

9303 Quarter-Master Sgt Major E S Fendley

War Service 1914 - 1919 - West Yorks Regt.

(1909 - enlisted)
1914 - Malta
- York (Fulford)
- Whitley Bay
1915 - Gallipoli
1916 - Egypt
- Suez
- Sinai
- Belgium
- France (Somme)
1916 - Whitley Bay
1917 - Lofthouse Park
1918 - Lofthouse Park
1919 - York

Gallipoli
Lemnos
Mudros
Kondia
Thermos

Alexandria
Sidi-Bishr
Mustapha
Mex
Ismailia
El Ferdan
Suez Canal
Sinai
Abn-el-Uns
Abn-Klea
Omdurman

Marseilles
Amiens
Croisette
St Pol
Agnes-du-Sans
Danville
Arras
Achicourt
Agny
Rebrulette
Frequent
Doullens
Angueves
Senlis
Headville
Booyencourt

Leipic Redoubt
Crucifix Corner
Tramway Corner
Ablert
Avelny
La Boiselle
Mantinsant Wood
Maily-Maillet
Ovilliens
Monquet Farm
Wunder-Werk
Thiepval
Hill 153
Stuff Redoubt W
Gegricourt (Hospital)
Boulogne (Hospital)
London (Hospital)

URGENT.

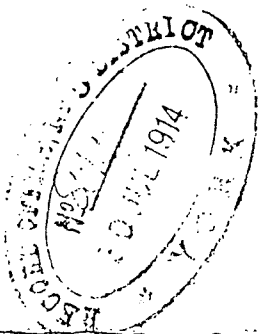
Infantry Record Office,

York, 30-7-1914.

No. 9205 Lieut. Cpl. E. Fendley.
2nd Battn. West Yorkshire Regiment,

c/o Mr. Hensley.

11 West Street, LEEDS.



Your furlough is hereby CANCELLED.

Be prepared to embark for Malta at the shortest notice.

Your passage is being arranged.

Please acknowledge receipt of these instructions at ONCE.

A. Ottley. Lt Colonel.

In charge of Infantry Records, York.

Issued to Sgt E S Fendley (W. Yorks) prior to embarkation
for France, August 1914.

.....

(This paper is to be considered by each soldier as
confidential, and to be kept in his Active Service
Pay Book.)

You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help
our French comrades against the invasion of a common
Enemy. You have to perform a task which will need your
courage, your energy, your patience. Remember that the
honour of the British Army depends on your individual
conduct. It will be your duty not only to set an
example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire
but also to maintain the most friendly relations with
those whom you are helping in this struggle. The
operations in which you are engaged will, for the most
part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do
your own country no better service than in showing
yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of
a British soldier.

Be invariably courteous, considerate and kind. Never do
anything likely to injure or destroy property, and
always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. You are
sure to meet with a welcome and to be trusted; your
conduct must justify that welcome and that trust. Your
duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So
keep constantly on your guard against any excesses. In
this new experience you may find temptations both in wine
and women. You must entirely resist both temptations,
and while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you
should avoid any intimacy.

Do your duty bravely.

Fear God.

Honour the King.

KITCHENER,

Field-Marshal.

NOTHING is to be written on this side except the date and signature of the sender. Sentences not required may be erased. If anything else is added the post card will be destroyed.

I am quite well.

I have been admitted into hospital

~~and am going on well.~~

~~and hope to be discharged soon.~~

I am being sent down to the base.

I have received your letter dated 9th Aug
telegram " parcel "

Letter follows at first opportunity.

I have received no letter from you

~~yet.~~

~~for a long time.~~

Signature only. *Edgar*

Date 17-8-16

[Postage must be prepaid on any letter or post card addressed to the sender of this card.]

(93871) Wt. W3497.293 4.500m. 1/16 J. J. K. & Co., Ltd.

NOTHING is to be written on this side except the date and signature of the sender. Sentences not required may be erased. If anything else is added the post card will be destroyed.

I am quite well.

I have been admitted into hospital

~~and am going on well.~~

~~and hope to be discharged soon.~~

I am being sent down to the base.

I have received your letter dated 2nd Aug
telegram " parcel "

Letter follows at first opportunity.

I have received no letter from you

~~yet.~~

~~for a long time.~~

Signature only. *Edgar*

Date 31st Jan - 1916

[Postage must be prepaid on any letter or post card addressed to the sender of this card.]

(93883) Wt. W3497.293 2.000m. 9/15 J. J. K. & Co., Ltd.

Transcript of the extract from the diary of Sgt H D Bryan, in which he describes the Christmas Truce, 1914.

.....this I had to do lying down and it was to this that I owe my life for hundreds of bullets passed over my head. We lost 45 men that night and it only took ½ hour. This advance and retire went on day after day for about a week. But the most strange thing happened on Xmas day. As usual an hour before daybreak we stood to over arms in case of attack. Presently we could hear the Germans singing their carols and songs. Not a shot had been fired yet. Why, nobody knows. We had had our breakfasts and were enjoying a smoke, when the lookout men shouted down, that an officer and two men were approaching from the German lines. They were entirely without firearm and carried a white flag. He asked should he let them come on or should he shoot them. We told him not to shoot, but see what they intended doing. On any other occasion we should have treated the white flag with scant ceremony owing to their trickery on past occasions. But it being Xmas day we thought we would wait and see what they wanted. Well they came just half way and then halted calling out to us, asking if an officer of ours go out and speak to them. Without a moment's hesitation one of our officers, a captain, jumped the trench and advanced to meet them also unarmed. What they said we know not but we saw them exchange cigars and then our officer came back and told us that the Germans wished us to keep up Xmas day with them and that we were to meet them halfway between trenches. We agreed like a shot and so out both sides went, all without arms of course. It may seem strange but the very first thing we did was to shake hands all round then followed an exchange of eatables. They gave us lager beer for Bully Beef and biscuits. Of this lager beer they had plenty but are very poorly off for food. After this we took to talking. Plenty of them had lived in London and so spoke English perfectly. Then we arranged a boxing contest. This was great fun in which I took no part not wishing to be knocked about by a big Prussian Guard. The best match was between one of our men measured 6'5½" and a huge Prussian Guard of about the same height. These two hammered each other and would not give in until stopped by us owing their faces being smashed up so badly. Then our man suggested that each should be given a rifle and only 1 bullet, stand or lay at 1 hundred yards from each other and, on the word being given, fire. But this we would not allow seeing that we had called a truce for this day. For dinner that day we made a huge Bully stew and all sat round a big fire to dinner. After dinner we sent a cyclist back to find a football and on his return we played them a match winning easily by 4 - 1. This ended the day. We joined our trenches as we left them the German officer and his two men going last as they came first. No shots were fired all Boxing Day. But both sides kept to the trenches. Of course this could not go on forever so the following morning our artillery fired on their trenches and so we started war again. On Monday the 28 we captured another of their advanced trenches. This brought us to within 24 yards of them. In the charge a bullet took my sling swivel.....



THE
WIPERS TIMES.

OR

SALIENT NEWS.



No 4. Vol 2.

Monday, 20th March, 1916.

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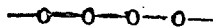
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Trenches

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Keep the feet healthy, warm
and comfortable.

9d. per pair.

D Coy 29th Batt MGC

4th May 1918

My Dear Little Wife

I came up into the front line last night, and since then I have had a lively time. I am living on the fringe of a huge forest - perhaps the biggest forest in the North of France. 500 yards away is a rough line of trenches that Fritz is installed in. Can you imagine the hedge round your orchard to have a narrow trench dug just on the inner side of it? Picture a trench made for a drain pipe - just a slit 18 inches and about three feet deep, with the earth thrown up in front to form a parapet, and you have a little stronghold to a 't'. To make it waterproof in parts, and keep out the rain, I have thatched a few feet of trench with brushwood and sods of earth. And here we are! The simple life with a vengeance, for flies, mosquitos and other bugs are alternatively taking bumps out of my face, and then a little higher up raising a young Mount Everest! The wasps are holy terrors! But here we are and here we remain for a few days anyway, so I just intend to laugh away the days until I am relieved. One cannot move about in daylight here because of persistent enemy shelling. So we just lay quiet until nightfall and then prod old Fritz's ribs for him. Of course fires have to be lit charily and breakfast this morning was cooked on a fire of candle ends in a lid from a cigarette tin. We get all our sleep in the daytime, and work at night, altho' of course we have to keep a sharp look out even in daylight. If you are a bit of a Scout you can secure a wash and maybe a shave by crawling on your belly for a couple of hundred yards along the hedge bottom to a brook. I only indulge in these luxuries when the stream is very cold at about 4am just before dawn. Oh yes, I am living very close to nature just now! During a heavy bombardment at 11pm last night, a nightingale was singing most divinely in the Bois. A sergeant with me who is a schoolmaster, said "Hark sir, a nightingale - it carries one away!" I chucked a lump of earth at him, the fat head. I wish they would carry him away for he's useless to me. He 'mothers' these men until they are too soft to take care of themselves. I curse him regularly for his dilly-dallying old womanisms. My best NCO - a corporal was hit in the chest with a bit of shrapnel during the night - at 3.30am. He came running to me and with the light of a cigarette end, I pulled the bit of iron out of his ribs with my fingers. Then I put a shell dressing on him, and sent him down the line. He will probably get to Blighty. I was sorry to lose him, and I wished it had been the sergeant instead.

At 11pm last night, rations arrived and with them two beautiful letters from you sweetest. I was fed up at the time, but when light came about 4.30am I sat down in my bit of earth and devoured them. I cannot answer them here as I would like to. The circumstances, and the surroundings are so unsuited to that frame of mind. All I can tell you Dolly mine is that I love you very very dearly, more tenderly wit every day that goes past. I know that you care in just the same way too, for me too, and I am just very happy indeed in my knowledge. Don't think that I care the less because I cannot write as I would like to, will you dearest? There, I am sure you won't do that.

It is a Saturday afternoon now, I wonder how the good people in England are spending it? And what you are doing with yourself today? I get much happiness in trying to imagine what you are likely to be doing at such and such times, on such and such days of the week. I suppose that you do the same too.

Perhaps with tonight's rations will arrive more letters from you. I hope they do come for it's fine to get your letters when I am particularly lonely. They are like jewels, brilliant luxuries in a drab setting - all the more beautiful by the contrast of surroundings. I am sure I'll get some tonight.

We thought Fritz was going to attack this morning but he didn't come over. Perhaps he thought that as Sunday was so near he would leave it until the morning. Sunday in our Fete day you know!

Well Dolly mine I am going to say goodnight now. It will soon be dark enough to lick into Fritz a bit. Come to me for a big lot of Love and all of my kisses. I am bubbling over with them dearest, but they are only for you. Well now, goodnight, you darling,

Your Teddy