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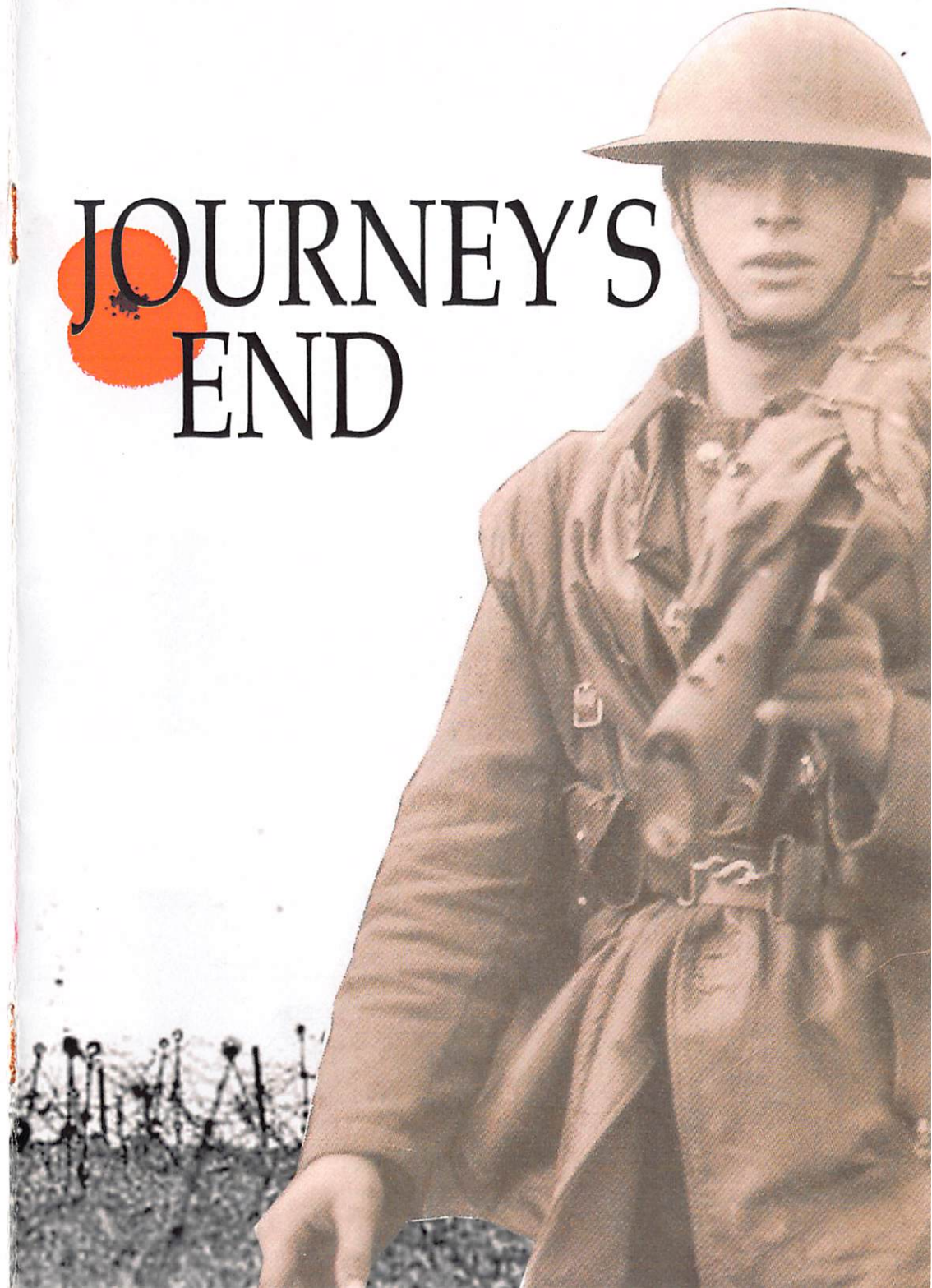
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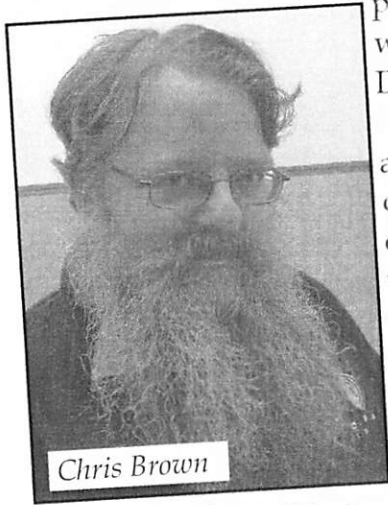
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JOURNEY'S END



A FITTING TRIBUTE

I HAVE a number of personal motivations which have led me to directing this poignant play and asking for the enormous privilege of putting on such a fantastic work in the most beautiful theatre in Dorset.



Chris Brown

My first realisation that war was anything other than comic book cartoons (*Victor* was my favourite) came in November 1964 when I was visiting my Grandmother. We were watching the Cenotaph Memorial Service and she burst in to tears, which really shook me as she was a stoic, solid and most wonderfully strong woman. Through her tears

she said she still missed her brother (Sgt. John Raine, 5th Wilts) who died on the 5th April 1916 in Mesopotamia. My parents' experiences in World War II along with the memory of John Raine led me wanting to do something to help support those who serve and risk all on our behalf. I am very proud and honoured that this production is being performed in association with the Royal British Legion and I urge you all to support their magnificent work and causes.

This is a magnificently written play. My view is that it is not anti war, more a study of the relationships of men together in awful conditions, bonds that are forged and



Sgt. John Raine, 5th Wilts

The Government should:

- Substantially increase the value of awards made under the Armed Forces Compensation Scheme.
- Recognise that Armed Forces personnel should not have to fight the State to prove that their injury or illness was due to Service - the State should shoulder the burden of proof.
- Recognise that valid claims for compensation can arise long after injury or illness and so dispense with its five and 10 years cut-off dates for making claims.

2. There should be a greater commitment to support the physical and mental health of Service people and their families.

For Armed Forces personnel, the Government should:

- Ensure that GPs and other NHS staff can access the medical histories of personnel who have been medically discharged.
- Meet the cost of accommodating the families of injured Service personnel.
- Extend in-depth health surveillance to all Service personnel - and offer voluntary health monitoring for Service families of personnel on active deployment.

For Veterans, the Government should:

- Ensure there is immediate access to healthcare for War Pensioners making priority treatment work not just in theory but in reality.
- Identify the number of veterans who are eligible for priority treatment and provide the resources needed to deliver it.
- Urgently increase the provision of mental health services for veterans, and deliver priority treatment in this area.

3. There should be more support for bereaved Service families.

The Government should:

- Provide additional resources to coroners experienced in conducting military inquests in order to clear the backlog of Service inquests and to enable the establishment of a "centre of excellence".
- At public expense, provide Service families with legal advice, representation and advocacy during inquests.
- Appoint an independent commissioner to investigate complaints relating to in-Service deaths.

It would be very useful if you were able to email us at thecovenant@britishlegion.org.uk to tell us what you've done to support us. We'd like to get an idea of which MPs are receiving the most mail or attending the most meetings so we can focus our efforts more effectively.

Thank you

David Hoyle - The Royal British Legion Wimborne Branch Chairman
Registered Charity No. 219279 www.thecovenant.org.uk

HAS WATCHING *JOURNEY'S END* AFFECTED YOU?

TWO SUNDAYS from now it will be 89 years since the guns fell silent at the end of the "war to end all wars". There was probably not a family in the land which did not carry emotional and physical scars from the trauma of previously unimaginable events. With *Journey's End* Sherriff portrays but a fragment of the trauma which he and millions of others experienced at the front. Just think for a while about the feelings aroused in you by this play.

Ninety years ago the politicians of the day were promising to welcome the troops home to "a land fit for heroes". Three years after the Great War was over The Royal British Legion was set up to help address the problems faced by millions of veterans of the Western Front, the Atlantic, Gallipoli and other fields of battle where the bloody butchers bill was long, but from which so many hidden scars went unseen.

In 1945 millions more came home from a war, their lives and their families' lives changed for ever. Every week of the 62 years since 1945 an average of five Service personnel has been killed in action. One infantry unit just home from Afghanistan, 1st Battalion The Royal Anglian Regiment, lost nine men killed in action and 53 were wounded during their six month tour of duty. Think of the casualties and their families. The Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal pays for many types of care and support, but now we are asking for more than your money.

The Legion has been involved in campaigning ever since it was formed in 1921. Before the 1922 general election, we wrote to all candidates asking them, if they were elected, what they would do to help ex-Servicemen.

Campaigning doesn't mean being 'party political'. Your MP, whatever his or her party and however you voted, is your representative in Parliament.

MPs are influential and now we need your help to reach them. They will be able to talk to Ministers over a coffee or in a corridor, and get our message across to the people who really make the decisions.

Campaigning produces real benefits for our Service personnel and also veterans. In 1999 The Royal British Legion demanded a gratuity for Far East prisoners of war - and we got it!

With your help we can change things.

The Royal British Legion is calling on Government to honour its life-long duty of care to those making a unique commitment to their country.

We believe:

1. There should be a just compensation scheme which recognises the commitment and sacrifices made when serving the Nation.

loyalty they feel to each other under terrific pressure. Sherriff did not write this as an indictment of the Great War. It was of the brotherly love felt between two people in a time of stress. Sherriff, who served in the trenches before being wounded at Passchendaele, never felt the great anger that has appeared in other works of the period such as *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Goodbye to All That* and more recently the magnificent *Blackadder Goes Forth*. There are tiny moments of great humour which soldiers find in all conflicts, moments they relish and hang onto in the frequent grim reality of their task.

In my direction I have strived to reflect the failure of our society to accept the responsibility we all have to soldiers our elected leaders send into danger upon our behalf. That is what galls me the most with this last 20 years of "UK" troops fighting without the explicit support and understanding of the public/electorate; they act for us all.

There are many I wish to thank for their support and help and if they are not reflected in the credits please accept my apologies. There has been a thread running through Wimborne Drama's last few productions of illness and bereavement and this one has continued with this sad but perhaps inevitable phenomena.

The whole company have really put their shoulders behind this play and I am delighted in particular to welcome two new members to the Tivoli stage who I believe have immense potential. Nick Grey and Greg Verver have been inspirational to all of us and we hope they remember where they started as they are both deserving of illustrious careers. The parts they are playing have been filled by the greats in the past. I stand in awe at the way all of this talented cast have tackled this difficult and moving play. Their commitment and determination to their work has been outstanding and I know this will be a fitting tribute to all who have served and should not be forgotten.

Chris Brown, Director

For Great Uncle J.C. Raine 5th Wilts
& Grandfather William Turner R.F.C.

THE WAR IN THE TRENCHES

THE PLAY is set in an officers' dugout in the trenches on the Western Front. This was the battle line between the Allies and Germans that stretched for some 450 miles from the Channel at Nieuport in Belgium to below the French town of St Quentin.

For much of the war this front remained fairly static with neither side giving or taking much territory; indeed advances were measured in just

a few miles gained over half a year or more.

The trenches were not two distinct parallel lines on a map but a rabbit warren of fire, communication and supply trenches. Getting lost in the trenches was a real possibility. Any



A dugout in the trenches

advances in territory for both sides were minor.

The technique of advancing over a trench wall and running directly into your enemy's line of fire across the barbed wire, decaying bodies and mud of 'no-man's land' was costly to human life. Casualties were high.

At the end of the four-year conflict 908,371 British men had been killed and two million injured whilst 1,773,700 Germans were killed and more than 4 million wounded.

The front line trenches were zigzag shaped to stop the enemy shooting at soldiers from one end of the trench.

The trench was protected by barbed wire at the front and sandbags placed along the top. Trenches were approximately 7 feet deep and 6 feet wide and a fire-step was cut into the trench to enable the soldiers to see over the top.

The distance to the enemy frontline across 'no-man's land' could be just a few feet. Behind the frontline trenches were the support trenches

laid down is so great that we as future generations can never repay, nor should we ever forget.

Stuart Glossop

My grandfather was a Sergeant with the Royal Artillery. My father, who was a Commando with the Hampshires in World War II, referred to him as a long range sniper, implying that he didn't see any actual fighting. This play, however, shows the demoralising effect of barrages on the front line and the important role these played in military strategy. My grandfather was awarded four medals and a war pension as the constant firing left him deaf; they didn't have ear protectors in those days.

I feel that by playing Mason I am representing the ordinary working man who will always do his duty for King and Country. In a small way I am paying homage to them, to my father and my grandfather and to all those who were with them who didn't come back, and those making sacrifices today.

Graham Hawkins

Until I came to write down my family's military involvement in WWI, it had never occurred to me that I knew of none. It came as something of a surprise to realise no one in my family had ever mentioned anything about it. Looking back, it seems to me now that both my grandfathers were of exactly the right age to have been involved in the fighting, but I don't believe they were. One was a skilled woodworker involved in the pottery

industry. The other worked himself up to become secretary to a mine-owner, and later moved into the field of medical supplies. As I knew them, both were fit, strong men. I can only surmise that their activities somehow precluded them from military enlistment, though I'm not aware that they had reserved occupations. I have uncovered a bit of a family mystery here, and I rather regret that there is now no one left who can shed light upon it.

Jeremy Austin

My great grandfather Thomas Henry Pile served as a private in the Dorsetshire regiment and survived.

Although we know of the physical conditions in which the men served, the play gives an account of the mental conditions, trying to survive by taking their minds off the situation they are in.

Colin Pile

My great grandfather, George Edward Phillips, fought in the First World War. He was born on the 26th June 1897, and joined the Royal Scots Fusiliers. I do not know very much about him. However I do know that he was sent home from fighting early, as he came down with rheumatic fever.

Playing a part in *Journey's End* has inspired me to find out more about him, where he fought, and when he fought. It has also made me empathise more with soldiers fighting in war, understanding something about how they must feel.

Alfie Tyson-Brown

REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST

WHILST WORKING on this production, each actor was encouraged to undertake research to find out about any of his ancestors who experienced the horror of the Great War. For some this was a thought provoking exercise and they felt compelled to share their findings and their feelings:

After talking with my dad I found out that his eldest uncle may have served in the "Great War" and after a short conversation with my second cousin it was confirmed that her father, William James Feltham, fought with the Wiltshire Regiment in Mesopotamia in 1917 at the age of 19. It was a short conversation because that was all she knew. "He never spoke of it. It was something to forget." Thankfully he returned but a stray bullet in Mesopotamia would have meant not only the death of my Great Uncle but the anguish of his mother and father, a brother never known and 15 of his descendants never born.

Two or three generations ago nations went to war over a terrorist act in a country far away. The world was different then. Expectations of honour and duty were higher. The perception is that the majority of men who were in the First World War were young and single. This was not always the case as husbands, fathers and even grandfathers fought and died on the front line. People like you and me. How would I have dealt with the prospect of going to war? Would I have been the first to volunteer or the last, a follower or a leader, a coward or a hero?

Tony Feltham

Sadly, the older members of my adopted family are dying at a rather alarming rate and memories are harder to find. My mum told me about her father who survived the war only to have to sell all his medals when the family fell on hard times. On my dad's side I found two privates both called George Glossop (same family) who fell during the war. The first died at Flanders on 13th March 1915 and the second on the Somme on 5th July 1916.

I also came across the story of Second Lieutenant Ernest Edward Glossop, the youngest of three brothers who all served, the sons of Canon George Henry Pownall Glossop (then Canon of St Albans cathedral) and his wife Frances Mary Glossop. Ernest went to France on 12th of September 1914 and was wounded at Le Gheer on 24th of October when he was struck in the spine by a bullet and invalided home. He returned to the front the following March and was wounded again at the 2nd battle of Ypres on 2nd of May, when he was hit in the head by a fragment of shell and died in hospital at Bailleul two days later on 4th of May 1915. He was only 19 years old.

I have never believed that war solves anything. I do admit that the ultimate sacrifice these brave people

and joining these two were the communications trenches; this enabled the wounded to be carried away and men and supplies to go to the front line.

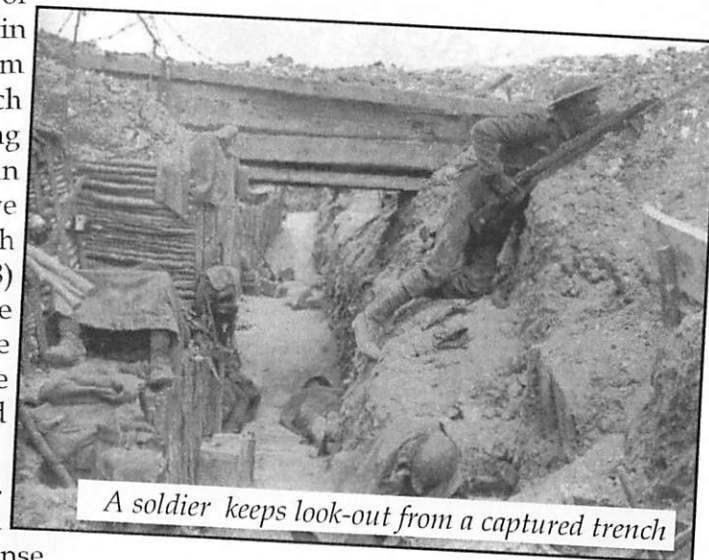
The play opens just before the German advance at St Quentin in March 1918. St Quentin lies in the Somme river valley 45 miles west of Amiens and 90 miles north of Paris.

The German High Command had carefully planned to launch a massive offensive, codenamed Operation Michael, from the Hindenburg defences in 1918. The Germans withdrew to these defensive positions in March and April 1917.

When it became apparent late in 1917 that America would join the Allies, sending soldiers in great numbers, the Germans decided to move at the beginning of the year when the worst of the winter weather had passed.

The Hindenburg Line, or Siegfried Stellung as the Germans called it, was a vast system of defences in Northern France constructed by the Germans during the winter of 1916-17. It ran from a position east of Arras all the way to beyond St Quentin on the British sector, and consisted of deep and wide trenches, thick belts of barbed wire, concrete machine-gun positions, concrete bunkers, tunnels and command posts. It was considered virtually impregnable by the Germans. The British offensives during the summer of 1918 were to prove otherwise.

The Battle of Saint Quentin took place from 21st - 26th March at the beginning of The German Spring Offensive (21st March - 5th April 1918) when the Germans broke through the British front and overwhelmed the defenders. Following a



A soldier keeps look-out from a captured trench

short, intense bombardment, three German armies (70 divisions), 1,700 artillery batteries, and 1,000 aeroplanes struck along a 45-mile front near Arras.

Within 48 hours, the Germans had penetrated 10 miles, the greatest single day's advance on the Western Front since 1914.

In just three weeks the German army overran more than 1,500 square miles of territory, including the former Somme battlefields, a gain unequalled since 1914, before they were finally halted on 5th April having pushed the front line back 40 miles.

They failed, however, to reach their ultimate objective, Amiens, with its vital rail links to the Channel ports, Paris and beyond. This ultimately meant that Germany could not win the war.

During the summer the Allies launched a series of counter-offensives and the turning point was the Second Battle of the Marne fought from July 15th to August 6th.

By early September 1918, the Allies had regained the territory they had lost that spring and by the end of the month Germany realised it could no longer overcome the strength of the combined Allied forces. The Germans finally surrendered on 11th November 1918.

EQUIPMENT

British soldiers on the Western Front had to carry equipment weighing more than 60 pounds. This would include a steel helmet, a rifle, two grenades, 220 rounds of ammunition, wire cutters, field dressing, entrenching tools, great-coat, two sandbags, rolled ground sheet, water bottle, haversack, mess tin, towel, shaving kit, extra socks, message book and rations.

CIGARETTES

Smoking was a popular pastime among the troops. Princess Mary, daughter of George V, sent a box of 'comforts' to every serving soldier at Christmas 1914. The contents included a packet of Woodbines and acid drops for the few who did not smoke. Officers tended to prefer smoking pipes, and the Germans favoured cigars. British troops swapped their cigarettes for German cigars during the Christmas truce of 1914.

FOOD

Max Plowman in his book *A Subaltern on the Somme* describes the typical diet in the trenches:

Our principle food in the trenches is, of course, bully beef and bread, falling seldom to biscuits. But this is by no means all we have. Often enough there is that excellent tin of cooked meat and vegetables known familiarly as "Maconachie": there is tea and sugar, and lately we have had plentiful supplies of good

translation in Germany where it was renamed *The Other Side*).

Sherriff was soon earning over £1,000 a week from royalties and with his new found wealth enrolled at Oxford University. But when asked by HG Wells to write the screenplay for *The Invisible Man* (1933) he dropped out of Oxford to work in Hollywood.

He never looked back and his many screen successes include *Goodbye Mr Chips* (1933), *The Four Feathers* (1937), *Lady Hamilton* (1941), *Odd Man Out* (1945), *Quartet* (1948), *No Highway* (1950) and *The Dam Busters* (1955).

He wrote several novels, including *The Fortnight in September* (1931) and *The Hopkins Manuscript* (1939). He also published an autobiography, *No Leading Lady* (1968).

Among his other plays are *Badger's Green* (1930); *Windfall* (1933); *St Helena* (1935), a play about Napoleon; *Miss Mabel* (1948); *Home at Seven* (1950); *The White Carnation* (1953); and *The Long Sunset* (1955), a vivid picture of the last day of Roman civilisation in Britain.

Sherriff at one time owned Downhouse Farm at Higher Eype, near Bridport in West Dorset. He gave the farm to the National Trust in 1966 and then went to live with his mother in a large house called Rosebriars in Esher. He died there on 13th November 1975.

FORTHCOMING PRODUCTIONS

The Talented Mr Ripley

A psychological thriller by Phyllis Nagy adapted for the stage from the novel by Patricia Highsmith
14th - 16th February 2008

Badger's Green

A comedy by RC Sherriff
A village's cricket pitch is threatened by developers
15th - 17th May 2008

Quartet

By Ronald Harwood
(author of *The Dresser*)
A wickedly funny comedy about old age
11th - 13th September 2008

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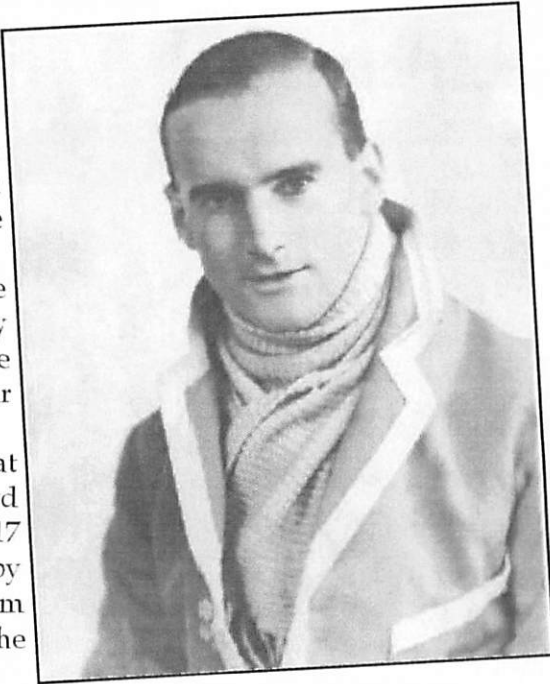
RC SHERRIFF

ROBERT CEDRIC SHERRIFF was born on 6th June 1896 in Kingston upon Thames and educated at Kingston Grammar School. He wanted to be a public school games master but to go to university would have been too expensive and he did not think he was bright enough for a scholarship.

So after school he followed in his father's footsteps and worked as a clerk in an insurance company.

In 1916 at the age of 19 he joined the East Surrey Regiment and was sent to the Somme. Here he kept a war diary.

He fought at Passchendaele (the third major battle of Ypres) in 1917 where he was wounded by pieces of flying concrete from a pillbox and was awarded the Military Cross.



After the war, Sherriff returned to work as a claims adjuster for Sun Insurance where he stayed for ten years.

Sherriff's real passion was rowing. To raise funds for Kingston Rowing Club he started to write plays for amateur productions.

Sherriff decided to try his luck and sent the script for *Journey's End*, based on his experiences during the war, to West End producers. The Stage Society agreed by a single vote to give it a one night showing in its Sunday evening slot at the Apollo Theatre on 9th December 1928. The cast included a young Laurence Olivier as Stanhope.

When producer Maurice Browne saw the play, he was determined to bring it to the West End and raised the necessary funds to mount a production at the Savoy Theatre. It ran for two years.

Journey's End was an enormous success and by the end of 1929 there were 31 productions of the play around the world (including a

Australian jam, which came as a pleasant change from the nondescript variety known as "Tickler".

At the moment I am reminded of these blessings by their absence. Yet even now there is half a loaf going. It has suffered too many hardships since it left the bakers to make it look appetising; and muddy and wet, it must wait till we see what happens to-night before it can be sure of reaching a human interior. Still, there it is. And water? There is still a drop in the bottom of the petrol-tin.

Oh, this water! The taste of water impregnated with petrol will carry me back here if I live for ever. It is a nauseous taste, and no doubt someone ought to be hanged for not washing out the spirit before adding the water. Still, it quenches thirst.

And then there's rum. Rum of course is our chief great good. The Ark of the Covenant was never borne with greater care than is bestowed upon the large stone rum-jars in their passage through this wilderness. The popularity of rum increases, till the hour when it is served tends to become a moment of religious worship. There are men so devout they live for rum. I honestly believe some I know would commit suicide if the rum ration were withdrawn.

HUMOUR

Soldiers had their own sense of black humour to counter the appalling conditions they had to live in. After going through an attack and on the way out of the line they might sing a song such as the *Bells of Hell* for those who were on



their way up to the front. Strong emphasis was put on the word "you".

Oh death where is they sting-a-ling-a-ling,
Oh grave thy victory?
The Bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For you but not for me.

WIMBORNE DRAMA

presents

JOURNEY'S END

by RC SHERRIFF

THE COMPANY & DIRECTOR
WOULD LIKE TO THANK:

The Staff and Volunteers
of The Tivoli Theatre

Ray Sargent
Actor, Advisor, Inspiration and
Mentor

The Staff and Volunteers of
The Priest's House Museum

Steve Williams
The Great War Society

The Royal British Legion Club
West Borough

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CAST

Captain Hardy	PAUL DODMAN
Lieutenant Osborne	STUART GLOSSOP
Private Mason	GRAHAM HAWKINS
2 nd Lieutenant Raleigh	GREG VERVER
Captain Stanhope	NICK GREY
2 nd Lieutenant Trotter	TONY FELTHAM
2 nd Lieutenant Hibbert	COLIN PILE
Colonel	JEREMY AUSTIN
A German Soldier	ALFIE TYSON-BROWN
Company Sgt. Major	PAUL DODMAN
Private Broughton	ALFIE TYSON-BROWN

TIVOLI THEATRE

31 OCTOBER - 3 NOVEMBER 2007

In memory of Vernon 'Steve' Stevenson - Friend and Patron of Wimborne Drama

CREATIVE TEAM

Director
CHRIS BROWN

Assistant Director
PAUL DODMAN

Theatre Stage Manager
ASHLEY THORNE

Company Stage Manager
PHYLLIS SPENCER

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MICHAELA SLATFORD**

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RUSSELL PARKER

Sound
MEZ TYSON-BROWN

Stage Design
JACKSON ELLEN

Stage Build Team
**MARK ELLEN AL DYKES
JEREMY AUSTIN COLIN PILE
WIMBORNE DRAMA PIONEER CORP**

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