

As with the First World War, Philip Smith OBE, an Old Boy of the School, researched the lives and service history of those who lost their lives in this, the Second World War. The author is greatly indebted to Philip Smith for this work and has used the information below (this booklet is also still available as a separate publication).

Roll of Hartlebury Grammar School Old Boys, killed in the 1939-1945 War:

Name and Rank	Service/Regiment	Died	Time at School
Warrant Officer John Butler	Grenadier Guards	1/6/1940	1916-1921
Flight Sergeant Lionel Chell	RAF Aircrew	3/2/1945	1935-1940
Captain Stanley Crisp	Wiltshire Regiment	24/11/1944	1921-1926
Corporal Ronald Davies	Royal Lancers	2/9/1944	1932-1936
Bombardier John Gardner	Worcester	28/5/1940	1931-1936
Corporal Robert Hancox	Yeomanry		
	Royal Army	2/10/1940	1919-1925
Warrant Officer George Leeke	Service Corps		
	RAFVR Aircrew	8/4/1942	1927-1935
Pilot Officer Richard Morris	RAFVR Aircrew	23/11/1944	1920-1924
Lieutenant Frederick North	Royal Navy	14/7/1942	1923-1932
Flying Officer Albert Oakley	RAFVR Aircrew	12/5/1940	1927-1930
Sgt. Wireless Operator Wiffred O'Donnell	Aircrew	10/8/1944	1935-1940
Gunner Dennis Rock	Bedfordshire Yeomanry	2/11/1943	1931-1936
Sergeant Samuel Rollison	RAFVR Aircrew	29/6/1943	1926-1931
Sergeant John Silvester	RAFVR Aircrew	14/2/1941	1930-1937
Pilot Officer Walter Fowler-Smith	RAFVR	9/5/1940	1930-1938
Aircraftsman Electrical Harry Southall	RAFVR	14/10/1944	1930-1937
Able Seaman Richard Stringer	Royal Navy	16/8/1943	1925-1931
Private Edmund Wadley	Worcestershire Regiment	4/6/1941	1930-1933

A total of eighteen Old Boys lost their lives in the Second World War and a Memorial Tablet was unveiled on 19th June 1947 by Mr. G. H. Ashe, Headmaster between 1913 and 1939 (this was subsequently a casualty of the fire in March 1960 but was replaced with a single Memorial Tablet, to include the loss of Old Boys in the First World War and, later, the Falklands War – See Chapter 10). The losses were high, considering Hartlebury was quite a small Grammar School.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young.

*Straight of limbs, true of eyes, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.*

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them.*

[From Laurence Binyon's poem *For the Fallen*, written in September 1914]

THE GAS MASK

*What mean those vicious looking tins
On every back they sway?
They are for when the war begins,
To hold the gas at bay.*

*Let's grope and find out what's inside,
An eyepiece for the light,
A rubber mask our head to hide,
And tapes to fix it tight.*

*To fit the face there is a can,
To keep the gasses out:
One seems to be more pig than man
When one has grown a snout.*

*And now to fix the mask that gapes
We thrust in first our chin
Then out our thumbs beneath the tape;
One heave and we are in.*

*Soon quickly stifled by the smell
We quickly drag it clear,
With ruffled hair and ears that smell
We go all-over queer.*

*We give a greedy, grateful gasp
And let fresh air pour in.
A sniff, another curious smell
O lo! It must be chlorine!*