dragged France into it'. There was no persuading them of their mistake'. (Quoted in 'The Guardian?', editorial, 4 August 2014, p.24)
- [3] Cruttwell is mentioned in letter, written by Brooke to Geoffrey Keynes, dated 3 Feb 1906: 'Last week I dined with H.A.J. & sat next to Cruttwell. We conversed amicably about A. Beardsley, whom Cruttwell disliked. I said that I adored Beardsley because he caricatured Humanity, & I was amused by caricatures of Humanity. As I spoke I beamed on him, but he did not grasp the insult: he was merely impressed, & bit

- his nails in wonder and perplexity'. *The Letters of Rupert Brooke?*, chosen and edited by Geoffrey Keynes, Faber and Faber, 1967, p.39.
- [4] He officially relinquished his commission 'on account of ill health contracted on active service [on] 17th April 1919' and retained the rank of Captain (see Service Record medical notes held by the National Archives, ref WO 374/17060. These papers do not include any reference to Cruttwell ever being wounded during his period of active service)
 - [5] Still available today as a reprint ' *The War Service of the 1/4th Royal Berkshire Regiment (T.F.)?*, by C R M F Cruttwell, Valde Books, 2009' -and online ' <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/22028/22028-h/22028-h.htm>
 - [6] See *Postscript*; also, Vera Brittain's account of Cruttwell as lecturer and tutor in *Testament of Youth?*, Fontana Paperbacks, 1979, pp. 486-488
 - [7] The Burden Neurological Institute is notable for the first use of the new psychosurgical 'therapies' ' leucotomies and ECT (Electro Convulsive Therapy) - in Great Britain for the treatment of mental illness.
 - [8] Naval Review May 1935, VOL. XXIII. No. 2, p.397
 - [9] Ibid p.401
 - [10] 'A History of the Great War?', C R M F Cruttwell, Oxford, 1936 (2nd edition), pp.vii-viii.
 - [11] For example, on page 275 of his history Cruttwell incorrectly names Grandcourt as being captured by the Royal Naval Division (RND) on 14 November 1916 - during the Battle of the Ancre; the actual village captured by the RND, and scene of much heroic fighting, was Beaucourt. Again a proof reading error results in an incorrect chapter reference being quoted for the Somme offensive of 1916, see Index p.640.
 - [12] A History of the Great War?, C R M F Cruttwell, Oxford, 1936 (2nd edition), p.vii
 - [13] In this respect it is of note that Cruttwell campaigned vigorously (and ultimately successfully) for an honours school of Geography to be established at Oxford.
 - [14] A History of the Great War?, C R M F Cruttwell, Oxford, 1936 (2nd edition), p.240. The imagery of a France being bled to death at Verdun was vividly employed in a 1916 German satirical medal by Walther Eberbach, '*Verdun die Weltblutpumpe*'. See IWM MED 733: <http://www.iwm.org.uk/collections/item/object/8421>
 - [15] Ibid. p.169.
 - [16] Ibid. p.164
 - [17] Ibid. p.168
 - [18] Ibid. p.267
 - [19] Ibid. p.268
 - [20] Ibid. p.342
 - [21] Ibid. p.344
 - [22] His 'technical' descriptions of tactical innovation and new weaponry avoid jargon; e.g. his vivid description of the German barbed wire defences on the Somme has a beautiful simplicity: 'The belts were at least 20-30 yards deep, **the barbs as thick as a man's thumb**, and posts of iron.' (A History of the Great War?, C R M F Cruttwell, Oxford, 1936 (2nd edition), p.264)
 - [23] Ibid. p.176
 - [24] Ibid. p.153
 - [25] Ibid. p.233
 - [26] Ibid. p.629
 - [27] 'The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh?', edited by Michael Davie, Penguin edition, 1979, pp. 152-153
 - [28] 'A Little Learning?', Evelyn Waugh, 1964, p.175
 - [29] Commissioned into the Dorset Regiment in August 1917, he was later attached to the 23rd Machine Gun Company. He was taken prisoner near Arras in March 1918, during the German 'Spring Offensive' and wrote a lively and memorable account of his confinement: 'The Prisoners of Mainz?', Chapman & Hall, 1919

[Original version](#)

Lloyd George's Ministry Men

by George Campbell Gosling

2015-11-05 14:01:56



On 24 November 1918, Prime Minister David Lloyd George gave a speech in Wolverhampton. The Armistice two weeks earlier meant he was 'the man who won the war'. Yet still, he told them: 'the work is not over yet - the work of the nation, the work of the people, the work of those who have sacrificed. Let us work together first'. He continued:

"What is our task? To make Britain a fit country for heroes to live in. I am not using the word 'heroes' in any spirit of boastfulness, but in the spirit of humble recognition of fact. I cannot think what these men have gone through. I have been there at the door of the furnace and witnessed it, but that is not being in it, and I saw them march into the furnace. There are millions of men who will come back. Let us make this a land fit for such men to live in. There is no time to lose. I want us to take advantage of this new spirit. Don't let us waste this victory merely in ringing joybells."

These words were important. Not only because they constituted a promise - from the Prime Minister to those who were returning from the horrors of the war and in the memory of those who would not return. But also because this promise was in many respects the foundation stone of the Lloyd George coalition as it went to the polls, barely a month after the end of the war. A coalition between a radical Liberal PM and the Conservative Party (amongst others) had been understandable during the war. All sides were committed to refocusing the war effort and saw a greater role for the state in doing so. Conscription, for example, Lloyd George and his coalition

allies were readier to consider than many Liberals. But what was their common purpose in peacetime?

Whether or not Lloyd George genuinely sought a permanent realignment in British politics by continuing his coalition beyond the war, in the short term he certainly needed it to embody a broader sense of national unity. In speeches such as this, he was laying claim to the notion that this shared spirit was one of reform. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he'd used pensions and national insurance to commit the British state for the first time to directly addressing the poverty caused by old age and sickness. Now, as Prime Minister, and he had no intention of relinquishing his reforming zeal.

Yet, by the time he left office in 1922, it had amounted to little. Nowhere was this more obvious than in the case of housing, as Kenneth (now Labour life peer Lord) Morgan explained in [his history of Lloyd George's postwar coalition](#). After six months of the house-building programme there was a shocking gulf between calls for half a million new homes and the 10,000 under construction, let alone the 180 actually occupied. The final figure of 170,000 was nowhere near the scale widely agreed as necessary, and certainly a long way short of the hopes roused by Lloyd George's stirring rhetoric.

Explaining what Philip Abrams, in [his influential 1960s *Past and Present* article](#), dubbed 'the failure of social reform' has been a long-running exercise for political historians. Was it inevitable that a Conservative-dominated government would recoil from any extensive plans for social reform? Did the wave of businessmen elected to the Tory benches in 1918 shift the centre of gravity in the party away from accommodation with Lloyd George? Was the Prime Minister himself more interested in foreign affairs or simply remaining in office at any cost? Were any ambitions for major reform hopeless in the economic circumstances of the early 1920s?

These are bigger questions than can be answered in a blog post. But I would like to briefly consider something that suggests Lloyd George's ambitions, at least, were genuine. And that is who he appointed to key positions. During the war his social reconstruction committee had brought together the social investigator Joseph Rowntree and the Fabian Beatrice Webb with the former Conservative Prime Minister and former president of the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association Lord Salisbury. This was perhaps indicative of what Lloyd George attempted to do in all areas of government, bringing together figures from across the political spectrum who might share his willingness to think big.

And the same can be said after the war of the three key appointments to the newly-established Ministry of Health, responsible not only for medical services but also housing as part of a broader understanding of 'health'. This made it the government department essentially charged with delivering on the Prime Minister's promise of *homes fit for heroes*.

Christopher Addison, 1869-1951

The UK's first Minister of Health was a medical man of some repute. Before entering politics his method for thoracoabdominal topography (locating the pancreas) had become known as "Addison's clinical plane". He'd been appointed Professor of Anatomy at University College Sheffield and gave the prestigious Hunterian lectures for the Royal College of Surgeons in 1901. His doctoring in some of the poorest areas of East London and beyond brought him a deep insight into the most crushing poverty of the earliest days of the twentieth century and this motivated his move into elected politics.

In 1910 the forty year-old Addison was elected Liberal MP for Hoxton, soon finding himself in the middle of the fierce debates over Lloyd George's health insurance plans. In [their sympathetic biography](#), Jane and Ken Morgan credited him with making the national insurance bill passable and workable, as he became the vital go-between for the Chancellor and the sceptical medical profession. Addison's role grew from key advisor to Lloyd George's

under-secretary and right-hand man in the wartime Ministry of Munitions - crucial to making 'war socialism' a reality even before Asquith was relieved of the premiership. Once Lloyd George became Prime Minister, Addison took his place at the head of the Ministry of Munitions before he was charged with setting up two new government departments. In 1917 this was the Ministry of Reconstruction and then in 1919 the Ministry of Health.

His tenure as Minister of Health - of less than two years - saw plenty of bold thinking about the postwar settlement. This was best embodied in the 1919 Housing and Town Planning Act, remembered as the Addison Act, which established council housing essentially as it's been known ever since. Yet the implementation of his plans were constantly thwarted and his effective dismissal in April 1921 (to the post of Minister without Portfolio, from which he soon resigned) is often seen as the moment when Lloyd George opted to remain in office by handing over control of domestic policy to his Conservative ministers.

Like many Liberal reformers, Addison's future lay with the Labour party. His Lincolnshire farming family background served him well as Minister of Agriculture under Ramsay MacDonald, Labour's first Prime Minister, before he left office as another unlikely coalition with the Conservatives was formed. In 1945 Clement Attlee brought him back into government, this time as Leader of the House of Lords for the duration of the first Labour government with a Commons majority. He also served as Secretary of State for the Dominions, playing an important part in Labour's anti-imperial policies, until his health declined in 1947.

This means Addison held government posts under every non-Conservative Prime Minister for half a century, playing key roles in domestic, foreign and constitutional affairs. He deserves to be remembered as a major figure in the progressive politics of early and mid twentieth-century Britain.

Robert Morant, 1863-1920

The Ministry of Health's first Permanent Secretary was a very different figure. Where Addison's family had found the money (which he duly paid back) to send him to Trinity College, Harrogate then Sheffield School of Medicine, Morant's widowed mother found enough to send him to Winchester College before he needed to take up private tutoring to pay his way through New College, Oxford in the 1880s. His disappointing third-class degree in classical moderations (before a rather superfluous first in theology) didn't hold him back from ending up private tutor to the crown prince of Siam only a few years later.

His passionate advocacy of English educational values as part of an imperial civilising mission led to him being called the Big Teacher, and less favourably accused of behaving like 'the Uncrowned King of Siam'. If he was a less controversial figure once he returned home to England, he was no less an oddity. Beatrice Webb said he was 'a strange mortal, not altogether sane', yet also 'the one man of genius in the Civil Service'; while to Florence Nightingale he was 'a good genius'.

His atypical career path and personal energies saw him work his way into, and swiftly to the head of, the Board of Education. His time there was marked by an effective reorganisation and a raft of progressive policies successfully implemented under Conservative and Liberal administrations. This earned him an offer from Lloyd George in 1909 of a significant pay rise if he moved to the Development Commission, which he turned down to stay at the Board of Education. Two years later, however, politically damaging criticism from the chief inspector of elementary schools meant he was happy to take up a new offer and move to head up Lloyd George's new National Insurance Commission.

From the beginning, Morant made it clear to Lloyd George he saw implementing the National Insurance Act as a step towards unifying the complex patchwork of medical services of the day. He was no socialist but believed

strongly in effective administration. He pushed Lloyd George to devote greater resources to staffing than he had intended, over-riding financial concerns at the Treasury. So his appointment as Permanent Secretary of the new Ministry of Health can only have been intended as one in which he would continue to be a forceful advocate of progressive policies and bigger government. Indeed, if he had not died of pneumonia only a year later, the deviousness commented upon by his critics and admirers alike would undoubtedly have been aroused against the Conservative attacks on the ambitious reform plans of the new ministry.

George Newman, 1870-1948

For George Newman, studying medicine in Edinburgh then at Cambridge was an alternative to continuing the missionary work of his Quaker father. In 1900, after turning down the post of government bacteriologist in the India Office, he moved from university teaching into local government public health work, and in 1906 produced his seminal report *Infant Mortality: A Social Problem*. His successful solution of a milk depot in Finsbury Park was indicative of a shift from curative to preventive medicine he would advocate throughout his career. It also attracted the attention of Beatrice Webb, who introduced Newman to Morant, who in turn appointed him as the first Chief Medical Officer at the Board of Education in 1907.

Newman headed up the introduction of the School Medical Service from the Board of Education, something seen by many in the medical profession as a worrying expansion of the state. He was also involved, again alongside Morant, with the implementation of National Health Insurance - ensuring institutional treatment for tuberculosis was included where no other hospital services were. This fell far short of the universal health service he wanted, but like many progressives he saw it as an important step in the right direction.

Like Morant he turned down a tempting government offer away from the Board of Education out of a commitment to the pioneering reforms he could implement from there. Unlike Morant, however, the First World War saw him in demand elsewhere. He worked on the establishment of factory canteens as an alternative to less sober venues, measures to maintain the health of industrial war workers and the setting up of Quaker ambulance services on the continent.

His appointment as the first Chief Medical Officer at the Ministry of Health ensured the three highest positions in the new department were held by men with strong track records in delivering radical reforms. Yet he soon found himself without his allies. His primary contribution thereafter was to national debate, through his influential annual reports on the health of the nation, as well as a great many books and lectures. He died an old man, after a career dedicated to the cause of unified, universal and preventive medical services, just weeks before the introduction of the National Health Service in 1948.

Addison, Morant and Newman were Lloyd George's ministry men - the radical reformers chosen to set up the government department at the heart of his ultimate failure to provide *homes fit for heroes*. Each of these men was influential in a different way. But none were second-rate appointments.

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