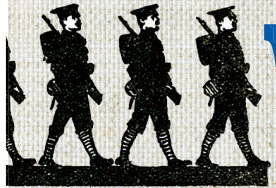


# The Ones We Loved Who Went To War



Woman's Weekly readers remember their loved ones who served in the First World War

**W**hen we asked our wonderful readers to knit, crochet and make poppies to help us commemorate the centenary of the First World War, we received more than 4,000, which will now be made into hundreds of wreaths for war memorials across the country and beyond. (Visit [womansweekly.com/wreath2014](http://womansweekly.com/wreath2014) to find out how you can make one for your local memorial.)

But along with your handiwork, many of you explained, in heartfelt and poignant letters, that you'd been moved to create your poppies to commemorate particular family members who had been involved in the conflict. Here are just some of your stories...

'John Robert Woods, my great-uncle, worked in Earls, a boot merchant and grocery shop in Clones, near Monaghan in Ireland. When war broke out, he joined the local regiment in September 1914 and was sent to France in October 1915, serving with the 9th Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. In January 1916 he was posted to the 108th Company, Machine Gun Corps, 36th Ulster Division and fought in all major battles until 31 May 1918. He was killed at the Brielen Lines sector, north-west of Ypres, by a German artillery barrage, aged just 22. He is buried in Gwalia Cemetery, Belgium.'



Sandra Smyton

'The first of my poppies were made for my father and uncles. My father ran away to join his brothers in the First World War. He was wounded in the knee when his gun battery was shelled and he was sent to Ireland to look after army horses before his mother managed to get him home. Unfortunately one brother was killed in the early years of the war, and is buried in Pakistan. The second brother was killed in France a very short time before the end of the war.'

Other poppies were for members of my family who, like my father, have served in Her Majesty's forces. The rest were for the women who served by being at home.'

Marilyn Hay

'This is my grandfather, George Smith (top right), his brother, Charles (bottom left), and friends just before they went off to war. Both my grandfather and great uncle enlisted as drivers in the Royal Army Service Corps on 4 September 1914. They served together as ambulance drivers and stretcher bearers as part of the British Forces engaged in the Dardanelles Campaign at Gallipoli. They were demobilised in April 1919, having served together throughout the entire war.'

Linda Miles



'As a child, I remember my grandma telling me how five of her sons - Albert, George, Frank, Ben and Richard - were all in the army. Four of them survived - the fifth (and youngest), Richard, died from his wounds at the end of November 1918.'

George was my dad and would never tell us much about the war. He joined the Coldstream Guards in the early 1900s, came out in 1913, and was straight back in, in 1914. I can still recall Dad saying he went into the Army at 5ft 11½in and came out 5ft 10in. It was all the marching that did it.'

Jean Gibson

## We Remember Them



'My father, Charles Harry Lewis Russell, fought in both the Boer War and the First World War, where he was shot in the knee. He used to proudly show me the scar, but other than that he never spoke about the Great War. However, after he died I inherited a box of his things and came across this remarkable letter (left), sent by the King, George V, in which he recognises the great hardships undergone by those soldiers captured in the fields of conflict where so many had died.'

Elizabeth White



1918.

The Queen joins me in welcoming you on your release from the miseries & hardships, which you have endured with so much patience & courage.

During these many months of trial, the early rescue of our gallant Officers & Men from the cruelties of their captivity has been uppermost in our thoughts.

We are thankful that this longed for day has arrived, & that back in the old Country you will be able once more to enjoy the happiness of a home & to see good days among those who anxiously look for your return.

George R. I.

'My father fought for the Canadians during the First World War, as he had gone out there to make money to send back for his widowed mother.'

Glenys Lloyd

'My grandad died in the First World War and I never knew him. My gran went on to remarry and that was the grandad I grew up with. It was only when I was researching my family tree that I found out about him - my mother was five years old when he died and had never told me about him.'

Edna Truscott

'My poppies are made with love in memory of my grandfather, Reginald William Palmer. He was in the Royal Horse Artillery in the First World War and survived the Battle of the Somme. He was a lovely man and a wonderful Grandpops.'

Kim Ash

'I was a WREN in the last war. These poppies are in memory of my brother, whose plane was shot down in the Second World War, and of my father, who served in the First.'

Isabel Duncan

'My father, Henry William Harvey, joined the Royal Navy in 1910 as a 'boy telegraphist'. He served on HMS Juno and others. On 11 May 1914 he volunteered for submarine service - by August he was among the British Expedition Forces who crossed to Belgium. He was active in the battle at Mons and has a medal from that time. And on 17 October 1915 he was aboard a submarine in the Persian Gulf involved in the overthrow of Baghdad. My dad has several medals and ribbons from that time, which he has passed on to us.'

Shelagh Harvey