

# The Twentieth Gazette

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE 20th BATTALION C. E. F. (NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ONTARIO REGT.)

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On Active Service.

All communications to be addressed to THE EDITORS, TWENTIETH GAZETTE, Battalion Headquarters, 20th Canadians, 4th Brigade, B.E.F., France.

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*The Contents of this Edition have been censored regimentally.*

(Sd.) JAS. K. BERTRAM,  
Capt. & Adjt. 20th Batt.

## To our Readers.

We are fated to start off our editorials with apologies—the habit has so grown upon us as to be almost an obsession. The Sixth Edition of our paper is long overdue, and it is to our regret that we are obliged to cut what there was of the Gazette in half. The reason is that the Editors experience considerable difficulty in securing what they deem suitable *data*. The Editorial Chambers vary with the movements of the Battalion—to-day a dug-out, to-morrow a hay loft. Under these circumstances we ask our readers to dispose themselves charitably towards us, and should they feel inclined to be censorious to remember that the fact of the TWENTIETH GAZETTE surviving at all is in itself an accomplishment by no means small.

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We trust that this issue of the GAZETTE will not be thought unduly frivolous. Our object has been to give to the Battalion a few minutes of amusement to leaven the inaction of active service conditions. If we have succeeded, we have achieved our object. If we have failed, write and tell us so; tell us where we fail, how we fail, and how we can improve. Above all, don't stand idly, and be content with criticising: give us your assistance. Pick on our weaknesses if you will, note all our flaws, but go a little further and help us rectify them.

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We hope to issue more trench editions of the GAZETTE, but it is up to our Readers to decide whether we may do so or not.

To get into communication with the Editors, it will facilitate matters to adopt the following mode of address:—

Editors, 20th Gazette,  
Battalion Head Quarters,  
20th Canadians,  
4th Brigade, B.E.F.,  
France.

## Battalion Notes.

It is with sorrow that we have to announce the passing of ten of our comrades. Killed in action. While deeply regretting their death, we feel that our only comment should be: "They died bravely on the field, as true soldiers and—doing their bit."

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To the boys who were wounded, the regiment wishes a speedy recovery, a quick return, and may they soon get their own back.

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To have been complimented twice within a month by the Brigadier is an honour of which the Battalion may well be proud. The little speech made the other day in which we were congratulated on behalf of the G.O.C. the Division on the conduct of the regiment in the trenches was particularly gratifying. While we are modestly proud of our work having been thus warmly appreciated, we believe that such a signal recognition will spur us on to greater efforts.

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Cleanliness being next to Godliness the Battalion cannot but be benefited by the Sunday sermon and the Monday bath.

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The Battalion Sports being held on the day of our going to press we are obliged to hold our particulars of the various events until our next issue.

Announcement.—Football.  
20th Battalion C.E.F. *versus* Royal Garrison Artillery. Kick off, 2.30 p.m.

## Our Strafe Column.

By the Strafer-in-Chief.

### HYMN OF HATE.

One hate we have and one alone,  
A noble hate, a holy hate,  
Hate of a stomach and appetite gone,  
Of army biscuit and beefless bone,  
Hate of a mouldy yeasty punk,  
Short-ration bacon and tasteless junk,  
That in one vasty deluge pours  
From out the Quarter-Master's Stores.  
We will never forego our hate,  
Our holy hate, our noble hate.

Hate of a seventy-five pound pack,  
Of Mark III Ross and Iron Tack;  
Hate of the rain, hate of the mud,  
Hate of the road, hate of the flood,  
But hate of hates, thy sickening thud  
Whiz bang!

Sing ye our hate in the Market Place,  
The street that's rife with life and hurry,  
And from the vortex loudly cry,  
"The goin's tough, but *we should worry!*" W. W. M.

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### ECHOES OF FOLKESTONE.

Down Town: Red Cap,  
No pass; *some* Scrap!  
Next day, Fat head.  
C.O. 'Nuff said!

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### SONG OF THE HUNGRY ONES.

Only one more tin of "bully,"  
Only one more chunk of cheese,  
Only one more cry to "Stand to!"  
Only one more "Stand-at-ease!"  
Only one more pint of water,  
Only one more drink of rum,  
Only one more marching homeward,  
And our six days' work is done.

H. V.