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## THE GENTLE ART OF WAR

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### Why the British Soldier Need Never Give In

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*By Private Frank Giolma*

The following will be recognised by tens of thousands of our Canadians as a practically *verbatim* report of the famous lecture that is delivered daily at a famous training camp in France :—

"Boys, you've come a long way to do one thing—kill Germans ! There is only one good German—a dead one ! You have rifles. What are they for ? To kill Germans. But suppose some of the Huns get close, even into your trench ! Ah ! you have bayonets—use them. But if you drive your bayonet too far home, and can't draw it out, no not even with both feet on the German's chest. Touch the button and release your rifle and club 'em. But your rifle breaks. Go at 'em with your clasp knife, and don't forget the marlin spike. You lose your knife ! Defenceless ? Never ! In your puttee you carry your dinner fork. It has prongs. Ah, boys always see that they are sharp. The German has eyes, you have a fork. Need I say more. But stop, your fork breaks. Boys, remember, never, never cut your finger nails—use them. They bend back, snap ! What matter ? What matter ? Why does the army look so carefully after your teeth ? But your teeth are wrenched from your gums. Despair ? Never ! You have nails in your boots. See to it that every nail is kept sharp. Only when the last nail is worn down and useless as a weapon of offence should a British soldier think of beginning a rearguard action, and only then if he is alone and more than one thousand fully armed Germans are advancing on him in close formation.

"But, boys, I see you have heard enough for to-day, so I will end this quiet little talk. To-morrow I will speak with you on 'How to Fight the Enemy.'"

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### Another Chaplain Story

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While a certain chaplain was conducting religious services in an asylum for the insane one of the inmates cried out wildly : "I say, have we got to listen to this ?"

The chaplain, surprised and confused, turned to the keeper and said : "Shall I stop speaking ?"

The keeper replied : "No, no ; go along, go along ; that will not happen again. That man has only one lucid moment every seven years."