

GRWW1 - 5th Gloucester Gazette Issue No.1

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No. 1.

APRIL 12, 1915.

5th Gloucester Gazette.

A Chronicle, serious and humorous, of the Battalion while serving with the
BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

IT is with a light heart that we launch out a new periodical into the vast whirl of competing journalism, confident as we are that the "Fifth Gloucester Gazette" will serve to maintain a highly useful purpose.

But at the same time we say at once that such success as it will win must inevitably depend on the efficiency with which our band of numerous correspondents perform their various duties. To them we look for a steady stream of articles on such subjects as "Prattlings from the Potsdam Purlious," "Heard at Headquarters," "Les bons mots du Colonel," "Les jeux d'esprit de l'Adjutant," "La causerie de la maison Cavendish" and other engrossing topics.

It may be of great interest to many to learn that, although the editorial packing case unhesitatingly reserves to itself full powers, comfortable seats on the Board of Management may nevertheless be obtained if applications be accompanied by the presentation of a pair of gum boots (size 11) or a young horse (under 18), gifts indeed so modest that they would at first sight seem but to tarnish the escutcheon of the Editor's armorial bearings.

We would counsel our readers to offer their services on the above terms at once, seeing that with a wise prudence it has seemed good to withhold final allotment of shares in the Gazette until—we quote the prospectus—such time or times as the combustion of the Printing Press through the agency of Mr. Jack Johnson or Miss Busy Bertha shall ensue.

Meanwhile contributions are earnestly invited. We are quite sure when we issue this invitation that the supply will more than equal the demand. For instance, we can with but slight imagination picture the readiness of the Q-rt-rm-st-r's horse to discuss through the medium of our columns certain weighty matters of no negligible girth which concern his creature comforts very closely.

Let the company wags get busy!! Many men will be anxious to contribute to a Gazette which will record the sayings and doings, the tears and the smiles of Gloucestershire men. We have, in the words of as the Elizabethan, "hearts of high emprise." Get a move on then, boys, and earn the title of "The Fighting Fifth," and our Gazette shall at once be great and glorious. That the regiment will win that title we are confident. And even though we may not appear by our own individual efforts to be gaining any ground for the Allied cause, yet

"... while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes, silent, flooding in, the main."

A

We have no cause for anxiety. The national character has re-asserted itself, in spite of false prophets. We never stood better in the eyes of the world than we stand to-day, and with that spirit our Regiment is instinct.

THE BATTALION A. B. C.

- A. is the Adjutant's horse, who foretells
Our real destination to be Dardanelles.
- B. is the beer over which 'twas discussed
To edify Germany's agents we trust.
- C. stands for Chelmsford, the town of our training,
And where it is almost continually raining.
- D. is the word which all of us said
When the billets were changed and we hadn't a bed.
- E. is for England, now distant and dear,
When we see her white cliffs again, how we will cheer.
- F. is the Frenchman who answered "quite so"
To our "S'il vous plaît Monsieur, donnez-moi l'eau"
- G. is the Glo'sters—those grim gory fighters
Who've cleared all the trenches from Bailleul to Ypres.
- H. is for Hell, the place where the Hun
Sings "Wacht am der Styx" when his fighting is done.
- I. is the Indian who cries "Souvenir"
With a Teutonic head on the end of his spear.
- J. is for Joffre—we haven't yet met him
But thousands of Germans will never forget him.
- K. is for Kitchener—humorous bloke
Who conceals all his flippancy under a cloak.
- L. is the letter he wrote to the trenches—
Beware of the wine, and keep clear of the wenches.
- M. is our money—exactly eight bob—
Paid us on Fridays to finish this "job."
- N. is the nominal labouring man
Who strikes for more wages whenever he can.

- O. is the output on which we depend
To bring this detestable war to an end.
- P. is the pack and the pick that we carry
With hurdle and sandbag the foeman to harry.
- Q. is the query "What will he do,
Should he also pick up a comrade or two?"
- R. is the French road well studded with cobbles
O'er which the perspiring warrior hobbles.
- S. is the Sergeant, familiarly "Serg,"
Whose temper is short, his vocabulary large.
- T. is the trench where they safely abide,
Glad that it's deep, and sufficiently wide.
- U. is for Uhlan who's scarcer by far
To-day than he was at the start of the war.
- V. is Vin Rouge which 'tis foolish to buy
On a route march in front of the Officer's eye.
- W. is the water which no one should drink
In spite of what rabid teetotalers think.
- X. is last Xmas.
- Y. is next year.
- Z. is the end of this alphabet 'ere.

F. W. H.

CHIT-CHAT.

The Commanding Officer is very anxious to order paper covers in which the succeeding issues of this Gazette may be inserted. It would be very suitable to have a design engraved on these covers. Will men please send in specimens of such designs as soon as possible that the covers may be ordered from Gloucester. The successful Competitor who gains the honour of adorning the cover with his handiwork is much to be envied.

The number of aeroplanes which flew over Meteren one day when we were in that neighbourhood was noticeable. As a matter of fact our airmen was engaged in pursuing a Taube which came very near to playing havoc with members of the Divisional Staff. Congratulations to Captains Crawshaw and Girdwood, D.S.O., on their narrow escape from the bomb which dropped close to them.

Our persistent sense of humour must be a source of severe trial to the German nation. On April 1st one of our Aeroplanes appeared over the aerodrome at Lille

and dropped a football. At the sight of the dark thing dropping thro' the skies the good Germans hurried and took what cover they could find. Even after the bomb bounced they were still suspicious. But how angry when then they read at last on it—"April 1st, Gott strafe England."

All Troops are warned to let sleeping dogs in the shape of unexploded shells severely alone. The members of a certain Battery in our vicinity went through Mons, Le Cateau, etc., without even the proverbial scratch. But one member picked up one of the sleeping shells, placed it between his knees and proceeded to unscrew the cap, with disastrous results to some of his mates.

The course of instruction in the trenches was admirably conducted for us by the officers and men of the two Regiments whose trenches we visited. We were very sorry for Private Lea having the misfortune to be wounded in his eye through no fault of his own. Before Sergt. Lloyd was able to focus his glasses he had received a rap on his knuckles. Congratulations to the Commanding Officer and to Sergt. Young on their immunity from the glass of broken periscopes.

Those days and nights occupied in Trench instruction were interesting if only for the homely nature of Trench occupation. Even the animal world in the shape of a cat which preserved a strict neutrality by spending the day in the English Trenches and the night in the German Trenches illustrates the "Home from Home" atmosphere of some Trenches.

"IN THE PINK"—A LETTER.

Dearest Florrie. Came to anchor after 10 miles on a road
Which for stones would beat a quarry and for mud a
blöomin' sink,

I am lying in a farmyard, where we're making our abode,
And I hope you're doing nicely, as this leaves me in
the pink.

Well, we've marched for miles on cobbles, which is
dreadful for the feet

Past the fertile fields of France, which have a most
peculiar stink;

And we've smoked that French tobacco, and it much
resembles peat,

And we've tried a few French liquors which they leaves
me in the pink.

We haven't seen a German, but we're getting pretty near :
And we haven't been in Trenches, but we're just upon the brink,
And when I write again, you need not be surprised to hear
We've been at 'em with the bayonet, and been dabbling in the pink.

Well, whatever comes, keep smiling, for, whatever comes, I'm true,
And so are all the Glo'sters and they're not the boys to shrink,
And when the Kaiser's busted, I'll be racing back to you,
And trust as shall find you as this leaves me in the pink.

THE CHAPLAIN'S COLUMN.

The Bishop of Gloucester writes as follows :—
" Please give the 5th a message of God speed from me, and tell them that we have been thinking much of them, and remember them constantly in our prayers."

Some Platoons inaugurated Prayers at night in their respective barns. It is hoped that five minutes' silence will be the rule in all barns or billets throughout the Regiment.

Members of " C " Company must have noticed the grave of Captain Ainsworth, of the Eleventh Hussars, which lay close to one of their barns at Meteren. A Trooper in that Regiment told me that the Captain met his death after killing a German Officer in a scrap between patrols at night. A bullet passed through the flap of his saddle and entered his lung. It was nice to see that some of our men laid some primroses on his grave, a touching witness to the reality of the Communion of Saints, the Brotherhood of the Baptised. We can shew our belief in it by sharing a hymn book or laying a wreath on a grave. Meanwhile the little graveyards we pass are beautifully kept, as they should be, for they are part of God's Acre.

THE BABE B. A.

(Oxford and Cambridge have led the way in coming forward to do their duty to their Country.)

Daily Press.

There's a Babe B. A. whom you met one day,
You christened him thus of old,

He was full of fun—was he twenty-one,
Or twenty two all told ?

Would you know him now with his puckered brow,
His putties all muddy and torn ?
You've seen him grapple with dim Whitechapel
And eke with the hunter's horn.

For a sportsman true was the man we knew
You should see him pot the red !
As deft with the cue as with driver true
He would lay them all stone dead.

Did a rabbit race at lightning pace ?
Did a pigeon steal swiftly by ?
Did a snipe zig-zag—They would join the bag
Where pheasant and partridge lie.

But his back's to the wall at his country's call
He's ready to do his job,
He has learnt to fight in the cause of right,
To scupper the Kaiser's mob.

So here's to the fame of the noble game
Of life as is lived by you,
For nine out of ten of your fellowmen
Would swear you are good and true.

As three-quarter back, he carries his pack
And forty odd things in tow,
And though he wobbles on stony cobbles
He's ready to meet his foe.

And so in the day when we're far away
From the boys of the Old Brigade,
We'll think of this rhyme and the good old time,
In the days when we are old and staid.

CASUALTIES.

No. 1619 Pte. R. Lee, C. Company. Wounded 9. 4. 15.

No. 381. L.-Sergt. R. E. Lloyd. C Company. Slightly wounded. 9. 4. 15.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who wrote to two ladies the same love letter by carbon ?

Who described the Scottish Regiment as "The Sea force"?

Which Platoon seized their rifles hurriedly in dead of night to answer back the fierce German rifle fire, when it was only the mules indulging in kicking practice to keep their hoofs in?

SPORT.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

On Wednesday, the 14th April, the South Midland Division played the Fourth Division. The Battalion was well represented:—

Pte. C Cook	Pte. Harris
Pte. Washbourne	L-Cpl. Millard
Pte. S. Hamblin	Lt. Sumner
Pte. F. Webb	Pte. A. Cook
Pte. S. Sysum	Pte. S. Smart
L-Cpl. A. Lewis	

—no less than 11 of its players appearing. The team was captained by Lt. Poulton Palmer and the Fourth Division also included several Internationals.

The Fourth kicked off with the wind and immediately began to press, their forwards doing splendid work. Then Sysum broke away and scored after a bout of passing. The goal kick failed.

The Fourth returned to the attack and almost scored, but after some loose play our forwards broke away and "got over." Hamblin converted. Soon after Washbourne intercepted and a combined movement with Hamblin resulted in the ball being taken over the line by J. Harris. The score at half time was 11 points to nil.

The South Midlands continued to keep the upper hand and Harris again scored. Five minutes before time Washbourne scored a brilliant try leaving us victors by 17 points.

Despite the difference in the scoring the game was most interesting and thoroughly enjoyed by all the spectators, especially by the Welshmen who had turned out to see a football match after many months in the trenches.

CRICKET.

The inauguration of the cricket season was attended with great success. A bevy of company-cooks at once chic and bizarre in their zephyrous and coloured costumes occupied one corner of the yard and some young officers looking more than usually smart in their well fitting gum boots and well groomed Burberries did the honours most gracefully and assiduously. The opposing elevens—the Privates and the Police—contained some interesting names. A great deal had been

expected from young Ike White and much discussion had taken place as to how he would shape against the cunning wiles of the famous lobster—Sergt. Huggins.

A corduroy wicket beautifully laid on cobbles rolled out so well that practically no "gardening" was required—in not a single case did the batsman have to pat the ground—and as far as could be seen from the Press Parlour the wicket was in capital order thanks to superhuman exertions of the sapper section.

It was indeed a happy inspiration which led Pte. White, on winning the toss from Sergt. Huggins, to take first knock, as the wicket was bound to wear a bit, and indeed the Captain of the Privates XI. set his side an excellent example, gracefully deflecting the left hand trundler to the leg terminus—in this case the main cess pool—three times in the first over.

At the time of going to Press he was still undefeated with 101 to his credit—so far a most excellent display, despite a marked tendency to be "c and b," but a trifling fault in a free display of late back chat and open defiance of the eleven Police.

Stop Press.—June 30th.—White not out 251.

G. F. H.

ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

BOOTS.—Messrs. Truefit and Co. Limited.
Messrs. Blister and Co. Un Limited.

The above may be seen without appointment at the Quartermaster's Stores any morning between 2 and 4.

MISSING ARTICLES.—Messrs. Grabbital, Snatchem and Keepit beg to state that they have active agencies in each platoon. Officers' kit inspections successfully negotiated.

Several advertisement spaces open.
For Terms, etc., apply to the Office Boy.

BATTALION RIDDLE.

Of what battle in English history do two officers of the Regiment remind you?

A prize of 5/- will be awarded for the first correct answer that reaches the Editor, C/O Orderly Room.

All communications and illustrations to be sent to the Editor, C/O The Orderly Room. Please make the Gazette "go" by sending in your contributions.

Another issue of the Gazette will be published as soon as sufficient matter is sent in.