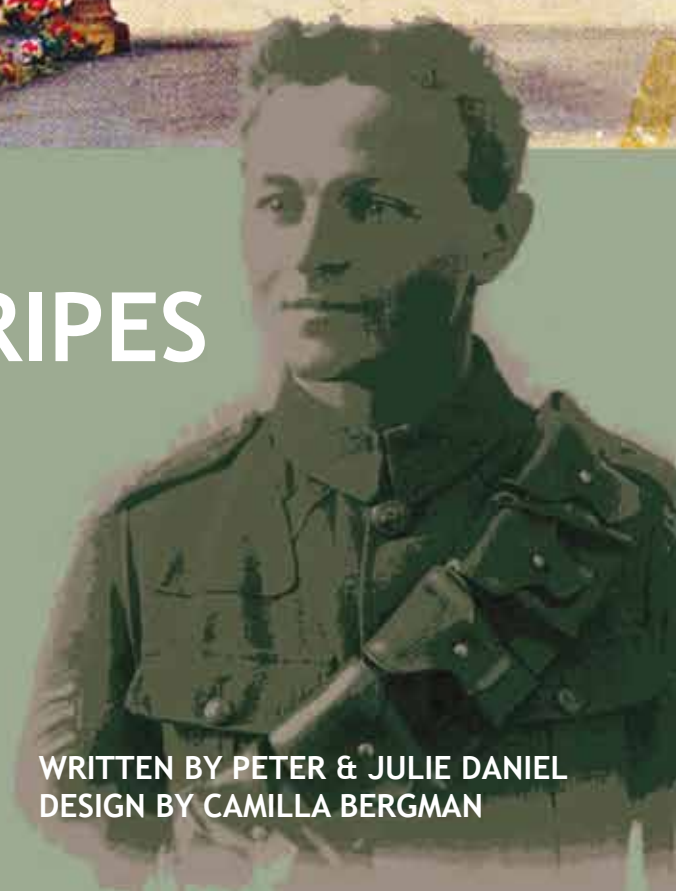


MONTY'S LOST STRIPES



WRITTEN BY PETER & JULIE DANIEL
DESIGN BY CAMILLA BERGMAN



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With special thanks to Heritage Lottery Fund, Westminster Abbey, National Army Museum, National Archives, Medway Archives & Local Studies Centre, Kent & Sharpshooters Yeomanry Museum and British Postal Museum & Archive.



This book is dedicated to the memory of
Sgt. Richard Monty Daniel,
Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles,
killed in the 'Fabeck Graben' trench
on the Somme, 26th October, 1916.

"Gone but not forgotten."



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INTRODUCTION



My grandfather Bill (Monty's nephew) by the Medway in Rochester, Kent.



Bill as a child with his father William and sister Alice.



Thiepval

When I was 10 years old my grandfather Bill Daniel lent me a picture of Monty (on the front cover) for a project at school. He told me that he remembered his uncle buying him sweets on the day he went off to war and that was the last he ever saw of him. Nobody in the family could remember what had happened to him.

Just before my grandfather died I promised him that I would be the first member of the family to go out to Thiepval, the memorial to those who died in the Battle of the Somme, to see where Monty was remembered. In 1997, I arrived at the memorial and was surprised to find his name instantly. There are 73,000 names on the memorial so this was the first strange twist to my visit. The other was that despite my vivid childhood memory of a soldier bearing Sergeant's stripes, Monty's name was carved onto the memorial as *Private R M Daniel*. In that moment I vowed to find out what had happened to Monty's lost stripes.

After many visits to the National Archives in Kew, Medway Archive in Strood and the Kent and Sharpshooters Yeomanry Museum in Bexleyheath, I was finally able to piece his story together.

Monty was just one of many thousands of soldiers who have no known grave and the tragedy of their loss reminds us of the importance of both the Cenotaph and the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster. This unknown British soldier has laid in the entrance of the Abbey since November 11, 1920. Even the battlefield the Warrior came from is not known, and has been kept secret so that the Unknown Warrior might serve as a symbol for all of the unknown dead wherever they fell.

As the last living survivors of the Great War leave us, it is more important than ever that a younger generation realise the significance of not only the Unknown Warrior but all of the memorials that remain with us.

Peter Daniel

Education and Interpretation Officer
Westminster Archives 2007

Jessie's Lament

To tell you all of my pain and sorrow,
I must begin my tale at the start,
Of my husband Richard Monty Daniel,
Who I loved dearly with all my heart.

He was born to a family of bargemen,
1888 in Rochester, Kent.
To learn his trade as apprentice shipwright
To Chatham Dockyard he was sent...

And now my Monty's dead.



Monty, aged three. P. Daniel.



Monty's father,
Friend. P. Daniel.



Monty's mother,
Emily. P. Daniel.



Monty's brothers, Friend and
Robert. P. Daniel.



Postcards. P. Daniel.



Monty's sister,
Emily. P. Daniel.



Monty's brother,
William. P. Daniel.



Monty's sister,
Ruth. P. Daniel.



Monty's brother, Walter.
P. Daniel.

Richard Monty Daniel was born into a family of Kentish bargemen in Snodland on 26th June, 1888. He grew up near the River Medway in Kent and went to the Wesleyan Higher Grade School in Gillingham. In 1902, he took an apprenticeship as a shipwright at H.M. Dockyard, Chatham.



Monty's
nephew, Bill.
P. Daniel.

With love for the British Empire.....



Patriotic map of the Empire.
Westminster Archives PJD.



Recruitment advert
Chatham, Rochester and
Gillingham Observer.
Medway Archives and
Local Studies Centre.



Captain Winch, REKMR. Kent
and Sharpshooters, Yeomanry
Museum.



Yeomanry ball, January 31, 1914. Chatham, Rochester
and Gillingham Observer. Medway Archives and Local Studies
Centre.



New recruits line up in Chatham in 1914. P. Daniel

With love for the British Empire
A part time soldier he became,
For the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles,
Led by Captain Winch, I think was his name.

In 1914 we were invited
To the Yeomanry Ball at the Town Hall,
Little did we know that we were months away,
From a time that would affect us all...

And now my Monty's dead.

Like most people in Edwardian times, Monty was very patriotic and had been brought up to be very proud of the British Empire. Consequently, in 1909, he became a part time soldier (a Territorial) when he joined the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles. As a Territorial soldier, Monty learnt to ride and shoot in the evenings and spent weekends with Captain Winch and the men of 'A' squadron of the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles. He loved the annual camp by the coast, because it gave him two weeks leave from Chatham Dockyard. In January 1914, Monty took his fiancé Jessie Punnet, a grocer's daughter from Chatham, with him to the Yeomanry Ball at the Town Hall. None of the revellers knew that they were a matter of months away from the beginning of the Great War.

1915, Monty becomes a Sergeant

Now the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles,
Had the job of protecting us here,
Whilst other men fought over in France,
Monty, in Kent, had nothing to fear.

1915: Monty became a Sergeant,
We had his photo taken with his uniform on,
I wanted to remember this great time,
Now the photo remains, but he is gone...

As now my Monty's dead.



Monty had this picture taken after he became a Sergeant on 27 July, 1915. P. Daniel.



This postcard of Kent from 1914 shows how determined the Territorials were to repel a German invasion. P. Daniel.



Only the three Sergeants marked with an X in this picture survived the Great War. Monty is centre left front row. Kent and Sharpshooters, Yeomanry Museum.



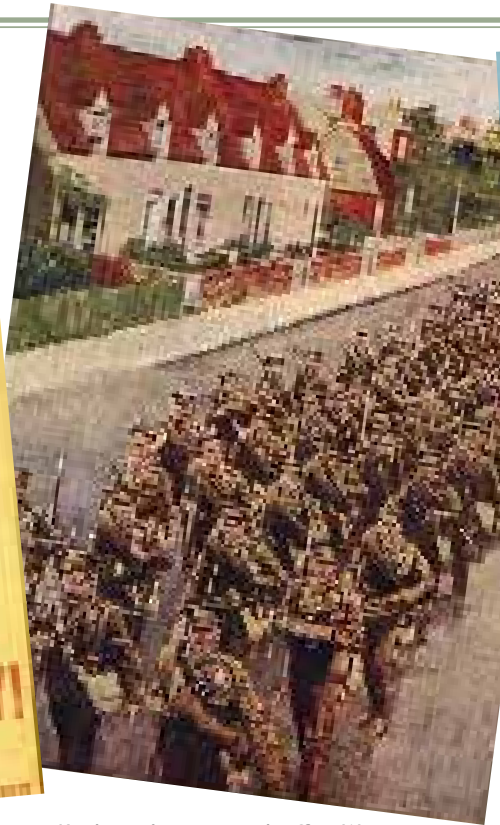
A REKMR soldier grooms his horse. c.1915. P. Daniel.

After the declaration of war on 4th August 1914, the 2/1st Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles became part of the 2/1st South Eastern Mounted Brigade and were given the task of protecting Kent against German invasion. This allowed regular soldiers to be freed up to fight in France. Patrolling in freezing weather led to Monty contracting bronchitis and he was sent to Herne Bay Military Hospital on 2nd February 1915 to recover. Nine days recovering alongside soldiers wounded in France may have led him to sign up to serve abroad on 11th May 1915. This was a decision Monty did not have to make. Although, conscription came in 1916, requiring most unmarried men between 19 and 41 to serve in the army, territorial soldiers were not forced to serve abroad until April 1917.

The Buffs



One of the most famous posters of all time. Few could escape Lord Kitchener's pointing finger. Westminster Archives, PJD.



Kitchener's men march off to War. Westminster Archives, PJD.



"The Buffs" propaganda postcard. Westminster Archives, PJD.



The Man at the Wheel, Chatham Rochester and Gillingham Observer, December 26th 1914. Medway Archives and Local Studies Centre.

On July the 1st 1916
The East Kents (Buffs) had lost most of their men,
Cruelly slaughtered in just one day on the Somme
I didn't think it would affect us, then...

Monty was asked to volunteer,
To fill the missing gaps in their rank,
We'd only recently got married,
Now all my hopes, like my sad heart, sank...

Because now my Monty's dead.

On July 1st 1916 the British Army suffered nearly 60,000 casualties on the first day of the Battle of the Somme. The Royal East Kent Regiment, "The Buffs", suffered such appalling losses that they were forced to call up men from Monty's Regiment to fill the gaps in their ranks. Monty heard the news just a few weeks after he married his sweetheart, Jessie Punnett at St John the Divine church Chatham on 25th July 1916. The newly wed couple were settling into their new home at 1, York Avenue, Gillingham, when Monty was asked to volunteer for "The Buffs". Jessie pleaded with him not to go but as a Sergeant, Monty felt it was his duty. In any case with conscription he was likely to be sent abroad sooner rather than later.

Our goodbyes

We had just settled into our new home,
Number One, York Avenue, Gillingham,
When Monty left for those Somme battlefields,
Where shells and bullets were killing men.

At the station we said our sad goodbyes,
A kiss for me, then sweets for nephew Bill,
I promised him that when he should return,
I'd be waiting upon this platform still.

But he did not return...

Because now my Monty's dead.

I can only imagine the horrors he saw:



Monty's nephew, Bill with brother, William and niece, Alice, 1910. P. Daniel.



A last farewell. Westminster Archives, PJD.



Thousands of men passed through Gillingham station on their way to the trenches in France. P.Daniel.



Chatham Rochester and Gillingham Observer. Medway Archives and Local Studies Centre.

On 20th September, 1916, Monty left home for the final time. Just over a month later he would be dead. Before Monty left on the boat train for France, he took his 12 year old nephew Bill to a corner shop to buy him some sweets. Monty waved goodbye to young Bill, before turning to Jessie, the new Mrs. Daniel, to kiss her goodbye. Before the door of the train slammed shut, he made her promise to be there for him on the platform the day he returned back home.

Monty's Tale



Monty's Tale



Six days spent in that God forsaken hole,
Would not have been my choice for my last hours,
Six days ago I staggered to that place,
Sliding and slipping, sinking in my boots,
In to the mud of Fabeck Graben trench.



That first night a flare lit up the darkness,
Revealing grinning rats, grown fat as cats,
And when the brightness died in dark,
The ice wind came to chill me to the bone,
As I stood ankle deep in mud and slime.



Explosive shells turned the Somme into a hideous moonscape. Westminster Archives, PJD.



By October rain had turned the shell torn trenches of the Somme into a muddy quagmire. Westminster Archives, PJD.



The War Illustrated November, 1916, showing the conditions Monty experienced in his short time at the front. Westminster Archives, PJD.

Monty arrived in France on the 21st September, 1916. The following day he found himself at the infamous "Bullring," (The 38th Infantry Base in Etaples) where he was trained for trench warfare. On 11th October 1916, after just a few weeks training, he was placed in reserve with the 4th Buffs. When Monty finally marched off to the Somme battlefield with the rest of his draft from the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles, he found himself part of the 7th Buffs. These men looked on him as their Sergeant, as they struggled to cope with the awful conditions in the captured German, 'Fabeck Graben' trench. It was flooded and full of rats when they arrived on the 20th October 1916.

Monty's Tale

Between fitful moments of troubled sleep,
I thought of our training camps at Ramsgate,
Flashing sabres charging at the gallop,
Pointless preparation for war in France,
That's fought with bullets, shells and monstrous tanks.

Six days ago I staggered to that place,
Now I will never see my Medway home,
Or hold you Jessie in my arms again,
They say that the one that has your name on
Is the one shell you never get to hear.
It's true!



The Cavalry look you an overloaded yeoman misses his horse by Cpl C.J. Harrison. Kent and Sharpshooters Yeomanry Museum.



The hideous nature of war on the Somme is shown in this sketch of a soldier of the Buffs in gas mask, 1916. Kent and Sharpshooters Yeomanry Museum.

Tanks were used for the first time in the Somme, during WW1. Westminster Archives, PJD.



Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles c.1915. In January 1915 the regimental diary notes said that REKMR were issued with swords "at last". Kent and Sharpshooters Yeomanry Museum.



A soldier of the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles, practices outpost duty, 1915. Kent and Sharpshooters Yeomanry Museum.

Monty found that this was a very different war from the one he'd trained for. A new weapon, the tank, had taken the place of the cavalry's horses. Horses were of no real use in the trenches of France, so cavalymen like Monty were forced to become infantry foot soldiers. It seems almost incredible to us today that Monty would have trained to fight with a sword in 1915 when he was about to face machine guns, poisonous gas and explosive shells.

Monty's Tale



Jess and I married just three months ago,
I showed the photos to my dockyard mates,
Moved into our first house in Gillingham,
And planned future years ahead together.
NOW I AM A SOLDIER WITH NO KNOWN GRAVE.

All that I am, all that I was. Finished.
Ended in an instant of blinding light.
I was husband, brother, uncle...Sergeant?
I died with my Sergeant's stripes still on me.
Now I have a number (G/12973), but no rank,
And no body 'neath a memorial stone.

Here in my corner of a foreign field
My story ends.



Temporary crosses could easily be lost in the chaos of battle. Westminster Archives, PJD.



Westminster Archives, PJD.



War encouraged people to rush into marriage. Monty and Jessie married just before he left for France 25th July, 1916. Illustration, Julie Daniel.



On 26th October 1916 Monty was killed. Illustration, Julie Daniel.

On 26th October, 1916, just hours before "The Buffs" were about to be relieved, the Germans shelled Monty's trench and he was killed. It is likely that there was little left of Monty to bury. In any case, many graves became lost in the chaos of battle. Monty became one of the many killed on the Somme to have no known grave. The Regimental diary for the Buffs claims that the Fabeck trench was shelled from 5am to 6.30am. At 12 noon the diary reports that 3 OR (Other Ranks = ordinary soldiers) were killed one of whom was Monty. He had lasted just 6 days in the front line.

A letter came

A brief letter came through the post,
Telling me plainly that Monty was dead.
I cannot explain the feelings of loss.
The months just passed in a blur for me.
A picture of him at the Yeomanry ball,
I sent to the paper for all to see...

That now my Monty's dead

Much sympathy has been expressed with Mrs Daniel, of 1, York-avenue, Gillingham, whose husband, Sgt. Richard Monty Daniel, was killed instantaneously by a German shell six days after he entered the trenches on October 20th. Sgt. Daniel joined the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles in August, 1914, and being transferred to the Buffs went to France in September, 1916. His officer, writing to the widow, says: "Though he was not with us for long we had the good favour of recognising his true mettle and worth." Sgt. Daniel, who belonged to Clive-road, Rochester, was educated at the Wesleyan Higher Grade School, Gillingham, and became a shipwright-apprentice in H.M. Dockyard, Chatham. He was twenty-eight years of age, and was married four months ago.

Monty's obituary was in the Chatham Rochester and Gillingham Observer, November 1916. Medway Archives and Local Studies Centre.

1917 W. 40000 (A. 2000) 103 R. & L. Ltd. Widows—Form B.

Any further communication on this subject should be addressed to—
The Secretary,
Ministry of Pensions
(Widows and Dependents Branch),
45, Grosvenor Road,
London, S.W.,
and the following number quoted.

REGISTRY
No. 10 MINISTRY OF PENSIONS
INFANTRY RECORD OFFICE
(Widows and Dependents Branch),
45, GROSVENOR ROAD,
LONDON, S.W. 1
HOUNSLOW

No. 6339 Kent (Rev.)

SIR,
I am directed by the Minister of Pensions to inform you that the Pension of No. 12973
Pte. R. M. Daniel,
7th East Kent Regt.
has been awarded a Pension of 12/9 a week, for herself
and children, with effect from the 28th May 1917.

The Officer issuing Separation Allowance has been informed of the award.

The Pension will be paid from the Pension Issue Office.

The certificates received in support of the application have been returned to the widow.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
Matthew Hathorn
Secretary.

The Officer in Charge of Records,
Hounslow.

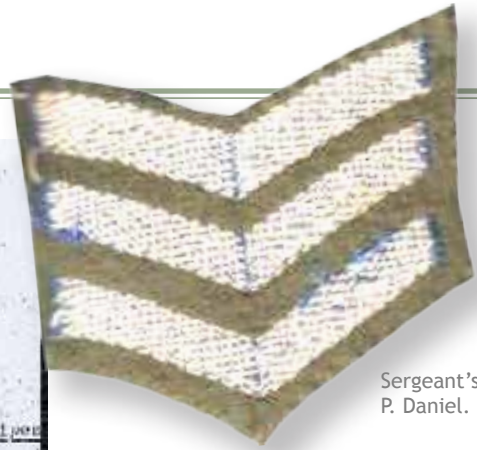
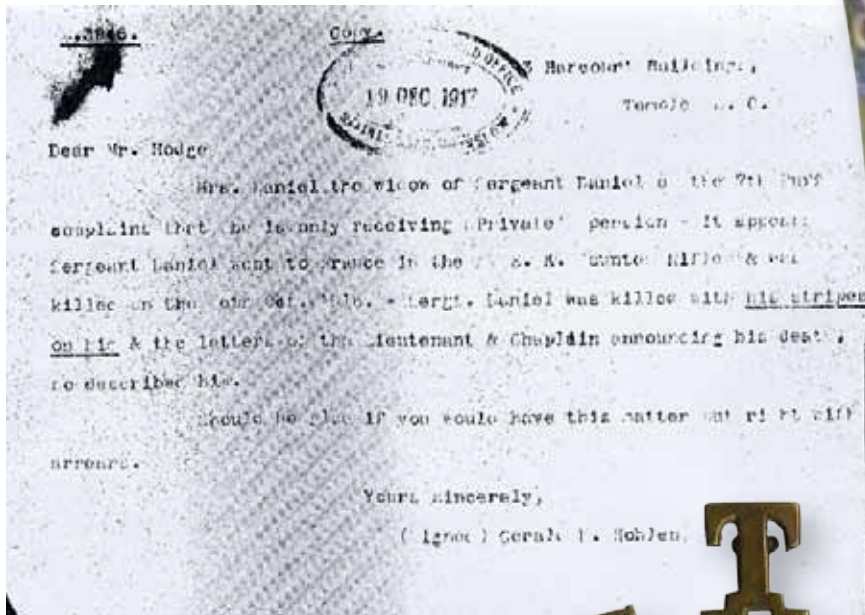
Jessie was paid just over 12/9d a week for her pension (64 pence). This was far less than a Sergeant would have received. National Archives.



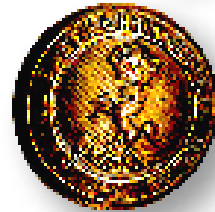
Jessie sent this picture of Monty, in his full dress uniform, to the local newspaper. Chatham, Rochester and Gillingham Observer. Medway Archives and Local Studies Centre.

Jessie received the news from Monty's commanding officer that he'd been killed. She sent a picture of him in the uniform that he'd worn at the Yeomanry Ball to the local paper. The next few months passed in a blur, as she struggled to come to terms with her loss.

His rank was wrong.....



Sergeant's stripes. P. Daniel.



Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles tunic button. P. Daniel.



This badge was worn on the shoulder of the soldier's battledress and shows the name of the regiment that he was in. Westminster Archives, PJD.

Jessie's MP wrote to the army on her behalf, so that she could get a Sergeant's pension. National Archives.



The Buffs cap badge. P. Daniel.



This cap badge shows the name of the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles. P. Daniel.

Six months later his belongings came. I should have felt some comfort in this, But I was shocked to see his rank was wrong, A dreadful slight that I can't dismiss.

I was angry and wrote to my M.P., To get my widow's Sergeant's pension, But the Army chose not to right this wrong, Causing me such pain, it's hard to mention...

That now my Monty's dead.

Six months later, the Army sent Monty's belongings back to Jessie. She was upset to find that Monty's rank was given as Private and not Sergeant. Jessie's local M.P. wrote to try and obtain for her a Sergeant's pension. However, the Army refused, despite Monty being killed with his stripes on him, and the order containing his transfer to Private not having been sent until the day after he died(See source 10).



This label would have been similar to the one Jessie received when Monty's personal belongings were sent back to her. P. Daniel.

November 11th, 1918

Monty fought for his King and country
'Killed with his stripes still on him,'
But his King and country let him down,
His achievements forgotten on a whim.

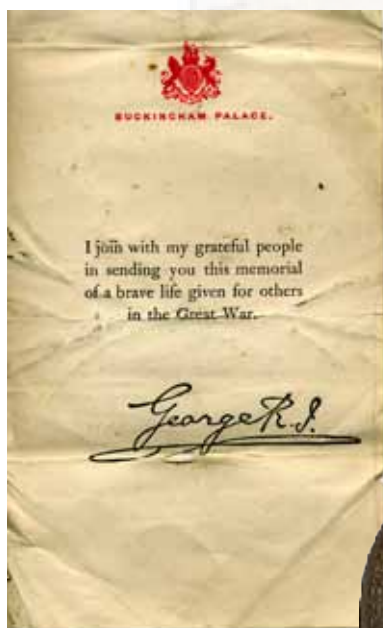
November the 11th 1918,
Nephew Bill, as King Scout, played the Last Post.
Alone on Rochester Castle he stood
To mark the end of the war...for most.

As he played he remembered his uncle,
Who never returned to his Medway home,
But still I will wait for my love here.
He's in my heart so I am never alone...

So maybe my Monty is not dead.



Every soldier who served in the Great War received one of these medals. Westminster Archives, PJD.



A letter and memorial plaque from the King, given to relatives who had lost a family member in the Great War. Westminster Archives, PJD.



Queen Mary and King George V. Westminster Archives, PJD.



These commemorative medals were presented to the next-of-kin of the men and women who died in action and were known as "Dead Men's Pennies". Westminster Archives, PJD.

At 11am on November, 11th 1918, Monty's nephew Bill stood on top of Rochester Castle and played the Last Post to mark the end of World War One. This may have marked the end of the War but for many grieving relatives it was not so easy to get over what had happened. The closest relations of those killed received a brass plaque and a letter from the King. These plaques became known as 'Dead Men's Pennies'. Medals were also used to mark service in the War but none of these gestures brought closure to grieving relatives.

November 10th, 1920



Headline of the Daily Mirror, Thursday November 11th 1920, Armistice Day. Westminster Abbey Archives, PJD.



A grieving widow reflects on her loss. Westminster Archives, PJD.



Cenotaph commemorative medals. Westminster Archives, PJD.

On November 10th 1920,
At that same spot on Gillingham station,
Surrounded by women just like me
Who'd lost their man or a close relation.

I felt such grief that I could barely stand.
Four years gone since that promise I had made,
That I would be there when my love returned.
My hope, as others there that day, was conveyed

Two years later, on the 10th November, 1920, Jessie stood on the platform at Gillingham station to keep the promise that she'd made to her husband. Many other women joined her there, lost in their private grief. Amongst them, a row of soldiers stood with heads bowed on their rifles, as a special train passed slowly through the station. Aboard the train was the body of the Unknown Warrior on its way to Westminster Abbey. The idea had come from the Reverend David Railton, who having served on the Western Front realised that something had to be done for grieving relatives of soldiers with no known grave.

The Unknown Warrior

Within the carriage of a passing train.
Aboard a coffin draped with Union Jack,
An Unknown Warrior, unidentified,
Was suddenly halted there upon the track
By hordes of women who together tried
To reach and touch with gloves of mourning black.

You see you have to understand me,
Now I have somewhere I can go,
For this Warrior could be my husband Monty,
And I can grieve and let my love grow.



The Unknown Warrior sails toward Dover, England. Westminster Archives, PJD.



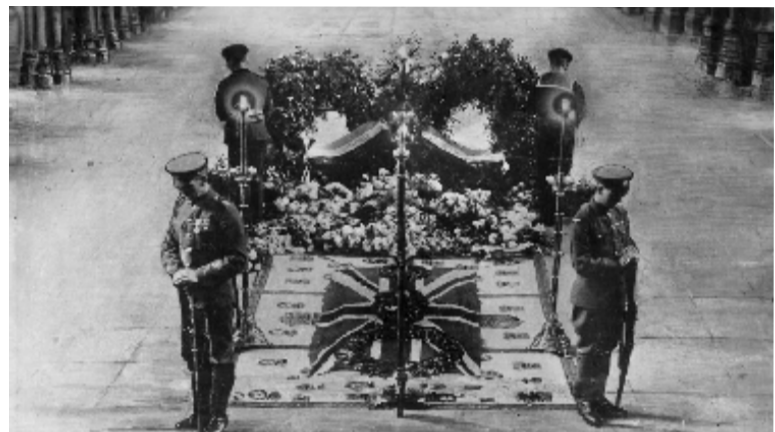
The Unknown Warrior (far right) aboard a train heading to Victoria train station. Westminster Archives, PJD.



The Unknown Warrior passes the Cenotaph. Westminster Archives, PJD.



The Unknown Warrior arrived at Platform 8 at Victoria Station on November 10th, 1920. The guarded coffin remained at the station overnight. Westminster Archives, PJD.



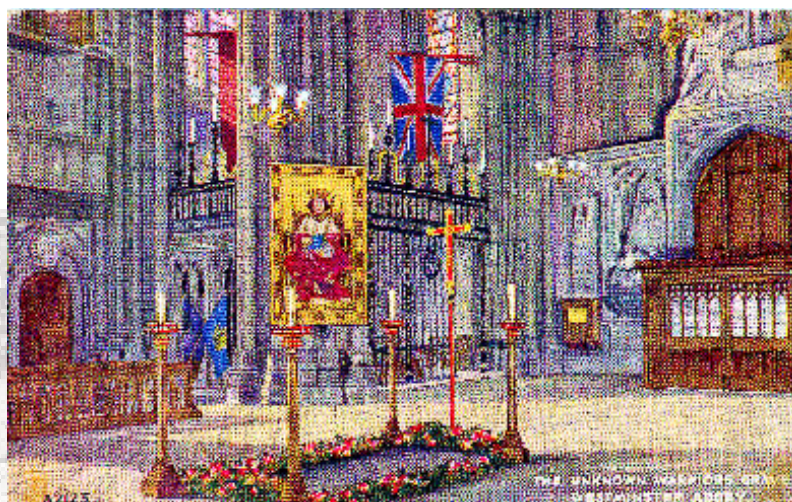
The Unknown Warrior is laid to rest at Westminster Abbey on 11 November, 1920. Westminster Archives, PJD.

The Unknown Warrior had been selected from four unidentified bodies, one each from the main battle areas, including the Somme. One was selected at random to represent the many, who had no known grave. The Unknown Warrior was brought across the Channel to Dover by HMS Verdun. Grieving women swamped Gillingham station as the train passed through. The coffin was then brought by train to Victoria Station on November 10th 1920. Finally on Remembrance Day, November 11th, 1920 the Unknown Warrior was laid to rest. So many women like Jessie had had no place to grieve for their loved ones. Now in Westminster Abbey they finally had.

Westminster Abbey



A Punch cartoon-to mark the burial of the Unknown Warrior. Westminster Abbey Archive.



The Unknown Warrior was buried with the Kings of England in Westminster Abbey. Westminster Archives, PJD.



The grave of the Unknown Warrior, 2007. Westminster Archives, PJD.

You may wish to visit this Unknown Warrior,
Your great grandfather maybe he could be,
So take the time to visit him some day,
At the entrance of Westminster Abbey.

Lest we might forget.

My Monty is not dead.

My Monty is alive.

I love, so he is.

On the morning of 11 November, 1920 - the second anniversary of the Armistice - the Unknown Warrior was drawn in a procession to the Cenotaph, which was then unveiled by King George V. At 11 o'clock there was a two minutes silence, and the body was then taken to Westminster Abbey where it was buried at the west end of the nave. To the surprise of the organisers, in the week after the burial an estimated 1,250,000 people visited the abbey, and the site is now one of the most visited war graves in the world. The text inscribed on the tomb: 'They buried him among the Kings, because he had done good toward God and toward his house' is from the Bible (2 Chronicles 24:16).



ACTIVITY SHEETS

Unit 17 What are we remembering on Remembrance Day? (Adapted for Y6)

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Activity

A Window for the Abbey - Art & Design

John Hayden was born at 8, Moreton Place, Pimlico in 1893. He joined the Queen's Westminster Rifles at the outbreak of war and took part in the famous Christmas Truce of 1914. John Hayden died on the 13th of Feb 1915, and his name appears in the Roll of Honour at Westminster Abbey. John Hayden wrote this poem for his parents to read if he was killed.



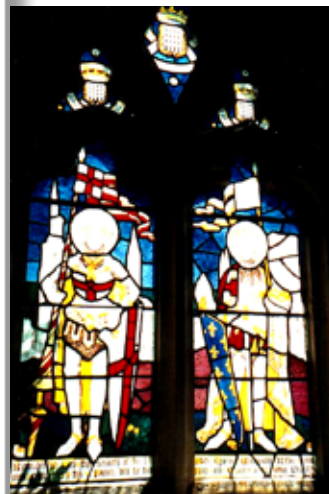
SERGE JOHN HAYDEN.
John Hayden,
British Postal Museum and Archive.

When I am dead, no graven stone
Raise o'er my head, but there alone
Beneath the may - tree let me rest;
There in the Spring, when winds blow light
And thrushes sing, the daisy white
Will timidly display its crest.

If there above, upon the tree,
The gentle dove may sigh for me,
I'll have no need of human tears;
And as the bee May - dew sucks deep
His melody will charm my sleep
With lullabies no mortal hears.

Then, when in play the children meet,
There let them stay - so may their feet
Hallow with footfalls soft my bed;
Perchance the sound of voices clear
Will pierce the ground to touch my ear
And bring me peace, when I am dead.

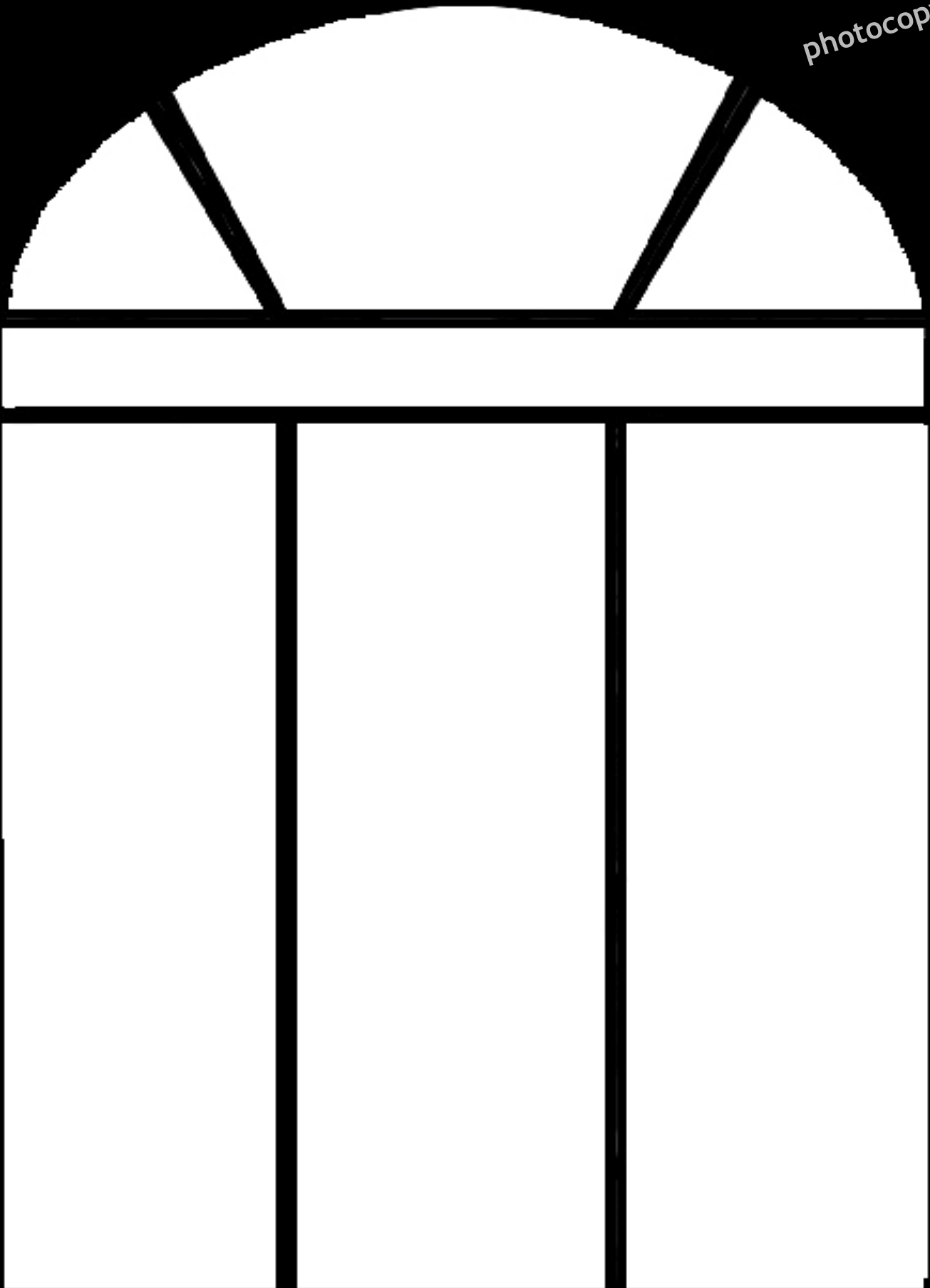
J.H., 1914



John Hayden's name as it appears in the Roll of Honour, which you can find at Westminster Abbey.

Using the glass window template opposite, design your own stained glass window in memory to a soldier who died in WW1 and like Monty has no known grave (see page 20). Think about the things John Hayden describes in his poem, which you can use in your design. For example birds or trees ... Can you see any other things which you could use? You can copy the illustration of this soldier to draw into your window.





- WRITE your soldier's name in the centre arch at the top of the window.
- WRITE an epitaph in the oblong at the top of the stained glass window.

Epitaph: An inscription on a tombstone or monument commemorating the person buried there OR a short piece of writing celebrating the life of a deceased person An example of an epitaph is "Gone, but not forgotten"

Activity

Not Forgotten - ICT Research

photocopy



Guards Memorial

VISIT your local war memorial. Write down the names of 5 soldiers and the regiment in the army that they belonged. Now fill out the rest of the table with the information you find when you search the CWGC website (see instructions below).

Name of Soldier	Age	Regiment	Date of death	Where they are buried	Other information (Next of Kin, address etc...)

INSTRUCTIONS

- 1 Visit the Commonwealth War Graves Commission website (www.cwgc.org).
- 2 Double click on the 'Search Our Records' button.
- 3 Fill in the details that you have of your soldier/s on the 'Debt of Honour Register' form.
- 4 Click 'submit' (You should now see your soldier's name come up with more information about him or her)
- 5 Click on to the name of your soldier and more information will come up, which you can use to fill in the table.
- 6 Click to see a certificate showing your soldiers name and the picture of the cemetery or memorial where they are remembered.

Activity

Not Forgotten - ICT Research



All of the QWR's names are listed on the Queen's Westminister Memorial Scroll, which can be found at Westminister Abbey.

NOW choose some soldiers from the Queen's Westminister Rifles list below, or from the pictures on the right, see if you can find more information on each soldier on the CWGC website.

Name	Rank	Date of Death
Tucker, Reginald	Rifleman	04/12/1914
Tait, Leonard Sydney	Rifleman	24/12/1914
Thompson, Arthur Gordon	Rifleman	16/06/1915
Ives, Vincent	Rifleman	01/07/1916
Dyson, Augustus Sydney	Rifleman	01/07/1916
Cooper, Frederick G.	Rifleman	01/07/1916
Waind, Arthur	Rifleman	01/07/1916
Weller, Charles George	Rifleman	01/07/1916
Morgan, Arthur J.	Rifleman	01/07/1916
Hughes, Alfred E.	Rifleman	01/07/1916
Moore, Stanley	Corporal	01/07/1916
Quinney, Thomas Edward Albert	Rifleman	01/07/1916
Dunbar, Alfred G.	Rifleman	10/09/1916
Light, Percy T.	Sergeant	10/09/1916
Beavis, Harry James	Rifleman	10/09/1916
Ward, ROBERT J.B	Rifleman	10/09/1916
Kell, Horace William	Rifleman	19/09/1916
Nash, Albert	Rifleman	09/10/1916
Vernon, Reginald M. J.	Corporal	14/04/1917
Yeates, Stanley Charles	Lieutenant	14/04/1917
French, James	Rifleman	14/04/1917
Elsom, Frank D.	Lance Sergeant	14/04/1917
Stone, Ellis Alan	Rifleman	09/05/1917
Heard, Reginald	Rifleman	13/08/1917
Chilton, Eric J.	Corporal	28/03/1918
Hill, Jack	Corporal	28/03/1918



Henry Edward Bovill (1916)



Francis Gibbon Swainson (1916)



Rodney Christopher Gudge (1916)



Hugh F Mott (1916)



Horace Raymond Waterman (1916)



Sidney Francis Bennett (1916)



Stanley Abrahams (1916)



Richard H Treffry (1917)



Ward, ROBERT J.B
Death plaque.

Westminster Archives, PJD.



Illustration by Albert H Cross, based on a Lux soap advert. Albert drew this picture in hospital having been sent home from the Somme to recover from shell shock.

Westminster Archives, PJD.

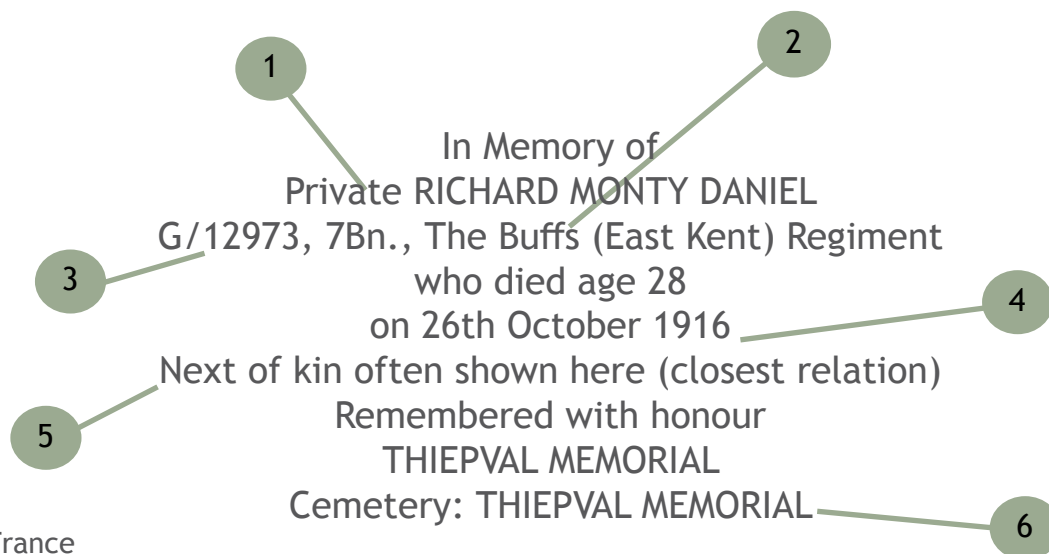


Albert H Cross (1918)



Frederick George Lloyd (1918)

Not Forgotten - Interpreting the information on CWGC



Country: France
Locality: Somme

Location Information: The Thiepval Memorial will be found on the D73, off the main Bapaume to Albert road (D929). Each year a major ceremony is held at the memorial on 1 July.

Historical Information: On 1 July 1916, supported by a French attack to the south, thirteen divisions of Commonwealth forces launched an offensive on a line from north of Gommecourt to Maricourt. Despite a preliminary bombardment lasting seven days, the German defences were barely touched and the attack met unexpectedly fierce resistance. Losses were catastrophic and with only minimal advances on the southern flank, the initial attack was a failure. In the following weeks, huge resources of manpower and equipment were deployed in an attempt to exploit the modest successes of the first day. However, the German Army resisted tenaciously and repeated attacks and counter attacks meant a major battle for every village, corpse and farmhouse gained. At the end of September, Thiepval was finally captured. The village had been an original objective of 1 July. Attacks north and east continued throughout October and into November in increasingly difficult weather conditions. The Battle of the Somme finally ended on 18 November with the onset of winter. In the spring of 1917, the German forces fell back to their newly prepared defences, the Hindenburg Line, and there were no further significant engagements in the Somme sector until the Germans mounted their major offensive in March 1918. The Thiepval Memorial, the Memorial to the Missing of the Somme, bears the names of more than 72,000 officers and men of the United Kingdom and South African forces who died in the Somme sector before 20 March 1918 and have no known grave. Over 90% of those commemorated died between July and November 1916. The memorial also serves as an Anglo-French Battle Memorial in recognition of the joint nature of the 1916 offensive and a small cemetery containing equal numbers of Commonwealth and French graves lies at the foot of the memorial. The memorial, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, was built between 1928 and 1932 and unveiled by the Prince of Wales, in the presence of the President of France, on 31 July 1932. The dead of other Commonwealth countries who died on the Somme and have no known graves are commemorated on national memorials elsewhere.

No. of Identified Casualties: 72107

Interpreting CWGC Information:

- (1) Monty was a Private, the lowest rank in the army.
- (2) Monty belonged to the East Kent Regiment ("The Buffs"), and was in the 7th Battalion. A Battalion is about 800 men.
- (3) Monty's army number was G/12973. He would have known this by heart and worn it around his neck on his dog tags. When a soldier died the number on his dog tags was used to identify him.
- (4) Date of Monty's death. Monty died on the 26th October 1916, during the Battle of the Somme.
- (5) Some certificates show next of kin here. Jessie Daniel, however, is not recorded on his records at the Commonwealth War Graves website.
- (6) Location of grave or memorial. As you can see his name is on a memorial, this means that Monty has no known grave! This is true of most of the men who died on the Somme. He is found in name only on Pier and Face 5 D.



**In Memory of
Private RICHARD MONTY DANIEL**

**G/12973, 7th Bn., The Buffs (East Kent Regiment)
who died
on 26 October 1916**

**Remembered with honour
THIEPVAL MEMORIAL**



**Commemorated in perpetuity by
the Commonwealth War Graves Commission**

Activity

Monty's Story -

writing a biography using primary sources



Having read Monty's Lost Stripes you have learnt a lot about Richard Monty Daniel. Using the sources provided for you (see page 45). Fill in the details of Monty's life in the table below.

SOURCE 3: Monty's Birth Certificate

Name:	Date of birth:	Place of birth:
-------	----------------	-----------------

SOURCE 2: 1891 Census

Who were his parents?	How many brothers and sisters did he have?
-----------------------	--

SOURCE 5: Attestation Form

When did Monty first join the army?	Where did he live at that time?
-------------------------------------	---------------------------------

SOURCE 1 and 4: Monty's Obituary and Marriage certificate

What was Monty's rank?	What was his regiment called?	
Where did he go to school?	What was his job after leaving school?	Was he married? If so, to who and for how long?

SOURCE 8: War Diary

At about what time was Monty killed on 26th October 1916?	How was he killed?
---	--------------------

SOURCE 14: Plaque & Scroll form

How many children did Monty have?	What evidence is there that the family didn't accept Monty's rank as Private?
-----------------------------------	---

SOURCE 10: Letter from Gerald Hohlen M.P. for Gillingham

This letter was written by Jessie Daniel's M.P. At the time, Jessie was receiving only a Private's pension even though Monty had been a Sergeant. Why do you think Jessie had her M.P. write this letter?

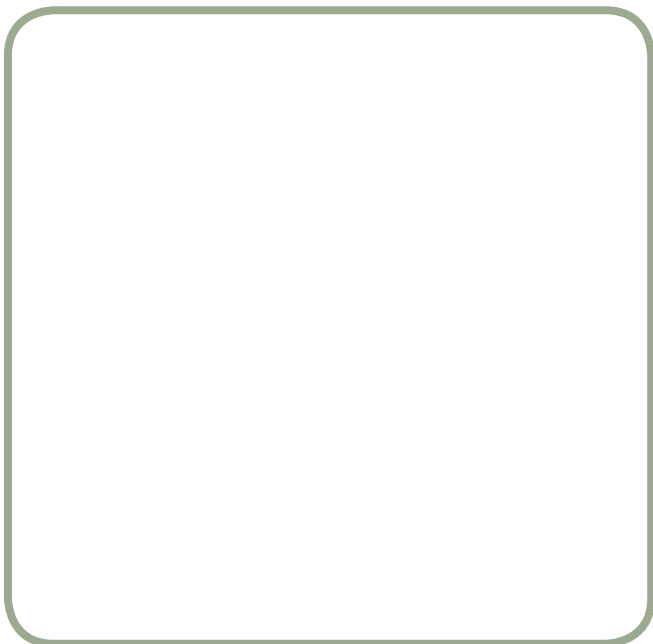
Activity

Monty's Story - writing a biography using primary sources

Using the information you have gathered in your investigation write a biography of Monty's life

Below is an example of how to start your biography.

Richard Monty Daniel was born on (date), in (place). His parents were called and (names of parents).



Draw your picture of Monty here

Reading

A Postcard from the Trenches

READ the letter opposite, it was written by a soldier to his mother whilst he served in the trenches in France. He is concerned about his mother worrying about him, but says that he is *quite comfortable*. However, he hints how things really are when he says, “There is plenty of rain and mud and other things out here.”

- Do you think his letter to his mother is totally honest?
- What do you think were the ‘other things’ that he mentions in his letter?
- Why do you think soldiers in France rarely told their families the truth of what life was really like in the trenches?



3 October 26th 1916
I only hope that you are not worrying yourself about me. I know that you are anxious, and it's not nice to have no idea when I am, but I am quite well, and am joggng along in the usual way. There is plenty of rain and mud and other things out here, but we are well-fed and well-clotted, and on the whole have nothing to grouse about. You would be surprised to see how comfortable we are at night, with our overcoats and even a blanket each.



Postcards & letters - Westminster Archives, PJD.



During WW1, letter writing was very important for soldiers as it was the only way they could have contact with their families. They didn't have mobiles, televisions and the internet like we do now. Receiving a letter or postcard in the trenches would have been a welcome relief from the difficulties soldiers had to endure.

The above letter was written by Victor Sharman and was sent from the Somme on the 26th October, 1916, the same day that Monty was killed.



Activity

A Postcard from the Trenches - letter writing

IMAGINE you are Monty. You are on top of a London bus heading toward the trenches in France, you see a young boy in the street who reminds you of your nephew Bill (pg 6 - Monty's Lost Stripes). When you finally arrive in the trenches you decide to write a postcard to Bill telling him about your life as a soldier in France. Because of his age, you realise you need to be careful about what you write.



Westminster City Archives, PJD.

DESCRIPTIVE IDEAS!

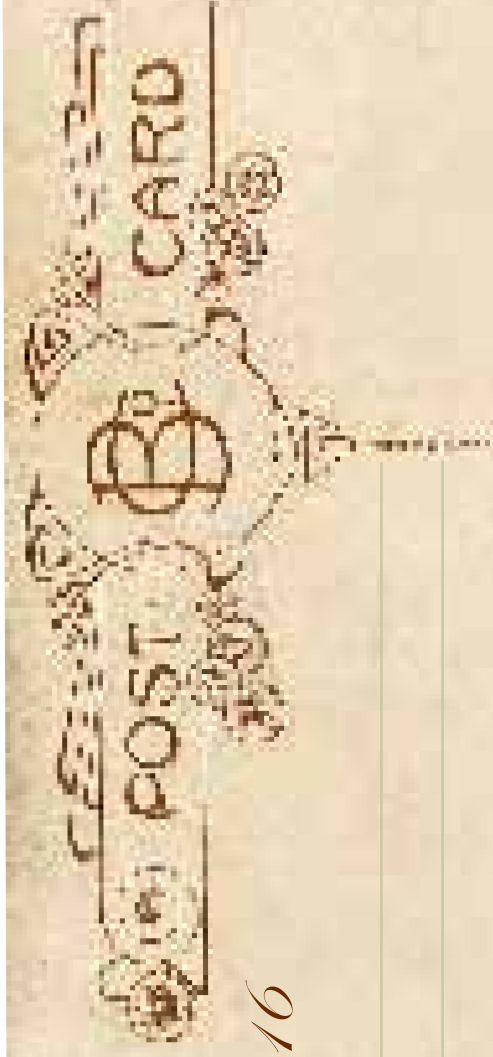
It is October 20th 1916. It is your first day in the Fabeck Graben trench and you are wading up to your knees in the evil smelling mud that lies at the bottom of the trench. The Germans have been shelling your trench and you have not slept a wink all night. You are tired, cold, scared and missing Jessie and the comforts that you had back home.

- Write about the last time you saw Bill
- What did you think war would be like?
- How are you feeling?
- What is the food like?
- What is the weather like?
- Do you miss Jessie?
- Don't forget that Bill is only a young boy and you will need to consider this when writing to him (you don't want to upset him..)



Illustration, Julie Daniel.

Westminster City Archives, PJD.



20th October, 1916

Handwriting practice lines consisting of ten horizontal lines.

Master Bill Daniel

Medway House

Slipway Yard

Rochester

Kent

Extension activity

A Postcard from the Trenches - letter writing

HOW would Monty describe life in the trenches to his brother William? His brother is closer in age, so do you think Monty would be more honest with him?

IMAGINE you are Monty can you give honest replies to his brother William's questions? Read Monty's story to help you.

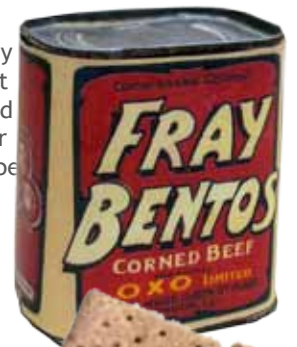
So Monty, tell me what it's REALLY like in the trenches. Is it true what they say about rat's being bigger than cats?



Monty's brother, William Daniel P. Daniel.

Soldiers got so used to the taste of petrol in their water, they could tell if their tea had been made with water from a BP or a Shell petrol container!

Soldiers lived off bully beef and biscuits that were so hard they had to be soaked in water before they could be eaten!



Monty. P. Daniel.



Yes it is true! And that's not the worst thing, we're covered in lice too!! But please don't tell mother or Jessie, I don't want to worry them.



Images - Westminster Archives, PJD

William's question: What do you have to eat in the trenches Monty?

Monty's answer:

William's question: How is life in the trenches different to what you expected?

Monty's answer:

Reading

Jessie's Diary - Diary writing

War-time is a time of saying goodbye. Many soldiers, like Monty left Britain to fight not knowing whether they would return home. Here are two stories of soldiers who were either 'killed in action' or 'went missing in action.'



Walter Tull. Phil Vasilis

On 25th March 1918 2nd Lieutenant Walter Tull was 'killed in action' in France. This telegram was sent to his brother Edward, who had been brought up with him in a Bethnal Green orphanage.

Tull was one of Britain's first Black footballers but surpassed this achievement by becoming the first Black combat officer in the British army.

His body was never recovered and for many years his only memorial was his name on a wall in Arras.

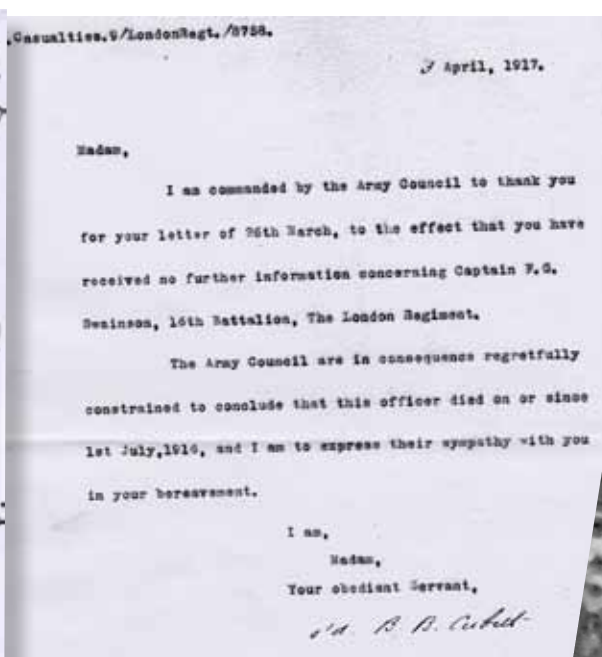


The telegram sent to Edward Tull, Walter's brother. National Archives.

Captain Francis Gibbon Swainson MC of the Queen's Westminster Rifles was reported as 'missing in action' after the first day of the Battle of the Somme on 1st July, 1916. He was gunned down leading his men towards the third line of German defences at Gommecourt. His body was never found and he is now remembered on the Thiepval memorial.



Letter to War Office. National Archives.



Reply from War Office. National Archives.

Eight months after the event his mother wrote to the War Office asking for news of her son. Their reply confirmed her worst fears.



Westminster Archives, P.J.D.

Activity

Jessie's Diary - Diary writing



READ the poem *The Telegram*.
Imagine you are Jessie. Write two diary entries, one for November 10th, 1916, when you received news of Monty's death, and the other four years later, on the 10th November, 1920, when the Unknown Warrior's body passed through Gillingham on its way to Westminster Abbey.

10th November, 1916

- Record how you feel about losing your husband?
- Are you angry, sad, lonely?
- Describe what your feelings are about the war?
- How does Monty's family feel?

DRAW a picture to go with your diary page. You could draw Jessie crying as she remembers her wedding day, or the postman arriving with the telegram.

10th November, 1920

- Record how you feel now, four years since Monty was killed?
- Describe the scene at Gillingham station after the Unknown Warrior has passed through?
- What memories does standing on the platform bring up for you?
- Do you know any of the women at the station?
- Now that you have lost Monty what does the Unknown Warrior mean to you? Will you be going to visit the Unknown Warrior at Westminster Abbey?

DRAW a picture to go with your diary page. You could draw Jessie standing on the platform amongst all the women as the train goes by with the Unknown Warrior.

The Telegram

November 10th 1916

Take me from this nightmare scene,
Bring back this man of mine,
Don't tell me that you're sorry,
Erase those dreadful lines.
How could you not protect Monty,
My husband of three months,
He gave his all for country,
Is this what I deserve?
No government apology
Can ever ease the pain
His golden face, his Sergeant's stripes
I'll never see again.

I pleaded with him not to go,
His place was our new home,
And now these cold and printed words
Have smashed the life I've known
A part of me he'll always be
My memories won't fade.
The sweetness of our wedding day.
Or dancing in his arms,
Those last few days in Gillingham
Are still so sweet for me.
And then one day he marched away.
And said "I'll be home soon."

November 10th 1920

The day that note dropped at my door,
Still leaves me feeling raw.
No obituary in the paper
Can ease the pain his death
Has hurt this heart of mine,
No medal badge or trophy,
No words that you can speak,
Can wipe away this gloom today,
These tears upon my cheek.

As I stand upon this platform
The station clock ticks on,
Four years have gone since that sad day
I waved him on his way,
I wait now for another train
With other wives in black,
Each one of us will say a prayer
That our dear man is back.

Peter Daniel

Much sympathy has been expressed with Mrs Daniel, of 1, York-avenue, Gillingham, whose husband, Sgt. Richard Monty Daniel, was killed instantaneously by a German shell six days after he entered the trenches on October 20th. Sgt. Daniel joined the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles in August, 1914, and being transferred to the Buffs went to France in September, 1916. His officer, writing to the widow, says: "Though he was not with us for long we had the good favour of recognising his true mettle and worth." Sgt. Daniel, who belonged to Clive-road, Rochester, was educated at the Wesleyan Higher Grade School, Gillingham, and became a shipwright apprentice in H.M. Dockyard, Chatham. He was twenty-eight years of age, and was married four months ago.

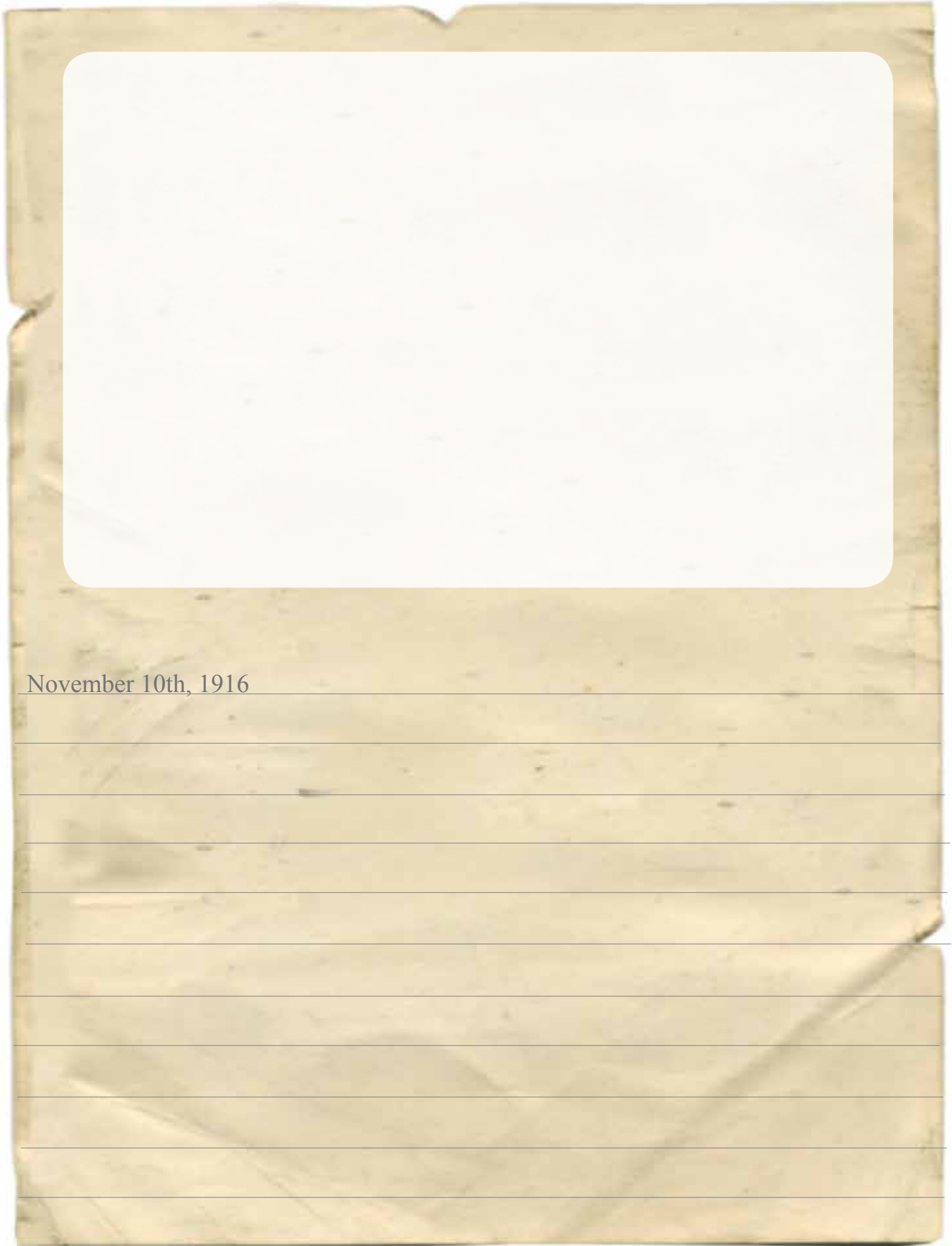
For women like Jessie who were left behind, after their men went off to war, the days that followed must have been filled with the dread of the arrival of a telegram bringing bad news. More often than not a message that someone was missing in action meant that their loved ones were dead.



Activity

photocopy

Jessie's Diary - November 10th, 1916 - Diary writing



November 10th, 1916

Activity

photocopy

Jessie's Diary - November 10th, 1920 - Diary writing



November 10th, 1920

Reading

In Memoriam

'In memoriam' is a Latin phrase meaning 'In Memory.' It is often used to remember someone after they've died.



PTE LITTLEFIELD, W. E. SURREY REGT.



The Old Pye Street Memorial

'IN HONOURED MEMORY OF THE MEN OF THIS ESTATE WHO LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT WAR 1914-18'

In Old Pye Street, Westminster, there is a stone plaque built into the walls of one of the flats of the Peabody Estate. It is one of 279 Great War memorials in Westminster. It's been there so long now that the residents walk past it without seeing it. Half way down the list is the name of Pte Littlefield W. The W stands for William. In 1912, the year the Titanic sank, he'd married his sweetheart Alice Ezard and set up home in the Old Pye Street flats. Nine

Images - Westminster Archives, PJD

months later his eldest son Thomas was born. Their second boy, named William after his Dad, was born in November 1917. By then, William senior had been dead for four months, killed in France.

Pte William Littlefield was 29 when he was killed on 2 July 1917. His wife received the news as she was five months pregnant. His sons, Thomas and William, became just two of the 340,000 British children to lose a parent in the Great War. Nearly a million British and Commonwealth soldiers were killed in total.

William Littlefield's story is just one small tragedy amongst many but imagine the pain and sorrow of his story multiplied a million times over.

William Littlefield had not rushed to the Queen's Westminster Rifles recruitment centre in nearby Buckingham Gate when war broke out. He did not join the East Surrey Regiment until January 1916. Did he feel pressure from his wife or his son to join up? Posters like these were all over Westminster and the pressure to join up would have been very intense.



Images - Westminster Archives, PJD

Reading

In Memoriam - poetry



IMAGINE you are Thomas Littlefield, the boy shown in the picture on the right. It is 11th November 1920, You are standing looking at your father's name on the wall of the Old Pye Street flats. A short distance away the Unknown Warrior is being buried at Westminster Abbey.

WRITE a short 'In Memoriam' poem, an epitaph for Private William Littlefield as if he were your dad. Use examples from the poem written by Edward Thomas to help you.

In Memoriam

(Easter 1915)

*The flowers left thick at nightfall in the wood
This Eastertide call into mind the men
Now far from home, who, with their sweethearts should
Have gathered them and will never do again.*

Edward Thomas (1878-1917) Killed at Arras 9th April, 1917.

When a loved one has been laid to rest we are given one final occasion to tell the world what they meant to us. Tombstone epitaphs reflect the person's existence highlighting their personality traits or accomplishments in life. In some cases they may also tell the story of the circumstances that brought them to their death.

- What will your poem say?
- Do you want it to suggest that your dad, William, was a hero?
- Do you feel his death was a waste and an unnecessary sacrifice?
- Will the tone of your poem be sad, proud, bitter, angry?
- What do you want people to feel when they read your poem?



Activity

photocopy

In Memoriam - Write an Epitaph - poetry

Epitaph's are usually quite short, four lines will do. Use examples from Edward Thomas's poem and Monty's Lost Stripes to help give you some ideas for your epitaph.

My list of words and phrases

USE this box to write a list of words or phrases for your epitaph.

Sorting out my list of words and phrases

NOW look at all the thoughts you have jotted down. Can you put them into some sort of order? Think about the mood or tone of what you are trying to say.

The final draft of my poem

FINALLY, ask a partner to read through what you have written. What works well? What isn't clear and needs improving? When you have done this give your poem a title and write your final draft in the box.

Reading

The Mothers of Britain

The families of servicemen killed in WW1 were sent a memorial plaque and scroll from a 'grateful' King and country. Nearly three years after the war ended Alice Littlefield was still trying to get the War Office to send her one. Alice must have questioned how 'grateful' her country was as she struggled to make ends meet on her widow's pension. She was forced to take a job as a cleaner in the new Imperial War Museum to supplement her widow's pension.



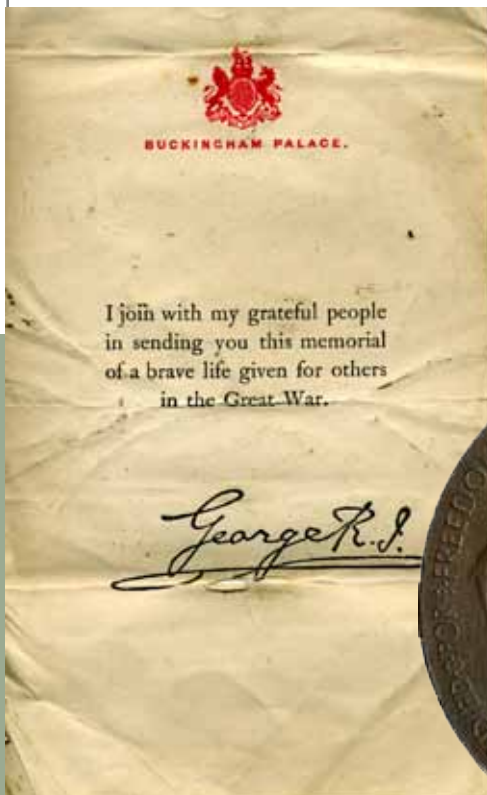
As staff at the Imperial War Museum discussed how best to keep the memory of the war alive for future generations, Alice Littlefield's husband had already been forgotten.

21B Peabody Buildings
Old Pye Street,
Westminster
8th December 1920

Sir
I am writing to ask if you over look me as regards my husband plaxk. I received a scroll months ago and oblige,
AJ Littlefield
Pte W Littlefield
8099
1st Battalion East Surrey Regt.

21B Peabody Buildings
Old Pye Street,
Westminster
12th January 1921

Sir
I am writing again as I did not have answer from my letter of 10/12/20 as regard my husband plaxk.
I received my scroll months ago. I should be pleased if I could hear from you and oblige,
AJ Littlefield



letter from the King and the Death Plaque, given to every family when a loved one was killed.

Alice's life ended tragically when she was killed by a German bomb that fell on the Old Pye Street flats on 10th November, 1940. Her eldest son Thomas, shown in the picture with Alice above, was also killed. Thomas, like his father, was killed whilst serving in France, two weeks after D-Day in 1944.

THE MOTHERS OF BRITAIN. THE WEEK'S PILGRIMAGE TO WESTMINSTER.

EVENING STANDARD 11th November 1920



She got into the train at the station of a grimy industrial Lancashire town. "Is this right for London?" she asked, addressing the other passengers.

The man in the corner said he thought it was; but maybe she would have to change at Crewe. She was a comfortable body, with serenity in her eyes, and there seemed to be a quiet content in her manner. She looked out of the window for a long time, and when she turned her gaze the man in the corner offered her a newspaper.

"Nay," she replied, "I've got plenty to think on beside that. I'm going to London to the funeral of my boy." There was a pause. "Yes, they're burying him in Westminster Abbey on Thursday." Though there was a dimness of tear's she smiled. Nobody said anything but the silence was an interrogation.

"It's Our Jim."

"Yes," she added, "the papers say they are going to bury an unknown warrior, but I know it's our Jim. I know. If a mother doesn't know, who should? I've sort of felt all along it may be our Jim but last night at chapel it came to me, all sudden like, it was. He was a bright lad our Jim."

The others in the third-class carriage exchanged glances. The train was screeching through a grey November morning and the countryside was gloomy.

But there was radiance in that carriage. I think we all felt it.

"Jim you see, was killed at the Second Battle of Ypres. The papers said he was 'missing' but I know what had happened. Well, well!" and again the look of contentment came to the plain, kindly face. "He was a good lad."

What Jim Said

"I remember what he said on t' platform when he was going back after being on leave. I told him he was to mind and be careful and he laughed and said that if anything happened he was to be given a swell burial in Westminster Abbey, and Betsy she laughed too, and cried a bit and said it would be Westminster Abbey, sure. And so it is. I know." She asserted her belief with a little accentuation as though somebody had questioned her.

"I hope," said the man in the corner "you will have a good place at the Abbey on Thursday."

"No I've got no place. Maybe I ought to have written them in London, and told them I knew it was our Jim that they was burying. But our preacher told me last night they was very busy in London and maybe I'd not get an answer. So I'm just going".

"I've never been to London afore but I'm tracing the steps that Jim took that day I last saw him. The day he said to himself he would have a swell funeral. But he was a bright lad."

THE TWO MOTHERS.

The wheels of the train scrunched, and we pulled up at a murky station. There was a hurried movement on the platform.