

**ALL IN IT, "K
(1)" CARRIES ON**

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All in it, "K (1)" Carries On by Ian Hay

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BY
IAN HAY



TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1917

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TO
ALL SECOND LIEUTENANTS
AND IN PARTICULAR TO
THE MEMORY OF
ONE SECOND LIEUTENANT

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

The First Hundred Thousand closed with the Battle of Loos. The present narrative follows certain friends of ours from the scene of that costly but valuable experience, through a winter campaign in the neighbourhood of Ypres and Ploegsteert, to profitable participation in the Battle of the Somme.

Much has happened since then. The initiative has passed once and for all into our hands; so has the command of the air. Russia has been reborn, and, like most healthy infants, is passing through an uproarious period of teething trouble; but now America has stepped in, and promises to do more than redress the balance. All along the Western Front we have begun to move forward, without haste or flurry, but in such wise that during the past twelve months no position, once fairly captured and consolidated, has ever been regained by the enemy. To-day you can stand upon certain recently won eminences — Wytchaete Ridge, Messines Ridge, Vimy Ridge, and Monchy — looking down into the enemy's lines, and looking forward to the territory which yet remains to be restored to France.

You can also look back — not merely from these ridges, but from certain moral ridges as well — over the ground which has been successfully traversed, and you can marvel for the hun-

dredth time, not that the thing was well or badly done, but that it was ever done at all.

But while this narrative was being written, none of these things had happened. We were still struggling uphill, with inadequate resources. So, since the incidents of the story were set down, in the main, as they occurred and when they occurred, the reader will find very little perspective, a great deal of the mood of the moment, and none at all of that profound wisdom which comes after the event. For the latter he must look home — to the lower walks of journalism and the back benches of the House of Commons.

It is not proposed to carry this story to a third volume. The First Hundred Thousand, as such, are no more. Like the "Old Contemptibles," they are now merged in a greater and more victorious army — in an armed nation, in fact. And, as Sergeant Mucklewame once observed to me, "There's no that mony of us left now, onyways." So with all reverence — remembering how, when they were needed most, these men did not pause to reason why or count the cost, but came at once — we bid them good-bye.