

CTCRM Sergeants Mess Foyer Mosaic



This was an unexpected and welcome return to the Sergeant's Mess at Commando Training Centre Royal Marines to celebrate my 70th birthday in March 2011, arranged clandestinely by my wife Ann. This would be my first visit since leaving the Corps in 1981, exactly 30 years previously. I am proud to have made a new friend, the Regimental Sergeant Major, Don Hayes and to stand, once again, on the Globe and Laurel that I instigated over 30 years ago.



The Passing-out parade of 115 Troop on my 70th birthday visit to Commando Training Centre Royal Marines at Lympstone, Devon in 2011. I first stood on this parade ground in 1958 where our 687 Squad received their green berets. In our time we still had more training to undertake at Royal Marines Barracks Eastney, Portsmouth, such as Sea Training and Kings Squad, before we could pass for duty.



A BOOKLET OF ODES FOR THIS CENTURY

By former Warrant Officer R/M David Stollery

1958 - 1981



1978

This Photograph

The picture on the front cover was taken at CTCRM in 1978 after I had received a Commendation from the Commandant General Royal Marines for my efforts during the General Fireman's strike of 1977/78. I was the only person selected from CTCRM to fight fires and I was seconded to 40 Commando RM whose area of operations were in Scotland. I was in command of a Fire Station based in a small Territorial Army Camp just outside Glasgow and my area of responsibilities were in and around the Glasgow Gorbals.





The Green Goddess, a pig to drive, a pig to use and no back-up equipment. Sadly, one member of the public from one of our fires lost her life on my watch.



Always Remember, never forget, but you can never go back!
(Dominican Republic 2018 and 1960's)

I have combined all of the Odes that I have written over the last few years and have printed them in this small booklet so that they can be enjoyed together. Others have been written over the years but they have long since disappeared. I hope that you enjoy the ones I have included. Happy reading.

David Stollery 2018



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DIANE STOLLERY 15th October 1947 – 4th March 2019



**Diane is asleep now, she is free from pain
She lives in our hearts, where she will remain
She loved and is loved, but no longer to kiss
Her hugs and her company, already we miss**

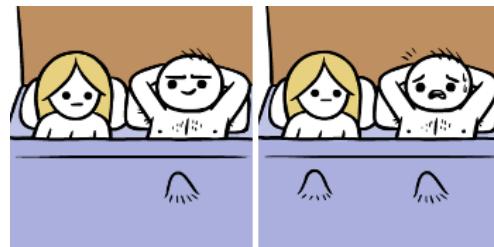
**The space you left, will be impossible to fill
We love you so much and we always will
Your spirit remains, you left so much behind
We will remember you, you were one of a kind**

An Ode by David Stollery for a special Lady 2019

Mother DIANE - 70

Son JAMES - 50

Daughter TONI-ANN – 40



A shared family birthday 2017

When you're young and full of zest
Don't give a damn, don't need to rest
You burn the candle, you won't be told
Then all of a sudden you're getting old

So getting old can be a bitch
Except of course if you are rich
The rich have surgeons and many physicians
We share a doctor and 10 minute decisions

Aches and pains all sorts of ills
Our cure of course, take lots of pills
Legs and arms get very weak
Our dangly bits may start to leak

Growing waists and thinning hair
Keep on moaning or grin and bear
But if your 70, 50 or 40
Don't think old just think naughty

David Stollery 2017 (Brother, Brother-in-Law and Uncle)



DONALD McCALLUM

(With the author his brother-in-law)

Don served in the Royal Navy from 25 Jan 1966 – 22 Jul 1975.

Born 9 Jul 1946 Died 7 Aug 2014

DONALD YOU HAVE LEFT US NOW, I HOPE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE
YOU BELIEVE THAT YOU WILL BE REBORN AND COME AGAIN ANEW
YOU DID REAL GOOD THE FIRST TIME ROUND, AS EVERYONE CAN TELL
SO NEXT TIME CAN YOU STAY MUCH LONGER, FUNERAL'S ARE JUST HELL



MALCOLM THRESH (A friend)

Former Royal Marine (RM18308) Feb 1959 – Jan 1968

Born 22nd November 1940 died 16th July 2014

IT WAS VERY SAD AND WE ALL FELT BAD AS MALCOLM DEPARTED THIS LIFE
HE LEFT SO FAST, STILL PROUD AND STEADFAST AND DEARLY LOVED BY HIS WIFE
WE'RE LEFT BEHIND, OUR HEARTS AND MIND AND MEMORIES OF HAPPY YEARS
AS WE WAVE GOODBYE, TRYING NOT TO CRY, OUR EYES STILL FULL OF TEARS

WE MISS YOU MALCOLM, YOU LOST THE FIGHT, BUT KEPT YOUR POWDER DRY
YOU MAY BE GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN, SO NO CAUSE TO SAY GOODBYE
SO ENJOY YOUR REST, YOU WERE THE BEST, NO LONGER TO SUFFER PAIN
WE DO NOT FEAR, WE KNOW YOU'RE NEAR AND WE WILL MEET UP AGAIN

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WE HAVE THREE LOVELY GRANDAUGHTERS, FRANCESCA, EMILY AND ALICE
THEY LOOK AND ACT LIKE PRINCESSES BUT THEY DO NOT OWN A PALACE
SOME HAVE POTTY HUMOUR, BUT NONE OF THEM ARE GLUM
SO DO NOT MENTION POO OR WILLIES OR EVEN A SPOTTY BUM

WE CANNOT DENY THEIR INTELLIGENCE OR HOW FULL OF LIFE THEY ARE
ALL DAY THEY KEEP US ON OUR TOES, UNLESS THEY SLEEP IN THE CAR
FRANCESCA IS A CHATTERBOX, A DAREDEVIL AND VERY BRAVE
ON THE GO FROM DAWN TILL DUSK, HER ENERGY LIKE A WAVE

EMILY IS DETERMINED AND HER TANTRUMS SOMETIMES WILD
GROWING UP IS COMPLICATED, IT'S DIFFICULT BEING A CHILD
SCRUMTIOUS ALICE THE YOUNGEST IS VERY EASILY LED
IF EMILY GETS REFUSED SHE GETS ALICE TO ASK INSTEAD

WE LOOK AFTER TWO, ONE DAY A WEEK, FRANCESCA IS HALF TERM
IT'S GOOD THAT WE CAN DO THIS, AS THEY MAKE OUR CALORIES BURN
WE LOVE THEM VERY DEARLY AND MOST TIMES ENJOY THE CRACK
BUT WE CERTAINLY FEEL RELIEF WHEN WE HAVE TO GIVE THEM BACK



Andrew, Alice, Emily, Francesca and Phillip

An original Ode by David Stollery 2018

Whilst in the Marines we met in Malta, a posting with our job
Then one day a stranger came and all my money did rob
But Ernie arrived for a run ashore and said no cause for rage
Like a rocket he emptied his pocket and gave me half his wage

He wanted more when he left the Corps so he became another man
He changed his name from Ernie to Alex and married his second wife Anne
Their marriage long their love was strong, having settled down in Devon
With all his family close to him to Ernie this was heaven

Ernie suffered with his heart and then he had a stroke
Breaking all the normal rules the chains of pain he broke
Heart attacks, quite a few, he fought like hell and then pulled through
A by-pass which was touch and go but Ernie bravely beat this too

No longer scallywags with dirty faces, or trouser rope instead of braces
No longer young or winning races, or wearing shoes without their laces
No time for riding on our bikes or keeping warm by campfire lights
No time for dreaming of long hikes, just shorter days and restless nights

Ernie did his country proud when serving in the Corps
He made and helped so many friends and left them wanting more
His offspring now, are our close friends, including Anne his wife
And now let Alex journey on and leave this world of strife



ERNIE ALEX COLLEY
1940 – 2015

An original Ode by David Stollery 2012



ERNIE ALEX COLLEY
Royal Marines 1957 - 1980

My mate is gone, he crossed the bar, and his name was Ernie Colley
Both out of touch, which meant so much, lost friendship such a folly
We lived apart as we made our mark but forgot that friends belong
Links were broken, words unspoken, but the chain remained as strong

We grew up during World War Two, our families very poor
We all knew we were living through a very dangerous war
Times were hard, our lives were marred, growing up in Suffolk
War babies were we, Ernie and me, we really had to rough it

Scrumping apples, living rough and others sorts of pranks
Scallywags with dirty knees, darned socks and scruffy pants
Food was scarce, money tight and we ate whenever we could
To keep us warm inside our homes we had to gather wood

We were eleven, it felt like heaven as we moved to secondary school
We put aside our childish toys and stopped at playing the fool
We all got work, we're old enough and stopped our little capers
We needed cash, got delivery rounds, supplying daily papers

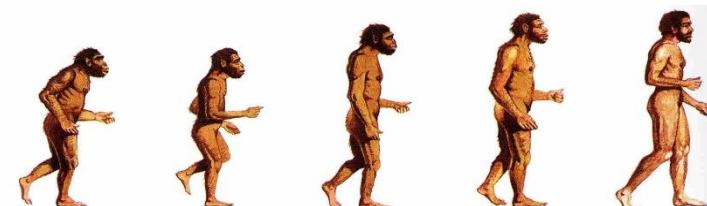
Ernie had a funny habit that used to drive me mad
He'd stick his finger in his ear and wriggle it like mad
I asked him why he did this and did it keep him sane
He replied that it unblocked his ear and energised his brain

At seventeen we joined the Corps and they called us Royal Marines
The training tough, in fact quite rough and hard for human beings
We made it through and did quite well and came up through the ranks
For 23 years we made our careers, which gave us pensions in banks

HOMO SAPIENS versus PLANET EARTH



BLUE PLANET EARTH and DYING PLANET EARTH!



1. AUSTRALOPITHECUS 2. HOMO HABILIS 3. HOMO ERECTUS
4. HOMO SAPIENS NEANDERTHAL 5. HOMO SAPIENS SAPIENS

Our planet born in deep dark space
The colour blue as it shows its face
Vegetation, the first to grow
Then seeds of life begin to show

For millions of years the planet grew
No sign of humans, not even a few
This verdant world, animals many
Perfect climate, no deadly enemy

Then came humans, they had to eat
So slew the animals to get the meat
Felled the trees to make a home
Cleared the land, no need to roam

Greed and avarice, a human term
Taking anything they didn't earn
Even stealing from their own
Destroying artefacts or a persons home

Inventing ways to maim and kill
Using weapons just to thrill
God's name used for war and strife
Destroying another's way of life

Slavery, an inhuman trait
A filthy business full of hate
Destroying the soul and self esteem
By heartless man pitiless and mean

Abusing the Earth from the very first
Sucking its energy to quench a thirst
Extinction of species which cannot return
Not willing to listen not willing to learn

How does this end for the human race
Destroying this World at alarming pace
Killing each other just as fast
Nothing learned from history's past

Do we keep this planet blue
Stop killing everything, start anew
Or are we heading for extinction
Our planet dying without distinction



ELEANOR

My eyes are blue, my hair is fair and my name is Eleanor
I have a tumour in my head, which makes my eyesight poor
My mum is Kelly my dad is Tim and they love me very much
Always there, they always care and they have a healing touch

Great uncle David came to visit and made me laugh with rhymes
Great aunty Ann she also came and we cuddled lots of times
We went out and had some meals, it was very, very jolly
My temperature rose so home I went, my prize an ice cool lolly

I have medical treatment every week and sometimes it makes me cry
Do you think it's just the needles or is something in my eye?
I love the nurses, so very kind and they help to ease the pain
They talk so nice, are very calm and treat it like a game

There are many people behind the scenes, supporting my effort to win
I sometimes don't know who they are, but I love them just like kin
Nick and Derek have created a garden, a safe place for me to play
I have no fear, it is smooth and clear and I can trampoline all day

To help me fight this nasty tumour I have doctors and nurses I trust
They treat me like a special person, their dealings fair and just
Many other people help and they help us stay alive
They dedicate their lives to us, that's why so many survive

I am just an ordinary happy girl, with a nasty lump called tumour
It is with me on a daily basis, this is fact and not a rumour
They say that I am very brave but my name is Eleanor
Please do not weep for me, just let me laugh some more

The internal mail is a minefield
Everyone's left in the dark?
So how then can they locate you?
Well, you are found by a Postal Clerk

Addresses are badly written
It's like finding a tree in the dark
But all the mail gets delivered
By the talented Postal Clerk

If anyone calls with a problem
They are met with a smile not a bark
And all of the problems are dealt with
By the skill of the Postal Clerk

Managers should manage and listen
Not pick, chastise or carp
For loyalty, experience and effort
Are what make up a Postal Clerk

So remember all who have used us
Remember the postal mark
For wherever God's finger touches
Has been touched first by a Postal Clerk



AN ODE FOR GREAT BRITAIN

Our Christian values welcomes all
Our Nation proud we all stand tall
If you choose to come and stay
Respect the way we want to pray

We need you here to integrate
Not to come and then to hate
Your colour matters not to us
So do not use it to cause a fuss

We support the strong and help the weak
We love the freedom when we speak
Our laws and customs do not spurn
Our English language please try and learn

We walk together hand in hand
We love our country to us it's grand
The hand of friendship we advance
Why not take it, give peace a chance



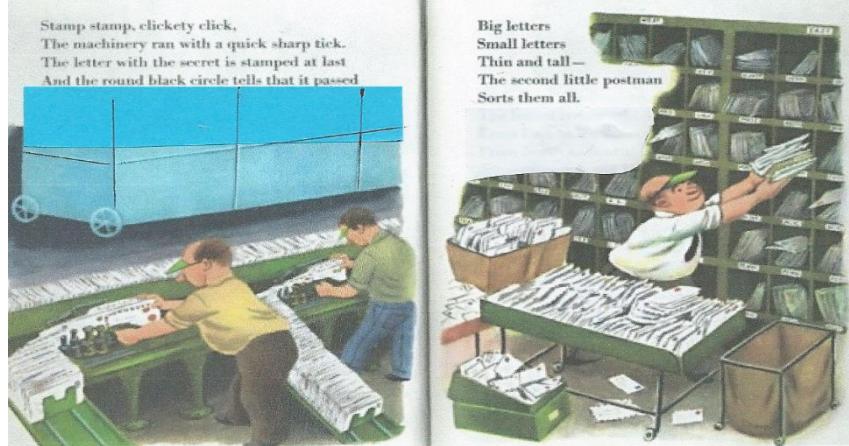
Do not talk in words of terror
 We will not tolerate, make no error
 If you want a better life
 There is no cause to give us strife

I'm not a racist if I love my land
 To wear my symbols to show my hand
 So if you wish to break our bread
 Show your loyalty, be honour led

We've made this land our way of life
 Fought and died through war and strife
 The past is gone, what's done is done
 When hatred's dead we all have won



An original Ode by David Stollery 2012



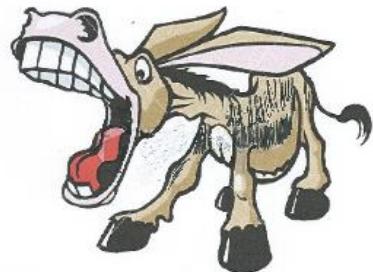
THE POSTAL CLERK
 (The author was a Postal Clerk for five years before he retired)

Out in the buildings of Halifax Bank
 Where workers should leave a mark
 The only sweat stains of labour
 Have been left by the Postal Clerk?

They say that colleagues are rewarded
 But this is a joke for a start
 Its hard work, long hours and grafting
 Which is the life of the Postal Clerk?

The mail comes in by the thousand
 And is shifted around by cart
 It is delivered in timely fashion
 By the hand of the Postal Clerk.

The mail goes out by the sack full
 And gets sent with a GPO mark
 The deadlines are always difficult
 But not for the Postal Clerk



Donkey

I am a Donkey, but I work like a mule
Some owners are kind, but others are cruel
I have big ears and I look quite cute
But I'm treated with scorn by an uncaring brute
My legs are thin and I'm really quite small
But the loads that I carry make me look tall
I work all day, what matters the weather
I cannot escape, I'm secured by a tether
I get very thirsty, with no shade when it's hot
My thirst is not slaked, I'm an animal, so what
The work gets harder when I'm young or old
There is no rest, I just do what I'm told
You would think my efforts would earn a reward
Or at least I'd be fed and given soft board
But all I am given is load after load
Which are heavier and heavier as I plod down the road
When I am tired, ill or can't work
I'm pushed to one side, I'm treated like dirt
Despite all this I still love mankind
That is my nature my trust is just blind
Please show me love when I'm old and weak
I have earned my place in a Donkey Retreat



A STONE IN MY POCKET

I carry a stone in my pocket, it has no value or worth
But it is as nature intended, it's unique to planet earth
This little stone is not magic, nor is it a good luck charm
It's not there to protect me, from any sort of harm
It's not a religious icon or for all the world to see
It's simply an understanding, between my god and me
I touch the stone in my pocket, as I bring out a coin or key
And this helps me to remember, of who I would like to be
It reminds me to be thankful, for my life from day to day
To strive to serve man better, in all that I do and say
So I carry a stone in my pocket, reminding no one but me
That life and peace are fragile and I'm grateful to be free





AN ODE TO THE ROYAL MARINES RECRUIT

Proud stands a Royal Marine Commando, a green beret on his head
His back is straight, his stance is strong, his rifle full of lead
The training passed was very tough to make him lean and mean
But it always has to be that way to become a Royal Marine

The Royal Marines have many victories, and hero's by the score
This is the backbone of our strength, why the country needs our corps
So every new recruit must know just what he must achieve
He's got to be the very best, in this he must believe

How does all this come about, from recruit to Royal Marine
Your fit to train then Lympstone bound to join a military team
Your hair is shorn, your body stripped, you're taught to wash your cock
You're supplied with weapons, boots and bedding and other clothing stock

You're on the move from dawn till dusk, and never on your own
Ordered here and ordered there, no time to miss your home
The instructors are professionals and will get you to conform
It may seem very strange to you as you're made to feel reborn

You're taught to fight and taught to fire a gun
Much to learn, calories to burn and still more miles to run
Assault courses, endurance courses, running on the roads
You must complete it in the time whilst carrying heavy loads

You've got to crawl through mud and mire, sometimes even shit
You must obey the orders, or you're in for lots of stick
Orders harsh, stick to the task, it's all been done before
Do not give in, they want you to win, you're needed in the corps

Richard was a Navy man, he liked his tot of rum
He called us all his shipmates and loved a bit of fun
David was the Ode writer, his poems were very good
Ann his wife looked out for him and this he understood

There was Eddy, Bob and Norman, Lynda, Mike and Shaun
Not the first and not the last, but all of them quite shop worn
There may be others I have missed I hope they're not too sad
You must remember the author's old and gone completely mad

Ann and David resigned, as some of the rules were bent
They tried to get them altered, but no one would relent
They both resigned and left the club, leaving without any malice
Their lives were now much busier, with new granddaughter Alice

The bank insisted to the club, that taxes must be paid
So there was no alternative and a sad decision was made
The club itself would have to cease and only meet as friends
So no need for any stupid rules, just follow social trends





YORKSHIRE COMMANDOS CLUB

We were called the Yorkshire Commandos and we always met in Leeds
We discussed all sorts of interesting things including military deeds
Our symbol was a Commando Dagger and our pride is where we stand
We honoured all our members, all of which were grand

The club met on a Thursday, the first in every month
We liked to meet at 12 o'clock to have a liquid lunch
We may have been like nuts and bolts or like a box of spanners
Different from the other clubs but proud of our good manners

David was the Chairman, the President was our Jim
They kept the club in order, made sure the boat stayed trim
Dusty was the Secretary, run by Jean his wife
They looked after all the paperwork and gave the club its life

We raised our own financial needs and Vaughn took care of it
We knew he would not cheat us as Mo would give him stick
Tony collected all the subs and ran our little raffle
Then he'd spend it on the drinks, with little fuss or hassle

Jim was in the RAF, his feet now on the ground
The life and soul of any party, his wisdom quite profound
Walter was a member, we likened to Jack Frost
He wasn't around so often, as he was always getting lost

THE GOINGS ROUGH, THE TRAINING TOUGH, YOU'RE BODY WANTS TO REST
GRIT YOU'RE TEETH AND CARRY ON, IF YOU WANT TO BE THE BEST
YOU'VE GOT TO GRIN AND BEAR IT, YOU HAVE TO FIGHT THROUGH PAIN
TRIUMPHS AND DISASTERS, IMPOSTERS, TREAT THEM JUST THE SAME

YOU'RE ALSO PART OF A VITAL TEAM, WHERE ALL MUST SHARE THE LOAD
IT'S UP TO YOU TO PULL YOUR WEIGHT AS YOU JOURNEY DOWN THIS ROAD
YOUR OPPONENT'S SAFETY IS PARAMOUNT, IN ANY SORT OF PLIGHT
AND HE WILL DO THE SAME FOR YOU, ESPECIALLY IN A FIGHT

IT'S NEARLY OVER JUST 30 MILES, A VERY LONG WAY TO TREK
YOUR GOALS IN SIGHT, KEEP UP THE FIGHT, YOUR DREAM YOU CANNOT WRECK
WITH DETERMINATION, COURAGE AND SPIRIT YOU CAN DITCH YOUR BERET BLUE
THE PRIZE IS GREEN TO BECOME A MARINE, YOU MUST BE LOYAL AND TRUE

YOU HAVE BATTLED ON FOR MANY MONTHS AND ALMOST WORKED TO DEATH
MARCHED AND RUN, CLIMBED AND SWUM UNTIL YOU WANT FOR BREATH
NOW YOU'VE FINISHED, THE JOB IS DONE, YOU'VE PASSED YOUR FINAL TEST
YOU'RE IN THE CORPS, A RECRUIT NO MORE AND CLASSED AS ONE OF THE BEST

IT'S NOT THE END IT'S JUST THE BEGINNING WHEN YOU'RE FINALLY IN THE CORPS
BUT THE LESSONS YOU LEARN AND THE MERITS YOU EARN WILL LAST FOR EVERMORE
YOU'LL BE THE BACKBONE OF THE CORPS FULLFILLING A LASTING DREAM
WEAR WITH PRIDE YOUR BERET GREEN, NOW YOU'RE A ROYAL MARINE



(MY WIFE ARRANGED FOR ME TO VISIT CTCRM ON MY 70th BIRTHDAY TO WATCH A TROOP OF RECRUITS PASS FOR DUTY AND RECEIVE THEIR GREEN BERETS. THE TROOP WAS 115 TROOP. THIS INSPIRED ME TO WRITE AN ODE REGARDING RECRUIT TRAINING (BECAUSE I CAN STILL REMEMBER HOW BLOODY DIFFICULT IT WAS) AND TO INCLUDE MY JOURNEY, IN PICTURE FORM, FROM RECRUIT TO WARRANT OFFICER. IN OUR DAY WE WERE CALLED SQUADS. I WAS ONE OF THE DIAMONDS IN 687 SQUAD AND RECEIVED SENIORITY WHEN I COMPLETED TRAINING).

An original Ode by David Stollery 2011



687 SQUAD 1958 Deal, Kent - Top Row

Belton J. Stokes F. Edwards D.G.E. Clay V. Hart R.

Second Row

Crosby N.E.H. Littlewood P. Finn M. McClean I. Pearce D.M. Emanuel T.T. Wright T.G.

Third Row

Wylie M. Foster D. McNie L.J.G.M. Hale K. Stollery David. Cooke T.J. Allott D. Thomas C.

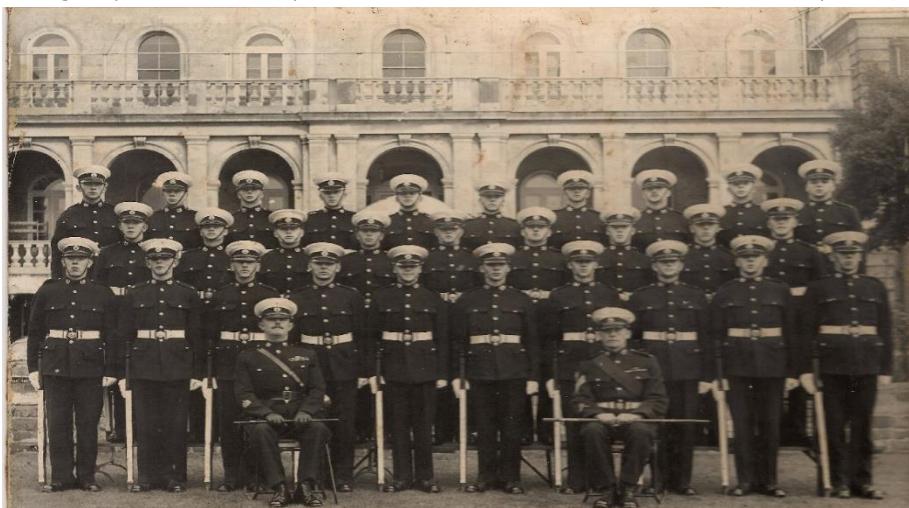
Hoyle J.T. Carrigan M.S.

Bottom Row

Ackers D.J. Patterson J.C. Clarke E.A. Eaton A.C. Possell A.M. Lamb L. Johnson R. Grimes D.J. Stapleton D.

McNulty F.E. Haynes G.

687 King's Squad RMB Eastney, Portsmouth (Four didn't make it or were back squared)



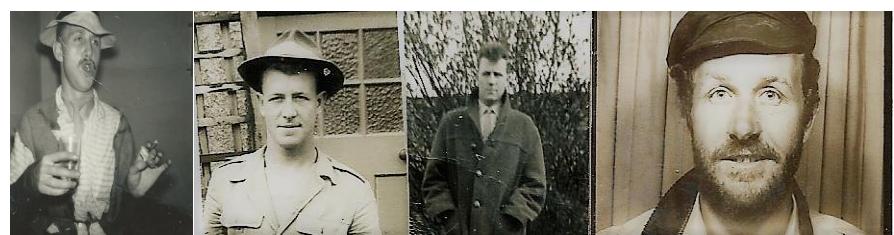
I've made friends, I've made enemies and I've seen the world
I've seen life, I've seen death, and I've seen flags unfurled
I've been loved and I've loved and I've lost and been lost
I've been happy, I've been sad and I've counted the cost

I've been rich, I've been poor; I've lived without a care
I've had cars, I've had bikes and I've even had some hair
I've been drunk, I've been sober and I've even drunk tea
I've been thin, now I'm fat, but I'm still the same me

I've had sons but no daughters; I've had wives, only two
I've lived in a Pub and I've slept in a loo
I've worked in the Bank's and I've worked in the Mills
I've worked all night and I take plenty of pills

I've survived my dawn, I've now reached my noon
I've glimpsed my twilight, but my night's not soon
I've still time to live and I've still time to play
I've still hope for the future and I'm aiming to stay

I've said my piece; I've told you my story
I've opened my heart but not for the glory
I've put it in writing so anybody can read
I've told the truth, at last a done deed



An original Ode by David Stollery 2012

I'VE DONE AN AWFUL LOT

I've been a boy, a man, a dad and a Grandad
I've been a fool, I've been quite cool; I'm still not raving mad
I've tasted this and I've tasted that and I've also eaten a frog
I've had this and I've had that and I've also owned a dog

I've carried wood for the fire; I've even worked in a store
I've picked veg for a living and I've done much more
I've played games of different names and I've flown a kite
I've been on planes of different names; I've even raced a bike

I've trod roads, I've climbed hills I've even climbed a tor
I've been hot, I've been wet and bloody cold to the core
I've dived into Oceans and I've played in the snow
I've seen seasons come and I've seen seasons go

I've tackled Jungles, crossed deserts and waded over the moor
I've sailed oceans, I've swum rivers and I've even been at war
I've been blown by a storm and I've been scorched by the sun
I've been soaked to the skin and I've been toasted like a bun

I've been high, I've been low; I've also lived in a hole
I've been bad, I've been sad and I've danced around a pole
I've been clean, I've been dirty and even covered in slime
I've been hungry, I've been sated, and I don't think that's a crime?

I've been a postman, a factory worker operating a machine
I've been a clerk, I've been a Fireman and I've also been a Marine
I've dug holes, erected poles and I've made things grow
I've cooked dinners, washed dishes and I've even learned to sew

I've had weeks I've remembered and days I've forgotten
I've had years that were wonderful and some that were rotten
I've been a comedian an actor and also a fool
I've been up on a donkey and I've ridden a mule



Marine David Stollery in Libya with 3 Commando Brigade from Malta loaded up and ready to travel to Benghazi and then on into the Sahara Desert in 1960. 3 Commando Brigade were given the task of mapping the current position of the Sea of Sand, which moves constantly.



Marine David Stollery on sentry duty for a visit from the top brass of the Royal Navy to Inspect the Field Headquarters of 3 Commando Brigade erected in the grounds of our Sembawang Camp, Singapore in 1961. 3 Commando Brigade were moved, lock stock and barrel (followed by the families in Troop Ships, although they didn't go to Aden), from Malta via Aden to Singapore.



Corporal David Stollery in 1963 with a group of lads from 43 Commando in Stonehouse Barracks at the presentation of a guide dog for the blind. The dog was called Commachio.



Corporal David Stollery and 'oppo' in Aden in 1966 playing our famous game of chess whilst waiting for the Beverly aircraft to pick us up from up-country in Habilayn back to 45 Commando's main camp in Little Aden.



ANIMAL

There is an animal out there, it's called a Royal Marine
Actually it's a biped, a head all covered in green
Try not to give it aggro, or poke it in the eyes
Because, it will attack you, until the day it dies

When trained it's very dangerous and also very fit
It will yomp until its legs give in, and doesn't give a shit
When thirsty it will drink all day, you'll know when it is full
Because it talks a load of crap and gives you tons of bull

If you make a friend of it you'll have a friend for life
It makes a damn good husband, but not a very good wife
It will eat whatever's going, but leave the dishes dirty
You might as well get used to it, it's no use getting shirty

It cannot tell the length of things, to it five inches is ten
It thinks it's got a huge big dick but so do all the men
So keep it away from naughty girls, it loves a bit of vice
Never try to stop it boozing, or you will pay the price

Sometimes a Marine won't listen or work to any rule
But when it's got a plan in mind, it's stubborn as a mule
You refer to it as Royal or even call it Bootneck
But never call it wanker, it will smash you to the deck

A Marine will always guard your back especially in a fight
And it will try it's very hardest to see a wrong put right
I say to all you animal lovers, who've never known a Marine
You don't know what you're missing, this animal is supreme

An original Ode by David Stollery 2016

India were at loggerheads and there were several wars
 Hannah Snell was in the midst, fighting England's cause
 She was wounded many times, mainly to her legs
 These were treated by the Doc's according to the regs

But then one day she received a wound, a bullet to the groin
 The musket ball was lodged in deep, the queue she could not join
 Luckily a local woman gave treatment for her wound
 She recovered, fought some more, he secret still not doomed

In 1750 the Marines came home, no fighting for the Corps
 So Hannah owned up to her sex, her secret was no more
 She couldn't get a pension, although her cause was true
 So off she went and told the press, so everybody new

After appearing on the stage, her status stood out plain
 The Gentleman's Magazine backed her until she won her claim
 She was given an honourable discharge, a Marine she was no more
 She also received a pension, so no longer was she poor

This story is a true one, as unlikely as it may seem
 Hannah was a soldier and achieved a lifelong dream
 After this she married twice, had children and a long life span
 She was a remarkable woman and also a damn brave man



In June 2002 Captain Phillipa "Pip" Tattersall was 27 years of age when she completed 10 weeks Royal Marines training (after the 3rd and final attempt) to become the first woman to win the coveted Green Beret. Major General Julian Thompson RM congratulated her and said he was neither happy nor unhappy that a woman had achieved this goal.



Top Photo 1967

Newly promoted Sergeant David Stollery having a 'wet' with his Heavy Weapons colleague in Aden whilst serving with 45 Commando RM.

Bottom Photo 1967

During one of 45 Commandos deployments up-country in Aden, Sergeant Stollery, who was on Rear Party in the main camp, had to fly up-country to do some work for the 2IC. He was taken up by a Wessex helicopter, surrounded by crates of fresh oranges. He was the only passenger, armed with an SLR (Rifle) and only one full magazine of ammunition. If the helicopter was downed one magazine wouldn't last long but he would have had plenty of oranges to throw at the enemy!





I spent 5 years working in DCGRM in Whitehall, London (1970 – 1975). 2 ½ years in 'G' Branch MOD Main Building (Operations Dept.) and 2 ½ Years in 'A' Branch Old Admiralty Building (Manpower Dept.) after I was promoted to Colour Sergeant. It was during the height of the IRA and all military personnel were banned from wearing uniform whilst working in London. I met and married Wren Ann McCallum and this is Colonel Mansell (Military Secretary) presenting us with wedding gifts. I was then posted to 41 Commando Group RM in Malta as the Unit Sub-Accountant, arriving on New Year's Eve 1975 with my wife who was 6 months pregnant with our first child. My oldest son Phillip was born in Malta.



41 Commando RM Sub-Accountant Colour Sergeant David Stollery with his staff enjoying a Christmas drink, Malta 1976.



The Gentleman's Magazine which supported Hannah's claim was founded in London, England by Edward Cave in January 1731. It ran uninterrupted for almost 200 years, until 1922. It was the first to use the term Magazine for a periodical. Samuel Johnson's first regular employment as a writer was with The Gentleman's Magazine.

HANNAH SNELL

1723 – 1792

THE FEMALE SOLDIER

Hannah wished that she was older, so she could have some rights
She dearly wanted to be a soldier and get involved in fights
At 17 she ran away and became a man called Bob
So off to London Town she went, to get a manly job

At 21 she changed again and avoided any slaughter
She fell in love, married and had herself a daughter
He ran away, the daughter died, Hannah was alone
So she went to look for him to get him to atone

In her search she changed again and called herself James Gray
But her James was hung for murder, whilst she was on her way
She moved to Portsmouth in the hope that she could live her dreams
It came about and she found a way and joined the Navy's Marines

Undetected by her sex a Marine became her role
This was what she'd longed for, this her final goal
They sailed to India with the Navy, ready for some action
And still she kept her chastity safe, ensuring no distraction

Fighting in squalor surviving the fear
Death all around your integrity clear
Mental torture conditions tough
Exhausted with danger, resting rough

Dying oppo's who fought by your side
Loss a hardship which tears cannot hide
Families waiting with fear and sorrow
You gave your yesterday for their tomorrow

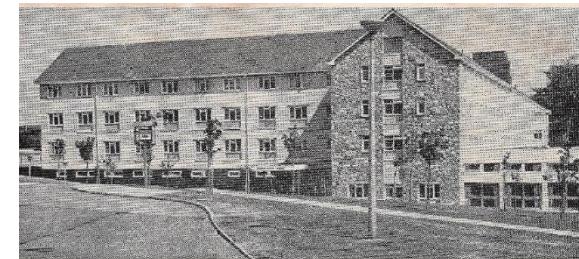
You wear with pride your medals and regalia
Your head held high you shunned all failure
With Battle scars and trauma in mind
You try to leave those horrors behind

If it happened again and a warrior needed
You would still volunteer unless impeded
Despite the horror the blood and the tears
You would fight for peace and forget your fears

When the Veterans lay down to rest
Have served their country and done their best
Save their honour, give them release
Let them sleep in eternal peace



GLOBE & LAUREL 1980



A general view of the Sergeants' Mess in 1980



The completed mosaic in the foyer floor of the Sgt's Mess CTCRM. WO2 David Stollery was responsible for the project to get the mosaic built into the floor.

WO2 David Stollery presents a gift from the Members of the Mess to Mr S Mitchenere, a civilian illustrator who worked for CTCRM. WO2 Stollery co-opted him to design the mosaic as he had already designed the Drum Case in the Sergeants' Mess.



CTCRM Sergeants Mess production of the 1980 Pantomime 'Humpty Jack' loosely based on 'Jack and the Beanstalk'. This ran for one week at the Barnfield Theatre, Exeter with a matinee for the children on Saturday afternoon and a special adult performance for CTCRM on Saturday night. WO2 David Stollery was The Dame. He also played in the 1981 pantomime as Zartan.



WO2 David Stollery is presented with a farewell gift from Lt-Col P.A.C.Howgill RM and staff of the Signals and Clerks Training Wing, Commando Training Centre Royal Marines, Lympstone, Devon on his retirement from the Royal Marines in February 1981. My youngest son Andrew was born in Exeter just before I retired.



A British veteran of the Napoleonic War and his wife.
He is wearing a medal to show he served in Spain.

This photo was taken in 1850

THE VETERAN

The politicians vote and decide its war
Veterans needed to protect our shore
If you served, or fought in a war
You are a veteran for evermore

Enemy's atrocities in plain sight
Kill or be killed, the veteran's plight
Enemies have rules they do not follow
You must not listen, their threats are hollow

Serve your country with honour and pride
Governments responsible to stand by your side
How dare they threaten you with a crime?
Doing your duty, your life on the line

Attacks and explosions a deadly din
Odds of survival are very slim
If you're wounded, lost an arm or leg
You should be cared for, not have to beg



HERO

The craven bombers terror led
Die with shame upon their head
From the carnage heroes born
Seeds of courage allowed to spawn

A hero comes without a name
Standing strong not wanting fame
When danger called the hero fought
No hesitation no selfish thought

Perils braved and casualties saved
Injured tended no honours craved
Thank the hero for all brave deeds
Coming forward to serve our needs

How do we find this Pimpernel?
Who protects us from a life of hell?
A mysterious warrior is who we seek
Who's maybe strong who's maybe weak?

Heroes made not just in war
Heroes from the rich and poor
Heroes live in many places
Heroes come with many faces

The hero's bravery has many parts
And will always live within our hearts
Honour served and medals won
They live forever, every one



AN ODE TO THE ROYAL MARINES 350 GLORIOUS YEARS – 1664 - 2014

On 28th October in 1664, sea soldiers they wanted but didn't know where to look
So they gave it to the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment of Foot
They marched them away, one wintery day and that ended their run ashore
And thus began, so the balladeers sang, the legend of our great Corps

In 1667 a minor skirmish in Suffolk, would be bought to our attention
When the Regiment stopped an invasion as was the Dutch intention
Fort Languard was the location; our first land battle it would seem
Our troops were led by Captain Darrell, who was a British officer and also a Marine

The Corps was not invented, but evolved as its fame grew
Bits and pieces were added as each year dawned anew
1672 the first time Marines were mentioned, officially that is to say
It was written in ink, a recorded link, our name was there to stay

Our cover's been blown, we're now well known, and at last the die's been cast
Next time we do battle and our sabres to rattle, our fame must surely last
It was 1704 and the Dutch joined us and we fought against the Spanish
Twas in Gibraltar, a nine month siege and they couldn't make us vanish

George the II was our friend and from him there was no rancour
In 1747, like a breath from heaven, he awarded the Navy's fouled anchor
Again he helped in 1755 when his Majesty's Marines were raised
We're linked to them directly, so surely he must be praised

It's off to battle in 1761 an amphibious expedition the task
To Bellisle we'll go, the French to beat and wrest it from their grasp
Another King George, this time the III, added to our enigma
In 1775 Per Mare Per Terram was used and became part of our insignia

Crims got sent to Australia in 1788, their passage in English boats
Who would guard them on the seas, of course Marines in red coats?
King George III made us Royal and changed us from Red to Blue
When did he do this, you may well ask, well I'll tell you it was 1802

Another date another battle at Trafalgar in 1805
Another victory to add to the list that kept our fame alive
1816 in Algiers we fight again on tired and weary feet
Navarino beckons in 1827 and we destroy the Turkish Fleet

1827 its George the IV, another friend, a clever man his Maj
He awards us all the ingredients for our distinctive Royal Marines Badge
Then off to Northern Ireland in 1831 to keep the wheels a turning
And up to Newcastle, a coal dispute, to keep the home fires burning

It's the Crimean War of 1854 which causes quite a palaver
The Marines join in and start their fight in a place they call Balaclava
Inkerman, Sevastopol and the Baltic will complete this war you see
With all who fought there heroes and 3 Marines each win a VC

We're off to a different continent an Indian Mutiny to quell
The year is 1857 at Lucknow and we'll be there for quite a spell
A Boxer Rebellion beckons us, on land once more not sea
It's 1900 in China, and a Marine earns another VC

The next one was a big one, a war to end all wars
And in 1915 at Gallipoli we landed on foreign shores
1918 at Zebrugge the assault was quite a mystery
But our heroic capture of the harbour became part of military history

POPPIES

Honour the living, honour the dead
Our guiding light the poppy red
Flesh is weak, faith is strong
Memories continue on and on

Footprints mark where all have been
Deeds recorded set the scene
Memories triggered by a glimpse
Of favourite things or photo prints

We gather together on the 11th of November
We bow our heads and we remember
They may be gone but we still care
Forever young, always there

Our hearts are broken again and again
Although we know they suffer no pain
Now at peace as they rest above
We remember them, with our love

The question asked is always why
But mortality is fact, we all must die
Perhaps its obvious like a clear blue sky
It's natures way of saying goodbye

This ode is dedicated to those who weep
For those at rest who sleep the sleep
No one knows what our souls must face
Just another mystery of the human race

An original ode by David Stollery 2017

FLANDERS FIELD



In Flanders Field

The 1914-18 war was heartless and too much blood was spilled
Many thousands fought many battles, and many thousands were killed
Brave men fought and brave men died and brave men lived to tell
Many VC's were won this war and the Marines got 5 as well

It's 1939 and World War II and for us it's back to work
In 1940 we man our boats and land on the beach at Dunkirk
The Argyll's and Marines meet up again and we serve together once more
It's 1941 and it was no bloody fun as we defended Singapore

In 1942 British Commandos are formed and the Green Beret looks just great
And in 1943 the Royal Marines Commandoes are named 40 through 48
On the 6th of June in 1944 combined forces attack Normandy
And in 1945 at Commachio in Italy a Marine wins another VC

In the 50's and 60's we see action in Suez, Malaya, Borneo and Korea
Then Aden, Cyprus and Northern Ireland which will last for many a year
In the 80's and 90's we fought in the Falklands and then on into the Gulf War
We helped the Kurds in Northern Iraq and flew to Kuwait for some more

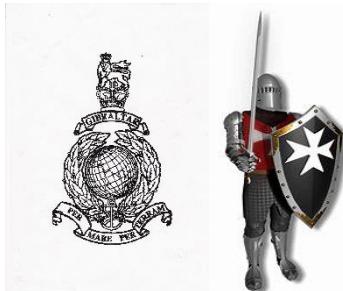
In the 90's and onwards, it's Bosnia, the Congo and on to Montserrat
Central America, Kosova, Sierra Leone and there's still much more of that
Afghanistan, Albania and East Timor, obeying all laws to the letter
Then we battle again in Afghanistan so the 21st Century's no better

So we hope for our future, our honour retained and sanity at every level
We have many skills, had plenty of spills but never shook hands with the Devil
We have suffered loss and licked our wounds and many an oppo has gone
No matter the tears, no matter the years the Corps family still goes on

So anybody who reads this, you can see what we have done
We're Royal Marines and proud of it and will continue to battle on
So take heed all you travellers, on whatever continent you have been
That continent has already been yomped on by the feet of a Royal Marine

An original Ode by David Stollery 2014

MALTA AND ROYAL MARINES - 180 YEARS



Lots of land you couldn't see was resting on the seabed
Under the waves, with ancient caves and sunk beneath the Med
The earth's crust shifted and up it lifted and the ground began to alter
Then God gave a hand and up popped land, Gozo, Comino and Malta

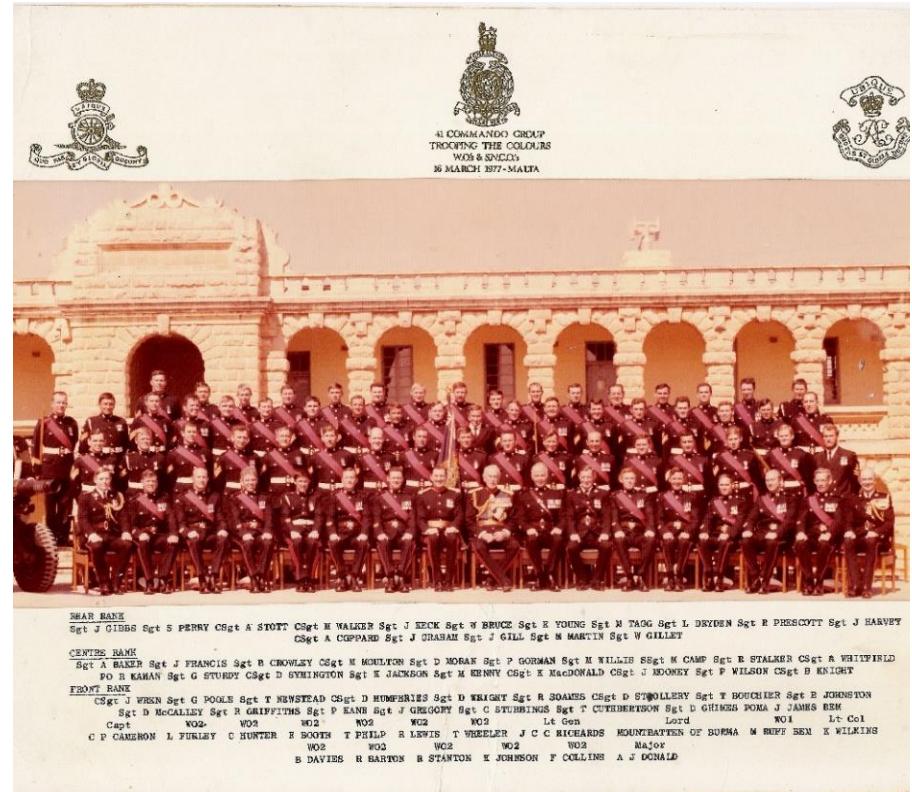
When the rocks dried out the birds arrived and the fishes eventually died
Human's took over and gave it a makeover and tilled the land that dried
They lived in caves and ate the game and also fished the sea
And when did all this happen, well it was around 5200 BC

Malta had Gothic temples where ancient religions could function
And the Bronze Age cart ruts, cut into stone are now called Clapham Junction
An ancient land, and historic country with industrious people to boot
They've suffered knocks, transformed the rocks and their spirit has taken root

Many have conquered these islands and left their traces to see
Sicilians, Carthaginians, Byzantinians and that just covers three
Romans, Vandals, Fatimid's, Normans and they also had the Spanish
But as we can see quite clearly, they eventually had to vanish

Phoenicians came to this island in the 7th Century BC
And used it as an outpost to explore the Mediterranean Sea
Because it was a safe haven, they called this island Malat
And the areas they chose to live in were Mdina and Rabat

St Paul went on a journey, to spread the word of god
Some say that he was shipwrecked, on Malta, the lucky sod
He probably would have stayed awhile, to preach, to rest, and to pray
So the place where he first landed they called it St Paul's Bay



MALTA 1977

16th March 1977 Admiral of the Fleet the Earl Mountbatten of Burma took the salute as 41 Commando Royal Marines trooped their Regimental Colours at St Andrews Barracks in Malta. All the Officers and SNCO's of 41 Commando Royal Marines were present in this photograph which also includes the Commandant General of the Royal Marines. On completion we all retired to the SNCO's Mess for refreshments. That year all British forces left Malta for the last time, leaving just a small working party behind (Selerno Company) to clear up the bits and pieces.

The author, David Stollery, is also in the photo and was stationed on Malta twice.



Maltese girls were virtuous and difficult to meet
Some were very naughty but they all worked in Straight Street
So all those military lothario's who tried to make the cut
They usually lost their cherry to a girl from down the gut

We loved to drink the local brews, Wine, Cisk, Hopleaf and blue
There were bars a plenty like Jessie's and we frequented quite a few
Naturally Marines were thirsty and we threw it down our throats
And the Maltese helped us get to it, in Buses, Gharries and boats

When Marines arrived in Malta they had chattels, children and wives
They forged close links with locals and shared their different lives
Our boys have married Maltese girls, our history linked by blood
And nobody can take that away from us neither politics, disaster nor flood

Marines and wives have always thrived on any foreign station
But tensions were taut as the politicians fought to free the Maltese nation
The friendships gained became quite strained as our bags we had to pack
With hope diminished our posting finished we promised we would come back

It was very sad and we felt quite bad as we departed this foreign shore
Left to the last, proud and steadfast we have to re-join the Corps
But we left behind, our hearts and mind and memories of happy years
As we waved goodbye, and flew into the sky our eyes were filled with tears

So why is this Island so special it can't be the wine or the beer?
It's because we made some lasting friends, year after year after year
And the reason we all come back here, to these islands in the Med
Is to honour Royal Marines and Maltese, the living and the dead

We respect our oppo's who lost their fight, but kept their powder dry
They may be gone but not forgotten so no cause to say goodbye
So enjoy your rest, you were the best, no longer to suffer pain
We do not fear, we know you're near and we will meet up again

The evidence is clear, we know we are here and also the reasons why
We're Marines and Malta is part of us and that feeling will never die
This place is in our hearts and blood, in the fabric that is Malta
The links are strong, the memories long and our faith will never falter

An original Ode by David Stollery 2014

The most important of the settlers were the holy order of St John
They came in the 16th Century and there stay was very long
They became the Knights of Malta, this island their jewel in the crown
They built Valletta, Churches and Forts and also many a town

In 1565 the Ottomans arrived and laid this land to siege
They attacked without any quarter but the Maltese would not concede
Fort St Elmo, Birgu and Senglea were ravaged according to history
The Ottomans thrashed, the Great Siege smashed, it was a Maltese victory

In 1798 the invaders were French and they really wanted to stay
Smelling of garlic and snacking on snails, they were told to go away
They wouldn't listen so a call went out to enlist the help of the Brits
Marines arrived, the French deprived and the Maltese were chuffed to bits

Many Marines have served in Malta over a period of 180 years
So it's always been a special place it's even helped their careers
It's also seen the hanging of one, for a crime that was tragically mortal
A Marine kicked a man, who fell down dead and that dead man was a Corporal

During World War II at St Angelo, Royal Marines were stationed there
With Lewis Guns and Bofors Guns they defended attacks from the air
For three long years Malta was bombed and the Maltese suffered great loss
Heroics recorded and deeds rewarded and Malta received the George Cross

Royal Marines returned in 1947 with 3 Commando Brigade
And once again we settled in and a home in Malta we made
In 1952 Prince Phillip arrived and presented Colours to 40, 42 and 45
With over a 1000 Marines on parade it kept our presence alive

We lived and worked in Tigne, Mtarfa and a place called Ghain Tuffieha
St Angelo, St Andrews, St Patricks, St Georges and we even camped at Mellieha
We served in North Africa, Palestine, Malaysia, Borneo and Hong Kong
Egypt, Cyprus and Libya and these deployments were dangerous and long

For any who lost their lives out here they couldn't be remembered better
For erected is a memorial Chapel, at St Paul's Cathedral in Valletta
When we heard the Maltese language it was special and quite unique
They switched from Malti to English every time they met to speak

CTCRM Sergeants Mess Foyer Mosaic



This was an unexpected and welcome return to the Sergeant's Mess at Commando Training Centre Royal Marines to celebrate my 70th birthday in March 2011, arranged clandestinely by my wife Ann. This would be my first visit since leaving the Corps in 1981, exactly 30 years previously. I am proud to have made a new friend, the Regimental Sergeant Major, Don Hayes and to stand, once again, on the Globe and Laurel that I instigated over 30 years ago.



The Passing-out parade of 115 Troop on my 70th birthday visit to Commando Training Centre Royal Marines at Lympstone, Devon in 2011. I first stood on this parade ground in 1958 where our 687 Squad received their green berets. In our time we still had more training to undertake at Royal Marines Barracks Eastney, Portsmouth, such as Sea Training and Kings Squad, before we could pass for duty.



A BOOKLET OF ODES FOR THIS CENTURY

By former Warrant Officer RM David Stollery

1958 - 1981



1978

This particular picture was taken at CTCRM in 1978 after I had received a Commendation from the Commandant General Royal Marines for my efforts during the General Fireman's strike of 1977/78. It was a proud moment. I was the only person selected from CTCRM to fight fires and I was seconded to 40 Commando RM whose area of operations were in Scotland. I was in command of a Fire Station based in a small Territorial Army Camp just outside Glasgow and my area of responsibilities were in and around the Glasgow Gorbals.



FIREFIGHTING

The picture on the front cover was taken at CTCRM in 1978 after I had received a Commendation from the Commandant General Royal Marines for my efforts during the General Fireman's strike of 1977/78. I was the only person selected from CTCRM to fight fires and I was seconded to 40 Commando RM whose area of operations were in Scotland. I was in command of a Fire Station based in a small Territorial Army Camp just outside Glasgow and my area of responsibilities were in and around the Glasgow Gorbals.



The Green Goddess, a pig to drive, a pig to use and no back-up equipment. Sadly, one member of the public from one of our fires lost her life on my watch.

(Dominican Republic 2018



1960s



Always Remember, never forget, but you can never go back!

I have combined all of the Odes that I have written over the last few years and have printed them in this small booklet so that they can be enjoyed together. Others have been written over the years but they have long since disappeared. I hope that you enjoy the ones I have included. Happy reading.

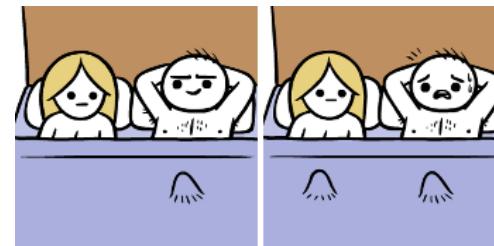


A BIRTHDAY ODE TO MY RELATIVES

Mother DIANE - 70

Son JAMES - 50

Daughter TONI-ANN - 40



A shared family birthday party 2017

When you're young and full of zest
Don't give a damn, don't need to rest
You burn the candle, you won't be told
Then all of a sudden you're getting old

So getting old can be a bitch
Except of course if you are rich
The rich have surgeons and many physicians
We share a doctor and 10 minute decisions

Aches and pains all sorts of ills
Our cure of course, take lots of pills
Legs and arms get very weak
Our dangly bits may start to leak

Growing waists and thinning hair
Keep on moaning or grin and bear
But if your 70, 50 or 40
Don't think old just think naughty

David Stollery 2017 (Brother, Brother-in-Law and Uncle)

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WE HAVE THREE LOVELY GRANDAUGHTERS, FRANCESCA, EMILY AND ALICE
THEY LOOK AND ACT LIKE PRINCESSES BUT THEY DO NOT OWN A PALACE
SOME HAVE POTTY HUMOUR, BUT NONE OF THEM ARE GLUM
SO DO NOT MENTION POO OR WILLIES OR EVEN A SPOTTY BUM

WE CANNOT DENY THEIR INTELLIGENCE OR HOW FULL OF LIFE THEY ARE
ALL DAY THEY KEEP US ON OUR TOES, UNLESS THEY SLEEP IN THE CAR
FRANCESCA IS A CHATTERBOX, A DAREDEVIL AND VERY BRAVE
ON THE GO FROM DAWN TILL DUSK, HER ENERGY LIKE A WAVE

EMILY IS DETERMINED AND HER TANTRUMS SOMETIMES WILD
GROWING UP IS COMPLICATED, IT'S DIFFICULT BEING A CHILD
SCRUMPTIOUS ALICE THE YOUNGEST IS VERY EASILY LED
IF EMILY GETS REFUSED SHE GETS ALICE TO ASK INSTEAD

WE LOOK AFTER TWO, ONE DAY A WEEK, FRANCESCA IS HALF TERM
IT'S GOOD THAT WE CAN DO THIS, AS THEY MAKE OUR CALORIES BURN
WE LOVE THEM VERY DEARLY AND MOST TIMES ENJOY THE CRACK
BUT WE CERTAINLY FEEL RELIEF WHEN WE HAVE TO GIVE THEM BACK



Andrew, Alice, Emily, Francesca and Phillip

An original Ode by David Stollery 2018



**Diane is asleep now, she is free from pain
She lives in our hearts, where she will remain
She loved and is loved, but no longer to kiss
Her hugs and her company, already we miss**

**The space you left, will be impossible to fill
We love you so much and we always will
Your spirit remains, you left so much behind
We will remember you, you were one of a kind**

(David and Ann Stollery's Sister-in-Law)

Too many people of the human race
Turn to violence at a brutal pace
They maim; they kill; they crush; they take
Leaving nothing behind, except their hate

War is deadly and quite insane
Destroying beauty, with nothing to gain
We must stop fighting in foreign lands
Returning home, with blood on our hands

Blood and gore across the ground
Death and destruction all around
It's just barbaric this senseless killing
Destroying innocence, stop people living

The desperate sound of children crying
Family's decimated, family's dying
Homes destroyed, no safety near
Surviving hunger, in constant fear

Cease the carnage of futile battle
Do not threat or Sabre rattle
Conflict is real, it's not a game
Humans bleed and suffer pain

The soldiers are the fighting faction
The partner's role, the rear guard action
Numbing chores, struggling for money
The awful plea "Where's Daddy Mummy?"

Assistance offered by organised crowds
Ready to help under dark filled clouds
The soldier's plight is shared around
Not knowing where the Army's bound

And then the homecoming, a momentous time
Preparations made, washed clean of grime
Hope and aspirations for a return to safety
No forward planning, nothing hasty

The warrior returns to the family's arms
With crushing hugs and gentle charms
Their hearts are beating with warmth and love
Happiness again under the wings of a Dove

We must not forget the price or cost
The casualty could be, a marriage lost
We must have hope, be true to life
It sets us free, from doubt and strife

THE FORGOTTEN ARMY

There is an army we do not arm
Their many faces masked with calm
They live their lives with untold fears
Their pillows wet with lonely tears

They wait, they hope, they love, they pray
Their lives on hold, from day to day
This band of sisters with lonely lives
Make up this army of military wives

To sounds of fading farewell cheers
They wipe away the partings tears
Lonely times have come again
Heartstrings taut, must take the strain

Everyone's loneliness, a tangible thing
It grips the heart, gets under the skin
A blanket of silence in an empty place
Searching for that missing face

The airmail letter is received with laughter
Tender words from an absent partner
Official letters are feared the most
Please do not come I'm not the host

Most countries settled with many races
Integrating, filling spaces
They live in harmony, work side by side
Let Nations try it, bring back some pride

Religion abused to justify
Cruelly twisted with a lie
To bolster resolve and smother the guilt
Whilst burying the sword up to the hilt

Why make weapons to maim and kill
When earth has many ways to thrill
A tranquil world would take war's place
The earth would flourish in God's good grace

Stop using weapons, put down the gun
Try peace for once it may be fun
Our short life span has problems enough
Don't make it harder, don't make it tough

Our value is the human race
Perhaps our future lies in space
Save our planet, not mirror Mars
Pool our resources, seek out the stars

A FINAL ODE TO MY FAMILY

MY EYES ARE CLOSED AND SLEEPING, MY WILLING HANDS ARE STILL
THE ONE WHO WORKED SO HARD FOR YOU, IS RESTING AT GOD'S WILL
THE TOTAL LOVE I GAVE YOU, I HOPE WILL STAY IN MIND
THE BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES YOU GAVE ME, I CANNOT LEAVE BEHIND

I TOLD YOU NOT TO SHED A TEAR, AND ALSO NOT TO CRY
BUT THEN I WROTE THIS ODE TO YOU, OH WHY? OH WHY? OH WHY
I SUPPOSE I LEFT A BIT TOO EARLY, MY LIFE FORCE NOT QUITE SPENT
THAT'S WHY I HID MY WALLET, I STILL OWE TWO WEEKS RENT

IF ALL THIS SEEMS INTENSE TO YOU? THIS SURELY IS NOT RIGHT
WHY AM I IN THIS WOODEN BOX, I SHOULD BE ON A CAMPSITE?
I HOPE I BROUGHT YOU LAUGHTER AND YOU ARE LAUGHING STILL
COS I NEVER FOUND THE ANSWER ON WHY THEY FIRE AT WILL?

I COULD HAVE GONE AROUND THE WORLD, THE SOUND OF MUSIC
SAID SO
BUT NOW I'VE FOUND A BETTER PLACE, THAT PLACE WE ALL MUST
GO
I HOPE I'VE MADE A SLIGHT IMPACT AND MY LIFE WAS NOT IN VAIN
AND SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE A KIND PERSON WILL MENTION MY
NAME

I WAS PROUD TO BE A ROYAL MARINE AND SERVED ON MANY A COAST
BUT NOW I HAVE TO MARCH AWAY, AS THE BUGLER SOUNDS LAST POST
I HOPE THERE ARE SOME BOOTNECKS HERE, THEIR THIRST I'M SURE
UNBOUND
THEY'VE HEARD THAT STOLLERY'S GONE NOW AND HE'S COUGHED UP
FOR A ROUND

I'VE HAD A REALLY GOOD LIFE AND DONE SO MANY THINGS
I FOUND A LIFE LONG PARTNER, AFTER EXCHANGING WEDDING
RINGS
I'VE SEEN MY TWO SONS PROSPER, OF BOTH I'M VERY PROUD
WITH LOVELY WIVES BESIDE THEM, THEY STAND OUT IN A CROWD

PLEASE TRY NOT TO BE TO SAD MY WIFE, THE WIFE THAT I ADORE
FOR A KISS AND HUG AWAITS YOU, ON SOME FAR AND DISTANT
SHORE
MY HEART IS ALWAYS WITH YOU ANN, MY PRIDE IN YOU SHINES
BRIGHT
AND NOW YOU NEED NOT SUFFER, MY COLD KNEES IN THE NIGHT

MY LOVE INCLUDES MY FAMILY, MY SONS, MY GRANDCHILDREN AND
MATES
BUT NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO CLIMB UP TO THOSE GATES
THE FAMILY CHAIN IS BROKEN AND NOTHING MAY SEEM THE SAME
BUT WHEN GOD CALLS US ONE BY ONE, THOSE LINKS WILL JOIN AGAIN

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

To my wife Ann

MEMORIES ARE MY GIFT TO YOU
MY LIFE, MY SOLE, MY LOVE STILL TRUE
NO MORE STRESS, NO MORE PAIN
DEPARTED NOW, ETERNAL FLAME
NO ONE KNOWS WHAT LAYS AHEAD
VOICES STILL, OUR BODIES DEAD
BUT IF YOU CALL MY NAME OUT LOUD
PERHAPS I'LL HEAR YOU, FROM HEAVENS CLOUD

David Stollery



THE STORM

The storm arouses a resting soul
It stabs our heart, it takes its toll
The power of nature bruise our bones
Thunders noise like crashing stones

Tempests frenzy, passions long
Memories stir, deep and strong
Winds of fury speed the storm
Clouds a veil against the norm

A clap of thunder shakes the glass
A rumble follows, quickly to pass
A lightning flash lights up the sky
Its deadly sting, someone might die

The timid fear and hide from noise
The strong may strut a confident poise
Beneath the storm it touches all
It covers like a coffin's pall

Some enjoy, some just hate
Some endure and some just wait
The echoes soften, the wind abates
Unease recedes, confidence awakes

Does it end or just repeat?
Onward we forge, no retreat
We must learn from our ordeal
Or does our soul have no appeal