

Have You Ever—?

HAVE you ever in your dreams stood at the brink of the precipice?—Below in the dark, abysmal depths, loom up in ghostly shadow great, ragged pinnacles of rock, like the cruel teeth of some vague, pre-historic monster. You must step back as the grass edge crumbles under your feet and you sense, rather than feel, that you are falling. With every muscle taut and the cold sweat of fear streaming from you, you attempt to get back; but some invisible force is holding you and, strain as you will, you cannot get back an inch towards that precious safety. You try to shout but cannot articulate a sound, and, as the overhanging edge gives way under your weight, you see the crack widening and yet ever widening; you feel the death madness hammering at your brain.

Oh, for just one moment of the old life, with freedom to move where you will; to talk; to laugh at ghostly fears—but no! The fates have inexorably decided against you and suddenly, with an unearthly shriek of fear, you are falling—falling—

Then you wake.

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Have you ever lain awake in your tent at midnight, watching through the flap the stars twinkling above, whilst a silvery moon throws fantastic shadows from the trees? Then strikes upon your ear a faint hum, and as you draw the blankets further over your chin (and finally over your head) it swells into a throbbing oo'ee, oo'ee,

that seems to drown every other sound in the universe. With bated breath and tense, rigid body, you wait and wait—for what seems to be an eternity—for the whistling sound of the first bomb to drop, whilst visions flit across your mind of what you will look like when 200 pounds of high explosives have finished with your frail body; and you wish that you had lived a little better life in the past years.—

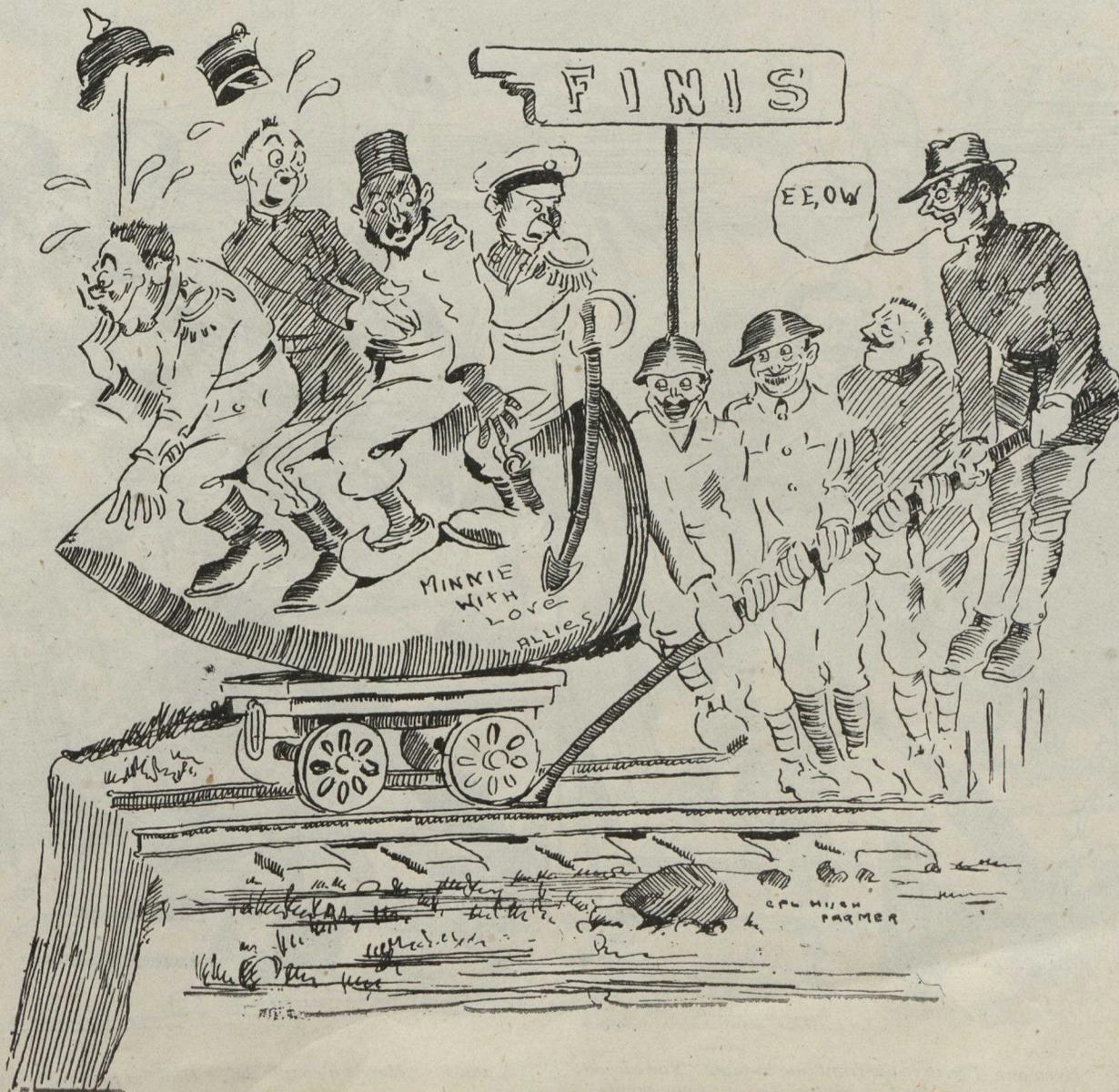
Suddenly you realise that the hum is growing fainter and fainter, and with a sigh of relief you turn over—and sleep.

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If either of these experiences have been yours, you can sympathise with the Editors of this publication. The paper must be got out; but how? Cajole, threaten, or plead with your immediate friends or acquaintances as you will, you cannot get them to give you articles for publication: an outside world, immersed in its own affairs, doesn't realize your crying need—doesn't dream that "somewhere" are harassed Editors tearing their hair, tramping cold French billets in the still hours of the night and calling on the very heavens for copy, copy, and still more copy.

If you would help a friend in need, don't hesitate, but send in that story you heard in the leave train; that joke you pulled off just before zero in the last attack; or that idea for a funny sketch that's been simmering in your brain-pan these past few weeks, but—

DO IT NOW!



And another little yank will do a lot of harm.