

WHIZZ



BANGS

BY THE
GUNNER

The orderly sergeant of No. 1 Coy. was busy detailing men for a working party, when a private interrupted his labours by calling out: "What's the dress to-night, Sergt.?" "Oh!" came back the absent-minded reply, "Smoke helmets only."

Lacking the services of an official interpreter, the Brigadier had requested the assistance of his junior staff officer to interrogate some German prisoners as to whether any could understand the English language. The youthful officer jumped at the opportunity to display his linguistic talents and addressing the nearest Hun, politely said: "Parley-vous spreken the Allemand?" Even the Hun grinned.

No. 4 Coy. was on parade and as the officer came down the lines inspecting the men he noticed one very shabby and mud-bespattered private. Eyeing his smoke helmet the officer enquired: "How did you get it so muddy?" "Oh! I was digging with it," he answered, to the amusement of those present.

He was trembling like a leaf with fear as they carefully helped him out of the motor ambulance to the Third Field Dressing Station of the C.A. M.C. and placed him on a stretcher inside. His chevrons denoted the prisoner to be a corporal in a Saxon regiment, and when the cheery orderly had washed his mud-spattered face, disclosing a beautiful black-eye, and prepared his wounded foot for the M.O.'s attention, he laid back with a contented grunt—satisfied that his captors did not intend to shoot him. After the surgeon had dressed his foot and made him comfortable with a cigarette he chirped up a bit and in broken English muttered: "If Kaiser killed, war would be ended."

To be able to find your way around Flanders in the inky darkness of a winter's night and to avoid long detours by reason of washed-out bridges, etc., Sergt. McNeill, of the medical section, commends his staff to a diligent perusal and study of "The Soldier's Night Guide," as revised and brought up-to-date by himself. Hereafter stretcher bearers volunteering to act as escort for any literary genius desirous of obtaining first hand impressions of the front line on a holiday, and who have not qualified

in the study of this handy manual will be barred from the job. On no account will they be permitted to carry a stretcher, medical equipment (except sal volatile) or rations; these will be packed in by the relief man at the dressing station.

A Canadian engineer officer had recently had under his charge a party from a labouring battalion which had been recruited in the North of England coal mining district, and he had visions of the doughty miners cleaning up the work in double quick time. He noticed, however, that one stalwart did not seem quite at home with the pick and shovel and asked him if he had been a miner. "No, sir," replied the soldier, "I'm a tailor by trade." "Good heavens," exclaimed the officer, "I thought you fellows were all miners and now I find you're a bunch of dressmakers!"

TWO EXPERTS?

The recruits were going through their first course in musketry, and they were in charge of a full-blown lieutenant, who was trying to show his authority, together with his great knowledge of musketry. Sauntering up to the latest recruit, he said,

"See here, my man, this thing is a rifle; these little things on the barrel are called sights; then to fire you pull this little thing, which is called the trigger. Now smarten up, and remember what I have told you, and, by the way, what trade did you follow before you enlisted?—a miner I suppose."

"No, sir," came the reply, "I worked at the Ross rifle factory."

Capt. H. M. Urquhart, of No. 4 Coy., has been transferred to the H.Q.'s Staff of the Third Brigade.

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