

The Privates' Parliament

Following A.O.W.'s Courcelette yarn in last week's issue, several patients have come forward with vivid incidents of their trench experiences, of which we "release" the following:—

NO LUCK AT ALL.

Dear News:—

Chatham House.

I'm not giving any proper names for obvious reasons, but this is the incident that sticks most vividly in my memory.

We were up on the Somme, and had been getting a pretty bad gruelling from Fritz. The extraordinary point about the bombardment was that Fritz's shells seemed to miss all the long-time-outers and just touch the newcomers sufficiently to send them back to Blighty. There were three originals with us who got more than fed-up when the last man left of the last draft walked out of the trench with a fine Blighty—g.s.w. left arm.

Late that night one of our scouts, who had been out patrolling in No Man's Land, dropped into the trench convulsed with laughter. When he regained his breath he said: "Say, boys, doesn't this beat anything? There is Bill, Slim Harry and Arty Jones out there in No Man's Land lying on their backs smoking, with their feet up in the air, waiting for Fritz to give them a Blighty."

But Fritz didn't oblige, and the three crept back just before dawn, consumed by an even greater hatred of all things German.

Yours, A.G.L.

MOUQUET FARM AGAIN.

Dear News:—

Yarrow Annex.

It was about three o'clock on the morning of September 15th that we went over the top near Mouquet Farm. After a dash of some sixty yards we dropped down into shell holes waiting for our barrage to open up on Fritz. A few minutes later L.-Cpl. Beachy, (114289) who was in the same shell hole as the writer, stuck up his head to see what was doing. Away to his left he saw something huge, uncanny, prehistoric looking, moving slowly along in the dim morning light. Beachey kicked the writer and whispered: "Look Jim, quick, Fritz is taking Mouquet Farm away on wheels!" Those were the last words Beachy said, as a sniper got him through the brain at that very moment. The thing he saw moving was, of course, the famous tank "Creme de Menthe," making its first appearance.

Yours, Lce-Corpl. J. Findlay (424785).

Solution to Last Week's War Acrostic

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| 1. | C | h | a | r | l | e | r | o | I |
| 2. | A | e | g | a | e | a | | | N |
| 3. | N | e | v | | | | | | A |
| 4. | A | r | m | o | u | | | | R |
| 5. | D | u | r | h | a | | | | M |
| 6. | A | t | h | e | n | | | | S |