

GRWW1 - 5th Gloucester Gazette Issue No.11

No. 11.

APRIL, 1916.

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

APRIL, 1915—APRIL, 1916.

There is always something memorable in connection with an anniversary. Another year in the life of somebody, or another page of history written. It forms, as it were, a landmark.

"—," our starting point, the milestones tells us is "X kilometres." But how many kilometres is it to Berlin? That "ridiculous" March to Berlin is coming off some day, Mr. Press-Croaker, though it may not take place till peace is declared. How many kilometres to Berlin? That's what we want to know.

It is now 12 months since the GAZETTE was launched on its adventurous career. How many more years of glorious life will add fresh lustre to its escutcheon? Subscribers of Five Francs "for the Duration" may well turn over in their minds the question as to whether they will be "up" or "down" on their bargain. It may be even now rather a near thing, seeing that all such subscribers get their money's worth if they secure 17 copies—we only wish we had more back numbers to supply them with—and this Number is No. 11! Or, on the other hand, it may not. Quien sabe? In any case, it is perhaps a matter for congratulation that the circulation has risen from the paltry, but now priceless, 50 copies of April, 1915, to the creditable 1550 of April, 1916, so that we can still, with truth, repeat our boast that our circulation is greater than that of any other threepenny paper in our area.

Seeing that gratitude, like the milestone, both looks back on the past with satisfaction, and looks forward towards the future with anticipation, we will take this opportunity of thanking all those contributors who have helped in the task—and the Quartermaster will tell you it was no small one—of hauling the Editorial valise along summer's dusty roads, and winter's slippery trenches, especially Lieutenants Harvey, King and C. W. Winterbotham—for they, indeed, have made the bricks while providing their own straw—in the hope that they will, with many others, "carry on," and that, while they wear the laurels of Literature, they may win further distinction on the Field of Fame.

F. T. BLANK BLANK.

A whisper wandered around
Of a plan of the G. O. C.'s,
And figures surveyed the ground
In stealthy groups of threes;
But the whole Brigade was there
Or pretty well all the lot,
When we dug a trench at Never-mind-where
On April the Never-mind-what.

The What's-a-names dug the trench,
The Who-is-its found the screen,
And we mustn't forget to mention
The Thingumies in between;
The Toothermies built the fence
And the R. E.'s "also ran,"
For we didn't spare any expense
With labour a shilling a man.

There isn't much else to tell,
Though the enemy made a song
And tried to blow it to Hell,
But got the address all wrong,
For you'll find it is still out there
In the bally old self-same spot!
That trench which we dug at Never-mind-where
On April the Never-mind-what.

W. O. D.

APRIL—FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

It was a real Spring morning—at last. Not merely a matter of sunshine and blue sky, but a day with hope astir, and a smell of life in the air itself. But being in the trenches, and having been up a large part of the night, I had only thought that it looked as if the snow had gone for good, and that later in the day the Artillery, German and English, would probably enjoy themselves. I could picture the Bosch Gunner Officers finishing a hearty breakfast, and rubbing their hands together cheerfully—just as ours were doing at the prospect of abundant targets. However, I stumbled towards my dug-out, feeling quite content that another night was over and my ration of sleep at hand.

Then I stopped to notice a wren singing with amazing shrillness in a bush covered with golden catkins. That set me thinking how green the grass was in the little orchard through which the trench ran, and I noticed that the ruined hedge was quite covered with fragile little leaves. So I began to think of England, and realise that it was April, and then overhead I saw an aeroplane. It was that which made me think of trout-fishing, for the bi-plane against the blue of the sky had just the transparent appearance that a trout in good condition has when you see him from above in a clear stream with sun shining through on to the gravel bed. So my thoughts turned to a split cane rod which it is a joy to handle; to the music of the reel; to the grace of the tapered line gliding out, and to the flicker of a well-thrown fly before it drops lightly on the stream. As I pulled empty sandbags over my feet, and laboriously screwed myself between the blankets, I sighed remembering April mornings like this when I and Nat had foregathered on a Cotswold trout stream. It seemed distant as a dream of heaven, and much too good ever to have happened. For Nat, best of fishermen and good friends, has gone where those who love peace (as he did) will assuredly find it, and there also we are told there is a very lovely river, "clear as crystal," though trout are not specifically mentioned. So I went to sleep amidst the endless scrambling and squeaking of the rats and mice. But now I seemed to be awake and full of an amazing cheerfulness—the joyful anticipation of sure happiness. Then I realised that I was in a Cotswold village on a perfect April morning of warm wind and sun, and high white clouds against a blue sky. Also I knew that the whole peaceful day lay before me, that a stream I knew and loved was mine to fish, and that Nat was with me again. It was early yet, and there would be no rise for another hour and a half at least, but all things were

ready. I had had the best of breakfasts, my tackle was all in order, and my rod glinted in the sunlight where it stood spiked into the green lawn in front of the Inn. So now I could lean over the grey stone bridge and thank God who made me with eyes, ears and nose, and let me live on such a day.

For the village lies along a little valley which wanders with the stream through a bold, open, upland country. The stream runs beside the village street until they part company, and orchards take the place of the road where the waters make a wide bend under a copse of beech and ash growing up a steep slope. So all the valley and grey stone village is full of the music of running water, and this morning there is little sound else.

The children are in school, and the men out on the hills at work. An occasional voice, the clink of a bucket, or the clucking of a hen, are all that is audible of the life of the village. But from the fields above there comes the distant bleating of sheep and lambs; in the beech copse a rookery is enjoying some crowded life, and occasionally the cry of a nesting plover carried to the bridge. Through all runs the music of the stream, and of the clear lime-stone springs that feed it.

At present its waters slip along with no rings to break its swirls and glides, and proclaim the rising trout only a water vole swims across just below me, and plops nervously under, on seeing the figure on the bridge. Underneath the right-hand arch lives an aged ruffian of a trout, black and scarred, uncatchable, and darkly suspected of cannibalism, though fond of bread crumbs. I amuse myself looking for signs of his nose, which can sometimes be seen poking cannily out of cover. But he is not showing up, so my eyes watch instead the wonderful dance of the water weeds. It goes on for ever. Hard not to believe that these swaying rippling streamers of green are not alive. There is an influence almost hypnotic in their everlasting movement in water so clear that you cannot see it. Then Nat joins me on the bridge with his morning lecture on the advantage of trying one's own flies—at which he has been busy most of last night, and ever since breakfast. I tell him that life isn't long enough and point out what he has been missing. He accuses me of being frivolous and launches out on the inevitable discussion of "What will they take to-day." The hot debate rages over Tups Indispensables, and the whole family of Duns—olive, grey, and blue, and ends as usual in strong disagreement. And so we wish each other "Tight Lines," and off to our respective beats. Mine is in the orchards along the bend under the beeches on the horse-shoe slope, where the clamour of the rookery rages merrily. So I stroll leisurely down the sunny street, stopping now and then to look into the clear water over the low stone parapet that buttresses the footpath. It is good, too, just to breathe the air which is full of faint sweet scents. There is nothing doing yet; only a moorhen picks her way along the bank with comic jerks of her head and neck. But I know where my fish will be—by Mayfly time he would be 14 lbs. or more—but I want him to-day, and guess that he will clear the pound. So I look for him on his feeding ground, and as I look, a grey shadow appears in the right place just below the little thorn bush over the gravel that shows between the weed bed and the far bank. He is not feeding yet, for he is not on the surface, but he is only waiting for the fly to come down. So I sit under an apple tree and listen to the Hallelujah Chorus of the rooks, and watch some placid rabbits skipping about among the Marsh Marigolds on the opposite bank of the stream, and a still more placid water vole grooming his face with his fore-paws. There are some wood pigeons too, who leave the high beech tops with a sudden clatter of wings flying upwards, and then, breast out and wings steady, plane

across to the high trees of the old Manor House beyond the church tower. At last there is a splash, a little trout's undignified rise. But he has risen at a fly, and some more follow—fine olive duns—gliding and circling in the maze of water eddies. I look for my fish (called by me "Charles") and he has risen to the surface ready for business. I can see him now—every fin and almost every spot. Presently a fly comes circling over him. He tilts up and flashes forward, taking it indeed with a greediness that warms my heart. Two more he has in peace, and then I creep up well behind him feeling not a little tense. The reel screeches merrily as I get the line out, and then too hurriedly I make the cast. The fly falls two feet out, and the only question is whether Charles will be badly scared, for the fly will certainly be dragging before it reaches him. And so it is. Just as he had tilted up his head for a rise, Charles saw the first telltale ripple round the fly as the catgut-cast and line were caught by the faster current of the nearer waters. Even so, he followed it down longingly, and snapped at it from a safe distance in disgust. He then slinks perceptibly lower and takes no notice of three healthy Olive Duns that pass over him one after the other. Plainly he wants a rest, so I light a pipe and wait.

Charles is busy again, so now for a second attempt. The rise is at its height, the flies are coming down in flotillas at a time, and all the reach is broken by the rings and ripples of rising fish. A ridiculous sparrow is inspired to masquerade as a swallow, makes a complete fool of itself, and chirps proudly about it. Less hastily this time, I get my line out, and when I let the fly go for it, behold it is that rare thing (for me), a perfect cast. The fly floats to an inch, and I know in that glorious moment that my olive dun will pass over Charles perfectly, and that Charles must surely be mine if he rises. The fly falls down, surely Charles must see it now. There is nothing in the world for me but that little speck of grey flotsam and the long trout by the weeds. Then just as I am thinking that Charles is going to fail me, with a drive of his tail up he goes surely and confidently. I can see the white of his open mouth and a flash of bronze and silver in the sun, and then my line and rod make one quivering curve and the smooth waters are broken into foam by Charles' thwarted rush for his stronghold in the bank under the thorn bush. For me it is a moment of victory—an ecstasy to remember even in dark hours. Now he is in the net, and in another moment—the sunny land and flashing water slide from me; the music of the water is jangled and confused, and out of chaos emerges a human voice, "Nearly 1.30, Sir" "Time to get up."

The glory is departed.—How could my rat-ridden dug-out be glorious, anyhow? The day has clouded, and as I crawl out feeling liverish and peevish, a light drizzle begins to fall.

And so to lunch, and—sight to shudder at—dear heap of tinned salmon. Was it ever part of a fish, a mighty vivid creature, master of the frozen Northern rivers?

C.W.

WHAT GOD SAID.

"This be a lesson" said life with a frown
As it knocked me down.
And "Serve him right," cried the goodly men.
While I—I picked myself up and then
With all my prospects looking blue
Went on just as I used to do.
But the good God smiled as he shook His head
"It's a troublesome child" said He "But yet
Not quite so altogether dead
As those solemn old fools that laughed. Don't fret."
(At least, I think that's what He said).

TRIOLET.

The snarling of dreams
Is a delicate sport.
How simple it seems—
The snarling of dreams :
Till you find all the gleams
On the wonder you've caught
Dead. Snarling of dreams
Is a delicate sport.

A PHILOSOPHY.

Only in pages of men's books I find
Swart villain and fair knight
Closing in fight.
Not piebald is mankind
The soul is hued to such swift varying
As flying hornet's sunshine-smitten wing.

Therefore, dear brother men (where'er ye be)
Who strive for right
With such short sight
'Tis wise for little folk like you and me
Neither too much to praise nor yet to blame
Since in our different ways we're all the same.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 9. F.W.H.

A thick-set dark haired dreamy little man
Uncouth to see
Revolving ever this preposterous plan—
Within a web of words spread cunningly
To tangle life—no less.
(Could he expect success ?)

Of life he craves not much, except to watch.
Being forced to act,
He walks behind himself, as if to catch
The motive :—An accessory to the fact
Faintly amused, it seems,
Behind his dreams.

Yet hath he loved the vision of this world
And found it good.
—The faith, the fight 'neath Freedom'd Flag unfurled,
The friends, the fun, the army brotherhood.
But, being crazed or worse
He turns it all to verse.

F. W. H.

AN ODE TO THE "CHARGE" OF THE TRENCH MORTAR.

Half a Gun ! Half a Gun ! Just a
Trench Mortar
All down our beastly trench,
Grimly they loiter,
Stormed at with shot and shell
Minnies, Six-inch as well ;
"Isn't this b—— hell ?"
Say the Trench Mortar.

When the emplacement's made
With pick and shovel, spade
Many a man's dismayed
In the Infantry.
For when they've laid their gun
And fired their only "one"
WE get back ten to one
Into our "pantry !"

Each time they try to fire
We say "Not here, good Sire,"
And raise their ruddy ire,
For we are averse ;
But with persistence rare
They seek another lair
Pooping their shell in air,
From the next traverse.

At last with heaving sigh
They shoot their shell on high,
For the Hun trench they try,
To spill the Boche blood !
Was there a Hun abashed ?
Was there a German smashed ?
Short of their wire it crashed
Na pooh ! It's a dud !

Observing with faces set,
Saying, "We'll strafe 'em yet
If only more shells we get,
Than one "diurnum,"
There comes a German yell
From the spot where it fell,
"Send us the gun as well
And we'll return 'em."

Now their day's work is done,
Seizing their strafing gun
Back from their post they run
Out of the trenches,
Out of the range of shell
Out of the mouth of hell
Into their billets,—well
Back to their wenchies !

G. F. C.

WAR, MODERN WAR.

'Ave yer ever carried rations to the trench at dead of night,
When yer curses and yer grumbles,
Yer trips, and then yer stumbles,
And falls down in a 'eap, when a star shell shines out bright ?
That's war, modern war.

'Ave yer ever been on sentry, when the 'ours they seem like
weeks,
When yer curses and yer swears,
Yer grip yer gun and stares
Out in the thick black darkness, when its only rats that
squeak ?
That's war, modern war.

'Ave yer ever been for water, when it's mor'n a mile to go,
And yer cusses and yer fumbles,
With the pump, which loudly grumbles,
And seems to tell the 'Uns yer there, and the bullets whistle
low ?
That's war, modern war.

'Ave yer ever been out listening, when the night's as black
as 'ell,
And yer cusses at a tree trunk,
And yer feels, well, in a blue funk,
Fer a minute, then yer laughs, and yer mates yer never tell ?
That's war, modern war.

'Ave yer ever 'eard the screaming of a shell up in the air,
And yer cusses, when it's nearer,
And nothing else seems dearer
Than yer life ! She butts ahead ! The devil did y'care !
That's war, modern war.

'Ave yer been out with a party, in the dark and in the rain,
And yer cuss when with a thud,
Yer slips 'eadlong in the mud
And yer've got another 'our to go on digging just the same ?
That's war, modern war.

Yes ! its war, just modern war,
When the rations yer are lugging,
And yer breaks the water jar,
When the rats squeak in the bushes,
And the fireworks sky 'igh rushes,
When yer smothered up from head to toe,
With thick, grey, slimy mud,
When yer mate gets 'it beside yer,
And yer splashed up with his blood.
That's when yer 'now yer in it,
And yer out to reach the limit,
And ye'll "carry on" and win it,
Well ! that's war, just modern war.

OUR BENEFACTORS.

Citizens of Gloucester, per The Mayor
800 Tommies Cookers.
Mr. Berkeley Powell Papers.
Mrs. Russell Kerr "
Mrs. Temple Cooke "
Mr. W. R. Voller "
Miss Parr "
Miss Backhouse "
Miss Grace Armstrong Magazines.
Canon Brewster Hymn Sheets.
Camps Library Magazines and Papers.
Lt. Col. Winterbotham Papers.
Bishop Frodsham "
Lt. Col. Marling "
Canadian Field Comforts Commission "
South Zeal Working Party—per Mrs. Cann "
and Miss Tucker Comforts.
"Daily Express Cheery Fund" Cards, Mouth Organs and Boxing Gloves.
Mr. Harley Butt Tobacco.

"CHAOS."

'Tis evening o'er the trenches.
The silent sentinels stand
Thinking of home and loved ones
As they gaze o'er No-man's land.

The night is still and eerie
And the moon from behind the clouds
Makes the lank and ghostly pollard trees
Look like dead men in their shrouds.

Of a sudden the silence is shattered
By a deafening crash of sound!
Liquid fires courses through the trenches,
Bursting metal hurtles around;

The trenches are full of panting
Multitudes trying to pass,
Whilst from the void behind them
Comes the hiss of escaping gas.

Be not alarmed, O reader mild,
'Tis caused by no Hunnish lust
But rather one of the Gloucesters
Whose Primus Stove has "Bust."

J. S. P.

TO A CHILD.

All that God wills for you I pray you know,
Love and delight of this green joyous earth,
Innocent thoughts as white as winter snow,
Content of heart and the red wine of mirth.
'Ere they depart as last year's swallows flew,
Wild song of gladness let the days sing you.
I pray sweet things upon you, yet I'd have
No stagnant pool of pleasure mar your life.
Troubled and dancing in diviner strife.
Each day shall be to you a tribute wave
Royally set towards a farther shore.

F. W. H.

YE MERRIE GLEVUM YEOMEN.

We have been fortunate enough to acquire from a well known historian details of an inspection, held just before the battle of Agincourt, of "A" Muster of the 1/5th Glevum Archers, its chief muster(d) Commander being present.

"Ho, ye varlets, odd's bodikins. What is this I see? Bowyer Watt with his jerkin undone! Thou art half naked, Sirrah.

String me him, Sergeaunt, to yon sapling oak, then strike him on the withers thrice, with thy pikestaff.

By my halidom, how now? Archer Dicken, thy clothyard shaft is but two feet length. In truth a sorry sight, by my fay. An he mend it not, within the coming hour, mark you, Sergeaunt, he will e'en clean the muck from yon stables for the space of two long and weary hours, in the company of Bowyer Llewellyn. A Menial job, in sooth, fit alone for those cravens who would secure for themselves the safety of old England's shores, rather than face such dangers as appertains to this grand emprise and high adventure.

'Sdeath, Sergeaunt. Are my men to port themselves, like women-folk, with unshorn locks lying greasily on their sleek necks, harbouring the very pests we would heartilie avoid! Out upon them for lousy lechers. See to it that the swift shears of one Mytteforde are busy anon.

Byr Lakin! Pikeman Perkin, thy jerkin is lurking behind thy baggage. Place me him in the stocks and shower upon him eggs of scant value, first stripping him of his habiliments, which our noble King hath right royally equipped him withal. A murrain on him and ekeall such!

THE SENTRY -

AS THEY PICTURE HIM AT HOME



And thou, Pikeman Rogers, seemingly hast lost thy stoup of mead, thy venison pastie and thy bag of oats which are given thee against the time of grievous necessity. Hast thou indeed bartered them upon thy housing dame in mart for such consolaciouns as she hath no right to proffer?"

"O gracious Master Commander, these were but stolen from me with subletie by the Goodman of the house of my sojourn, what time I did busy myself with burnishing of my arrow heads."

"Sergeaunt, look to it that his monies be lessened by one groat, wherewithal to replace the losses."

"Now, my merrie men, our great leader hath this day bidden me go forward stoutly in small parties by which the easier to cozen the enemy of our approach, and to minish our losses from arrows of our adversaries. Verilie these our strategems afford certaine promise of bringing to our armies great prowess and glorious victory, whereby our enemies will be mightilie discomfited and sore smitten. Have a care ye wander not in your journeyings, for many and divers footfalls ye will perforce encounter. Take ye the occasiouns of covert such as the verdure of the land may provide, but pass ye speedilie by such places where virtue tarryeth not. Flee, as it were the very pestilence, the wine they offer, the high wassail they bid you keep, the gladsome even that would fain entice you. Strain ye upon the start, follow thy spirit (not rum) and cry—

"God for merrie England and St. George."

Muster! Bows to the left hand! To your duties, oh my merrie yeomen."

THE ORCHARDS, THE SEA AND THE GUNS.

Of sounds which haunt me, these
Until I die
Shall live O, first the trees
Swaying and singing in the moonless night
The wind being wild
And I
A wakeful child
That lay and shivered with a strange delight.

Second—less sweet, but thrilling as the first
The midnight roar
Of waves upon the shore
Of Rossall dear.
The rhythmic surge and burst —
The gusty rain
I loved to hear
Flung on the pane,

And now another sound
Wildier than wind or sea
When on the silent night
I hear resound
In mad delight
The guns.....
They bark the whole night through
And though I fear,
Knowing what work they do,
I somehow thrill to hear.

F. W. H.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Did a certain member of No. 5 platoon enjoy his parcel? Did it contain what he expected?
Which member of No. 5 platoon had two flares put up because he had seen two rats on the parapet?
How about les boutons noirs? Yes, but what about le deuxième étage? Eh!

L

What stopped "That reminds me" from telling his story?

Who is known as the walking O.M.?

Are the trenches a TRANSPORT of delight?

Which recruit said "That's more than one man firing" when the Hun M. G. commenced its evening hate?

Which member of A. Company in order to learn the French language has commenced with a history of the 1870 affair?

Which recruit in No. 1 Platoon challenged thus—"Halt! Who bist"?

Which Sgt. gave out in orders, that there would be a box of platoon-uns for them as do roll up their "Woodbines" in bundles of ten, the best?

Who was the reinforcement who thought the Regulars were in the German Trenches, and that being merely a Territorial he was therefore in the second line trenches?

How many Officers discovered traces of Irish blood in their veins on St. Patrick's Day and whether the A. D. S. did not make a very passable imitation of a camouflage?

What member of a Coy. Mess while proceeding up "Pas de Tir" remarked "The Silly Blighters have built the fire platform on the wrong side"?

Is it correct he was trained at a well-known seaside resort?

Is it true it cannot rain at W. S. M. on Sundays?

Did they always put a bucket of washing water under cover when it rained at Cranham?

Why is there a shortage of jam at Headquarters?

Who is known as the "Dud King"? When and how did he acquire the title?

How many months have the D. A. C. been "in action"?

How many officers have tried to ride the Major's horse and failed?

Did they keep a pack of spaniels?

Did the name "Sally" on Easter Monday remind any men in "A" Company of Hempstead Lane?

Did they not wish they were at Highram-au-bois?

What did the Hen say when the Ford Ambulance ran over her?

Was it "Ghee Whizz".....?

Is it true that the Kaiser has a partiality for "Woodbines"?

Is it due to the fact that he does not like his Navy Cut?

How many barns has the T.O.'s horse pulled down?

And is it safer to tie his horse to a clothes line?

Did the Padre get the right address?

Was the visit of the Parisian Dancing Girl and her husband a complete success?

PIPER'S WOOD.

In Minsterworth when March is in
And spring begins to gild the days,
O, then starts up a joyous din
For Piper's Wood is full of praise
Because the birds deem winter done
And welcome the returning sun.

Blackbird and thrush and robin dear
Within this wood try over all
The songs they mean to shout so clear
Before green leaves go red and fall:
And, hearkening in its shadows, you
Must needs sing loud of Summer too.

F. W. H.

THE FLAG.

"About three years ago I had an argument with a notable man who preached to me the then by no means uncommon rubbish about the flag being mere school boy jingoism, the country merely a vulgarity, and Patriotism merely a conceit of Feudalism—to-day, to-day his son has died for these things and my friend is an internationalist no longer."

AUSTIN HARRISON,—*Sunday Pictorial*.

The power of the human mind to project itself into the future is notoriously weak. We can never again then, allow ourselves to be content with a narrow range of outlook. Granted for the time being the Huns actually in front of us naturally form the chief object of our study yet there must ever be before our mind's eye vistas of countries which we may never see, the whole pulsing Empire whose life has at certain periods in their momentous months been in most grave and serious danger. Henceforward it can never be a crime to fly England's Flag on those occasions when circumstances demand it; never the thing to do to throw cold water on things imperial. Too long have superior people sniffed at any outward observance of Empire Day. The Colonies have given us lavishly of the very best. Anzac, Canadian and South African alike are for all time associated heroically with Gallipoli, Ypres and the German Colonies; and many a man has travelled more miles than we can estimate, from southern palm, or northern pine, leaving his estate in hireling hands that he may give himself, body and soul, to the great cause for which the flag stands, and over which it shall ever fly.

Mr. Hughes, with the farseeing eye of an Imperial Statesman, understands the situation and says "All the Dominions are looking to Great Britain, for we expect a plain statement of what the policy of Britain is. Every Britain should understand therefore "the absolute importance of so uniting and welding together in common interests as well as in common British sentiment, the whole mighty framework of the Empire, or so solidifying and consolidating it by some common bond of mutual interest and sentiment, as to render it along with all its component, scattered and diverse parts, INVINCIBLE and immeasurably prosperous throughout."

So precious then is the Empire of ours, too sacred to be played with, too great to be ridiculed. The blood of our colonies will surely be the seed of our Empire.

NEVER AGAIN.

It is Peace, say five years ago. The Blue Lagoons are still. It is the Peace too of the Southern Cross, and the magic spell of a summer's evening holds us content with the glories of Nature and the wonders of the Island Kingdoms which dot the Archipelago. One thing alone jars upon us. For some hours two steamers—liners both—have been waiting outside the bar which runs all round the harbour of a British Colony. One has the yellow funnels of the North German Lloyd—S.S. Zieten—accounted for by the Navy many months ago now—and the other of a more slender build shows the black funnel of the P. and O. line. Side by side, almost, they lie, representatives of two great commercial nations. But a steamer is leaving harbour, having discharged her cargo of beads, bully beef tins and beer, and has loaded herself with palm oil and bananas. So a string of flags is run up the flag staff on the quay by the Harbour master—signifying that the wharf is now empty and that the "dampfer Zieten" is to occupy the vacant space. And this, mark you, at a British Port! Never again, please, Mr. Hughes.

MINNIE.

I'll sing you a song of a lady,
A song about Minnie the maid—
Though Maid in Germany's all she is
For here we call her a jade;
And her pedigree runs:—"By Johnson
Out of a hand Grenade."
Oh, it's "Look out!
Minnie's about,"
CRUMP!!
My! What a lump
Of poor old France
Is obliged to dance!

She's a jolly fine game to play at,
A sort of Diabolo;
But the fellow who tries to catch her
Is after a D. S. O.
And I reckon he'd spend the rest of the war
Making the daisies grow.

Run for your lives
Minnie arrives
CRUMP!!
She's dug us a lump
But don't you forget
There'll be yards to revet.

To be chivalrous minded to women
Is a Britisher's natural code
But you can't feel kind towards Minnie
When once you've heard her explode.
For she'll do more harm to your morals
Than the whole of the Charing Cross Road.
Here she comes,
Hooray! Thumbs
UP!!
Fraulein B. Krupp
Hasn't shed blood—
Minnie's a dud.

O. D.

BRICKS FROM THE EDITOR'S PACK.

If you do not get your copy of the Gazette, please inform the Editor, c/o. The Orderly Room, 5th Gloucestershire Regiment, B.E.F.

There comes a story about the attempt made by young Von Tirpitz to escape. Discovered and kept under guard he spat in the face of a sentry, a Scotchman of some strength. Laying his rifle down by his side, and slipping off his equipment, he too spat, but on his hands, and administered a sound thrashing to young Von Tirpitz, who demanded reprisals. The sentry was Court-martialled, and the demands of Justice met by a sentence of 24 hours' imprisonment for laying aside his arms while on sentry-go.

We want the Old Boys Club of ours to wake up a bit. Will those ex-members of the Battalion write occasionally to the Editor? We have heard from 2/Lieut. J. W. Watkins, 2nd Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers and 2/Lieut. Harvey sends us of his best each month. Now then, next please.

"Of course all the talk about German atrocities has been very much overdone. It is ridiculous to suppose that there is much truth in these allegations, and directly the war is over they will all be forgotten." One is sorry to find any ideas such as these current in the minds of educated persons. We have had occasion to refer before now to the "fable of German atrocities" and we shall continue to do so until the end of the chapter. We are not, be it said, encouraging a spirit of revenge. We want to ensure that never in the history of the world should anything occur again to rival the deeds of the Hun, as they came through Belgium and France, on the tide of their great advance, when they thought they could do what they liked with impunity, and considered that frightfulness would pay. "German Atrocities" are official. Professor Morgan, the Home Office expert, has published a book containing actual extracts from the Diaries of German soldiers. What do you make of this? Extracts from a Diary of a German soldier of the 13th Regt., 13th Division, VIIth Corps.

December 19th, 1914. "the sight of the trenches and the fury, not to say brutality of our men in beating to death the wounded English affected me so much that, for the rest of the day, I was fit for nothing." And so on. We are not going to reprint what the women went through. But O! superior person, is it worth while winning a reputation for wisdom etc., at the expense of truth, at the expense of your own country? Don't dare to say that the German Atrocities are untrue till you have read the book above referred to written by Professor J. H. Morgan, who gives DOCUMENTARY evidence of "a leisurely barbarity which proves great deliberation, cases such as the discovery of bodies of despatch riders burnt with petrol or "pegged out" with lances." There are still people who have not yet realised that we are at war with the HUN, and that the issues are tremendous.

We are winning the war, boys. Don't forget that the failure of the Huns at VERDUN, in the greatest, largest, most terrific battle the world has ever heard of, has had a tremendous effect, morally and strategically. The Huns had circularised Switzerland, giving time table for arrival at Verdun and Paris. "The Germans have suffered the greatest reverse they have experienced in the war."

A spy story during the German advance, from "Back of the Front" by Phyllis Campbell. We walked to the station for a paper and stood waiting there till the boy would arrive on his bicycle. While we waited we saw a very familiar figure standing by the pavement—a man with a tray of nuts suspended round his neck. He was a tall, soldierly figure of a man—distinguished in appearance but shabby and soiled to a degree. Gossip said he was an English Officer who had been ruined by a famous Paris actress.

For seven years he had stood between the Chateau and the Church selling nuts—never looking one in the face, never speaking. As we watched him, suddenly from among the soldiers came a typical Paris gamin—ragged, hatless, impudent and barefooted—evidently drunk. He reeled on the edge of the pavement and cannoned against the seller of nuts, whose wares were flung broadcast by the contact. Instead of apologising he thrust a hand through his hair and said something in Argot—and there was a roar from the soldiers. The seller of nuts looked wizened with rage—and his retort, when it came, was bitingly satirical. The gamin wheeled round and spat in his face—like a flash, the seller of nuts became a soldier, an officer—a gentleman—a spy! The soldiers closed round him—that volley of horrible cursings was in pure, high German. The gamin was a famous French detective, and the seller of nuts a Prussian nobleman, an officer of high rank.

Une jeune demoiselle dans une papeterie demande des nouvelles de la santé de l'Editeur de la Gazette. Le Major répond "Il a mal à la gorge." "Comment a-t-il eu ce mal à la gorge?" "Trop de serments probablement," dit le Major, ceci a la grande hilarité de la demoiselle.

For the benefit of those who are not French scholars, "serments" mean: "an oath."

He was a Senior Officer. He had been attending a course of map reading and had learned how to find the true north from his watch. Unfortunately a good dinner and a night's sleep drove this recondite method from his mind. Meeting the instructor the next morning he asked him if he would mind giving the details once more.

"Not at all Sir, not at all. A gold watch is necessary and eke a gold chain; swing the watch round the head till the chain breaks. The watch then goes west. If you then set off at an angle of ninety degrees this will give you the true north."

Exit the instructor at the double.

A good many of us laughed loudly at the pictures in Punch entitled "Mule Humours." A certain Senior Officer not altogether unconnected with the Artillery quite thought the picture the funniest he had ever seen. On second thoughts, however, he decided that the last one in which the Mules celebrate the kicking of the Colonel was in doubtful taste. It therefore hangs in his office, minus the funniest picture of the lot and shorn of more than half its glory.

There can be no two opinions about the Competition for the Fanshaw Cup being an unqualified success, and the Final, which long ago we foretold as certain to be "Some" Final, and played as it was by teams representing the 144th and 145th Infantry Brigades, was a fitting climax to a long and well fought struggle for the cup. It was indeed unfortunate for the Bucks that a goal, which was to many of us quite obvious, should have been disallowed, as the score have been one all at half time. However the Bucks would be the very first to admit that the better side won in virtue of the pronounced superiority of the Worcester forward line.

The game was admirably refereed by Corpl. ("Why not give him another stripe?") Deakin—such a change from the constant and unnecessary whistling which marred our match with the Bucks when every charge entailed a free kick for somebody.

General Fanshawe, who had followed with the keenest interest the course of this and other games in the competition, before presenting the cup and distributing the medals, complimented both teams on their football as being of a very high order.

Cheers and counter cheers and the curtain fell on Football, as far as this season was concerned. Who will win it next year?!!!!

The Navy have always had a soft spot for Football. Was not G. D. O'Lyon sent back especially on a destroyer, so that he might be able to take part in an International? (*Vide* question in House of Commons by Non-Sportsman.)

It was no surprise therefore to find the Press box well nigh full with representatives from the London Dailies, as the Army too, like the senior service, has a distinct penchant for sport. Unfortunately, owing to lack of space, we are only able to print the account of our own reporter. But we would merely say that the M.....Pst had its usual article on "Real Rugger" in commenting on the "carrying off" of the Cup. The D.....M..... described the admirable service of trains, etc. The D.....M-r-r reproduced photographs of the house where the scorers of the goals lived, their ancestors, their Sunday Schools, and the Boot Shop where they bought the boots they used to wear in peace time! And all hoped that the same venue would witness similar titanic struggles for many years to come!

There are some happenings since August, 1914, that we can never forget; they are indelibly fixed on our memories. The gallant Captain rushing down the Swindon streets loading his revolver as he ran, to round up an alleged spy—a poor Italian organ grinder. The evacuation of the Padre's gum boots—they tell

us he has not yet realised the humour of that situation. Washbourne's try at Nieppe—a dazzling effort. The M.O's luck at Allouagne—golden days, those, for him. The Staff Officer of Loos. And now there is something else we do not seem able to forget, and that isH.....

Those keen partisans—and they were many—who braved the snowstorms to watch "A" and "D" Companies settle (temporarily) their Rugby differences, were rewarded with a hard fought game. "A's" pack at once asserted itself so that the loss of the redoubtable Sergeant Thompson, after the first five minutes, may well have had an almost decisive effect on the ultimate result of the struggle, in spite of "D's" pronounced superiority "outside." Anyhow, the embraces of the Brothers Hamblin were both picturesque and proper.

Now that the cricket season is rapidly approaching, we hope that some good wickets may be obtainable. The last match recorded in the columns of the GAZETTE was played 900 yards from the German lines on September 19th, when play suffered from the roughness of the pitch. Efforts are being made therefore to acquire on a 99 years' lease a permanent pitch. We are quite sure that all sportsmen in the Battalion will do their very best to get the wicket into good order, if only that their son's sons may in their turn become adepts at England's summer game.

The following application for special leave was made!—"To O.C. — I beg to apply for special leave, as I am being married on the 23rd inst., and should like to be present at the ceremony.
(sd.)—

Overheard on the road.

An A.P.M. to Captain H. driving at his usual pace,
"Who are you?"

Capt. H.—"I am Captain H."

A.P.M.—"If you were a general, you have no right to go that pace, I don't care who you are."

Capt. H.—"I know you don't care who I am, now you know I am only a Captain."

We offer a prize of 20 francs for the best short story up to 1700 words, and a prize of 10 francs to the sender of the best yarn published in "Bricks from the Editor's Pack."

The "Daily Express" have recently sent us a set of Boxing gloves. Can they have heard of the ferocious arguments which are carried on between the two H.Q. Sergeants as to the length of the war?

His old comrades in the "Fifth" will be pleased to see the following award of the Military Cross.

Temp. Sec. Lieut. WILFRED WYNTER-MORGAN, 1st Gloucester R.

"For conspicuous gallantry when rescuing four men who had become imprisoned in an old mine under very heavy shell fire.

His name has previously been noted for gallant conduct."

From Lady Poore's Reminiscences.

An Australian soldier at Gallipoli who was on sentry duty took off his helmet and hung it with his rifle on a tree.

A passing Officer asked, not unnaturally:—

"And what may you be?"

"Oh, I'm a bit of a picket," drawled the sentry, unabashed. "And what may you be?" "Oh, I'm a bit of a Major," was the answer. "Well," rejoined the sentry genially, "If you'll wait a jiff I'll get my rifle and give you a bit of a salute."

Many congratulations to Temp. Major F. M. Hext, who was for 21 years in the Royal Irish Fusiliers and subsequently was Adjutant and then 2nd in Command of the 1/5th Gloucesters, on being promoted Temp. Lieut.-Colonel to command a service unit of the Devonshire Regiment. He saw field service in the Egyptian Expedition of 1884.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Messrs. CRUMP, MINNIE and DUD beg to state that their touring season has now commenced. Having several unbooked dates on their register they are willing to arrange displays at extremely moderate and inclusive terms.

WHIRLWIND STUNTS arranged on the slightest provocation.

If you are troubled by a WINDY PIECE OF LINE don't allow it to upset you. Ring up our head office (tel. : 8.2 How), or call on our local agent.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Direct hits extra.

Nothing is too much for our organisers who will be delighted to submit a tariff on application.

TRY OUR BOTTLED BARRAGE.

Working parties potted on the spot.

We have a few assorted SETPIECES left over from our last year's programme.

If you cannot raise the wind we GUARANTEE to get it up in one afternoon by means of our

SPECIAL SUPER-SATURATED SALVOES

of CORUSCATING CRUMPS.

Should you not see what you require in our illustrated catalogue just drop us a line, stating your requirements, when our representative will call and arrange terms.

You supply emplacements, we do the rest.

Terms to suit all pockets.

For further particulars see small handbills or write us at

TRAVELLING STRAFERS REST,

THE CIRCUS,

POTSDAM.

N.B.—Our quotations include a large percentage of DUMMY DETONATED DUDS.

There was a young Captain named Blair
Who demanded a cab "A la gare" (guerre)
Said the Cabby "O lor,
I'm not for the war,
Why not try the Café Gobelet?"

CASUALTIES.—continued.

2318	Pte.	A. Gainer (Slight)	13/4/16
2334	"	L. Turner	"
1707	"	V. Haug	"
4486	"	A. J. Warren	"
2944	"	J. A. Kitching	"
2864	"	R. F. Phillips	"
506	Sgt.	J. G. Owen (Shell-shock)	"
1935	Pte.	E. Tilley	"
4247	"	A. Kemmett	"
3821	"	R. W. Evans	"
4143	"	C. W. Hook	"
1936	"	A. E. Browning	"
1794	Dmr.	A. W. Brick	"
3250	Pte.	L. Reay (Slight)	"
4426	"	A. E. Cole	"
2480	L/Cpl.	S. Smart	15/4/16
2527	Pte.	E. Eden	"
2551	"	G. L. Martin	"
4141	"	F. Stevens	"
1538	"	C. Apperley (Shell-shock)	"
3792	"	P. J. Jackson (Slight)	"
154	Sgt.	J. C. W. Jennings	16/4/16
2594	Pte.	G. Russell	"
4393	"	C. Hewlett	"
2693	L/Cpl.	A. H. T. Lewis	"

R.I.P.

No. 66 Sgt. T. Durrett. Killed in action 13/3/16.

Sergt. Durrett will always be remembered by "A" Coy. and his numerous friends in the remainder of the Battalion for his optimism and cheerfulness even under the most trying circumstances. He was one of those men who possessed the

gift of dispelling gloomy feelings in others, and even the worst grouser after a few minutes in his society could see the brighter side of things. He was quite an "old soldier," having served nearly 20 years; he held the Territorial Efficiency Medal and was one of the oldest men serving in the Battalion. Before the war he was well known as a rifle shot, and captained the team that won Colonel Bathurst's Cup at the Battalion Rifle meeting for two successive years. He had held the rank of Sergeant since 1910 and for two months just before his death he was acting as C.Q.M.S., which duties he carried out very efficiently. His death is a great loss to his company, every one of whom will deeply sympathise with Mrs. Durrett in her bereavement.

**EPITAPH.
(T.D.)**

A shallow trench for one so tall.
"Heads down!"—no need for that old call
Under the up turned sod.
Safe is his body, never fret,
Behind this foreign parapet;
And over all the wind and wet
His soul sits safe with God.

F. W. H.

R.I.P.

No. 277 Pte. A. R. Cook.

March 21st, at Suffolk Hall, Cheltenham, Pte. Albert Reginald Cook (Reg.) 1/5th Gloucester Regt., only and dearly loved son of Mr. and Mrs. Cook, The Rowans, St. Mark's, aged 21.