



Front Line Freddy: "Well, old trapper, how's she going? Gee! but it's good to get down the line for a spell. Have something on me."



"Here, take a Cigarette. There ain't anything too good for an old soldier while I'm around. What are you eating?"



I remember once on the Somme. I'd just killed nine Germans," etc



Stranger: "Stop! While I have no objection to smoking and eating at your expense, I consciously object to being classed as a low-browed, blood-spilling soldier."



Freddy: "Hey, what' ye mean, eh? What in the Sam Hill outfit d'ye belong to anyhow?"



Stranger: "Well, if it's of any interest to you, I'm in the Non-Combatant Corps."