

Great War Bulletin

No. 81...Newark...Monday 14 February 1916

Fond farewell to Major Sam

THERE WAS a huge attendance at Newark's large and imposing Barnbygate Wesleyan Church yesterday morning for a memorial service for young Major Sam Quibell.

The Minister, the Reverend T W Bisseker, emphasised the selflessness that drove young Sam to return to the Front swiftly after he was first wounded, rather than take a few weeks' leave at home to fully recuperate. "This is War," he had told friends. "I must get back to my Company."

Phones add to air raid fears

NEWARK'S few private telephone owners were last week ordered to hang-up whenever there is an air raid warning.

The reason: they aided the enemy on the night the Mayor of Newark took 12 hours to get back from London by train.

The situation was so serious that the Government broke its own censorship rules on Friday to issue the following statement:

"On the occasion of the recent air raid warning, the transmission of official telephone messages of urgent importance was seriously interfered with at several places by the inconsiderate and unnecessary use of the telephone by private subscribers.

"The Postmaster General warns that if the public does not use the telephone as little as possible on such occasions, it may be necessary to curtail the facilities afforded to private persons on occasions of public emergency."

It was announced locally that Newark Watch Committee and the Local Emergency Committee have also made arrangements to obtain information about hostile aircraft in the vicinity.

It is hoped to be able to give early intimation of any threatened attack by the simultaneous sounding of hooters (three blasts) at Ransome's and Simpson's works.

If no such intimation is received, the first indication of a raid will in all probability be the noise caused by the explosion of bombs.

If bombs fall...

The following orders are given to householders plus occupiers of shops, factories and offices in the event of bombs falling:

Users of gas and electric light must immediately turn off all appliances.

Residents are requested to assist the authorities by extinguishing public lights close to them.

Motor cars and other vehicles must remain stationary with lights out.

No flashlights are allowed.

Private found dead in Trent

PRIVATE ARTHUR DAY, 40, a Newarker with the 17th Battalion Leicestershire Regiment, had been missing for a week – until his body was seen in the River Trent last night.

His brother John of 5 Britannia Buildings, Newark, told the subsequent inquest that he was unlikely to have committed suicide but had been out drinking on the night he went missing.

Verdict: "found drowned".

Private 12353 Day is remembered in the Newark Cemetery.

Death at market

THE Red Cross Sale at the Cattle Market on Thursday was marred by painter and decorator Sidney C Harston, 44, collapsing and dying at the entrance. He had been under tremendous stress since his eldest son John, only 17, fell seriously ill while serving in Gallipoli with the Sherwood Rangers. By coincidence, John is currently home on leave. Sidney suffered fatal a heart attack.

Mother's plea

MRS BRYAN of 94 Beacon Hill appealed in the *Herald* for any news from anyone connected with the 8th Sherwoods of her son, who was reported wounded and missing on 15 October. She had heard nothing since.

A century on Private 2146 Fred Bryan is recorded to have died on the day he went missing; he is on the Loos Memorial.

Bride widowed 6 months ago!

ONE OF Long Bennington's first volunteers, Private George Hemphall, 22, appeared on last Wednesday's list of men killed in action. He had married last spring, shortly before joining the 9th Sherwoods. But his widow Martha discovered he was killed in Gallipoli on 9 August. She has been a widow for as long as she was married.

George is remembered on the Helles Memorial.

Egg spawns fatherly advice to grieving boy

MOUNT SCHOOL pupil Bernard Wakefield, 8, of 33 Baldertongate, whose dad Thomas has died in his mid-50s, last week received thanks for an egg – and some fatherly advice – from Private 11803 Bernard Franks, 2nd Battalion Hampshire Regiment, who has been wounded in France:

"Dearest Bernard – I am very sorry you have lost your dear Dad but never mind theirs (sic) a God over us which will receive the dead in the New World, which means a peace and an happiness for all who gave their lives for King and country.

"I am just writing you a few customs of the people in France. The boys get their living by selling apples and oranges to troops when on a march, and are very poorly dressed on week days, and Sundays they are like young gentlemen by fashion ... As France is a republic they are not so forward as we are in education and scientific appliances."

Follow Newark's trauma in The Great War as it happened 100 years ago this week

Private turns poet at Battle of Loos

PRIVATE SYDNEY GALE, an iron moulder in peacetime living at 6 Century Street, Newark, was with the F Battery, Royal Field Artillery 62nd Brigade at the Battle of Loos – the first large-scale British offensive action of The Great War – and today his parents received this poetic report of the drama that unfolded on 25 September to 19 October 1915.

It added immeasurably to Newarkers' understanding of an event that had cost many local lives...

*To the front the Battery dashes
Led by our noble Major;
The infantry stood with open mouth,
Thunderstruck, I'll wager.*

*We dashed on a hundred yards,
Not a team was found at fault.
The CO then shoots up his hand.
'Twas the signal to halt.*

*The gunners spring from limbers,
The drivers wheel about,
The Quarter takes them rearward,
"Gallop" is his shout.*

*The guns are now in action.
Range guns are even up;
We'll test out 18 pounders
'gainst the guns of Krupp.*

*One and two are ranging,
Bullets around us screech
No.4 pats every shell
He puts into the breach.*

*We'd found the range in no time.
The Major gives a yell:
"One round battery, fire!" he shouts
"And give the bounders hell."*

*"Four rounds gun-fire" next comes
Our shells are bursting grand.
But our poor men are falling...
Dying on every hand.*

A fabulous tale by Sydney Gale

*We keep this up two hours
The enemy's fire gets slack.
Our infantry creeps forward
Their packs upon their back.*

*They cannot face the bullets
The guns must still keep on
There's only four but you would think
That there was twenty-one.*

*The Sergeant of our fourth gun
Runs up with face all gore:
"Our ammunition has run out.
"Sir, we must have more!"*

*Back an Orderly gallops
To the wagon line
To see the drivers thunder up,
Believe me, sir, was fine.*

*Number four in action.
Four rounds gun fire still.
An Officer comes clattering up:
"Sir, do you see that hill?"*

*The enemy are retiring
Over yonder ridge
You must turn your guns upon
That lower pontoon bridge.*

*Our commander gives the order:
"Two degrees more right."
That pontoon bridge and all thereon
Was soon put out of sight.*

*The enemy turns about
With dejected faces
It's all just like a game of cards
With our good shells as aces.*

*Our Boys again advance,
Bayonets at the charge.
The flower of dear old England...
Sandy, Pat and George.*

*The Infantry never got there,
The Gunners did the job.
Every round they shot away,
Costing 30 bob.*

*They worked like very furies
With bores of guns red hot.
The Germans got quite windy;
They couldn't face that lot.*

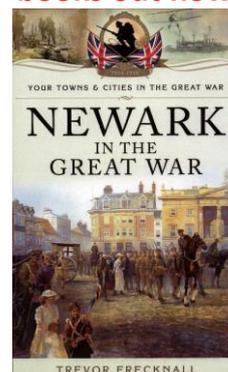
*They turned tail and bolted
For the far sky-line
And no one even heard them
Sing the "Watch on the Rhine."*

*That's how we won the battle
On the plains of Loos
A, B, C, D Batteries,
Brigade the sixty-tuos.*

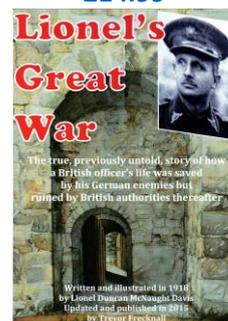
Sydney's poem amounts to a happier letter home for his parents than the one they received from their other soldier son, Eli, a Private in the Sherwood Foresters. He wrote home in September 1915 – at about the time Syd was charging into action – to reveal that he was confined in a prisoner of war camp near Hanover.



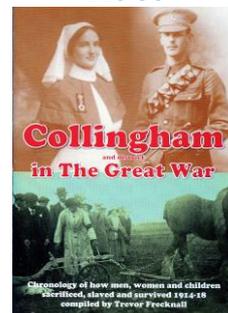
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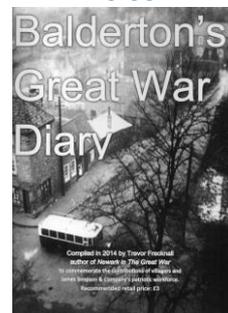
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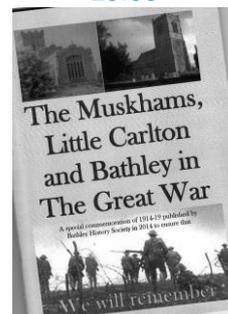
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