

SIDES

Actor 6 - British Working Class

All the villages en route were out to welcome us and say farewell. Among them was an old aunt of mine, my Aunt Eliza, who I was very pleased to see. When the time came to march off I threw my arms around her and said, " Goodbye Aunt Eliza." This was heard by my pals and they all took up the cry, "Goodbye Aunt Eliza, good old Aunt Eliza." The Old lady was laughing and crying. She never forgot that farewell.

- Tom MacDonald, Royal Sussex Regiment

Actor 4 - British Upper Class

Five minutes ago I heard a sniper fire.
Why did he do it?
Starlight Overhead -
Blank stars.
I'm wide awake; and some chap's dead.

- Siegfried Sasson, Royal Welsh Fusiliers

Actor 4 - British Upper Class (with great authority)

Friendly intercourse with the enemy, unofficial armistices and the exchange of tobacco and other comforts, however tempting and occasionally amusing they may be are absolutely prohibited.

- G. T. Forrestier-Walker, Brigadier General.
December 1914

Actor 4 -Standard British

Dearest Mater,
With a hey-ho, the wind and the rain
The rain it raineth every day
Except When It's snowing

- Captain Harry Yoxall, King's Royal Rifle Corps

Actor 9 – German

They Came out of their trenches and walked across unarmed. What were our men to do? Shoot? You could not shoot unarmed men

- Count Edward
Gleichen, Brigadier
General, 15th Brigade

Actor 8 – German

It was then possible to take note of many fallen comrades, both German and English, who had lain between the two lines under a blanket of snow, the result of a battle of the previous November between Jager from our Corps and the English. So in the Grey light of dawn our platoon commander Lieutenant Grosse met an English officer and agreed to bury the dead behind the two lines.

- Hugo Klemm, of the 133rd Saxon Regiment

Actor 8 - Italian (Pope Benedict XV)

In the name of the Divinity, I beseech thee to cease the clang of arms while Christendom celebrates the Feast of the World's Redemption.

- Pope Benedict XV, December 7th, 1914

P #16 French

Midnight. We arrive in single file, all quiet in line. The Germans opposite are singing, the Christmas carol is cut up by the rifle fire. Poor little God of Love, born in this night, how could you ever have loved mankind.

- Maurice Laurentin, commandant 6e
compagnie

Actor 3- Irish

I wish the sea were not so wide
That parts me from my love,
I wish the things men do below
Were known to God above.

I wish that I were back again
In the glens of Donegal,
They'll call me coward if I return
But hero if I fall

- Patrick MacGill, London Irish Regiment

Actor 3 – Irish

Then in the lull of midnight, gentle arms
Lifted him slowly down the slopes of death,
Lest he should hear again the mad alarms
Of battle, dying moans, and painful breath.

And where the earth was soft for flowers we made
A grave for him that he might better rest.
So, Spring shall come and leave it sweet arrayed,
And there the lark shall turn her dewy nest.

- Francis Edward Ledwidge, Royal Inniskilling
Fusiliers, Artillery Wood Cemetery, Plat II, Row B,
Grave 5

Actor 1 – Scottish

I think it was excitement more than anything that
made me join up. I lived in the country and there
were not many boys my age, so I thought it would
be nice to be with a lot of lads in something of a
picnic, because we all thought the war would be
over by Christmas.

- Robert Burns, 7th Queens Own Cameron
Highlander

Actor 2 – Scottish

Out of the darkness we could hear laughter and
see lighted matches. Where they couldn't talk the
language they were making themselves understood
by signs. Here we were laughing and chatting to
men who only hours before we were trying to kill.

- Corporal John Ferguson, Seaforth Highlanders