

The Privates' Parliament

(A Page that is Often Censored but Never Censored).

THE TOUCH IRONIC

Dear News,—

Chatham House

During a recent winter lull on the Somme front, a sorry-looking, fed-up Fritz managed to be taken prisoner. He was led back, rejoicing, to the advanced cage. It was rather an off-day in prisoners, and the latest captive found himself the sole occupant of the compound. But he was on the safe side of No Man's Land, and happy was his chatter and expansive his smile as he congratulated himself on being through with "this bloody war." The words were hardly out of his mouth before there came a sound as of a rushing wind; the "bang" duly followed the "whizz;" and there lay one more dead Hun, chargeable to his own guns. To complete the irony, not one of his khaki guards was touched by this discriminating shell. Poor Fritz! he is indeed "through with this bloody war."—Yours,

J. A. F.

WU-WU-WU FROM YARROW

Dear News,—

Yarrow Annex

While we were at the front our bombing sergeant was suddenly accused of cowardice, but was acquitted without a slur when he had told his story; here it is:—

"I am the bombing instructor, sir, and have always taught my men to count one, two, three, before throwing their bombs. During this particular engagement I pressed a young fellow into service, handed him a bomb and told him to count three after pulling the pin. He drew it and started to count, 'wu-wu-wu-wu-wu—' and I ran, sir.,—Yours,

V. E.

WHEN THE DEAD SPEAK

Dear News,—

Granville

As I, together with some other boys, was coming along Candy Trench, on the evening of September 26th, with a nice blighty in my right arm, we happened on one place where one of Fritz's shells had played the deuce with twenty or thirty men of some battalion or other. For ten or twelve yards it was impossible to move without stepping on legs or arms. Owing to the darkness when I first came upon them, I began apologising, but getting no reply discovered my mistake.

We went on for fifty yards or so without seeing a man, then suddenly stumbled on another bunch. I was leading, and as soon as I kicked against a human body I called back—"Here's some more stiff, boys." Judge my horror when one of the said stiff's jumped up, and in unprintable language asked me to explain. Instead, I fled.

Of course, these belonged to some working party, who, were only resting on their way up to the front.—Yours,

Pte. B. L.