



This cap badge, worn by so many of our servicemen,
features the Maltese Cross.

The eight points of the Cross represent the
Beatitudes of Christ (St Matthew).

Voices from the Great War

A centenary commemoration of
World War I in words and music

performed by
Broad Hinton Amateur Dramatic Society

St Peter ad Vincula, Broad Hinton, 8th October
St Katharine & St Peter, Winterbourne Bassett, 9th October
St Mary Magdalene, Winterbourne Monkton, 10th October
St Michael and All Angels, West Overton, 11th October

PROGRAMME

Notes for our Audience

Please feel free to join in singing, while seated, the first verses of these three hymns:

1. Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ the Royal Master
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See, his banners go!
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
2. The Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ our Lord:
 She is his new creation
 By water and the word;
 From heaven he came and sought her
 To be his holy bride;
 With his own Blood he bought her;
 And for her life he died.
3. What a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear,
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer!

Please do not applaud after individual items – save it for the interval and the end of the performance!

Please stand to sing:

Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love.
And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our lives be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven.
The one eternal God,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Thankful Villages

‘Thankful Village’ was a term coined in the 1930s by the writer Arthur Mee for a village in which all the men who had left to serve in the Great War returned safely. There are estimated to be 53 such villages in England and Wales, but none in Scotland or Northern Ireland. Of this number, 13 are ‘Doubly Thankful’, ie they also lost no service personnel during World War II.

Memorial Tablet

Squire nagged and bullied till I went to fight,
(Under Lord Derby’s scheme). I died in hell –
(They called it Passchendaele). My wound was slight,
And I was hobbling back; and then a shell
Burst slick upon the duckboards: so I fell
Into the bottomless mud, and lost the light.

At sermon-time, while Squire is in his pew
He gives my gilded name a thoughtful stare;
For, though low down on the list, I’m there;
“In proud and glorious memory”...that’s my due.
Two bleeding years I fought in France, for Squire:
I suffered anguish that he’s never guessed.
Once I came home on leave: and then went west...
What greater glory could a man desire?

Siegfried Sassoon, November 1918

(Lord Derby’s 1915 scheme was a voluntary recruitment policy. Men who voluntarily registered would be called up for service only when necessary. Married men would be called up only when the supply of single men was exhausted. The scheme was abandoned in December, 1915 and superseded by the Military Service Act which introduced conscription).

A Fateful Assassination

Archduke Franz Ferdinand - heir to Franz Josef, the Austria-Hungarian Emperor who had been ruling for 66 years - was on a State visit to Bosnia-Herzegovina. He was warned the previous evening not to make his planned tour of Sarajevo on Sunday, 28 June, 1914 because Bosnian Serbs, angry that their country had been annexed into the Empire six years before, were plotting to kill him. But Sophie, his Duchess, insisted the visit went ahead, saying “Everywhere we have gone here, we have been treated with so much friendliness and by every last Serb too.”

As they were driven into Sarajevo, six Bosnian Serb nationalist assassins were waiting. The first lost his nerve, the next threw a bomb which bounced off the folded hood of the Archduke’s open limousine and exploded under one of the following cars in the cavalcade. Nobody was seriously hurt, although a fragment from the bomb stung Sophie’s neck. Three more would-be assassins melted away into the crowd, leaving only 19 years old Gavrilo Princip.

The cavalcade went on to the Town Hall, as planned, where abandoning the visit was discussed. Bravely, the Austrian couple decided to continue, but their worried host insisted on standing on their limousine’s running board as a bodyguard. Nobody is sure whether the original route had been altered but there was now a fatal mistake. The chauffeur turned right, as per his original instructions, towards a museum. Ordered to stop and reverse, he did so, driving slowly alongside where Princip was standing. Princip had failed to get off a shot a few moments before, but now he couldn’t miss. Two shots left the Archduke and his Duchess mortally wounded.

Eerily, their car bore the number plate 'A111118' – the date of the Armistice more than four years later.

How The Assassination Led To War

Baldrick's explanation of how war came: 'I heard that it started because a bloke called Archie Duke shot an ostrich 'coz he was hungry.' Not quite right.

Austria-Hungary, with blank cheque backing from Germany, blamed the assassination on Serbia (part of the Ottoman Empire until 1878), and presented the Serbs with an intentionally unacceptable ultimatum in order to provoke war. As expected, Serbia accepted only 8 of its 10 terms, so on 28 July Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia, triggering a cascade effect across Europe.

Russia, bound by treaty to Serbia, declared war on Austria-Hungary. Germany declared war on Russia, and France declared war on Germany.

Kaiser Wilhelm had undoubted psychological problems, perhaps caused by his embarrassment about his withered left arm. He liked to talk tough: "I look upon the People and the Nation handed on to me as a responsibility conferred upon me by God, and I believe, as it is written in the Bible, that it is my duty to increase this heritage for which one day I shall be called upon to give an account. Whoever tries to interfere with my task I shall crush". But until this crisis he had backed away from military action so often that his officers referred to him as Wilhelm the Timid. This time he didn't back off.

Immediately after France declared war on Germany, the German army crossed into Belgium - whose neutrality Britain had sworn to

attacked in frontal assaults. The result: the largest American cemetery in France – not the one at Omaha, but the one at Meuse-Argonne.

Meanwhile the British and French drove the Germans backwards; their Hindenburg line defences collapsed; the Kaiser abdicated and Germany capitulated. It was by far the greatest victory in our history.

Because there was no fighting on their soil, Germans later laboured under the delusion that their army hadn't been defeated. This delusion fuelled their disgust with the peace settlement (whose terms they largely ignored any way) and helped the rise of Hitler.

The Death Toll

By the time of the Armistice, the world was suffering the so-called Spanish 'flu' pandemic, thought to have spread out from infected Chinese labourers in Etaples, a British Army base in France.

Worldwide the First World War cost 37 million casualties – military and civilians – of whom some 16 million people were dead. But that figure includes the first deaths from the deadly 'flu which raged from January 1918 to December 1920. That killed minimally 50 million, may be up to 100 million people, dwarfing the deaths through military action. Three million women served in Britain's cause during the First World War, of whom 1,404 died, the largest groups being 798 nurses and 237 munitions workers killed.

the Gotha stung George V. In July, 1917, he renounced all German titles and formal associations with the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, ie the family name which came with Prince Albert. He renamed his dynasty the House of Windsor.

The War Ends

In January, 1917 the Germans decided to use unrestricted submarine warfare to increase the effectiveness of their blockade of supplies coming from the United States to Britain. This brought the reluctant Americans into the war but no American troops reached the Western Front until October.

For a while it seemed that they might not be needed. British church bells rang in November to celebrate our first so-called victory at Cambrai, where 476 tanks were used – but the Germans soon recaptured their lost ground. But the coming of the first Americans persuaded the Germans into open warfare.

The German offensive in Spring 1918 was so successful that in April Haig instructed his troops: “With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end”. But the Germans couldn’t reinforce their advance and their offensive petered out. They were too weak to resist a surprise Allied counter-offensive. By the end of 8th August, the first day of that offensive, the British army had punched a hole 15 miles wide in the German front. Ludendorff, the German commander, called this the blackest day for the German Army in the war and advised the Kaiser that the war was lost. American involvement in the final offensive started in late September and proved costly. They didn’t heed British warnings and

defend back in 1839 – in order to reach Paris.

Recently discovered documents show that George V insisted that this invasion gave Britain a legitimate excuse to declare war. For days he had urged his reluctant Government to fight against Germany’s drive for dominance in Europe and her blatant threat to Britain and the Empire. Now at last Sir Edward Grey, the long serving Foreign Secretary, and the Asquith government agreed to declare war over Germany’s violation of Belgian neutrality– leaving Grey to voice his famous lament “the lamps are going out all over Europe – we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime”.

Gavrilo Princip’s fate

Gavrilo Princip was a poor Bosnian Serb, born to peasants. Spotted as bright by the Imperial authorities, they gave him a scholarship to the best school in the country, in Sarajevo. After the assassination he swallowed cyanide, but too small a dose to kill him. The other conspirators were hanged, but (two weeks short of 20) Princip was just too young to be executed. Instead he was given a 20 year sentence. Locked in solitary confinement in a damp dungeon, he developed untreated skeletal tuberculosis, his right arm had to be amputated, and he died on 28 April, 1918. His dream of the creation of a South Slav state was realised when Yugoslavia was created at the end of the war. For years he was viewed as a hero, but then reviled when Yugoslavia split apart. Now he’s back in favour, with a new statue in Sarajevo.

The Day War Broke Out...

The Band of Hope immediately campaigned for total prohibition. The

Government duly empowered licensing authorities to cut drinking hours down to a maximum of six hours per day with a compulsory afternoon break. This was never applied universally in this country, whereas temperance campaigners in Australia got closing time brought forward to 6.00 pm, a ruling that lasted nearly 50 years, leading to the 'Five o'clock swill', when men drank as much as possible in one hour.

In March 1915, David Lloyd George was moved to say, "We are fighting Germany, Austria and drink; and as far as I can see, the greatest of these deadly foes is drink". The dutiful George V accordingly took the pledge for the duration of the war.

Apart from reducing opening hours, duty on beer and spirits was raised continually and beer was watered down to become price-controlled Government Ale. In some areas, buying your round was outlawed; so was the 'long pull', giving the drinker more than a pint for his money; so was running up a slate (to buy beer on credit).

Two Romantic Poets Suffer Unromantic Deaths

Sub-lieutenant Rupert Brooke of the Royal Naval Division never saw fighting. On the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, 23 April, 1915 he died on a French hospital ship – from a mosquito bite and sunstroke – en route to the fighting in the Dardanelles. He is buried on the Greek island of Lemnos.

Strangely, another British romantic poet, Lord Byron, also died somewhat ingloriously in a campaign against the Turks. Byron, who fought in the Greek War of Independence, succumbed to fever in 1824 in the rain drenched courtyard of an inn at Missolonghi, Greece.

that fighting troops were drafted back to the UK to help with the harvest. But that harvest failed, Britain came down to just three weeks' food reserves, and food rationing was introduced.

The Royal Navy played a crucial role in guarding the merchant ships bringing food to Britain, latterly in convoys (an idea which we initially forgot in the Second World War). But the Navy also conducted its own naval blockade of Germany which restricted the maritime supply of raw materials and foodstuffs and was a key element in our eventual victory. Staples such as grain, potatoes, meat and dairy products were so scarce by the end of 1916 that 'ersatz' products such as Kriegsbrot ("war bread") and powdered milk were introduced. Food shortages caused looting and riots. In 1918 the German Board of Public Health estimated that 763,000 German civilians had died from starvation and disease caused by the blockade. The blockade also contributed to revolutionary uprisings in Germany and the collapse of the Kaiser's administration.

Raids on Britain

Free of invasion fears since Napoleon, the British were shocked to find their homes in range of raids by sea and hence perhaps of invasion. On 16 December, 1914, the Germany Navy bombarded Scarborough, Whitby and Hartlepool, killing 122 people. News that the Germans were using airships to drop bombs on civilians in Belgium added to public concern. Airship bombing raids on Britain began in 1915, mostly using Zeppelins. Over 1,900 people were injured during the 51 airship raids, including 557 killed. The 27 aircraft raids, starting in 1917 and mostly using the big Gotha aircraft, were more deadly: over 2,800 casualties including 835 killed. The Germans calling a bomber

negotiation.

I have seen and endured the sufferings of the troops, and I can no longer be a party to prolonging those sufferings for an end which I believe to be evil and unjust.

I am not protesting against the military conduct of the War, but against the political errors and insincerities for which the fighting men are being sacrificed.

On behalf of those who are suffering now, I make this protest against the deception which is being practised on them. Also I believe that it may help to destroy the callous complacency with which the majority of those at home regard the continuance of the agonies which they do not share, and which they have not sufficient imagination to realise.”

After treatment for shell shock, he decided to return to the war.

Adieu la Vie translation

Goodbye to life, goodbye to love, goodbye to all the women. It's all over now, we've had it for good with this awful war. It's at Craonne up on the plateau that we're leaving our skins, because we've all been sentenced to die. We're the sacrifices.

The Starvation War

In 1914 we produced only 35% of our food - imports provided 50% of our requirements. The Germans accordingly began a blockade in 1915 to starve us. Our Board of Agriculture responded by creating the Women's Land Army. By 1917 over 250,000 women were farm labourers. Nevertheless Britain was so near starvation that year

Germans Wrote Poetry Too... “A Prayer Before Battle”

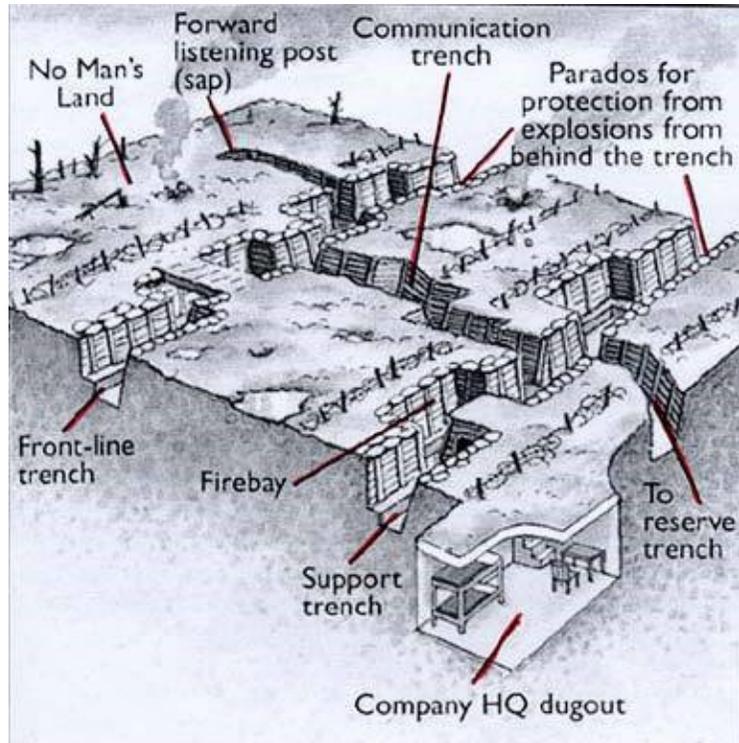
The soldiers pray fervently, every man for himself;
God, protect me from bad luck.
Father, son and holy ghost,
Please don't let any shells hit me,
Or those scoundrels, our enemies
Imprison or shoot me,
Don't let me kick the bucket like a dog
For the dear Fatherland.

See, I would like to still live,
Milk cows, bang girls,
And beat up that rascal, Sepp.
And get boozed up many times
Before I meet my holy end.
See, I'll pray well and willingly
Say seven rosaries daily,
If God, in your mercy
You kill my friends Huber or Meier
But spare me.
But if I've got to take it
Let me not be wounded too heavily.
Send me a light leg-wound,
A small arm injury,
So that I return home as a hero
Who can tell many a story.

Alfred Lichenstein (killed in action 1914)

Trench Life

From the end of 1914, two lines of opposing trenches stretched some 450 miles from the Belgian coast at Nieuwpoort to the Swiss border. The Belgians covered 15 miles, the British 123 miles (27% of the total length), and until 1918 when the Americans took over 80 miles in the south, the French covered all the rest.



Because the Germans dug in first, they seized the high ground. This not only gave them a tactical advantage, it also kept them much drier than the British and French, who were forced to dig in areas that were typically only 2 to 3 feet above sea level. This led to frequent flooding.

The British and French saw their trenches as temporary: they

campaign in November, latest estimates say that the Germans had lost 650,000 men killed or wounded, as against 420,000 British and 202,000 French. The Battle of the Somme marks the mid-point of the war and a complete change of mood.

Haig was no military genius but he was an outstanding product of the British military system and at least as able as most other national commanders. He also had to cope with severe political and strategic difficulties, serving a government which did not afford him anywhere near full support. In reality Haig has often been made a scapegoat for critics who want to pillory someone (but seldom the Prime Minister) for the very heavy losses. Tellingly, it was his men who insisted after the war that a memorial should be erected to him.

Sassoon's Statement

Despite his Military Cross and warrior's reputation, in 1917 Siegfried Sassoon decided to make a stand against the conduct of the war and published this statement:

"I am making this statement as an act of wilful defiance of military authority, because I believe that the War is being deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it. I am a soldier, convinced that I am acting on behalf of soldiers. I believe that this War, upon which I entered as a war of defence and liberation, has now become a war of aggression and conquest. I believe that the purposes for which I and my fellow-soldiers entered upon this War should have been so clearly stated as to have made it impossible for them to be changed without our knowledge, and that, had this been done, the objects which actuated us would now be attainable by

February.

For five days, Allied guns bombarded the German defences – their roar distantly heard in London. Convinced that the German wire had been smashed and the Germans pulverised, British generals told their troops, many in their first battle, to keep together and walk over. But the shells had failed to cut the wire – the wrong type of shells had been supplied. The Germans, safe in their deep dugouts, simply waited for the barrage to end, then dashed to their parapets to machine gun the slowly advancing British.

Some divisions did achieve their objectives with minimal casualties but overall the full frontal attacks proved disastrous. The Army learned in the worst possible way that creating battalions from a single locality, such as the Accrington Pals, severely damaged civilian morale when losses were such that local newspapers were black with casualty notices. Second World War generals, like Montgomery, who had experienced the First World War were very much more careful to minimise casualties.

The Battle of the Somme went on until November. The British did learn lessons. Commanders who had insisted that a company (120 men) was the smallest unit of manoeuvre were soon persuaded that a section of 10 men would be so. The British introduced their first tanks, took further the use of mines, experimented with a creeping barrage which placed a curtain of artillery fire just ahead of advancing infantry, and began to develop the combined use of artillery, infantry, tanks and aircraft which would win the last great battles of the war.

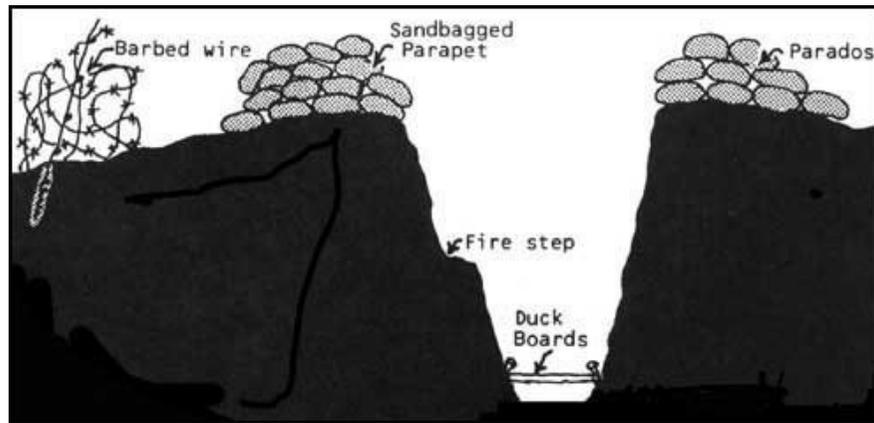
There was a recovery from this disaster. By the end of the Somme

intended to drive the Germans out as quickly as possible. The Germans, happy to squat in French territory until the exhausted Allies negotiated peace, built much more solid trenches. German dugouts were typically 12 feet or more in depth, and were sometimes constructed three stories down, complete with concrete stairs. German dugouts also typically had electricity, as well as toilets.

The gap between the two front lines varied from 50 yards to half a mile. A British front line was deep, lightly manned and protected by belts of barbed wire and parapets of sandbags. 100 yards behind lay the support trench line, where men spent most time. There the officers lived in dugouts, often with their gramophones. Their men survived mostly in funk holes cut into the trench side. A further 300 yards back was the reserve trench line. Communications trenches linked these lines.

Trenches were built in a zigzag pattern so that, if an enemy invaded a trench, he couldn't fire along its entire length. This pattern also provided some buffer if a shell exploded in a trench.

Below is a cross-section of a front-line trench. Periscopes or armoured viewing plates among the sandbags allowed a view



reasonably safe from snipers. Fire-steps built into the sides allowed soldiers position themselves with their rifles at the ready when on sentry duty or when an enemy attack was anticipated.

Trench days started and ended with “stand-to”, with fixed bayonets in the front line. Once stood down, there was food of a sort – sandbag duff, which was stodge cooked in sandbags; cold bully beef; Maconochie’s stew; and bacon. Tea was served from empty fuel cans, and tasted like that. Everyone benefitted from a fast postal service with food and clothing from home. Rum was served at dawn and dusk on the front line, prior to going over the top and recce patrols, and at burials. Officers had more leave – with a dawn pass, they could enjoy Chu Chin Chow in London the same evening.

In quiet times of day, apart from keeping watch and ducking snipers and shelling, the men repaired trenches, drained flooded ones, emptied latrines, wrote letters and cleaned their rifles – some troops even found time to enter vegetable growing contests..

The British were keen on tunnelling and digging saps (probing

Toc H

The Revd Tubby Clayton was an Anglican army chaplain. In 1915 he and Revd Talbot, another chaplain, opened "Talbot House" as a rest house for soldiers at Poperinghe in Belgium. The house became known as Toc H, from the signal terminology for "T H" or "Talbot House". Across the front porch was written “Abandon rank all ye who enter here”. The house offered much valued home comfort to men in their brief hours away from the Army. Up in the loft was – indeed still is – a tiny chapel where many men took what proved to be their last Communion.

A Boy Soldier Among The Flanders Poppies

The dressing station cemetery outside Ypres where John McCrae wrote “In Flanders Fields” contains the grave of Rifleman Strudwick. His age is given as 15, a rare record of an under-age death. Nobody knows how many boys volunteered, giving a false age and often a false name. But after conscription began in 1916, men had to show their birth certificate to prove they were aged eighteen or over.

The Disastrous 1 July, 1916 And Its Aftermath

The first day of the Battle of the Somme proved to be the British Army’s worst day with nearly 60,000 casualties, almost 20,000 of whom were dead.

British generals felt that their New Army still wasn’t battle ready but the French, their senior partners, demanded an attack to divert Germans from the attritional battle at Verdun which had started in

Director	<i>Sally Cartwright</i>
Compiler and Narrator	<i>John Hutchings</i>
Music	<i>Steve Cutler</i>
Lighting	<i>Mark Cooper</i>
Singers	<i>Francis Budge</i> <i>Peter Dodds</i> <i>Geoffrey Gibson-Pigott</i> <i>Gill Gibson-Pigott</i> <i>Marilyn Martin</i> <i>Martin Moseling</i> <i>John O'Neill</i>
Programme and publicity design	<i>Liz Moakes</i>

Trench Life *(continued from page 11)*

By comparison, it has been suggested that fighting in World War II in truly awful conditions in Burma, with its terrible terrain and climate, and the extra ingredients of disease, extreme hardships and lack of comforts against an enemy who ignored humanitarian laws, was even worse.

trenches) under and across No Man's Land. They were also keen on mining operations to place high explosives beneath the enemy's fortifications. At Messines Ridge the British dug 22 such mines of which 19 containing 600 tons of high-explosive were successfully fired on 7 June, 1917 killing some 10,000 Germans.

An offensive spirit was encouraged at night – crawling out into No Man's Land to listen to the Germans, to mend or lay barbed wire, or even raid a German trench and bring back prisoners in order to identify the opposition. Robert Graves once found his opposition commanded by Crown Prince Rupert of Bavaria, heir to the Jacobite claim to the British throne.

Trench experience was sometimes hellish, but not on all sectors or all the time. A high proportion of the troops never served in the front line. Boredom was more likely than terror. A typical infantry soldier was only in the front line trenches for about one quarter of his total time overseas and involved in action for just a few days in the whole war. A soldier didn't spend all of his time in any given trench. A typical British soldier spent 15% of his year on the front line, 10% on the support line, 30% on the reserve line, and the rest of his time on rest, on leave, or in hospital.

The disastrous first day on the Somme wasn't the norm. The Somme sector was relatively quiet in 1915 and 1917 and launched the advance to victory in 1918. Even Ypres, more truly hellish in its last 'Passchendaele' phase in Autumn 1917 had calmer periods.

(Continued on page 14)

First Half

Onward Christian Soldiers	<i>Cast</i>
Rupert Brooke	
– Peace (part I of his 1914 poems)	<i>Paul Thomas</i>
Recollections Of A Civil Hospital Reservist	<i>Jo McCombe</i>
Rupert Brooke	
– The Dead (part II of his 1914 poems)	<i>Nick Moakes</i>
Oh! We Don't Want To Lose You	<i>Jenni Moseling</i>
Edith Cavell	<i>Christine Lawrence</i>
I'll Make A Man Of Any One Of You	<i>Jo McCombe</i>
A Calais Brothel	<i>Jane O'Neill</i>
Isaac Rosenberg	
– Break Of Day In The Trenches	<i>Rod Palfrey</i>
Robert Graves - The Dead Fox Hunter	<i>Christine Lawrence</i>
Rupert Brooke	
- The Dead (part IV of his 1914 poems)	<i>Sally Cartwright</i>
Rupert Brooke	
- The Soldier (part V of his 1914 poems)	<i>Paul Thomas</i>
Vera Brittain – Perhaps	<i>Jenni Moseling</i>
Atatürk's Tribute To His Foes at Anzac Cove	<i>Jane O'Neill</i>
Wilfred Owen – Futility	<i>Jo McCombe</i>
The Church's One Foundation	<i>Cast</i>
Wipers Times – Optimism	<i>Rod Palfrey</i>
Julian Grenfell – Into Battle	<i>Jane O'Neill</i>
Noel Hodgson – Before Action	<i>Nick Moakes</i>
What A Friend We Have In Jesus	<i>Cast</i>

Interval

Second Half

The Bells of Hell Go Ting-A-Ling	<i>Cast</i>
Robert Graves – Corporal Stare	<i>Jenni Moseling</i>
Standards are Dropping In Bavaria	<i>Phil Shepherdson</i>
Richard Aldington – Bombardment	<i>Jane O'Neill</i>
Sylvia Pankhurst's Deputation Inspects	
A Factory	<i>Jo McCombe</i>
Laurence Binyon – For The Fallen	<i>Jane O'Neill</i>
Queen Mary Visits A Hospital	<i>Sally Cartwright</i>
Wilfred Owen – Dulce Et Decorum Est	<i>Nick Moakes</i>
Adieu la Vie	<i>Maria Shepherdson</i>
Wilfred Owen – Anthem For Doomed Youth	<i>Paul Thomas</i>
Siegfried Sassoon – The Hero	<i>Phil Shepherdson</i>
Siegfried Sassoon – The General	<i>Mark Miller</i>
I Want To Go Home	<i>Cast</i>
W B Yeats – An Irishman Foresees His Death	<i>Rod Palfrey</i>
Siegfried Sassoon – Reconciliation	<i>Sally Cartwright</i>
Wipers Times – With The Usual Apologies	<i>Nick Moakes</i>
Siegfried Sassoon – They	<i>Phil Shepherdson</i>
John McCrae – In Flanders Fields	<i>Mark Miller</i>
Siegfried Sassoon – Everyone Sang	<i>Christine Lawrence</i>
Now Thank We All Our God	<i>Cast and Audience</i>