

The Privates' Parliament

(A page of Correspondence from Patients).

A HUMAN ROCKET.

Dear News:—

Yarrow Annex.

It was at Wulverghem in February last that the following extraordinary incident happened:

We were in the front line trenches between seven and eight o'clock in the evening when Private Billington suddenly jumped up on the parapet and striking matches began walking up and down.

His company officer came along and seeing him said: "what the deuce are you doing up there?"

Billington putting his finger to his lips hissed, "Whish—ssh!"

Again the officer spoke: "Are you a darned fool!"

"No," replied the madman on the parapet: "I'm a Star Shell."

Just at that moment Fritz opened up on him with machine gun fire but never hit him. Of course the other fellows pulled him down and he was sent out to the base hospital.

Yours truly,

W. W. Creighton.

PROMOTION ON TAP.

Dear News,—

Granville.

We had, in the same platoon as myself, 47th Battalion, up at the Somme, one of the most capable men I have ever met. He was a private but would have long ago got his three stripes if not even higher rank but for his slavery to liquor. One day I heard our Captain speaking to him. "Why don't you cut it out?" he said. "Why if you had you might have been Sergeant-Major by now." "Huh," came the reply, "sergeant-major! Why sir, when I'm tanked up I'm a blooming General." Yours.

Gr. L. S.

CITY LIFE FOR HIM.

Dear News,—

Yarrow.

As a man now marked for Canada, I'm naturally more than interested in all this back to the land talk. So far, I have not met one man who wishes to go farming when he returns to Canada. Personally, after ten months experience of the mud in Flanders and France, I'm fed up with land, soil or earth in any form, and just want to walk through the rest of my life on paved sidewalks and when I die be buried in a nice dry concrete vault.

Yours,

Sp. W. R.

KIND OF MUDDLED.

Dear News.—

Chatham House.

We had just come out of the trenches and were billeted in a barn. But although numbed with cold we were soon asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by one of the boys trying to put his boots on. After struggling a few minutes the boy at the side of him asked, "What are you doing?" "Putting on my boots," came the answer. "Well you blankety idiot, that's my foot!" Yours truly, J. Marshall.