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THE GALLANT SUSSEX.

HEROIC WORK IN THE BIG "PUSH."

GLOWING TRIBUTES BY WAR
 [[CORRESPONDENTS.]

Some glowing tributes to the work of the Royal Sussex Regiment in the big "push" have recently been sent home to the London Press by noted war correspondents, and, although they have appeared long after the actual events to which they refer, they are well worth reproducing, as providing another page in the glorious history of our county regiment.

Mr. Philip Gibbs, in the "Daily Chronicle," says:—

"I have already written how the men of Kent went forward on August 4th, and took the German line, under the command of that fine colonel and jovial captain, whose exploits will be remembered. On the right of them were the Sussex men—fair-haired fellows from Burpham and Arundel, and little old villages lying snug in the South Downs, and quiet old Market towns like Chichester—Lord!—a world away from places like Pozières. The line of their trenches was in touch with the Australians, and as they scrambled over the parapets at the time of the attack these comrades on the right shouted out to them:

'Hullo, boys, what's up? Where are you going?'

'Oh, just up along,' said the Sussex lads, pointing to a 'hot shop,' as they call it, where a lot of shells were bursting.

'Is that so? You don't say? Gosh! We'll come with you.'

It wasn't discipline. The men had no orders to go, as far as I can make out, but some of them certainly did go, in a friendly way, and joined in the 'scrum' up there, where it was no joke.

The story of the Sussex men is very much like that of their comrades from Kent, which I have told in detail—the bombing down the trenches, the searching of the German dug-outs, the encounter with Germans who were hiding in shell-craters."

THE MEN'S MODESTY.

The "Morning Post's" special correspondent writes:—

"To-day I have had the advantage of listening to an intine narrative from officers of the Sussex Regiment, which played a very heroic part in our original advance from Pozières, on August 4th and 5th. The story may appear somewhat belated; but it has to be borne in remembrance that a correspondent is unable to reach the trenches while fighting actually is going on, and that one has to wait till the men who have 'done the job' have come out of action in order to obtain from them a narrative of their experiences.

The Sussex men speak modestly of their achievements. In fact, I found it rather hard to get them to talk about their share in an affair which reflects the greatest credit on the British Army. I do not suggest that they did more than any other unit in the particular division to which they belong, but they did it with splendid courage and resource. The Regiment has been under an appalling shell fire for a period of nine days before the order was given to advance."

"LIVING UNDER FIRE."

In a message to the "Daily Express," under the heading of "Living Under Fire," Mr. John D. Irvine says the Sussex men had to endure "an appalling shell fire for nine days in trenches captured from the Germans." He also writes:

"It was a welcome relief when the order was given to advance against the enemy. Our barrage had lifted, and at the signal, 'Now, then, up boys, and at 'em,' the Sussex leapt from their trenches and advanced to the charge. They 'kicked off' as they themselves put it, at an exact minute by the clock. They had the Australians on their right and the Buffs and the Surreys on their left."

"GOOD OLD COUNTY TROOPS."

Another eloquent appreciation of the Sussex men has appeared in the "Daily Mail," whose special correspondent, Mr. W. Beach-Thomas, writes under the headings of "Stick it English," and "Good Old County Troops." :—

"Up and down our trenches or along imaginary lines of approach the 4.2 and 5.9 shells—shrapnel following close on high explosives—have shifted to and fro with the restless constancy of a swarm of gnats under a hedgerow. You would think nothing would live under the incubus, but some troops seem almost to flourish under it."

The Sussex troops holding trenches in this quarter 'stuck it' for more than a week, not as an achievement in itself, but as a preparation for an attack. Their long endurance just tuned them up for the aggressive venture that was meditated; and you must cultivate a vivid impression of what artillery fire is before you can understand what such patience means. No one will ever know what this backing of good old English county obstinacy has done for the success of our Armies.

There were never soldiers less full of rancour or bitterness than these essentially English troops. The men are as little intoxicated at victory as disturbed by suffering. All words about praise and high admiration, all big words about heroism and patriotism, all thoughts of dramatic ecstasy fall to the ground before such soldiers. They are just English; and the word will serve. It is not easy, perhaps to find a better."