

# 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

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## A letter from CHIN-WAG's ex-Printer, Mr A. E. Rogers

With many apologies I am at last able to drop you a line.

We landed in the Persian Gulf in October, and got to work almost at once. Transport work is far different out here to what it was at home. We are all mechanics and playing at soldiers in the drill fields at home was one of the things we had hardly expected. Here things are different: there is plenty of work in front of us, and personally, I am as near happy as it is possible to be on active service.

The country – what little we see of it – is very flat, and, for the most part, uninteresting. It is all open, sandy desert; and one sees little vegetation beyond palm trees. The Tigris and Euphrates are two very fine rivers, navigable for fairly large vessels a considerable distance; but I wouldn't give a tinker's curse for ten of them beside a piece of the Thames we know as the 'Pool'. All the same, they are fine rivers.

Our work is patching up dilapidated motors of every description; lorries, touring cars and bikes. Lorries are not much use here, owing to their sinking into the sand: in consequence, Ford's are *the* thing.

Well sir, I think I've said it all.

Very sincerely yours

A. E. Rogers

## Obituary

Eddie Jones R.N.D

We regret to have to announce the death of Eddie Jones, R.N.D, killed in action.

One more name has to be added to the Club Roll of Honours.

Eddie Jones (or 'Guts' as his many friends used to call him) joined the Naval Division at the outbreak of war. He saw service in Gallipoli, and was invalided home from there. He rejoined at Blandford and subsequently went to France, and was killed in the brilliant action fought by the Naval Division at Beaumont Hunsel.

The cheeriest of good fellows, he was always laughing – a keen Otter [swimming club] and Harrier [running club] – he always made the best of his time in the Club, and his happy and jovial personality will be greatly missed by us all. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his father and mother.

## A letter from Corporal Gamble

We have shifted from the place at which I last wrote you from. It is not nearly so exciting here, and I suppose if we stop at this place long we shall forget there is a war on. It is very cold and the weather very uncertain, so we have not been able to do much work. As usual, I have nothing much to write about, but will do my best to knock up some sort of a letter.

We have got a cushy little hut and I suppose in time, we will make it – or the position – rather a suitable fortress, more or less. Most of the section are Garrison Artillery gunners and have not worn breeches before, and we have just been issued out with some, and the antics they get up to to put them on and take them off are very funny. For instance, there is one chap lying on his back and one man on each arm and one man on each leg taking off his breeches, pulling like blazes. If the breeches don't give way I can see this chap being pulled in half.

I am still in the pink and hope you and everybody else are the same. This is all for now, with my best wishes, to all – I am yours sincerely

'Squidger'

Corporal Gamble



Major the Hon. A. VILLIERS

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