

THE BRAZZIER



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The following conversation is reported to have taken place in a certain military hospital not a hundred miles from London, between a wounded soldier and a lady visitor who insisted on hearing thrilling war experiences in exchange for sundry smokes and fruit. While the gifts were much appreciated by the patients, they were modest enough to greatly dislike the other side of the exchange. One day, however, a new patient arrived in the hospital straight from the Somme front and the good lady was very curious to have first hand information about tanks.

A Trip to Berlin

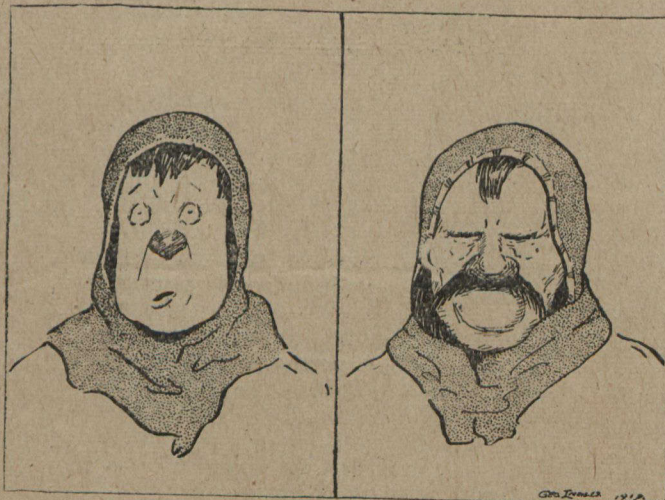
"Tell you what the tanks are jike?" Tommy looked round the ward carefully and whispered to the lady, "We're not supposed to say anything about 'em; but, as you're anxious to know something about 'em I'll tell you about my trip to Berlin but you must not let it go any further, mind."

"No, mum, I'm not joking, but if you don't want to hear it, why— Very well then. Them tanks sure are wonderful things and can go through anything. Nothing can stop 'em once they get started and all the way through to Berlin the 'Uns did everything they could to stop us but we were booked for Berlin and back, so that settled it. When they put up barricades, why we just 'opped over 'em. Through villages an' towns we went an' they couldn't stop us. Just had to let us waltz right through. Some fine towns we passed too on the way. Nice places some on 'em but we didn't waste no time sight-seeing. Just kept plugging along till we got to Berlin. Took us eight days—it did, but it was worth the trouble to see the old Kaiser 'imself standing in the bread line waitin' for 'is ration o' rooty. 'E didn't 'alf look surprised when 'e saw us either! We'd 'a copped 'im too an' brought 'im back with us only 'e

hooked it the minute 'e saw who it was. After we'd 'ad a look round and wrecked a few street cars we turned an' came back. 'Ad to, you see. The grub was runnin' short. What's that mum? 'Ere Bill; just you tell this lady whether we went to Berlin in a tank or not."

"Sure thing," said Bill. "Best trip I ever 'ad in one. Berlin's a fine city, mum. We're goin' to 'ave a try for the Russian front when we get back. Thanks for the smokes, mum, an' goodbye!"

Are We Really Like This?



Ourselves as Bruce Bairnsfather sees us.

Now, while the lady still continues to bring gifts of comforts she is content to join in a strenuous game of Ludo instead of hearing war "experiences."

Good Luck, Joe!

Hats off to our Joe. You all know who we mean. A Military Medal with a Bar and a D.C.M. is a record in the C.E.F. to the best of our knowledge. Did you hear the story of Joe at the blowing up of the M— Crater? It was like this. Joe was on duty in the dressing station and even down in that deep hole the noise of machine guns rattling, artillery booming and the crump of these lady-like Minnies reached his ears, and it was too much for him. "The boys must need me," says he and out he pops and makes towards what he thinks will be hottest spot. He had only gone a short distance when one of our majors, who is noted for his straffing abilities, espied him and yelled out, "What the —— are you doing out there Labelle? Get to —— back to your dressing station." Being a good soldier Joe slinks back to his post much discomfited and cursing the day they gave him the job.