

In Memory of
Private JOSEPH JAMES PAULING
11293, A Coy. 5th Bn., Royal Berkshire Regiment
Resident of Littleworth, who died, age 20,
on 13 October 1915
Son of Joseph James and Elizabeth Pauling,
of Southampton St., Faringdon, Berks.
Remembered with honour
Faringdon War Memorial and
LOOS MEMORIAL



Commemorated in perpetuity by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission

The last that was heard of him was that he was in a charge at Loos, together with Private M W Dixey.

War Diaries

10a.m. Great Coats and Caps were stacked in Dugouts. The men put on their Smoke Helmets.
12.30p.m. Head Quarters moved up to the Firing Line, and on arrival there about 2.20p.m. with one Company on the line K.C. as per Brigade Orders No.8. I met O.C. 7th Norfolks who told me that the majority of his 3 Coys he had sent forward to the attack had become casualties but that some had reached their objective, the trench in front of the Quarries and were urgently in need of reinforcements. I at once despatched "A" Coy 5th Royal Berks under Major Bayley to reinforce. This Company met with very severe Machine Gun fire from the trenches that the O.C. Norfolks was under the impression that his men held, hardly any getting half away. It was perfectly obvious that the O.C. Norfolks was mistaken and that the trench was still strongly held by the Germans. As the Brigadier gave me a free hand in the matter I did not deem it advisable to continue the attack. The reinforcements reached approximately a line drawn through point (G12 a) point 51 parallel with road running from point 46 to 82. We now hold as ordered from G12 a 54 to G11 b 93. Bombing attack made by 5th Royal Berks. The attack was made by five parties of eight men drawn from each Coy of the Battn. I Sergt and 1 Corp under Lt R. Pollard. 'B' Coy Party led followed by the parties

from D, A and C Coys. Lt Pollard had arranged to station himself in the centre of the detachment but finding that the way thro' to the German Trench had not, as arranged been cleared by the Trench Mortar fire he took charge of the leading party. Our barricade was built of sandbags, to a height of about 7 ft, the bayonet men of the B Coy party went over first followed by Lt Pollard carrying bombs. A machine gun opened fire from the right and Lt Pollard was hit in the face whilst on the barricade where two other men were also wounded. On the further side of the barricade was some Trench wire with strands of barbed wire Through it. The only cover from fire was some earth about 18 inches high.

Our battalion was in reserve when we had orders to move on and go to the firing line. We started off, but often had to take cover as the Germans were continually shelling us. Having reached the lines, the first thing to do was to see that that we had protection. We worked all through the night and the next day, making our new trenches as strong as possible.

We were just got nice and comfortable when the order was passed along, 'Prepare to advance'.

You should have seen the boys then. All were eager to get going, and we didn't have long to wait before we were up and over the top.

We did not lose many going over, and when we reached the German lines did not find many Boches there, but soon accounted for or captured all there were.

Next morning we had just finished our breakfast, and were cleaning our rifles, when the order rang out, 'Stand to'. The Germans were making a counter attack, and they commenced by shelling us, and by jove they didn't half forget to give us something to go on with. They soon started coming over the top, and then our artillery was busy and cut 'em up in the air like bits of dirt and wood, but there were a lot that got through and came on to within a couple of hundred yards of our lines, when our machine guns and rifles let into them and no a single one of them reached our position.

Shortly after this some heavy shrapnel burst just above us, and a 'Jack Johnson' (150 mm shell named after the American champion heavyweight boxer) struck a house within a few yards of us. Bad luck to me, I got a bit of the first in the head and was buried by the second. My chums must have got me out, for when I woke up, I was on my way to 'Blighty', and am now in hospital recovering from my wounds and bruises, and hop soon to be back with the Berkshire lads again.

Ann Preston