

# CHIN-WAG Newsletter

Villiers Park Educational Trust's commemoration of the First World War through extracts from the Old Etonian's and Eton Manor's CHIN-WAG Newsletter

No. 11. Vol. 1.

June 1915.

## CHIN-WAG

Dear Mr. Wagg,

I am sorry for not having written to you before, but we have been in the trenches now for 11 days, and, of course, our officer has had no time for censoring.

I thank you for this month's CHIN-WAG and parcel of groceries. I hope the Clubs are progressing favourably and all chinwaggers are chin-wagging.

We are all getting excellent cooks as we have to do all our cooking in trenches, and we can recommend our stews which we make in an ammunition tin.

What do you think of the *Lusitania* outrage? I can tell you the boys out here are very mad about it. I see in the *Daily Mirror* that it has aroused the people in England.

Well we are getting them down now, and the war will not last much longer, I sincerely hope.

Hoping this finds *you all* enjoying the best of health.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Rifleman W. FORRESTER.

May 21st, 1915.

Dear Dad and Mum,

Just a line to you hoping you are all well at home, as it leaves me at present, of course my wound is nothing just a bit of shrapnel under my left eye, you know on my cheek.

I was the only one out of 10 of us that came into this hospital who has not got a ticket to come home. What luck!

You have heard a lot about our advance out here. Well we took part in it; when we started the advance our battalion was in the third line of reserve trenches and we had no work or anything of that to do. We stayed there till the Germans had been knocked out of their trenches, and then we went into them; and what a sight it was.

As soon as you get them on the point of the bayonet they ask for mercy and sling down their arms. I suppose we must have captured 100 of them, and one told me that Germany would throw up the sponge in about a months time as she was getting short of ammunition, they are all very young chaps; those who are not, are very old.

I cannot find any more to say

P.S. If you write let me know how I can find Miss Nettlefold.

Your loving son,  
WILL."

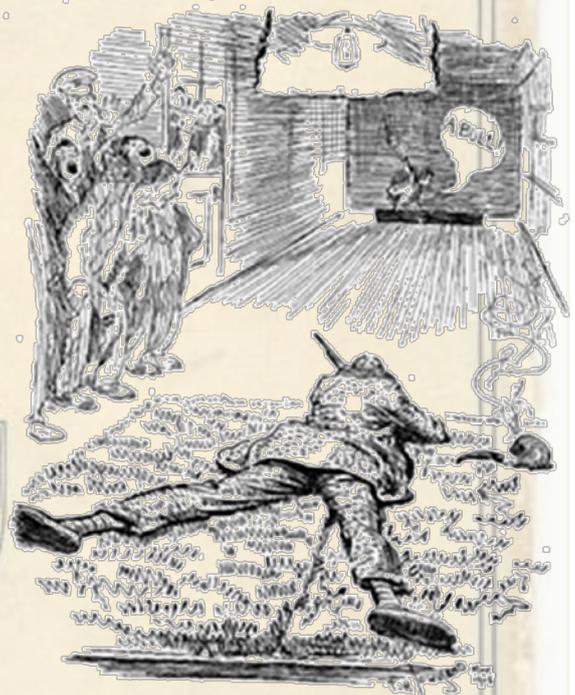
I got hit with shrapnel through putting my head up.  
Keep your head down, matey,  
Keep your nut well down,  
When you're in the trenches,  
Keep your napper well down.  
Bullets are a-flying, nasty bits of lead,  
It's all up with you chummy, if you stops 'em with your head,  
Drills you through to temple, comes out of your crown;  
If you want to see old 'Blighty,'  
Keep your bend well down.  
I'm not afraid to snuff it, but while there's life, there's hope,  
I don't look over sandbags while there's a periscope;  
On 'listening post,' it's risky, a game that  
I don't love;  
So I crawls out on my tummy, while the maxim squirts above:  
The 'sniping box' I aim from, not look over like a clown;  
So I laughs at 'Fritz,' and he has such fits,  
'Cos I keep my napper down.

Yours truly, BILL GRAVES.

(Still smiling).

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ETON MANOR CLUB EDITION



"Fritz's Opening Shot"

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