

A Return to Camelot

In imperial Rome, patricians sought prestige by displaying the art and erudition of the Greeks. At the court of the Romanov tsars, aristocrats copied the manners and speech of Enlightenment France. During the 19th century, Englishmen rediscovered the Middle Ages—and the notion of chivalry. Suddenly, knights in armor appeared by the hundreds in literature and art. Wealthy landowners refurbished old castles and erected new ones. Tournaments were held. Heraldry flourished. Gentlemen adopted chivalry as a code of conduct that soon permeated the ethos of elite boarding schools, the army, and the newly founded Boy Scouts. Here, Mark Girouard, a British scholar, describes that rebirth of chivalry—and its death amid the carnage of World War I.

by Mark Girouard

During the first few months of 1912, a new play, *Where the Rainbow Ends*, was running to packed audiences of parents and children at the Savoy Theater in London. The play featured an endangered damsel and a chivalrous St. George in shining armor. "Dear English maid," he declared, "remember though you see me not that I am ever with you—your faithful guardian knight."

In April of that year, the *Titanic* ripped open her hull on an iceberg in the North Atlantic. As the great ship sank, the order went out: "Women and children first." Gentlemen escorted ladies to their lifeboats. Colonel John Jacob Astor handed in his young bride, smiled, touched his cap,

and turned away to go down with the ship.

The following July, a tournament took place in the Empress Hall at Earl's Court. The Duke of Marlborough and five other armored "knights" jostled in pairs with wooden lances. Queen Alexandra and Winston Churchill were in the audience.

Knights in armor, St. George, maidens in distress, chivalrous and gallant gentlemen—the occurrence of all these themes in different contexts within the same year is more than coincidence. A thin but genuine thread connects the Duke of Marlborough at Earl's Court and John Jacob Astor on the *Titanic*. The latter

was dying like a gentleman, and how gentlemen lived and died in 1912 was partly determined by the way they believed knights had lived and died.

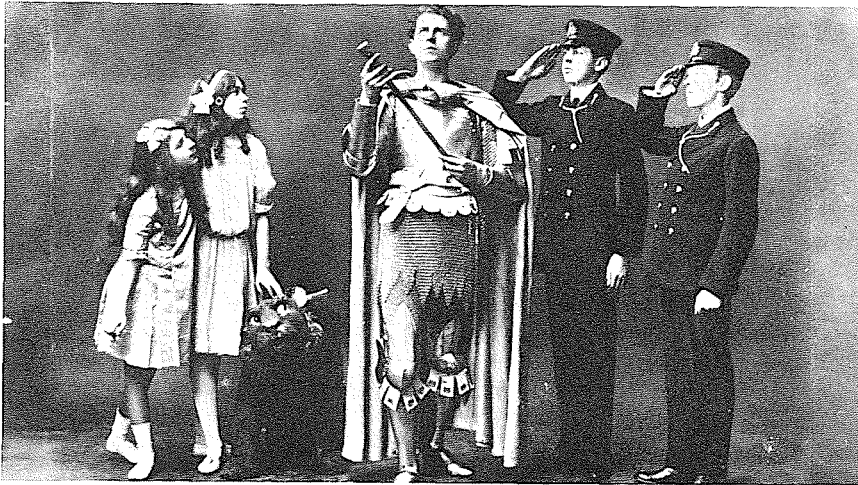
All English gentlemen knew that they must be brave, show no sign of panic or cowardice, be courteous to women and children, be loyal to their comrades, and meet death without flinching. They knew it because they had learned the code of the gentleman in a multitude of different ways—through example, through what they had been taught at school or by their parents, and through endless stories of chivalry, daring, knights, and gallantry.

What is meant by chivalry?

It was the code of conduct that evolved for the knights of the Middle Ages—that is to say, for an elite and largely hereditary class of European warrior-nobles. Fighting was deemed a necessary and indeed glorious ac-

tivity, but its potential barbarity was softened by putting leadership into the hands of men committed to high standards of behavior. These standards derived from an amalgamation of Christianity with the pre-Christian traditions of the warrior bands of Northern Europe. The ideal knight was brave, loyal, true to his word, courteous, generous, and merciful. His failure to meet accepted standards meant dishonor, to which death was preferable.

In England, medieval chivalry and most of its trappings had disappeared by the beginning of the 17th century. Much had happened to bury the chivalric tradition. The literature, art, and architecture of classical Greece and Rome and of Renaissance Italy had provided an alternative culture that dominated most aspects of Western European civilization. Revolutions in science and in philosophy had upset the me-



Reginald Owen as St. George plights his troth in Where the Rainbow Ends.

dieval world view.

Moreover, chivalry had little relevance to ordinary gentlemen who lived in security and comfort and left war to the professionals. What meaning could chivalry have for the average Georgian lord busily planting gardens, enclosing commons, looking for an heiress to marry, or cementing political alliances? In his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790), Edmund Burke wrote that "the age of chivalry is gone."

Yearning for Authority

In fact, even as he lamented, chivalry was on its way back. Curiously enough, the 18th-century glorification of reason and intellect had helped bring this about. It had led to a new attitude toward history, based on a critical study of original documents, monuments, and artifacts.

The Middle Ages—and chivalry—benefited from this new approach. Antiquarians began to study medieval buildings. Bishop Thomas Percy published medieval ballads and poems in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765), and medieval literature was seriously discussed in Thomas Warton's three-volume *History of English Poetry* (1774–81).

As early as 1759, Richard Hurd, later to become Bishop of Worcester, spoke up for chivalry in his *Moral and Political Dialogues*: "Affability, courtesy, generosity, veracity, these were the qualifications most pre-

tended to by the men of arms, in the days of pure and uncorrupted chivalry." Hurd was later taken up by King George III and frequently invited to Windsor Castle.

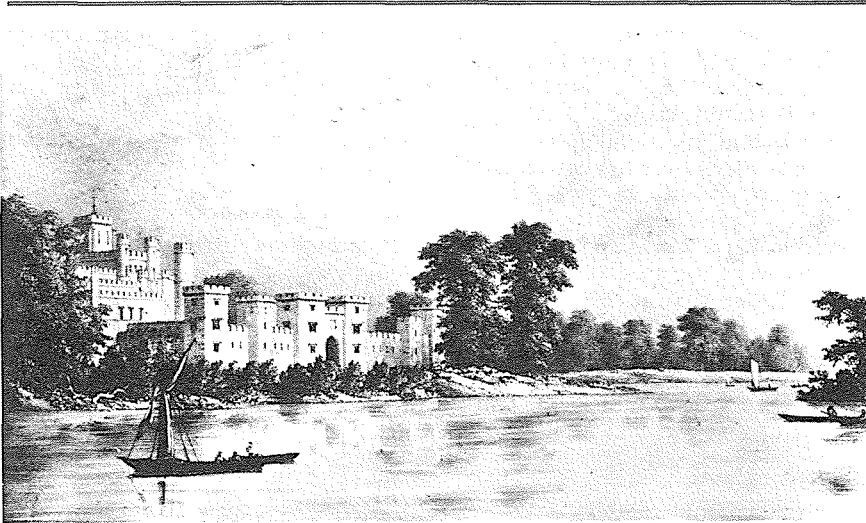
George III (1738–1820) was a natural conservative. He instinctively revered ancient institutions, above all the church and the monarchy. He distrusted change and resisted any increase in democracy at home. During the first half of his reign, this made him very unpopular.

The French Revolution brought about a great transformation—not in King George's own views but in the way these were regarded by his subjects. The overthrow of the traditional structure of society in France, the violence that ensued, above all, the executions of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette in 1793, produced in England a new loyalty to authority and existing institutions.

A Feudal Revival

All of this affected English attitudes toward the Middle Ages. An age when kingship was revered and the church was at its most powerful became increasingly attractive to lords, gentry, and clergymen whose counterparts across the Channel were going to the guillotine. It was tempting to romanticize the Middle Ages as an age of simple faith and loyalties and the source of much that now appeared both sacred and threatened. Castles ceased to be con-

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Courtesy Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, England.

James Wyatt's gothic Kew Palace, begun in 1802 but never completed.

sidered picturesque relics or products of ignorance and violence; they began to be seen as proud symbols of authority and tradition.

George III, like much of the aristocracy, began to take an interest in castles. In 1800, he appointed James Wyatt to be his personal architect, and everything Wyatt built for George III was Gothic. Between 1800 and 1814, £150,000 was spent on "Gothicizing" the state apartments at Windsor, inside and out.

Wyatt's most remarkable work for the King was at Kew, where the 18th-century tradition had been to build royal lodges and palaces in Greco-Roman style. By commissioning a Gothic castle on the banks of the Thames in Kew Gardens, George III deliberately reversed this. His new "lodge," bigger than many medieval castles, consisted of a great square block embellished by corner towers and numerous turrets and battlements.

George IV eventually tore down the castle at Kew—he had never got on with his father—but he was nonetheless aware of the symbolic value of medievalism. Indeed, his coronation in 1821 was far more magnificent than was George III's. Foreigners, according to Sir Walter Scott, were "utterly astonished and delighted to see the revival of feudal dresses and feudal grandeur." One may safely infer that Walter Scott, author of dozens of chivalric poems and romances, was delighted too.

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832) had been brought up in Edinburgh, in a predominantly Whig society of lawyers, academics, and professionals who accepted the 18th-century view of chivalry as absurd. Yet, emotionally, Scott responded instinctively to the Middle Ages even if, intellectually, he was always apologizing for them.

As a child, when he should have been in bed, he would sit up reading

Shakespeare by the light of the fire. At the age of 13, he once forgot his dinner because he was so absorbed in his first reading of Percy's *Reliques*. He and his friend John Irving used to wander over the countryside making up romantic tales.

Scott's first novel, *Waverley*, appeared in 1814. It was an instant success, as were most of Scott's many books. Fewer than a third of them, including *Ivanhoe* (1820), *Quentin Durward* (1823), and *The Talisman* (1825), were set in the Middle Ages, but of these *Ivanhoe* was the most successful, especially in England.

Merrie England

Scott gave his readers a Walter Scott version of the Middle Ages that captured their imagination because it was presented so vividly and seemed to express certain virtues that Scott's contemporaries felt their own age badly needed. It was a world where, as Scott wrote in one of his early poems,

Strength was gigantic, valour high
And wisdom soared beyond the sky
And beauty had such matchless beam
As lights not now a lover's dream.

He described castles complete with drawbridges, iron-studded gates, and portcullises; smoke-blackened, armor-hung halls; Christmas feasting, with Yule logs and Lords of Misrule; maypoles and the whole concept of Merrie England; tilts, tournaments, and knights with ladies' favors pinned to their helmets; Richard Coeur de Lion, Robin Hood and his merry men, Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

By the time of his death, Scott was the Western world's most famous living author. He had encouraged aristocrats and country gentlemen to build castles and cram their halls

with weapons and armor; made young girls thrill at the thought of gallant knights, loyal chieftains, and faithful lovers; and spurred young men on to romantic gestures and dashing deeds.

Squelching to Glory

It was inevitable that someone would give a tournament. Ever since Scott had described the tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouche in *Ivanhoe*, the public had been kept tournament-conscious. *Ivanhoe* was immediately dramatized. Five versions of it were running concurrently in London theaters during 1820.

In 1827, the tournament moved modestly from the stage to the country house, in the form of a jousting party given by Viscount Gate at Firle Park in Sussex. Local Sussex gentlemen cantered up and down, poking lances at one another. The ladies amused themselves with archery.

In August of 1838, the *Court Journal* published a rumor that Lord Eglinton was going to hold a tournament at his estate near Glasgow. Within a few weeks, the rumor had been confirmed. Lord Eglinton was an amiable, rich, sporting young Tory earl. What exactly led him into chivalric spectacle has never been established.

That autumn, would-be knights came to a meeting in Samuel Pratt's flourishing armor showroom in London. Pratt was in charge of all the arrangements. In addition to armor for the knights, he was prepared to sell or hire crests, horse armor and equipment, pavilions, tents, shields, banners, lances, swords, and outfits for squires and pages. (Pratt's bill for Lord Glenlyon, who appeared at the tournament as the Knight of Gael, came to a hefty £346 9s 6d.) Meanwhile, the general public was in a

state of some excitement, for the tournament was to be open to everyone.

On the morning of August 28, 1839, the sun shone brightly. Half a mile below Eglinton Castle, the greensward of the park was gay with the tents and pavilions of the 13 knights. And from every direction, by coach, by carriage, on foot or horse, poured endless streams of farmers, gentlemen, peasants, pickpockets, burghers, policemen, shepherds, lords, and ladies. At least 100,000 people came to Eglinton that day.

As the opening feature, all the knights and officers of the tournament were to escort a Queen of Beauty from the castle to the lists. The procession was scheduled to leave at 12 o'clock, but it took three hours longer than expected to prepare the participants. All but one or two of the knights had come with a sizeable retinue. Lord Glenlyon was escorted by 78 officers and men of his Atholl Highlanders.

Just after three o'clock as the procession was at last ready to start, and the Queen of Beauty prepared to mount her snow white palfrey, there was a clap of thunder. Rain began to fall in torrents. It continued for the rest of the day.

At once, the gold and the gaiety

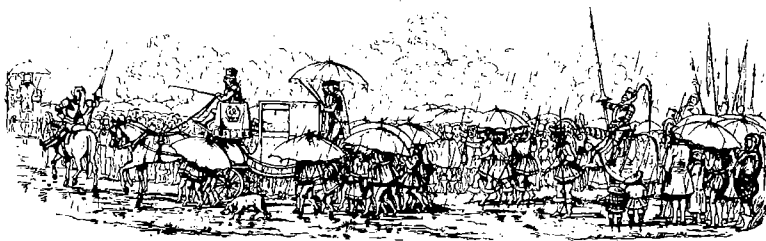
vanished, and the whole glittering scene turned to mud. The colorful crowd on the slopes and in the stands was transformed into what one on-looker compared to an enormous field of mushrooms, as all who had them put up their umbrellas.

Up at the castle, the procession began to squelch miserably through the puddles. Lord Londonderry rode in front protecting his coronet and robes under an enormous green umbrella. The procession was a fiasco, and the tilting even worse. The jester made jokes that nobody laughed at. The knights slithered through the mud and missed each other.

In the grandstand, expressions of horror appeared on the faces of the occupants: The roofs of the pavilions had failed to keep out the rain. Cold water was falling in buckets down the necks of lords and ladies.

The Eglinton tournament became a source of much amusement. Yet reactions were by no means unanimous. Roughly speaking, commentators fell into three groups: those who mercilessly ridiculed Lord Eglinton and his friends; those who claimed that the tournament had been a great success; and those who defended chivalry, but without the medieval trimmings.

In his *Broad Stone of Honour*



Courtesy Ian Anstruther, London.

Pomp yielded to rainy circumstance at the 1839 Eglinton tourney.

(1822), Kenelm Digby had already attacked the supposition that "tournaments and steel panoply, and coat-arms, and aristocratic institutions" were essential to chivalry; rather, they were only "accidental attendants upon it." The real point of chivalry, he believed, was that it was an attitude toward life, not a matter of fancy dress. Digby was not alone. Chivalry was far from dead.

Indeed, by the 1850s, the images of chivalry had been absorbed into the pattern of everyday life. Knights in armor jostled each other on the walls of the Royal Academy; knights in literature were two a penny. But knights in armor were now as likely to suggest moral struggles as military battles, as likely to symbolize modern gentlemen as depict medieval heroes. Chivalry was working loose from the Middle Ages. One comes across it, directly or indirectly, in the notion of "sportsmanship," in the plots of children's books, and in the behavior expected of upper-class lads at Britain's elite boarding schools.

Cricket vs. Poaching

In 1852, G.E.L. Cotton went from Rugby, the school that the venerable but strong-willed Dr. Thomas Arnold had fashioned according to his own notions of character-building and self-discipline, to become headmaster of Marlborough. Marlborough, founded in 1843, had got off to a bad start. A feeble headmaster, a brutal staff, and appalling living conditions had led to a mass rebellion in 1851. Cotton transformed the school. He used two tried Arnoldian methods: He established a responsible sixth form (the seniors) to run the school outside of class, and he recruited a "devoted band of young men" as masters.

But, in addition, as the school historian put it, "the organization of games which was due to his initiation was in some ways still more potent. . . . A civilized out-of-door life in the form of cricket, football, and wholesome sports, took the place of poaching, rat-hunting, and poultry-stealing."

Entering the Lists

For a headmaster actively to encourage sports as a means of improving the character of his boys was something new. The climate was changing in England, thanks in part to popular books such as *Euphranor* (whose author, Edward Fitzgerald, praised Eton for teaching its boys to "sublime their Beefsteak into Chivalry in that famous Cricketfield of theirs by the side of old Father Thames") as well as to Thomas Hughes's and Charles Kingsley's "muscular Christianity."

Hughes was much the youngest of that movement's leaders—only 25 when it was launched in 1848—and he seemed to the others the epitome of what a young, ardent, Christian gentleman should be. In 1857, he produced his own view of the purpose of a public school in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. His novel had gone into at least 50 different editions and reprints by the end of the century.

Hughes overlaid his vivid memories of his own experiences at Rugby with the philosophy of life he had evolved in the 15 years since he left the school. He drew liberally from Thomas Carlyle: Strength of intellect was useless, even dangerous, without strength of character. But *Tom Brown's Schooldays* went beyond Carlyle in suggesting that the best way to moral prowess was physical prowess.

The theme of the book is how Tom Brown, a strong, brave boy with a natural affinity for the underdog, is enrolled by Dr. Arnold in the "band of brothers" who use their toughness to fight for God. As his character develops, he proves himself, not just by prowess at football and cricket, by bravely enduring bullying, and by sticking up for a smaller boy in a knock-down fight with "Slogger" Williams; he also kneels down to say his prayers in a hostile dormitory, looks after and encourages clever but sickly little George Arthur, and finally, hardest of all, gives up the use of "cribs"—word-for-word translations of Greek and Latin texts.

The language of chivalry never obtrudes into the cheerful mixture of slang and breeziness in which the book is written; only occasionally, in terms such as "fellowship" and "band of brothers," does one sense it. But in the illustrated edition that first appeared in 1869, the obvious chivalric implications of the book are allowed to surface.

Thus, in the final illustration, *Tom's Visit to the Tomb of Dr. Arnold*, Tom, now a young undergraduate, has hurried back from a holiday in Scotland on hearing of Arnold's death and is standing by his tomb in Rugby chapel. He is, of course, in ordinary dress. But the blanket over his shoulder suggests a military cloak, and his attitude—pensive, bare-headed, one leg forward—is in the tradition of Sir Galahad. He is a young knight in mufti, keeping vigil before entering the battles of life.

From the 1850s onward, Cotton's example of Marlborough and the attitude expressed in *Tom Brown's Schooldays* began to spread to other public schools, and many new schools were founded in Marlborough's image. Games were enthusiastically

furthered by headmasters as a way of training character. The inevitable end was that they became compulsory. By the 1880s, games were arguably more important than studies.

Being a sportsman, being a gentleman, and being chivalrous so overlapped that it is scarcely surprising to find sport using terms and practices derived from chivalry. Victorians competed for shields and took part in golf or tennis "tournaments." Opposing teams were described as "entering the lists" or "throwing down the gauntlet."

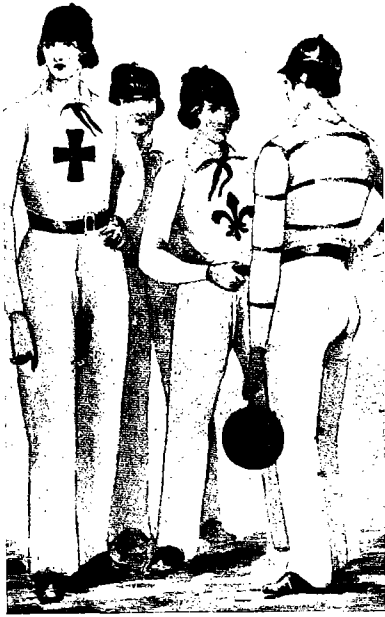
Even football (soccer) jerseys seem to have had chivalric origins. Distinctive athletic clothes appeared in the early or mid-1840s. According to the account of "An Old Rugbeian," published in 1848, the new jerseys were "of various colours and patterns, and wrought with many curious devices, which on their first introduction were accompanied by mottoes . . . as, for instance, *Cave Adsum* [Look out, here I am]."

In Sir Walter Scott's account of the tournament in *Ivanhoe*, "the gigantic Front-de-Boeuf, armed in sable armor, wore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave Adsum*."

Baden-Powell's Boys

It is still widely believed that the Duke of Wellington said "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton." He never said anything of the sort. But most Englishmen embraced the sentiment.

In 1908, Sir Robert (later Lord) Baden-Powell observed that football was "a grand game for developing a lad physically and also morally, for he learns to play with good temper and unselfishness, to play in his



Football jerseys at the Rugby School as they appeared around 1850.

place and 'play the game,' and these are the best of training for any game of life."

He incorporated this idea in the formula he devised for his Boy Scouts—the most successful of the many boys' organizations (e.g., the Church Lads' Brigade, the East London Cadet Corps) that emerged during the late 19th and early 20th centuries under the influence of the Christian Socialists and their chivalrous ideals of community "service." Why should not the best type of working-class boy, they asked, given the training and opportunity, be just as loyal to queen and country, tender and respectful to women, manly in sport and war, pure in thought, and true to his word as the best type of

public school boy?

Baden-Powell was tremendously jolly, tough to the verge of ruthlessness, not in the least conventional, and a firm believer in the duty of the white races (the British in particular) to lead the rest of the world. These qualities had sustained him as he led the defense of Mafeking during the Boer War, and these qualities made him a national hero when the siege ended in 1900.

As a soldier, he had always been somewhat scornful of conventional military discipline. What interested him were the tactics of reconnaissance and guerrilla warfare, and the effect that these had in developing resourceful and independent soldiers. He had written two books on the subject, *Reconnaissance and Scouting* (1884) and *Aids to Scouting* (1889). Eventually, he started to work out a system of training for boys. The Boy Scouts was officially launched in 1908.

Scouting and chivalry were the two dominant elements. Scouting derived largely from Baden-Powell's own experiences in Africa. It involved what now makes up most people's image of the Boy Scouts: tents, campfires, billycans, slouch hats, staffs, knots, signs, patrols with animal names, little boys rubbing two sticks together to make fire.

But chivalry was equally important. This was made clear in Baden-Powell's best-selling *Scouting for Boys*, which first came out in fortnightly parts in 1908, and thereafter went into innumerable editions. Chapter VII was devoted to "The Chivalry of the Knights," and a Knight's Code was given, in nine rules, ostensibly as laid down by King Arthur.

The various rules were enlarged on in sections on Honour, Courtesy,

Loyalty, Fair Play, Obedience, Discipline, Humility ("Don't Swagger"), and so on. "A knight (or Scout) is at all times a gentleman," Baden-Powell wrote. "So many people seem to think that a gentleman must have lots of money. That does not make a gentleman. A gentleman is anyone who carries out the rules of chivalry of the knights."

Baden-Powell was thinking mainly of working-class boys in the cities when he developed his ideas. His movement aimed not only to improve the physique of its boys by physical exercise in the open air but also to improve their character by inoculating them with the code of the Victorian gentleman. Chivalry, he believed, was not an aristocratic preserve; it was for "the people" too.

Bullying Belgium

Back during the 1820s, Dr. Thomas Arnold had let off a blast against chivalry, saying that "it sets up the personal allegiance to the chief above allegiance to God and law." By the end of the century, chivalry had helped make loyalty one of the most admired virtues: loyalty to queen and country; loyalty to the regiment or school; loyalty of gentlemen to one another and to their code.

The emotional charge behind all this was enormous, but, as Arnold had seen, it had its dangers.

During the 19th century, the upper class and much of the middle class had been increasingly encouraged to believe that there was no more glorious fate than to die fighting for one's country. Of course, the fight had to be for a good cause. But one of the effects of imperialism had been to imbue very large numbers of people of diverse backgrounds with an almost-religious faith in Britain and its growing empire as the great force

for good in the world.

The onset of World War I merely reinforced this idea. Certainly Britain would not stand idly by as Germany invaded "little Belgium" in August 1914. Rather, as Baden-Powell put it, England was going to "give the big bully a knockout blow."

Such stout-hearted optimism stemmed in part from loss of memory. Britain's most recent conflict, the Boer War (1898-1902), had been its costliest since the Napoleonic wars; some 22,000 British or colonial troops had been killed. But, a dozen years after it ended, the war's costs and its unhappier episodes were beginning to fade in people's minds.

Indeed, London writers and politicians recalled the South African fighting in terms of the successful relief of Kimberley and Mafeking, "a gentleman's war," "a very pleasant time for a young fellow." The chief



An illustration from Robert Baden-Powell's Scouting for Boys (1908).

military lesson—that a combination of trench warfare and modern weaponry was likely to result in bloody stalemate—had been forgotten.

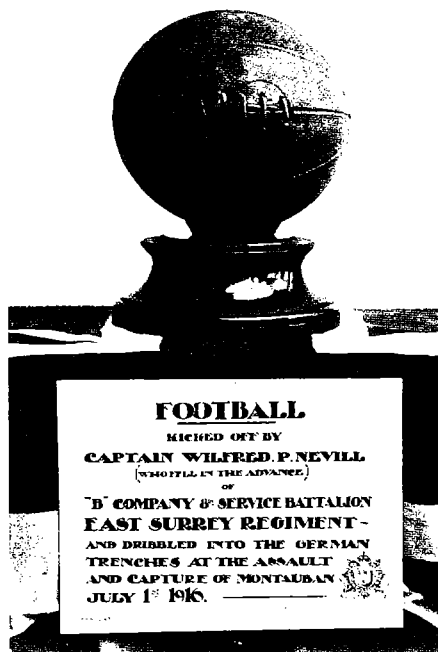
When the military men predicted that the conflict with Germany would be short and decisive, few skeptics were heard. Since the great majority of young Englishmen had had no exposure to combat, there was nothing to stop them from thinking of it simply as a noble experience involving all that they had been taught to exalt—glory, honor, and chivalry.

End of an Illusion

“War declared by England,” Patrick Gray, a schoolboy still at Rugby, wrote in his diary on August 5 (he was to go to the front in 1917, and be killed almost at once); “intense relief, as there was an awful feeling that we might dishonor ourselves.”

All of those who had been at public schools knew exactly what was expected of them. But so, outside of the public schools, did all Boy Scouts, past and present, all Cadets, all members of boys’ clubs and boys’ brigades, all readers of the right adventure stories in the right magazines. Giant forces of loyalty to King and country were ready to be triggered off. When Lord Kitchener made his first call for volunteers, they came by the hundreds of thousands, filling the streets outside the recruiting offices with queues of patient, cheerful faces.

The Great War probably produced more English poetry than any other. There were poets at home and even more poets on the front. Their poems were published in the *Times* and other dailies, in the weeklies, in anthologies by the dozen, and in hundreds of individual volumes. Chivalric themes permeated them in



Postcard showing the English football kicked toward German lines in 1916.

terms of knights, vigils, Galahads, and Holy Grails, or in terms of sportsmen and playing the game.

Chivalry also appeared in prose in the stories by Arthur Machen for the *London Evening News*, especially in “The Bowman,” which came out on September 29, 1914. “The Bowman” succeeded beyond most authors’ dreams—much to Machen’s embarrassment. It tells how a British soldier, facing a German attack, remembers and repeats a motto that he had seen under figures of St. George on the plates of a restaurant: “*Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius.*” In front of the trench in which he is standing, he suddenly sees “a long line of shapes, with a shining about them.” The day is saved; “the grey

men were falling by thousands." He finally realizes that St. George has brought in his own bowmen to help the English.

Soon reports began to circulate in England of officers who had seen St. George, of arrow wounds having been found in dead Germans.

Sir Henry Newbolt's *Book of the Happy Warrior* came out in 1917. It told the story of chivalry and was clearly intended to inspire boys in wartime England with chivalrous enthusiasms. The chapter about Agincourt was sportingly titled "France v. Gentlemen of England." Metaphors of sport were carried over into action: On at least two occasions British troops going over the top kicked a football as they advanced into No Man's Land.

There are times when the Great War seems like a nightmare parody of the Eglinton Tournament. The knights of England, young, brave, dashing, and handsome, line up to proceed to the tournament. They are filled with ardor for the fight, escorted by loyal yeomanry, longing to do great deeds and win honor for themselves, their King, and their lady-loves. Trumpets blow, attendant bards recite heroic poetry, and all is ready for the glorious combat.

Then the rain starts falling, and so do the artillery shells. The pretty French landscape disintegrates into

a wasteland of mud, craters, ruins, corpses, and barbed wire.

By the end of 1914, millions of troops were living waterlogged in holes, burrows, and ditches, often on top of their own dead, amid the filth and squalor. There, many of them died, and there, the notion of chivalry died with them. As a dominant code of elite conduct in England, it never recovered from the Great War, partly because the war itself was such a shatterer of illusions, partly because the conflict helped produce a new world in which the necessary conditions for chivalry were absent. So many deaths, such vast movements of people, such huge expenditures of money could not but have cataclysmic effects on the structure of British society.

By Armistice Day 1918, eight-and-one-half million men had been killed on both sides. The tsarist government of Russia had collapsed and been replaced by a Bolshevik regime. Germany was left defeated, impoverished, and resentful. In England, the generals' blunders and the war's frightful butchery brought into serious question the qualifications of the upper classes to lead. War conditions had brought higher wages and greater political power at home for the working classes. The old prewar order was shattered. England would never be the same.

