

**THE WHIZZ-BANG**

A newspaper of rapid circulation,  
published every now and then in  
Leamington, Ont.,

by

**THE WHIZZ-BANG PUBLISHING  
COMPANY, UNLIMITED**

**ADVERTISING RATES**

Marriage notices of slackers \$4.00 per agate line. Notices of dances, bowling tournaments, horse races, baseball and other time and money wasting amusements, are barred until the last Hun croaks. Poems on Spring, Snow and Rain, \$9.00 per verse.

Our columns are open and free to The Daughters of the Empire, Khaki Club, McGregor Kilty Club, Women's Institute, Willing Workers, Little Helpers, the B. Y. P. U and other Patriotic Societies.

Entered at our new Post Office as first-class matter.

We go first-class or not at all.

WM. T. GREGORY,  
Director Ammunition Supply Column

We shall never sheathe the sword until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.—Mr. Asquith.

**POLITICS**

There isn't going to be any.

**POLICY**

The policy of The Whizz-Bang will be published from time to time. The first plank in its platform is:

No government job for any unmarried man of military age and physically fit, provided a returned soldier with ability to fill the position can be found. Our motto is:

**"THE HORSE THAT DRAWS  
THE PLOW SHOULD EAT THE  
FODDER AND THE CORN."**

The Civil Service must be raked "with a fine-tooth comb" and the shirkers must be ousted. While the Government has made some very fair promises, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and we hereby call upon the friends of Canada's 400,000 men in KHAKI to see that "no more slackers are appointed to office." "Our returned men must not be left to the mercy of the political trickster."

A few indefensible appointments have been made in this section. But do not blame the Government at Ottawa.

It is not the man "higher up" that is to blame. It is the man "lower down." "The Ward-Heeling" politician who is paying political debts with "government plums" that right-

fully belong to the men who have been incapacitated in the service of the King.

If a "Whizz-Bang" cannot dislodge the slackers now drawing fat salaries in the Civil Service, we will send along a few "Coal-Boxes," and if nothing happens, then when the boys come home we will shell the "Service" with 42 centimeter guns.

**THE CENSOR**

This specimen of the Genus Homo has the faculty of making more enemies than anybody outside of Germany.

The Whizz-Bang's mail from the front has recently been mutilated until it resembles a Sunday paper after the youngsters have cut out the KATZENJAMMER Kids and the puppy has chewed it for awhile.

Some times we wish we could take a ride with a real live Censor to a quiet cemetery and then ride back alone.

We imagine if "Old Tenn." should write his famous poem to-day, it would come to us as follows:

**The Charge of the**

**Brigade.**

(A point in the Crimea. Delayed by the Censor.)

Cannon (calibre and number not mentioned) to the (for the present the war department does not wish to make known the exact location of the reported engagement.)

Canon (Again neither the calibre or the number is disclosed) to the (this location, also is held secret, "for obvious reasons," officials of the department stated to-day.)

Cannon (Again neither the calibre or the number is disclosed making it clear that the government has no intention of giving into the hands of the enemy any information that might be of benefit to him.)

Volleyed and (further description of the details of the reported engagement are withheld, but it is presumed that "roared" or possibly "thundered" was meant to be implied in the description.)

Into the valley of (where this depression is located cannot be made public at the present time, for reasons which must be apparent to the citizenry.)

Rode the (it appears that here the number of troops engaged in the attack, if such it was, was about to be mentioned. The exact total can only be conjectured at this stage of the campaign.)

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

The columns of the "Whizz-Bang" will always remain open to the men in khaki and we invite correspondence. Write to us. If you want anything, the "Whizz-Bang" will send it to you. If you are lonely, the "Whizz-Bang" will find a girl to write to you. If you know of a soldier who has no friends, give us his name so that we can place him on the list to receive comfort boxes. Address all correspondence to The Whizz-Bang Publishing Co., Unlimited. Cable Address, "Whizz," Leamington, Ontario.

**DON'T WAIT FOR THE  
MEMORIAL SERVICE**

Too many people keep the flowers that they have plucked for the soldier until the memorial service.

Their songs of praise are not heard until the cable brings the sad news, "killed in action."

The mantle of charity does not become public property, until put in use by the minister that conducts "the last sad rites."

If a man has flowers for me, I want them while I am on earth and can smell their fragrance. They will do me no good around the chancel rail. That the grass is kept green around my last resting place will be of little avail to me on the other shore.

Here is the place we all need the smiles; now is the time we all need the flowers and the praise, not over there.

If the fellow who comes around after a German bullet has laid one of our brave lads low and a memorial service is being arranged, to see "if there is any thing he can do," will come around to-morrow, we can tell him how he can be a whole lot of help.

There will be lots of them then, but they are scarce right now.

So let more of us carry our flowers to the living and sing our songs of praise at the dinner table. "Don't wait for the funeral."

**EXPLANATION**

With this issue of the "Whizz-Bang" just after we had gone to press with the last side, our press kicked up its heels, laid back its ears and squatted. After an hour's investigation, during which time we utterly exhausted our patience and stock of adjectives, we let the force go home and enlisted the aid of John Gray, head machine gun operator of our esteemed contemporary, "The Post and News." We agreed as to what was the matter with it—that is the thingamajig that controls the rod on which are the little doo-dads that grab the sheet and take it down through the dingus, had somewhere slipped a cog, but we couldn't get at it to fix it. So we were forced to avail ourselves of the generosity of Messrs. Lane and Whitwam of the "Post and News" and run the "Whizz-Bang" off on their press. While we were engaged in this Cole Williams examined the press—his eagle eye detected the difficulty, as had ours; his fingers, daintier than ours, were able to slip through and adjust the hookum-snibbys in their rightful position.

We had entirely lost our religion and made business in an astonishing degree for the laundryman, but our press was fixed and if it doesn't balk again the "Whizz-Bang" will be out on time as usual.

We hereby tender our sincere thanks to the Post-News and any old time their Mergenthaler gets red in the face and shows symptoms of "heaves," they are perfectly welcome to use our case of "pi" to set up the paper.