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B.E.F. COLOURS

A simple ceremony in one of the villages in France billeting the B.E.F..... the presentation of miniature colours made by the inhabitants of the village to the Colonel of the Regiment. Not very spectacular --- and it lacks the peace-time pomp of military pageant; but it marks once again the very close ties that bind these two countries in this war ~~that~~

That's behind the lines --- Now let's go out with one of the patrols about which we read in the daily reports from the Western Front. Across the snowy wastes of deserted No-Man's Land the advance posts are active. Small patrols --- the exploring fingers of an army of millions of men. There is scarcely a sound, beyond the soft pad of a footstep on the frozen ground. But on either side of this little patrol those millions are massed, ready and waiting. When we call this a strange war, , remember that if it had not been for the foresight of France it would not have been so strange. It would have been 1914 over again. Not small patrols but battalions and divisions would have marched over this soil --- ~~needed~~ to bloodshed and massacre. The Maginot Line prevented that

So that's what it's like when the patrols are active. And now let's welcome to France the first men of Britain's militia ~~xxx~~ to go overseas. The advance guard of a new army --- with a new song.