

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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WHISPERS

Dick Fennell is the latest member of the Club to join the ranks of married men: this brings the total up to nine, the others being Bill Burke, Squidger Gamble, Mick Davis, Stanley Pock, Jimmy Slaughter, Oscar Browning, Ernie Osgood ("Goosey"), and Bob Alden. He was married on September 1st. Among those present were Father, Liza, Mr. Wagg, and a few Clubites urging him on with encouraging cheers and one or two old hoots.



It is three years ago since Mr. Weatherby serenaded Miss Elizabeth "Awkins," We begin to wonder if he ever thinks of taking the plunge.

I was introduced to Master Oscar Browning, jnr., last week. He is a fine bouncing baby and very much like his father, but it is hoped he will grow out of this later on.

A line on the end of the war:-

The war will end when countries mend their grievances together,
Meanwhile the Huns we'll blow to bits, we'll give them hell for leather,
And though we may be old and grey, and feeble our endeavour,
We'll give a cheer to be home once more and have a drink together.

It was pleasing to see two such old chums as Dick Fennel and Jimmy Chandler meet; it reminded one of the old Football days and the many happy hours spent on the "Hart."

Curly Browning is still dodging about the old Wick. He hasn't been caught by a scrag yet; and if you should happen to mention the fact to him he smiles and goes red. Just like Curly, you know.

It was with tears in my eyes that I read of Jack Fletcher's dramatic failure in CHIN WAGG last month; but, knowing him as I do, I would like to suggest that he drops drama and tries politics. I have in my mind a certain night at camp, when the honourable gentleman kept us awake well into the morning with a political oratory. It took all the boots and shoes at the disposal of the other inmates of the tent to obtain peace.

"OUT OF EVIL COMETH"

I used to wrack my feeble brain
For hours, in order to obtain
A rhyme for Mr. Villiers;
And, though I found out quite a lot,
The only *true* one that I got,
I think, was Lady Killers.

The Kaiser I cannot defend,
He's stopped our camp and put an end
To Henley Royal Regatta.
Still there are many rhymes, you know,
For Major Villiers, D.S.O,
A very different matter.

The poet's work would soon decrease
If, when we're back again in peace,
You all adopt a letter.
For instance, it was waste of time
With Weatherby to try and rhyme,
Though "Gugs," of course, was better.

How very simple it would be
To rhyme with "Weatherby, 'J.T.'" -
I could go on for ages
With sea, and tree, and me, and knee,
And she, and pea, and we, and flea,
I'd overcrowd your pages.

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THE MOUSE.