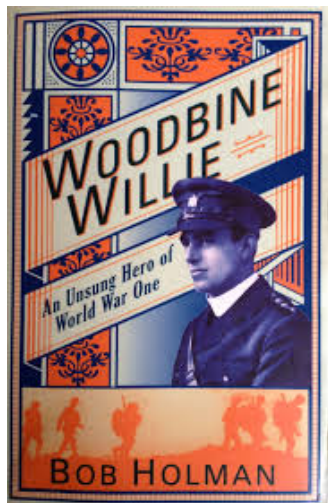

WOODBINE WILLIE
- BRINGING LOVE
WITH CIGARETTES
AND THE BIBLE



Here's a priest who is remembered from the 1st World War - the Revd. Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy MC, or 'Woodbine Willie', as everyone knew this popular, much-loved army chaplain on the Western Front.

He had been born in Leeds as the seventh of nine children. After reading divinity and classics at Trinity College Dublin, he'd studied for the priesthood at Ripon Clergy College, and served his curacy at Rugby.

By the time war broke out in 1914, he was vicar of St Paul's Worcester. He soon volunteered to go to the Western Front as a chaplain to the army. Life on the front line in the trenches was a desperate affair, but soon he had hit on a way of bringing a few moments of relief to the stressed out soldiers: as well as good cheer he gave out copious amounts of 'Woodbines', the most popular cheap cigarette of the time.

One colleague remembered him: "He'd

come down into the trenches and say prayers with the men, have a cuppa out of a dirty tin mug and tell a joke as good as any of us. He was a chain smoker and always carried a packet of Woodbine cigarettes that he would give out in handfuls to us lads. That's how he got his nickname. He came down the trench one day to cheer us up. Had his Bible with him as usual. Well, I'd been there for weeks, unable to write home, of course, we were going over the top later that day. I asked him if he would write to my sweetheart at home, tell her I was still alive and, so far, in one piece... years later, after the war, she showed me the letter he'd sent, very nice it was. A lovely letter. My wife kept it until she died."

He was devoted to his men, so much so that in 1917 he was awarded the Military Cross at Messines Ridge, after running into no man's land in order to help the wounded during an attack on the German frontline.

During the war, he supported the British military effort with enthusiasm, but soon after the war, he turned to Christian socialism and pacifism. He was given charge of St Edmunds in Lombard St, London, and took to writing a number of poems about his war experiences: *Rough Rhymes of a Padre* (1918) and *More Rough Rhymes* (1919).

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He went on to work for the Industrial Christian Fellowship, for whom he did speaking tours. It was on one of these tours that he was taken ill, and died in Liverpool in 1929. He was only 46.

His compassion and generosity in the face of the horrors of the Western Front was immortalised in the song 'Absent Friends': "Woodbine Willie couldn't rest until he'd/given every bloke a final smoke/before the killing." He himself had once described his chaplain's ministry as taking "a box of fags in your haversack, and a great deal of love in your heart."