

“IN THE PINK”

Community Discourse of the the British
Commonwealth Infantryman in the First World War

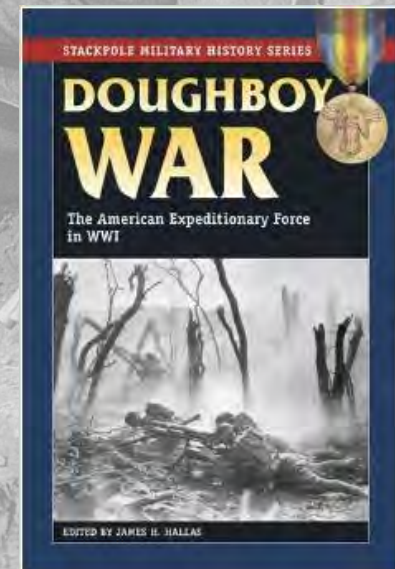
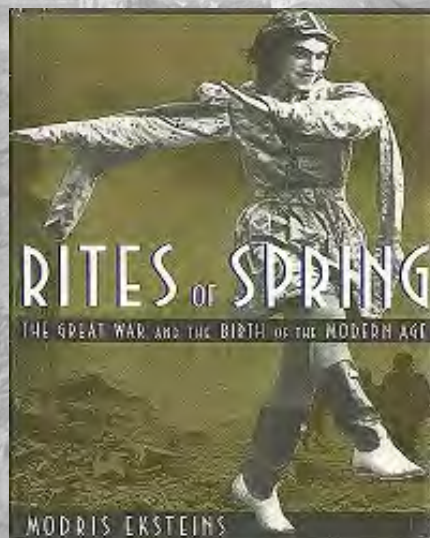
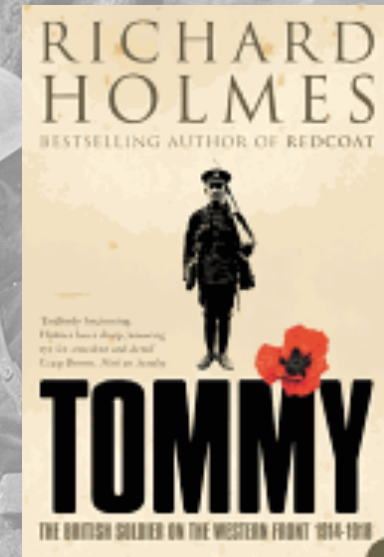
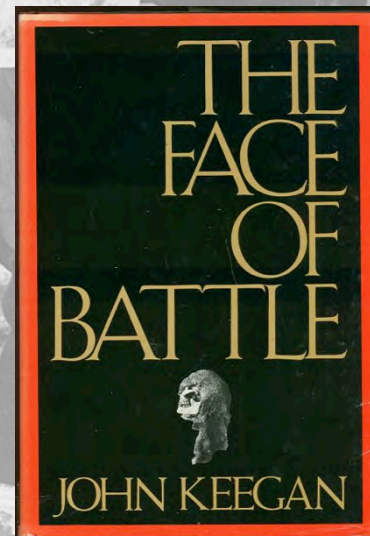
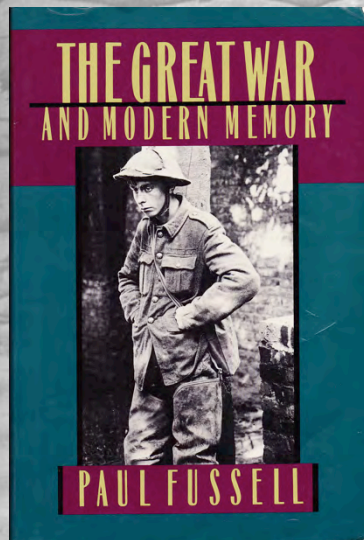
Dr. Thomas C. Rust

WHY WORLD WAR I?



World War I. The Central Powers were in the unenviable position of fighting wars on two major fronts. The inset shows the stabilized Western Front of trench warfare in northern France and Belgium.

“NEW” HISTORY AND WORLD WAR I



COMMUNITY OF THE SOLDIER



TRENCH JOURNALS AND MAGAZINES



46540

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Trench Journals and Unit Magazines of the First World War

An archival research resource containing a vast collection of rare magazines by and for servicemen and women of all nations during the First World War. Over 1,500 periodicals written and illustrated by serving members of the armed forces and associated welfare organisations published between 1914 and the end of 1919 are included. Magazines have been scanned cover-to-cover, in full colour or greyscale, and with granular indexing of all articles and specialist indexing of Publications.

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The Fighting Fifth.

By HARRY L. REYNOLDS.

Just a word of praise for the boys of 'The Fighting Fifth' who fought the battle of Arras in April 1917. They were the first to break through the German lines, and their courage and heroism are a source of pride to all who read of their deeds. The following poem is a tribute to their bravery and sacrifice.



Featured content

Poetic advice for the young officer from Sep 1915.



Montana State University Billings Library

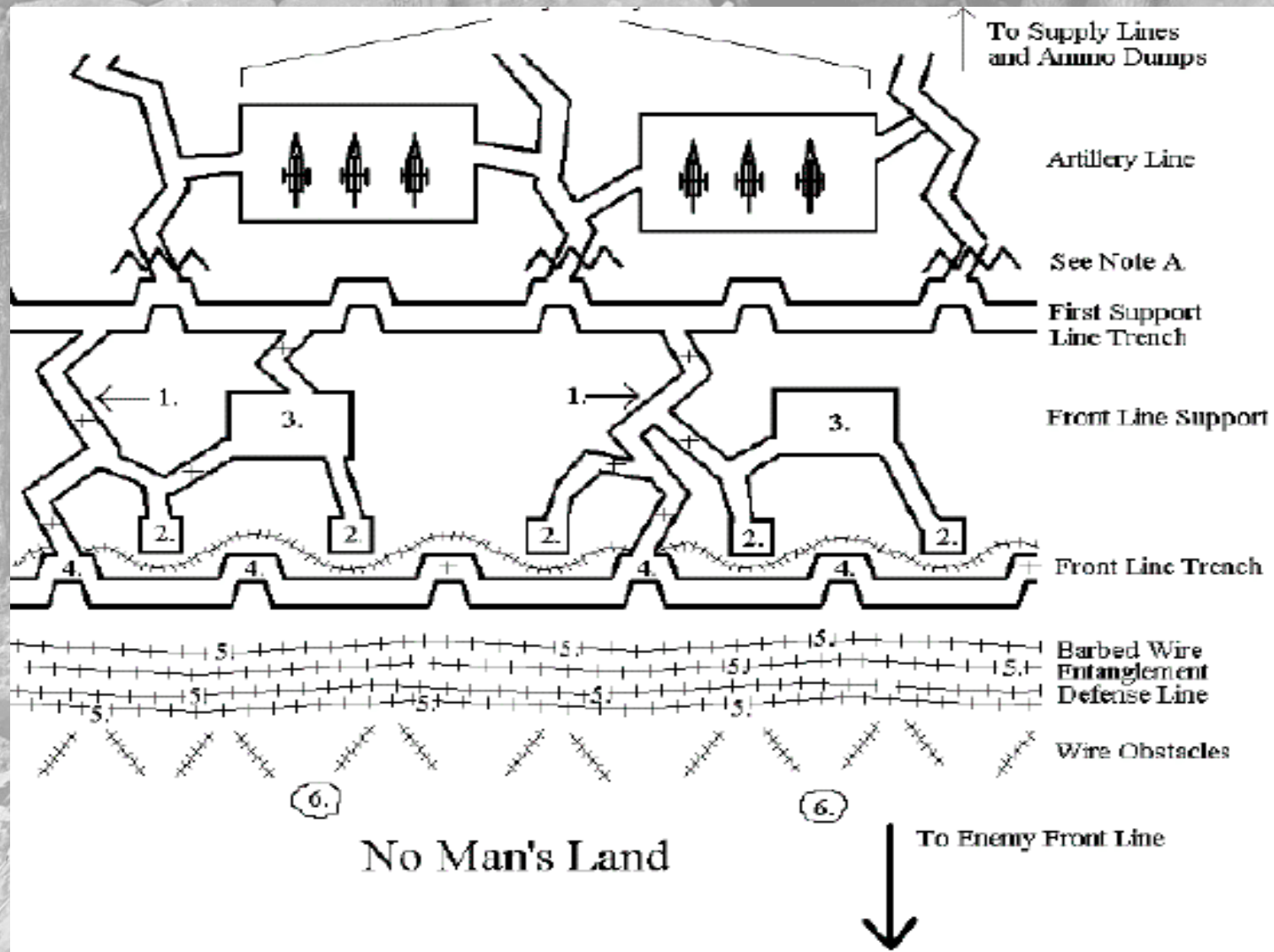
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THE WESTERN FRONT



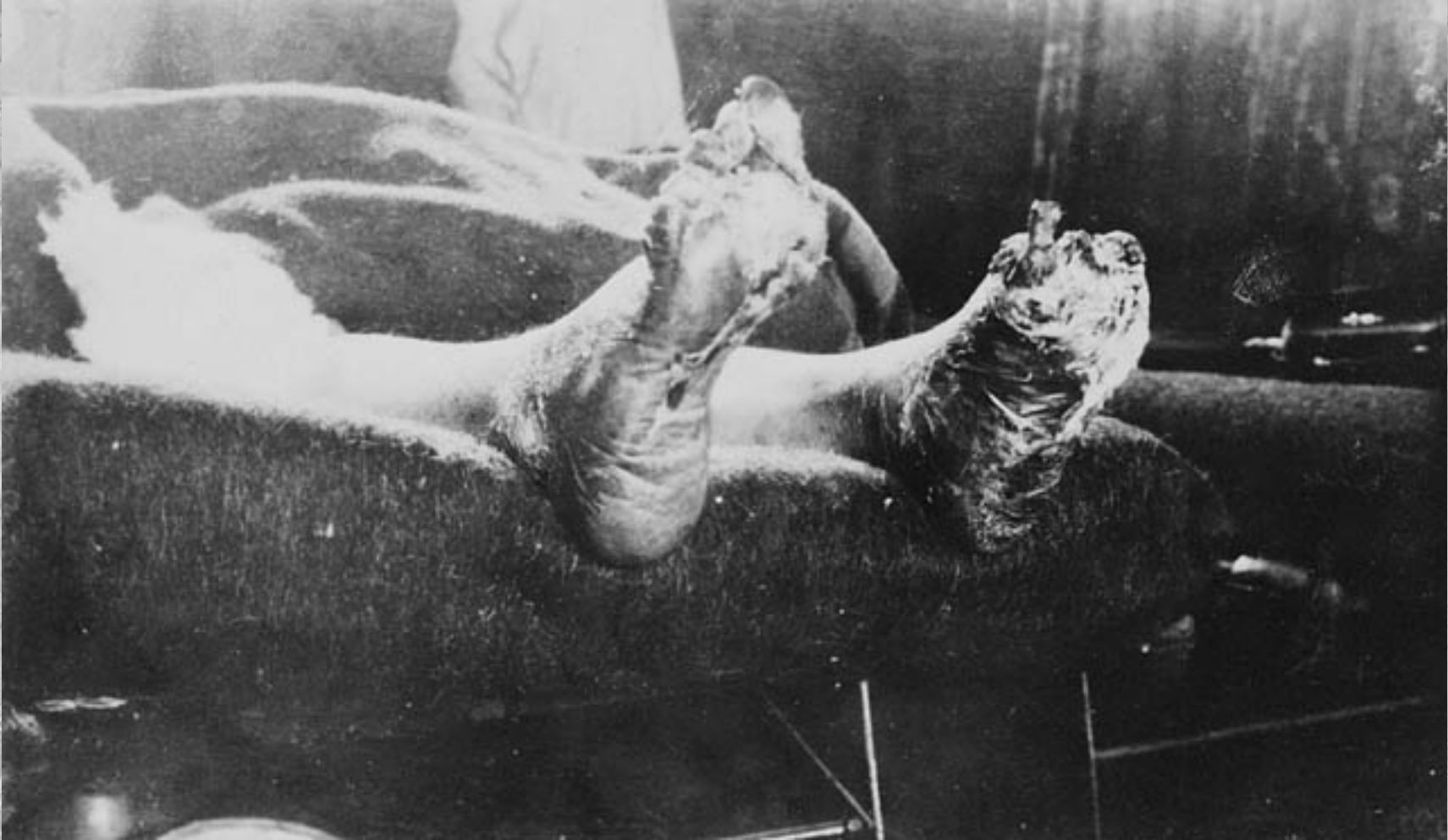
WORLD OF THE SOLDIER







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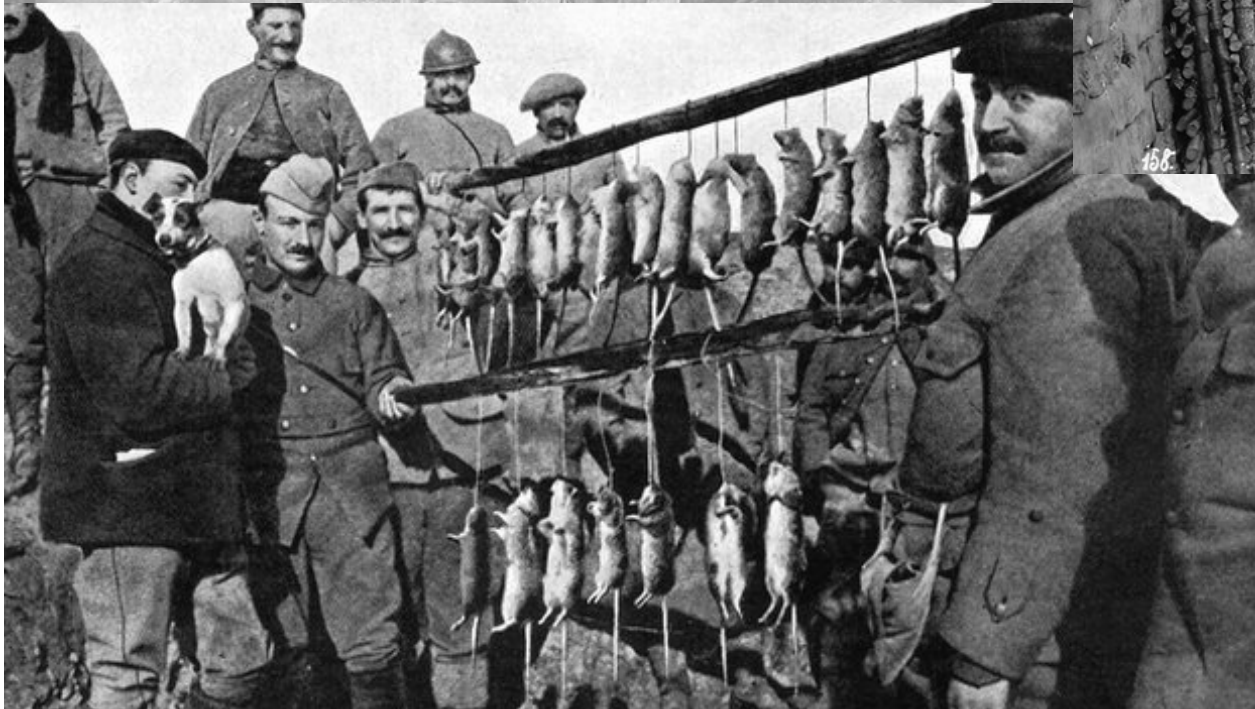
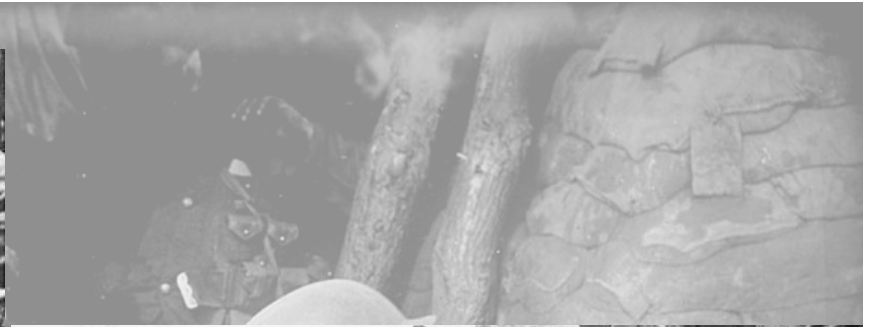








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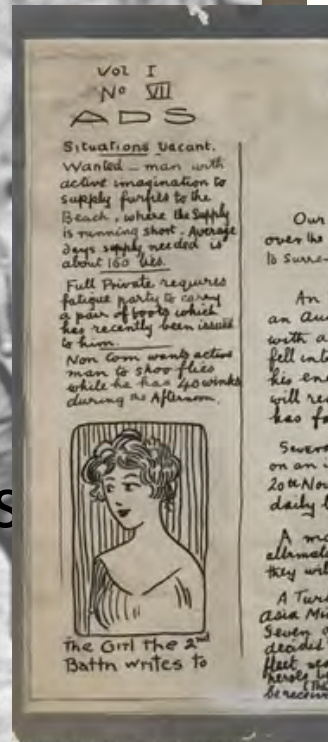
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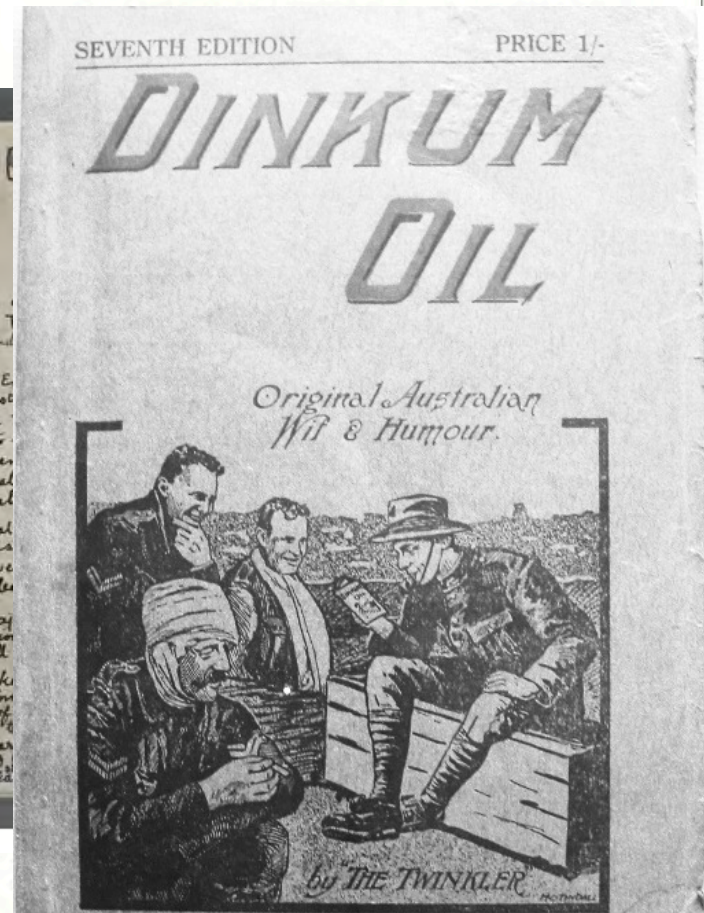
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INTRODUCTION TO TRENCH JOURNALS

- Origins
- Types
- Relation to Oral Culture of Trenches
- Censorship



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL



This we consider fair due back for the
sentry after the previous heroic efforts to
keep him alive.

Jolly little crump;
Make our trench a picture,
Wiggle, woggle, wump.

REPORTING AND CONTRIBUTIONS



RUMORS

- Common
 - Real and satirical
- Extraordinary
 - British Navy Sunk
 - Hospitals Overflowing
 - Sealed Trains from Russia
 - Troop Movements
 - Spies
 - Wild Deserters

Unconfirmed Rumours.

That the war is over.

That the Hook of Holland has disappeared.

That it has been taken by British prisoners of war.

That last Christmas was the dryest on record.

That the real significance of N.C.O. is Not Coming Off.

That sundry N.C.O.'s are already becoming Schnappish over the Holland question.

That the Hart no longer pants for cooling streams.

That all Canadians are now enthusiastic food reformers.

That the letters P.R. on a famous food stand for Pretty Rotten.

That during the recent spell of cold weather many missed their usual Wash.

That during a recent cigarette famine, the last Trumpeter appeared on the scene.

That the war will certainly end somewhere between the 28th and 29th February next.

That departure for Holland is a form of *corporal* punishment.



LEGENDS AND LORE: ANGEL OF MONS

- Origins
- Variations

ANGELS OF MONS.

Another story of a vision in France, that brings to mind the "Angels of Mons legend," is told by a sergeant of the Royal Sussex Regiment in a letter to his mother at Eastbourne. He writes: "This morning, May 22nd, about 12-30 or one o'clock, we saw a most beautiful white cross in the sky. It sailed along until it reached the moon. I think everybody about here saw it, and for about ten or fifteen minutes there was not a shot fired. There was absolute silence on both sides. We are wondering what this vision means. . . ."

A Vision.

When the Boches were having a whack,
And were making a furious attack,
So that British and French could not tarry,
But scuttled—intent to save "Paree,"—
A Cheshire Lance-Corp'ral did spy,
Careering twixt Earth and the Sky,
A bevy of Angels most fair—
So he on his "davy" did swear—
(Although at the time this L.C.
Had not joined K. of K's New Armee!)
These Angels the Boches did stop,
And across the Marne force them to hop,
So, their failure thereafter to rally,
And goose-step in triumph thro' Calais,
You surely will see at a glance,
Was very much due to the Lance- [cons],
Corporal's view (weigh the *pros* and the
He obtained of the world famous—
Angels of Mons !!



LEGENDS AND LORE: CRUCIFIED CANADIAN

THE CRUCIFIXION OF A CANADIAN.

INSENSATE ACT OF HATE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

NORTHERN FRANCE, MAY 14.

There is, unhappily, good reason to believe that the story related by your Paris Correspondent of the crucifixion of a Canadian officer during the fighting at Ypres on April 22-23 is in substance true. The story was current here at the time, but, in the absence of direct evidence and absolute proof, men were unwilling to believe that a civilized foe could be guilty of an act so cruel and savage.

Now, I have reason to believe, written depositions testifying to the fact of the discovery of the body are in possession of the British Headquarters Staff.

The unfortunate victim was a sergeant. As the story was told to me, he was found transfixed to the wooden fence of a farm building. Bayonets were thrust through the palms of his hands and his feet, pinning him to the fence. He had been repeatedly stabbed with bayonets, and there were many punctured wounds in his body.

I have not heard that any of our men actually saw the crime committed. There is room for the supposition that the man was dead before he was pinned to the fence, and that the enemy in his insensate rage and hate of the English wreaked his vengeance on the lifeless body of his foe.

That is the most charitable complexion that can be put upon the deed, ghastly as it is.

There is not a man in the ranks of the Canadians who fought at Ypres who is not firmly convinced that this vile thing has been done. They know, too, that the enemy bayoneted their wounded and helpless comrades in the trenches.



SIGNIFICANCE OF RUMORS

- Normal Patterns of Everyday Life Disrupted
- Anything Believable



“THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW”

- Answer to Rumors
- Humorous

THE OWL WANTS TO KNOW.

Why the M.T.'s were not sharp enough, after getting the tip, to evade the lightning methods of the Blanket King. It was cold that night.

□ □

Who the M.T. was who gave the griffin to A. & Q., but, alas! too late?

□ □

The cause of the two cows dying at Headquarters billet. We are now advertising for a fresh cook.

□ □

When a certain Staff-Sergeant will learn the difference between grass and growing corn? Let it be a warning to him.

□ □

Who found the Balmoral bonnet? Was it really given to the lady as a souvenir?

□ □

What a certain member of D.H.Q. will do after the war now that the Railway Companies have stopped running Restaurant cars? Perhaps we shall see him "shouting the odds."

□ □

Who are the "Custard Slingers"?—and who paid for the window?

□ □

How many spectators at the "Tykes" v. H.Q. football match took the game seriously?

"THE OWL."

PAST TIMES: ORGANIZED

MUSTACHE COMPETITION.

We have much pleasure in announcing the result of our second Mustache-growing competition. It will be noted that we have initiated a new class of beginners. We feel that we can congratulate ourselves upon the "hair raising" excitement caused by these competitions.

Charlie Chaplin Class.

1st prize	Sergt. Noble Armstrong
2nd prize	Corpl. M. O'Connor
Also ran	Pte. Russell

Ferocious Class.

1st prize	Pte. W. Bogues
2nd prize	"Scotch" Mitchell
Also ran	Corpl. F. Hood

Nondescript Class.

1st prize	Pte. Tommy Hillier
2nd prize	Corpl. Charron
Special mention ...	"Clinker" Smith



No 4. Vol 1

Monday, March 5th. 1917

PRICE 1 FRANC.

THE FOSSE THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

This Week—Special Engagement.

THE MAUDE TROUPE

IN THEIR SCREAMING FARCE,

WHAT'S THE BAG, DAD?

FEATURING ENVER IN HIS LITTLE SONG

"I'M ALL DRESSED UP AND NOWHERE TO GO."

FILM PLAYS.

COMEDY—"WILLIE'S TURKEY."

IN THREE PARTS

Topical—"LETTING GO THE ANCHOR."

BY HIND AND BERG FILM PLAY SYNDICATE.

PRICES AS USUAL

BOOK EARLY.

THE CODFORD WHEEZE.

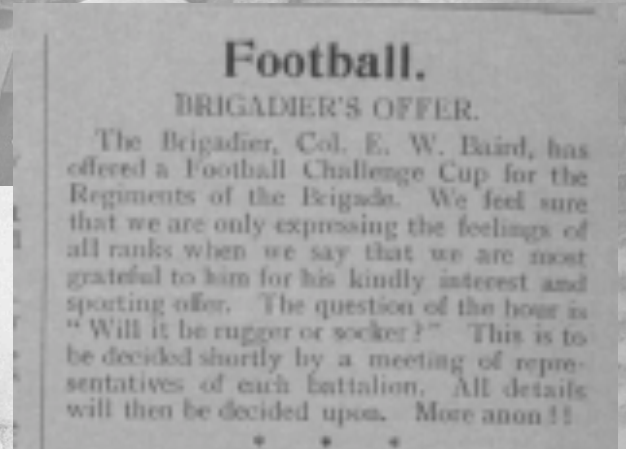
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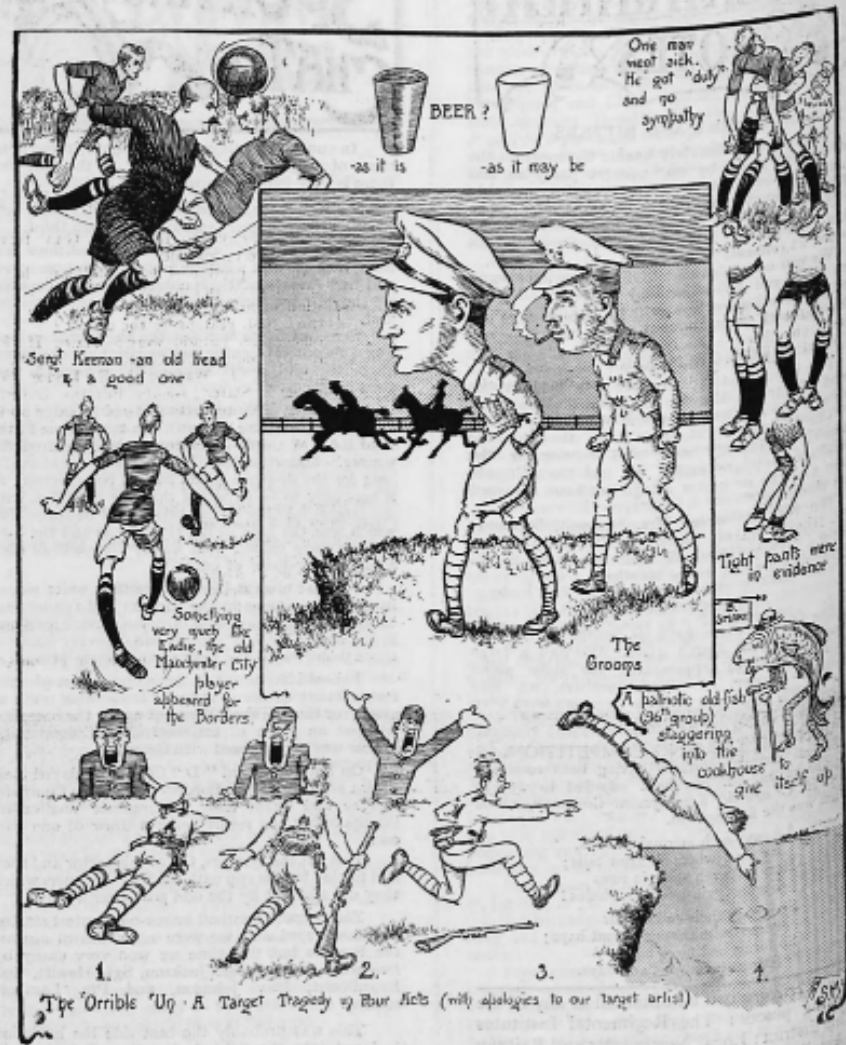


AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

PAST TIMES: SPORT AND GAME

- Football
- Rugby
- Cricket
- Hockey
- Boxing





The Borders Football Final and other things

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Holidays

- Religious
- Ethnic
- Cultural
- Folkloric

THE STORY OF THE THREE SCOUTS

All Fools' Day and After—The Fatal Trail—When Loasby Fell—The Capture of Quinn—Sleigh's Diary—Gallant Fort Pitt Detachment

By I. E. K. Lake

It fell in the quiet night.
There was never a sound to hear.
But all of the woods to the right and the left
Lay filled with the rustled moon.
—Dickens.

CONSTABLE BILLY ANDERSON arrived at Frog lake about 11 o'clock at 24, March 31st. Fort Pitt, which he left in the dark, was thirty-five miles away. The time of spring had reached the Saskatoon, the night was desperately black, and the trail which wound in and out along ridges of the hills or over them and across dips at their toes was dusky, slippery and treacherous. Anderson had pondered much despite the blackness and the ugly silences that the trail invited, for he was the bearer of grave news, and he had successfully his steaming, brown and spotted horse.

Anderson carried a dispatch for Tom Fox, Indian agent at Frog lake, from Captain Francis J. Dickens (third son of the poet), commanding the Northwest Mounted Police at Fort Pitt. A few days before the halfbreeds at Bullock under rebel Riel had met the Mounted Police and Prince Albert volunteers under Major water in the sanguinary opening battle at the lake of the Saskatchewan rebellion 1885.

Dickens proposed to Quinn that he gather a few whites resident at Frog lake and bring them with the detachment of six mounted police under Corporal B. B. Sleigh down there into Fort Pitt. "Or," continued Dickens, "if you think it a better

plan, I will take my men at once to Frog lake and extend what protection I can to the settlement."

Quinn called a council at the house of John Delaney farming instructor to the In-

dians told him I would not leave the store (I was in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Frog lake) without instructions and he retorted savagely that I was not obliged to wait for instructions to save my life. "You don't know the Indians as well as I do," he added. Which was very true. He had been through the Minnesota massacres of 1863, barely escaping with his life. Nevertheless, with the obstinacy of youth, I persisted in my determination to stay. I was not afraid of the Indians. Secretly I hoped the others would go and leave me alone with them. Then I felt sure I should be safe.

Perc Fafard came down and opened the door at our knock. Quinn told him the news briefly and asked him to dress and join the others immediately at Delaney's. The priest opposed strongly the idea of leaving Frog lake. He said: "Now trouble was come, we should show that we had confidence in the Indians—not run away."

Quinn's views were completely reversed by the priest's opposition. He was now as ready to advocate remaining as he had before combated any suggestion of the sort.

I was wishing they would all leave, but I was little more than a boy and felt diffident about expressing opinions the direct opposite of those voiced by older and more experienced men. It was at length decided that the civilians should stay, but that the police should leave. If the Indians wished to create trouble it was with the little detachment of six men that they would start by picking a quarrel. Once begun and the detachment wiped out, the outlook would be bad for the civilian members of the settlement. I was glad when Corporal Sleigh, bowing much against his will to the judgment of the council, announced that he would leave before daylight next morning for the fort—which he did.

I followed Sleigh out of Delaney's and told him I had a quantity of ammunition over at the store and thought it would be well if he were to take it with him to Fort Pitt. He sent Loasby with me and we carried seventy-five pounds of powder and two forty-pound sacks of bullets, or trade ball, from the post to the barracks.

I looked through my bedroom window at the Hudson's Bay company post in the frosty dawn of the next morning and saw the police sleigh pull out from before the



"AFTER THE BATTLE OF GLACIER CREEK" is the title given this picture by the boys of the town. It shows the first day-ride of the Yukon. Constable J. Murray (standing) and Corporal William Bell (in the sleigh) are the only survivors. PHOTO TAKEN AT FORT CONRAD, Y. T. in 1895.

dians. There were present, besides Delaney and his wife and Quinn, Perc Fafard, J. C. Gowanlock, Mrs. Gowanlock, W. C. Gilchrist, Corporal Sleigh and myself.

Earlier in the evening Quinn had come to me with Dickens' message. "Get ready, old man," he said. "We'll be out of here before daylight." He was on his way over to the Roman Catholic mission to wake Perc Fafard and asked me to accompany him. I

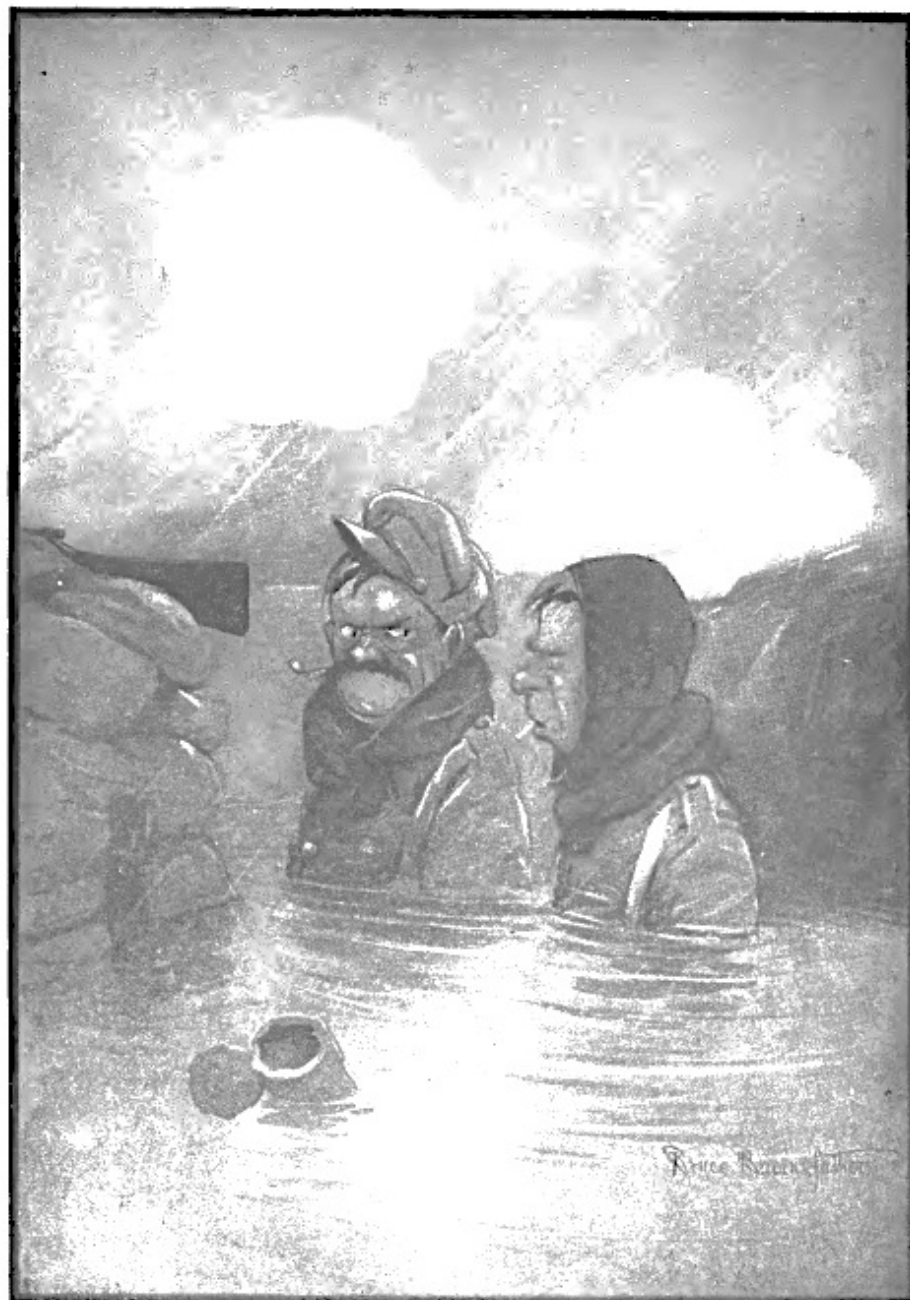


BAND AT HEADQUARTERS, REGINA, UNDER STAFF-SERGEANT M. WALKER, 1894

GROUSING

- Comradeship of Suffering
- Pay
- Leave
- Twist on Familiar
- Food
- “Estaminet” reviews
- Officers
- Politicians
- Shirkers





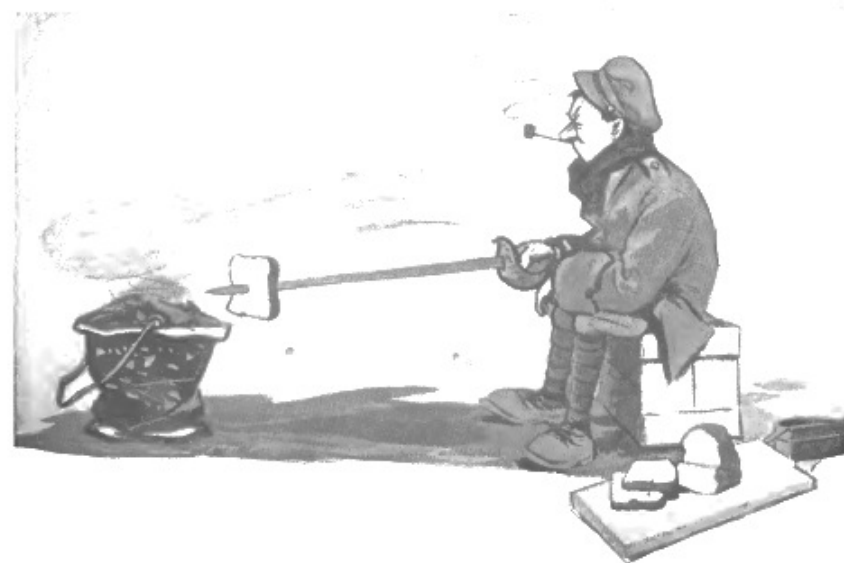
The New Submarine Danger.

"They'll be torpedoin' us if we stick 'ere much longer, Bill."



That Sword.

How he thought he was going to use it —



—and how he did use it.



A.D. Nineteen Fifty.

"I see the War Babies' Battalion is a coming out."

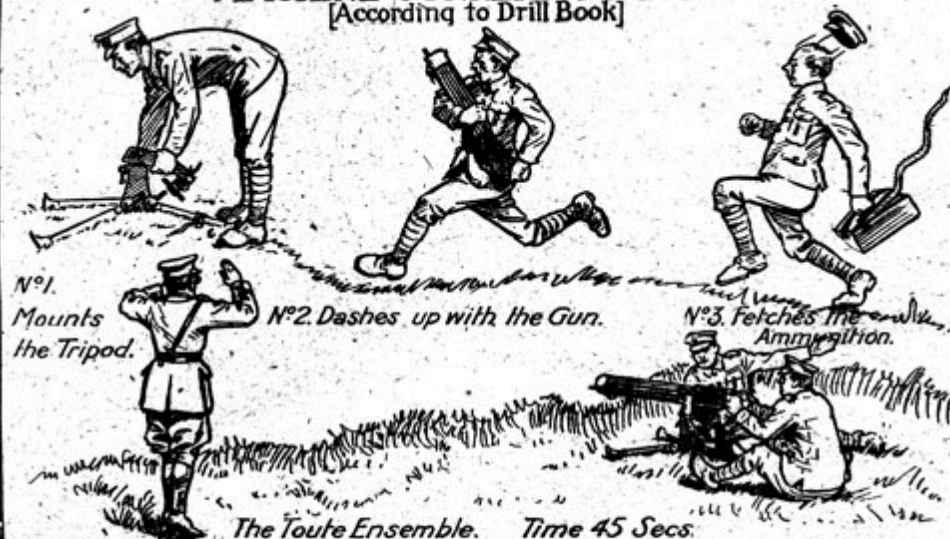


Immediate and Important!

Never has Private Smith's face felt so large and smooth as when he hands his Captain the following message at what he feels is an unsuitable moment: "The G.O.C. notices with regret the tendency of all ranks to shave the upper lip. This practice must cease forthwith."

"MACHINE GUNNERS! ACTION!"

[According to Drill Book]



[According to Facts]



“IN THE PINK”

- Sto
- Pro
- On
- Pro



Dear _____

“At present we are staying at a farm”

The Field Post Card revised to date.

WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO THE UNKNOWN OFFICER-AUTHOR.

Nothing to be added but the date and signature of the sender. Sentences not required may be crossed.

In the Field.
Somewhere in Frai

Date.....

My {Dearest
Dear
Darling} {Kiddy
Friend
Wife
Mother} hoping this finds you in the {Pink
Blues
Dumps} as it leaves me at present.

I can't write a long letter as {B.C.
Section Com.
B.S.M.
Hun} is displaying intense activity.

We {The Huns} put up a bit of a show {last night
yesterday} with {tolerable
complete
not any} success.

Please send at once {money
fags
food
Keatings} this {these} being unprocureable here.

I was {commended
reproved
damned} yesterday {for the
to-day} best
worst
cleanest
dirtiest} harness.
gun.
buttons.
face.

I really think the war will end {this year.
next year.
sometime.
never.}

We are getting rather a lot of {thin.
fatigues.
sten.
sleep.
F.P. No. 1.}

The battery is {cheery
weary.
languid.
sore distressed.
fed up} I am suffering from {slight
severe} shell shock.
fright.
scabies.
phlyctenitis.

I spent yesterday in {O.P.
Dug-out
Estaminet
Guard-room} thinking of you.

Many thanks for your {letter.
parcel.
good intentions.} How are the {poultry
potatoes
children} getting on?

I can't tell you much owing to the Censor, but {We are giving Fritz a bad time.
Fritz is giving us a bad time.
We have some narrow escapes.
Wait till I get a green envelope.}

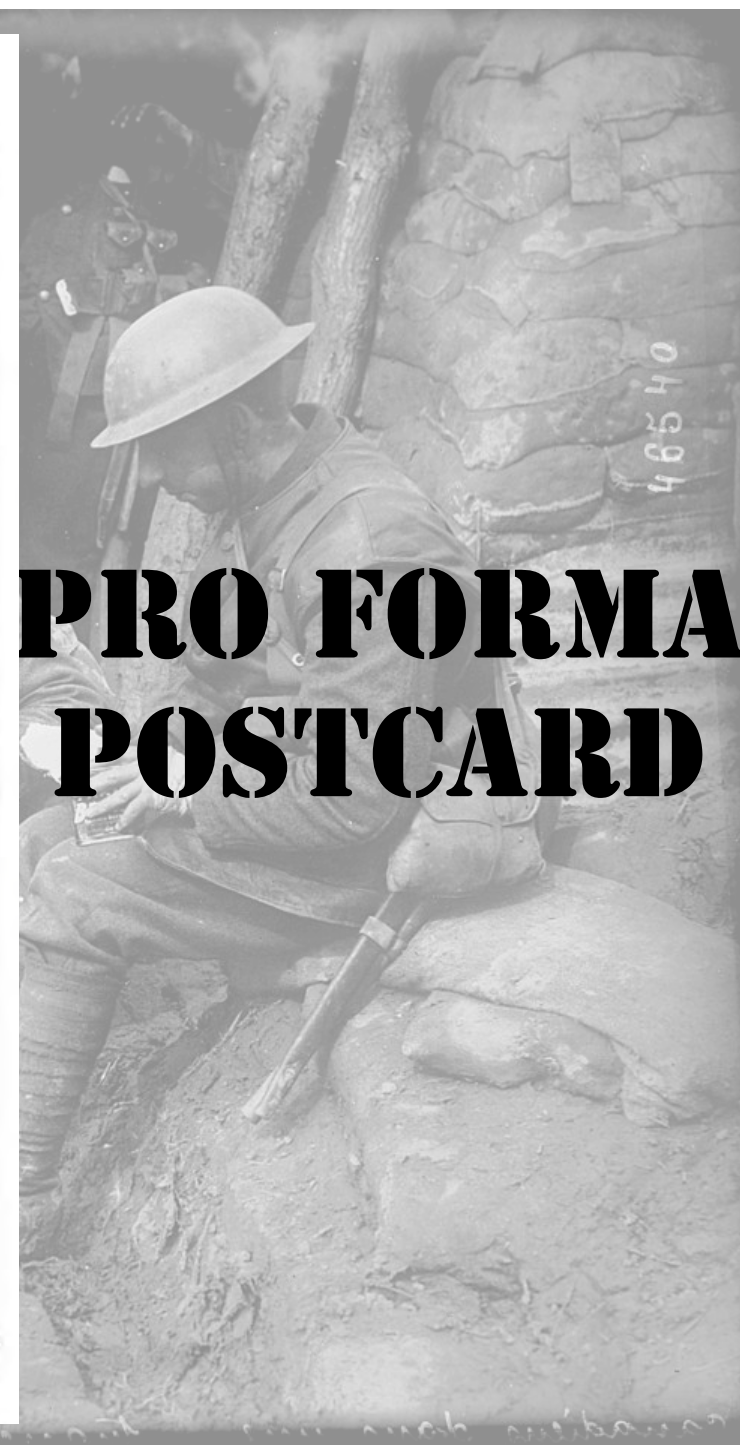
Do you remember {the last Sunday
the pictures
that long walk
the girl I clicked with} at New Brighton?
at Liverpool?
at Bettisfield?
at Canterbury?

Hope you are not spending too much money.
getting on better with mother.

Yours {over,
affectionately,
to a cinder,

x x x x x x x x (delete or add as may be necessary.)

PRO FORMA POSTCARD



THE ENEMY

- Mixed image
- “Are you offensive enough?”
- Christmas Truce 1914



GENDER

- Masculine Society
- Longing with Limited Opportunity
- Idealization





World Turned Upside Down

**ROWLANDS
RUSHIN'
BATHS** — COLD OR
CREOSILE FREE NEARLY
COLD
IF DESIRED THE GRAMAPHONE
WILL PLAY
"IT'S JUST LIKE BEING
AT HOME"

UNDERGROUND
YSER AND YPRES TUBE
**EMBANKMENT
STATION**
TO BE OPENED SHORTLY
GOOD SHOOTING
SPECIAL PRESERVES (TICKLER'S)

**FOR
SALE
PAIR OF
GUM
BOOTS**
IN NEW
CONDITION

GOOD
REASON
FOR
SELLING

**MT BREAKDOWN
GANG**



**CARS RESCUED
AT SHORTEST NOTICE
DAY OR NIGHT**

APPLY — O. C. WHEELS

**DO YOU
WANT
A PAIN**

LIGHTEN
YOUR
BURDENS
AND

GET ONE
PUT IN BY
TANNER
FOR A

BOB

OFFICIAL
GLAZIER
TO THE
NEW HUTS

**COME AND HAVE
YOUR LEG PULLED
AND DONT GET
TRENCH FEET**

NICE YOUNG
TRAINED MASSEURS

**THE NEW HUTEMPIRE
SPECIAL ATTRACTION
THE
240 THIEVES**
IN THEIR GREAT NOCTURNAL
MANOEUVRE ENTITLED
THE MAGIC STONES

ALSO
THE ROAD TO RUIN
OR ITS NEVER TOO LATE TO
MEND,

Are You a Victim to **OPTIMISM?**

—oOo—

You Don't Know?

—oOo—

THEN ASK YOURSELF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

—oOo—

1. Do you suffer from cheerfulness?
2. Do you wake up in a morning feeling that all is going well for the Allies?
3. Do you sometimes think that the war will end within the next twelve months?
4. Do you believe good news in preference to bad?
5. Do you consider our leaders are competent to conduct the war to a successful issue?

If your answer is "YES" to any one of these questions then you are in the clutches of that dread disease.

WE CAN CURE YOU

Two days spent at our establishment will effectually eradicate all traces of it from your system.

Do not hesitate—apply for terms at once to:—

MESSRS. WALTHORPE, FOXLEY, NELMES & CO.

Telephone 72, "Grumblestones". Telegrams: "Grouse"

In 1916 the practice of enfilade (machine guns firing on fixed lines) was revised:

"It has been found that a single gun firing at 300 rounds per minute can be crossed by any number of over 100 men simultaneously, as only 50 of them will actually stop the bullets and be killed. All 300 rounds per minute enfilades will now be supplemented by machine guns firing at 500 rounds per minute; the lighter bullet is not fatal at ranges over 150 yards, but will raise the wound rate by 50%."

—Small Arms Training Manual revised edition 1917.

QUEEN MAGAZINE : MAY 29th, 1915

FASHION FORECAST BY MRS. JACK MAY

During the past week I have been brought into contact with modes in mourning that afford fruit for much reflection. What struck me most was the individuality displayed. All the old firm and fast decrees seem to have vanished into thin air. Young widows are especially adventurous and have broken a vast deal of ground. The dainty white weeds are still worn, but remain correct according to tradition only so far as the cuffs are concerned, considerable licence being taken with the collar. I understand a V-shape decolletage is quite permissible, a narrow dull black ribbon being worn round the throat, presumably as a support to the little up and down collar. This represents a particularly favoured fancy, and leaves no doubt as to the sad insignia of widowhood.

CONCLUSIONS

- Contemporary Voice of the Soldier to the Soldier
- Endure as a Community
- Negotiated Consent
- Agency of Voice

