

**ON ACTIVE SERVICE  
SERIES. AT YPRES  
WITH BEST-DUNKLEY**

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On Active Service Series. At Ypres with Best-Dunkley by Thomas Hope Floyd

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**THOMAS HOPE FLOYD**

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ON ACTIVE SERVICE SERIES

AT YPRES WITH BEST-DUNKLEY

AT YPRES WITH BEST-  
DUNKLEY. • By THOMAS  
HOPE FLOYD    *✦*    *✦*    *✦*

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To  
ALL RANKS OF THE  
SECOND-FIFTH LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS  
WHO FELL AT  
YPRES  
ON THE THIRTY-FIRST OF JULY, 1917  
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

“ . . . Henceforth  
These are our saints.  
These that we touched, and kissed,  
And frowned upon ;  
These that were frail, yet died because the good  
Was overthrown.  
That they in one dread hour  
Were terrible  
Stains not their sainthood, nor is heaven less sure  
That they knew hell.  
How beautiful they are,  
How bright their eyes.  
Their hands have grasped the key  
Of Paradise !  
They hold it out to us,  
Our men, our sons  
. . . . To us  
The lonely ones.”

—THOMAS MOULT.\*

\*Quoted with Mr. Moulit's permission.

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## FOREWORD

**N**O doubt it will be thought that some apology is necessary for thrusting upon the public all this mass of matter, relating to many persons and episodes with whom and with respect to which they may feel that they are in no way concerned. I quite realize that my action may appear strange and uncalled for to the superficial observer. But I do not hold that view. I, personally, have always felt a desire to read this kind of literature. The Press does not cease to pour forth volumes of memoirs by leading and prominent persons—matter which is all wanted for a true understanding of the history of our times. But this is not enough. We require all the personal narratives we can get; and, in my opinion, the more personal and intimate the better. We want narratives by obscure persons: we want to know and appreciate everybody's outlook upon public events, whether that outlook be orthodox or unorthodox, conventional or unconventional. Only thus can we see the recent war in all its aspects.

The motives which have prompted me to publish this book have been well expressed by Dr. A. C. Benson in his essay on Authorship in *From a College Window*. In that volume there occurs the following striking passage :

“ The wonderful thing to me is not that there is so much desire in the world to express our little portion of the joy, the grief, the mystery of it all, but that there is so little. I wish with all my heart that there was more instinct for personal expression ; Edward Fitzgerald said that he wished that we had more lives of obscure persons ; one wants to know what other people are thinking and feeling about it all ; what joys they anticipate, what fears they sustain, how they regard the end and cessation of life and perception which waits for us all. The worst of it is that people are often so modest, they think that their own experience is so dull, so unromantic, so uninteresting. It is an entire mistake. If the dullest person in the world would only put down sincerely what he or she thought about his or her life, about work and love, religion and emotion, it would be a fascinating document. My only sorrow is that amateurs of whom I have spoken above will not do this ; they rather turn to external and impersonal impressions, relate definite things, what they see on their travels, for instance, describing just the things which anyone can