

THE "WHIZZ-BANG."

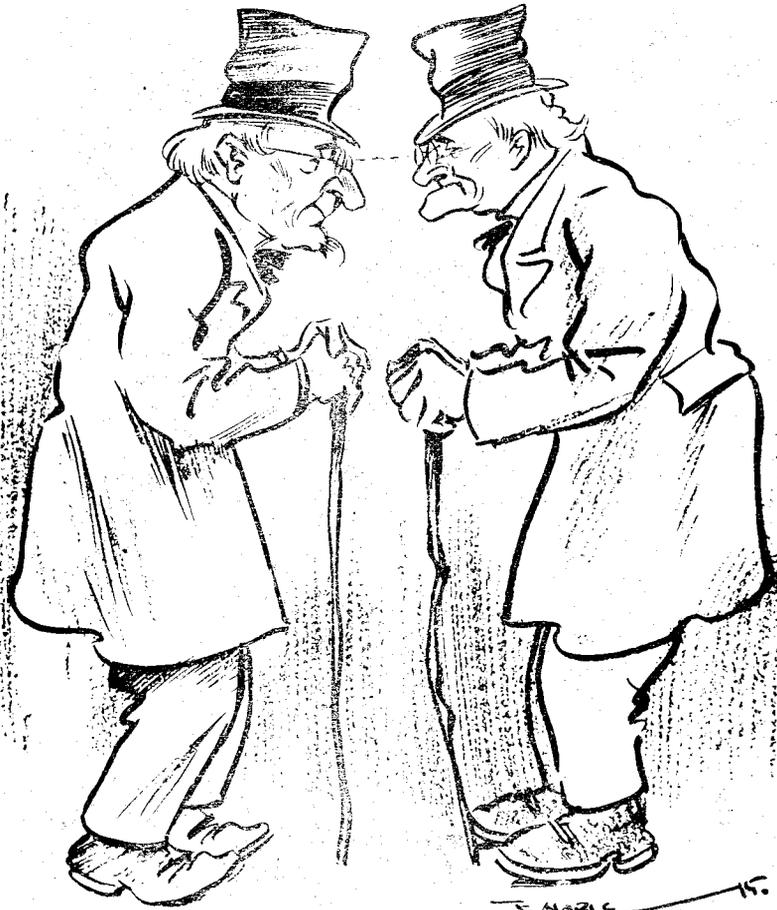
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*A Monthly from the Front,
Written and Edited in the
Trenches.*



WHY AREN'T
YOU IN
KHAKI?

WHY AREN'T
YOU?



E NOBLE 15.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The "Whizz—Bang."

A Monthly from the Front, Written and Edited
in the Trenches.

*I have written the tale of our life,
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise; but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.*—Rudyard Kipling.



VOL. I.—No. 1.

JANUARY, 1916.

ONE PENNY.

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Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Jeffreys.
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"Some Chaplinisms."

Cheer—Oh!

The Editor has put his foot down, and we, the Sub-editor, quelled by that last shout of his, "Write the — thing yourself," slowly and regretfully suck our indelible pencil and wonder how to spell "Editorial," even as the last recruit comes sluggishly to "shun" at the bell-like tones of the sergeant-major.

It is notoriously the aim of all first editorials to answer the question, "What are you there for?" which the suspicious public hurls at all who rush hot-headed into print. But it is not our intention to attempt to justify our existence, or to apologise for it. Like our namesake, here we are, without reason or warning. Take us to your heart, and we will thank you, and raise the price of our next number. Spurn us, hurl us into the wastepaper basket or over the parapet, and there probably will be no next number at all.

But let it not for a moment enter your heads that we are Spotting Ourselves. The contributions which are collected here are the work of spare time, of which the dirty weather and dirtier Bosch do not give us a very large allowance, and they are thrust upon the world with no pretensions to literary merit. Those who are of us will, we hope, pardon our shortcomings, knowing from experience our limitations, while those at home will, we trust, out of their unfailing kindness welcome us. To all we bring greetings, and our work is done if we can but remind them that, even in the greatest of shadows, we can still, by the grace of Heaven, face the future with a smile.

The "One Star."

(With apologies to the Author of "Patience").

By G. E. C.

If you're anxious for to shine
In the military line
As a man of smartness rare,
You should point out all the matches
That your glance unerring catches,
And ask why they are there;
For tins of beef and salmon
Parados you should examine
Till you've cleared off all arrears.
Then, of course, fix proper places
For all empty cartridge cases,
And collect stray bandoliers.

And everyone will say,
As you pass each spotless bay,
"If this young man discovers a match which
nobody else could see,
Why what a very singularly smart young man this
smart young man must be."

If you ever should desire
To be mentioned in the "Liar,"
Choose a night as wet as most,
And go out on all fours creeping,
While the Huns are soundly sleeping,
To their nearest listening post.
Though the "Ruisseau" is the limit,
And you almost have to swim it,
And the long grass might be drier,
You'll forget the flooded ditches,
And your soaking boots and breeches,
When you've got some German wire.

And everyone will say,
When they read the "Liar" next day,
"If this young man reached the German wire at
X.4.9.5.3.,
Why what a very singularly rash young man this
rash young man must be."

If you wish to shine at drill, it's
Quite a sound plan while in billets
To attend marked men's parade.
You should practise all the phrases,
Such as "Damn," and "Blast," and "Blazes,"
And shout them undismayed.
Then to interest your men try
In the duties of a sentry,
If to lecture you're inclined;
The subject doesn't matter,
If it's simply idle chatter,
Of a "Clean-your-bayonet" kind.

And everyone will say,
As you march your men away,
"If this young man addresses his men in terms
too strong for me,
Why what a very singularly smart young man this
smart young man must be."

Overheard.

"Stand to!"
"What! already?"
"Yes, hurry up, here's —"
"Which is your rifle?" "Machine Gun Sec-
tion, sir." "Hem!" "Where's the gun?" "With
the sergeant, sir." "Hem! Where's he?"
"Along the trench, sir." "Hem!"
"Make way there!" "Look out, chaps, here's
the machine gun!" "What cheer, sergeant!
Strafing agan?"

"Aye, I'll shift a few — before this show's
over. "Oh, he's going to fire from our bay;
we'll get it before long." "—, what are you
here for? Come on, boys, let's give 'em a belt."
"Has "Stand-down" come along yet? "No!"
"Hem! it's about an hour since we came out, and
my feet's about frozen!" "Get away, man, we've
been out only ten minutes."

"Keep down, he's spotted us." "Aa knew
you'd get us strafed afore long." "Come on, boys,
let's move to another spot." "Now, sergeant, hit
anybody?" "No, sir; just been giving them a
few rounds to let them know we're here. Shall we
let them settle, and give them a chance to get to
work?" "Right! Well, I'm going to — gun."

"Blast that gun! They'll see it shortly, and
we'll get a whizz-bang over and upset our meal."
. . . . WHIZZ-BANG! "There you are, I
told you."

"Come on, boys; let them waste a few more!"
"Get out, man, they can't hit you."

.
"From — to —. I am sending out a patrol
at —. It will patrol from — on right to —
on left, and will return by — about —. Guns
will stop fire accordingly."

"Right oh! The usual luck; frightened we hit
them. Why, man, it's impossible; the gun is here,
and the German trenches are — Ugh! it's
always the same; we can't get a decent start."

MIXAM.

BLIGHTY, AND HOW TO GET THERE.

The road to Blighty is narrow, and few there be that find it; likewise it is paved with intentions, whether good or bad the law of libel forbids me to say. To the eye of the soldier's imagination Blighty is a far-off paradise, to attain which one must either suffer from wounds or sickness, or successfully dupe the kind and sympathetic doctor with tales of pains in the back, copied life size from the advertisements of "Doctor Bell's Backache Beans," or similar suggestive literature; but why consider the morality of the means when such a great end is in view? Blighty! The word at once conjures up visions of a land where no shells burst and no bullets fly; where no "Stand to's" disturb the early morning sleep; where there are beds with sheets; and where nothing that happens could possibly make one grouse. It is a land of motor-cars, and nice ladies, and plenty of cigarettes which are not ration cigarettes, and bread baked by a baker who did not win the D.S.O., and meat which is not stew. It is a vision which spurs men on to face the dangers of the Dressing Station without flinching, and revives old ailments which have long lain dormant until the heat of battle urged them on!

The following case will illustrate the difficulties which may beset the path of the bold hero who dares, without a wound, to approach the path which leads to Blighty:—The trouble was that he looked so well. He suffered agonising pain, which came on once a fortnight, and lasted from five to ten seconds, causing him to turn over in bed and fall into a deep spell of unconsciousness, which lasted until it was time to get up in the morning. After being called, another short attack of unconsciousness supervened, after which he was able to get up and dress. These attacks always occurred during the night, and as he was too sensitive to other people's feelings to waken his room mate, no one but himself witnessed them. The medical officer listened to the tale of woe with a tear shivering on the brink of his left lower eyelid, and with his own hand administered a No. 9. Alas! this remedy failed, producing attacks of pain in the daytime—a hitherto unheard-of phenomenon. So various remedies were tried, with no success. Then on one fateful morning the hero of this story showed greater bravery than ever before. He asked the medical officer to step into the garden with him, and after eyeing the latter for five minutes with

the eyes of a desperate man, he said, "You will send me to the Base." The M.O. refused to be immediately defeated, and shiveringly suggested a week at the Field Ambulance, and after much discussion and preparation, to the Field Ambulance he went. So our hero successfully started on the road to Blighty; but, sad to relate, no "Blighty" was written on the bed card, but No. 9's were administered at frequent intervals, and he returned to his unit looking better (if possible) than ever. He was not to be daunted, however; the vision of Blighty still called him on, and finally through another M.O., whom he attacked even more gallantly than he had the first one, he attained his dream for the winter months.

No doubt one of the most successful methods of approach to the Blighty road is by means of old ailments, suddenly brought to remembrance by the longing for the promised land, the land flowing with silk and money; ailments such as the bunion which worries in walking, the back which nearly breaks in bending, the dyspepsia which nought but distractingly diminished diet disposes of, the old fracture which fetters "fatigues." But why attempt to enumerate the diverse ailments, which, mark you, were lightly borne in civil life and never caused a day's absence from work, but now prevent the poor sufferers from taking part in anything so arduous as a working party, especially if the work has to be done by night; for the cold and damp and darkness are likely to affect, say, that old ingrowing toe nail, and make it ingrow worse:—Why, I say, attempt to enumerate these many strange complaints? They are numerous and varied as the wits of British soldiers.

If all the foregoing should lead you to suppose that the shirker, or the go-to-Blighty-at-any-price man, is common in the British Army, you must at once reverse those thoughts. Let not the very few be satirised at the cost of the very many. Take a peep with me at the travellers on the road to Blighty, those who have paid the fare in blood, and march along it adorned by the halo of fearless deeds right nobly done. There they are, men of all classes, of all parts of that great Empire for which they have bled, with unabated ardour for the great cause of Liberty; cheerful, smoking, indifferent apparently to pain, ready to laugh at the simplest joke, ready to joke on the least occasion for jest, brave, stalwart sons of the mighty race they bleed for, sure pledges all of the victory that lies before us. Here is one who is pale and uncannily quiet; he occasionally moans and tosses uneasily in his semi-unconscious state; for him the road to Blighty will be cut short; and another seed will be planted in the rich soil of Flanders to bring forth glorious fruits of Freedom for a world now torn by bloody strife.

E. W.

Things we Want to Know.

- Who the subaltern was who was patted on the head and given a piece of toffee by a well-meaning but mistaken inhabitant the other morning.
* * *
- How to distinguish in wet weather between a Trench Communication, and a drain, common or garden.
* * *
- Whether a distinguished general was not lately shot at dawn for referring to a private soldier's Field Service dress jacket as a Tommy's tunic.
* * *
- Whether the entire staff of the "Daily Mail" would not be doing more good filling sandbags in France than emptying windbags in Fleet Street.
* * *
- Why Every Other Battalion is always the most slovenly rabble in Europe, and whether they think the same.
* * *
- Whether the ambitious young officer has shaved off his moustache or not.
* * *
- How much in the way of unborrowed tobacco the Sub. who smokes a certain vulgar brand saves per annum.
* * *
- Why so many of the football bladders in the battalion have turned out to be "duds."
* * *
- How many of the German whizz-bangs forget to justify the second part of their title.
* * *
- Who was the bombing officer who went roaming round the trenches of a certain battalion with a live bomb, looking for "somewhere to throw it."
* * *
- And whether it would not have been a good idea to pass it over to the Huns for their information and necessary action.
* * *
- Whether a machine gun officer is not entitled to demand a machine horse.
* * *
- Who the dear old lady was who said that Bishop Auckland must be a kind Christian gentleman, as so many soldiers going on leave went to stay with him.
* * *
- Whether anyone has invented a scheme for turning superfluous Balaclava helmets into much-needed warm socks.
- Whether everyone who light-heartedly chants "Après la guerre finit" is acquainted with the rest of the song.
* * *
- Where all the small change in France and Belgium has gone to; and if it is true that shrubs with silver and copper leaves are sprouting in desert-like backyards.
* * *
- What is the origin of that mysterious word "Napoo," which is popularly believed to be as French an expression as "No bon."
* * *
- Whether there is any truth in the rumour that the battalion is destined to go to Tsing-Tau, via Serbia or Mesopotamia.
* * *
- Who was to blame in the case of the officer who returned from leave still unmarried.
* * *
- Whether bald-headed fathers of families really like being called "young officers."
* * *
- How far the sudden popularity of a certain officer in the trenches was due to the gems from "La Vie Parisienne" which adorned his dugout.
* * *
- What the Quartermaster thought of the well-known periodical which described the men reviewed by His Majesty the King as "bedraggled and mud-stained heroes."
* * *
- And whether the reporter of that periodical ever set eyes on our Sergeant-Major.
* * *
- How we shall manage to stick this double-extra dose of Arctic Special all through the winter.
* * *
- And who and where is the spalpeen who dares to insinuate that we won't.
* * *
- What the Press critics of Lord Kitchener think now that they find he has not resigned after all.
* * *
- And whether in some cases the Wish was not father to the Thought.
* * *
- Why it is that the Canadians and the 6th Battalion are so fond of each other? and whether the true story of the 26th of April will ever be told.
* * *
- How to get a Blighty? or whether Honour and Glory in a bath-chair are not to be considered above cold feet in a muddy trench.
* * *
- When I am going to get MY LEAVE.

THE ROAD.

There runs a road from Poperinghe,
Through Ypres to Zonnebeke,
Where winter, spring, and summertime
Are one unending trek:
For eastward lies the enemy,
And westward shines the sea;
And west to east the men march on
To keep their homeland free.

The maps all mark it yellow,
And the lorries dust it white,
But it's black that road, and bloody,
To the men that know it right,
For the trees are torn with shrapnel,
And the *pave's* splashed with red;
With gaping wounds by the ditches side,
Where the guns have claimed their dead.

On runs the battered highway,
Past broken walls and bare,
Through the city of all sorrows
To the lone cathedral square;
But never a man that lingers
Where the feet of kings have trod;
But on he steps with awestruck eyes
And a prayer in his heart to God.

And over the bridge of Menin,
And past the Menin road,
Where the Red Cross vans come down from Hooge
With their pitiful shattered load.
On to the Poitzje cross-roads,
Or northward to 'St. Jean,—
And Heaven help your transport
If the big guns catch it then.

But this side of Verlorenhoek
The marching feet stop still.
For a thin brown breastwork holds them,
As the gates of a water-mill;
But the desolate road runs onward,
Barren and overgrown,
Where Death the wanton, beckoning, beckoning,
Walks in the night alone.

What of the men who trod it,
Who will tread no road again?
The wind in the nodding poplars
Whispers their message plain:
"Still eastward lies the enemy,
And westward shines the sea;
March on from west to east, march on,
To keep our homeland free"

P. H. B. L.

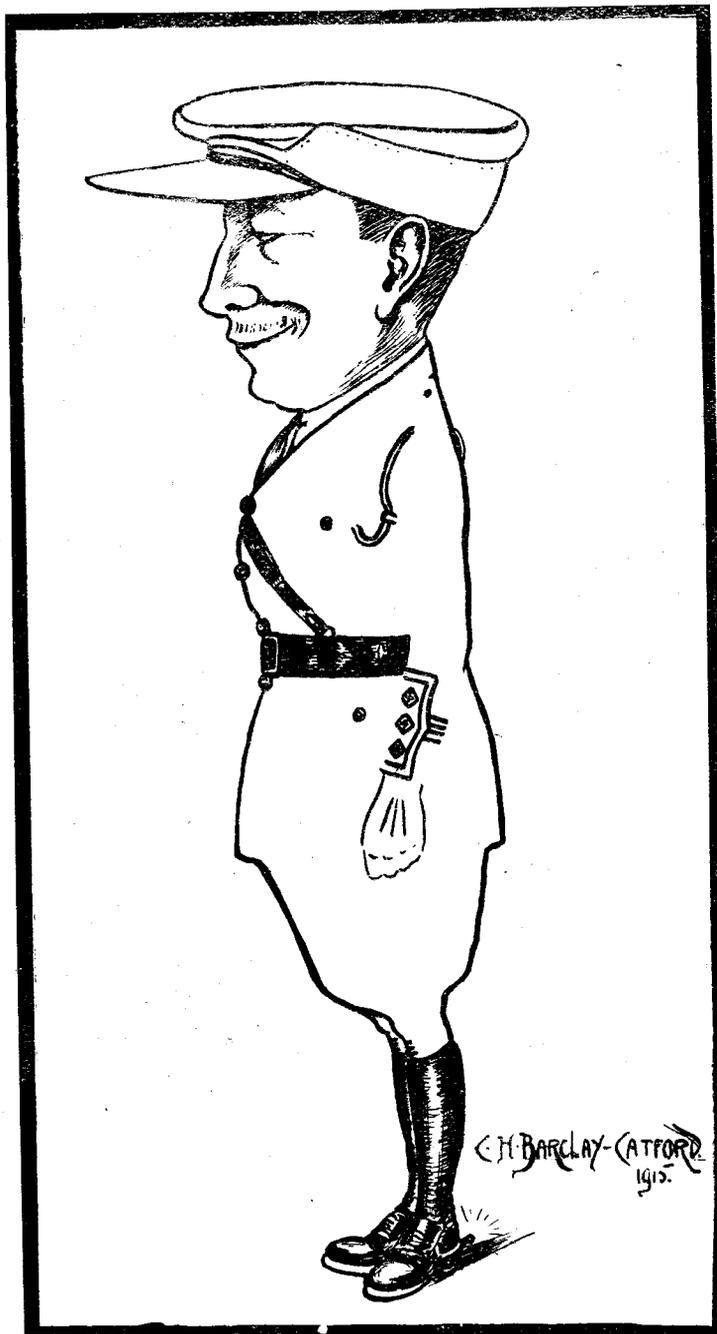
FIVE MINUTES WITH A FIELD TELEPHONE.

Scene: Trenches. Anywhere in France
Time: Between 2 a.m. and 2 p.m. every day.
First Voice: "Is that Don-L-A?"
Second Voice: "Get off the line!"
Third Voice (singing): "I want to be —
I want to be —"
Fourth Voice (Brigadier-General): "I want the
battery."
Third Voice (singing): "I want to be —"
Buzzer: Umpty—iddy umpty—iddy.
Second Voice: "Get off the line!"
Fifth Voice: "I say, dry up, this is the O.C.
P Coy.—jolly important!"
First Voice: "Is that you, Alfie? Can you hear
Jock trying to sing 'Dixie'?"
Fourth Voice (Brigadier): "Confound it! where's
the battery?"
Third Voice (singing): "'— Down home in
Dixie.'"
Buzzer: Umpty—umpty—iddy umpty.
Second Voice: "Get off the line!"
Whizz-bang severs cable.
Blissful silence.

H. M.



Lieut.-Colonel J. W. JEFFREYS,
Commanding the 6th Durham Light Infantry.
We publish this photo. of the gallant officer by
the courtesy of Mrs. Jeffreys. The Colonel's
partiality for horses, both in peace and war, has
been strikingly demonstrated to the battalion.
He differs from the necessarily vast majority of
present-day officers in that he is a "Regular,"
and served in India and the South African War
of 1899-1902 with the famous "Sixty-Eighth."
Before the outbreak of war he lived with his wife
and family at Cockerton Hall, Darlington.



Men of Mark.

No. 1—CAPT. T. B. HESLOP, 6th Durham L.I.



"SOME CHAPLINISMS."

Professional Jealousy.

Written in Object Humility.

My tale is a sad one, but it must be told, if only as an example to others. You have no idea what an enormous risk I run in telling it. I might easily have to go on early morning parade for it; but the feeling that I may become a heroic martyr spurs me on to still greater endeavours. And after all, 'tis an honour to have spoken the truth, no matter with how great a splutter. But to proceed.

The feud between us and the n-1th Battalion dates back to the days before Cromwell 'listed. It was deeper and more desperate than any novelistically or romantically hatched vendetta. It may have owed its origin to jealousy—to be polite, we will put it down to that—but at any rate the hatred between the two was fast and furious. The venomous wrath unuttered and unexpressed (considerations of etiquette, you know) that tainted the atmosphere when one of their chaps met one of ours in the street could easily be cut with a knife. But though this feud was old and hoary, in England, except for the short fortnight in camp each year, there was little opportunity for the rivals to vent their feelings. Out here, however, on the Continent, the whole show assumed a professional aspect. The fierce Kilkenny imbroglíos weren't in it. Of course, we did not mind them being billeted in the next village as a first set-away, but the moment we had to move, the cruel Hand of Fate descended upon us, and with a withering blow smashed into smithereens all chances of amicable settlement.

The call came from Ypres for men. To dispel the wintry darkness the Huns had lit their gas, and the situation at once became critical. There was some reason in ordering our battalion up on to the scene, but why on earth THEY should have been ordered up as well I cannot for the life of me discover. But that was not all. They were actually in it before us.

I am naturally not blessed with a singular amount of intelligence, so I may be wrong when I put this circumstance down to their superior knowledge of logarithms, quadrilateral triangles, and sulphuretted hydrogen. At any rate, there it was; and I must say we more ignorant beggars did not like it. I am quite sure we knew just as much about actual modern warfare as they—just as sure as I am that neither of us knew anything at all about it. Anyhow THEY got there first and lost about 600 men, whilst when we got there we only lost about 500. And so things went on, until, to crown everything, the

powers that be actually suggested an amalgamation. Oh, ye gods and little fishes! What agonies! what gnawing heartburnings! Talk about nightly 'Ymns of 'Ate! But we struggled through, barging away at each other with relentless fury until better times (as we thought) brought us better things. Partnership was dissolved, the Composite Battalion faded away, and once again we were permitted to paddle our own canoes. For a time things went well. We sometimes relieved each other in the trenches, and on one occasion, when making faces at the people opposite, we shared their headquarters; but there was nothing of intense interest until the whole brigade quitted the firing line for a month's well-earned rest. Then the old game began again.

Some benevolent friend suggested a Brigade Football Tournament, and immediately there were visions of revenge. Of course, we had beaten them into a cocked hat for downright soldiering, but they would not have it. Consequently a football tournament presented a golden opportunity to let the world see who was top dog. "Well," said we, "if you won't admit that we can beat you at soldiering, we will see what football can do for you." We started extremely well by defeating another powerful side by five goals to nil. The next game was with our rivals, and, though I say it myself, we weren't half favourites. We had the honour of being the home team. Our ground had been magnificently and most minutely marked out by our indefatigable Football Secretary. (Hem!—Ed.) We had a complete set of really smart-looking shirts, pants, socks, etc.; whilst THEY were a most motley crew, attired in most of the colours of the rainbow, and some even in the universal grey-backs. Everything was in our favour; but that was not all. We actually scored in the very first minute. Undoubtedly it was to be a walk-over—nothing surer. But the cup "gangs aft agley." They were out for blood just as much as we were, and matters were not exactly improved when they equalised. Their centre forward, a tremendous six-foot-officer fellow, who chased up and down the field at an alarming rate, supported by two dashing wingers, presented a continual source of annoyance to our heavies in rear. We tried to knock them out, but it was no use. They were far too elusive, and the other members of the team derived untold encouragement in consequence. Nevertheless, we kept them well in hand until some time in the second half, when our custodian got his optics well-nigh obliterated with mud. He appealed to the referee to stop the game whilst the obstacle was removed, but the referee was "no bon" (I think that's French), or possibly thought the poor goal-keeper was yelling for offside, or something just as ridiculous. However, he took no notice, and when they came prancing down and "scored" (there was no opposition) the individual with the whistle signalled a goal. That was the climax. The crowd began to disperse—a sure sign. Before long they got another goal—this time from a penalty—and our humiliation was complete. Oh, woe was us! Those — (censored—Ed.) are still top dog, and our only consolation is the rumour that those three stars of theirs were internationals in sheep's clothing.

The "Whizz-Bang" Rag.

The enclosed item of worse—beg pardon, verse—was dragged into the Editorial sanctum by a long weedy individual who had just disentangled himself from a little black horse. He was wearing a steel helmet and scale armour, and carried an axe in one hand and a pair of vicious wire-cutters in the other. Stuck in his belt were a large colt revolver, a trench bayonet, and a compass; while a pair of Zeiss field glasses and a black telescope swung disconsolately over his bony shoulders. At first sight we took him for a re-incarnation of Don Quixote with reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington and the Pirate King; but a further inspection revealed the fact that he was a junior lieutenant of uncertain age, well known to the world, the flesh, and the devil. As he approached the door we could see through the window that he had a martinetian air, and bore himself well, but for a slight limp, which he excused by saying he had been engaged in making futile efforts to lift a football with his unaccustomed pedal extremities.

In reply to our puzzled enquiry, he told us he had an inspiration, and immediately produced a blunt pencil and a jack-knife, engraved thus: "M. and D., Canada." He then seized an ancient envelope, and scribbled off the following lines, to whose publication our Editorial department has no objection, but refuses to guarantee the accuracy of the information contained therein. To begin with, the "Whizz-Bang" is not a rag, but we do not think any slur on our journalistic impeccability is intended. Nor have we ever heard of the "Hold-Up" Rag. For this reason we have cut out all but the chorus, which runs, or rather hops, as follows:—

THE "WHIZZ-BANG" RAG.

(Air: The "Hold-Up" Rag.)

Chorus.

Whizz-bang! Whizz-bang!

Every shell has *his* bang,

When they fire the Whizz-Bang Rag.

Hear that swift shell shrieking in the air!

What the blue blind blazes do we care?

It's a bear! It's a bear! Is it where?

Here!

Shell out! Yell out!

Now they're letting Hell out.

That's a "dud" from Mr. Kaiser's bag.

Hear it come! (Fizz-fizz!)

Hear it hum! (Gee-whizz!)

Whizz-BANG!

That's the Whizz-Bang Rag.

WASH-OUT.

Football Results.

The results of matches played up to date were:—

6th D.L.I., 1; 7th D.L.I., 1.

6th D.L.I., 5; L.N. Lincs., 0.

6th D.L.I., 1; 8th D.L.I., 3.

6th D.L.I., 1; 9th D.L.I., 2.

6th D.L.I., 2; 7th D.L.I., 2.

6th D.L.I., 0; 8th D.L.I., 2.

Our record therefore is as follows:—

| P. | W. | L. | D. | Goals | |
|----|----|----|----|-------|-------|
| | | | | for. | agst. |
| 6 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 10 | 10 |

The platoon "knock-out" tournament ended in the triumph of 16 (Z Coy.), who beat 11 (Y Coy.) by 4 goals to 1, in spite of the vigorous vocal assistance rendered the latter by a certain officer, who threatened to dose all 16 platoon with No. 9 pills if they won. No. 11 put up a stirring fight.

STOP PRESS TELL-A-CRAMS.

By the Quartermaster's Horse.

Just as we go to press the following news has been flashed across the wires by wireless tell-a-funny:—

We are all going to Serbia.

The French have taken Metz.

The Russians have taken Smzochshp.

The Germans have taken more babies' lives.

President Wilson has taken strong measures.

The Editor has taken three bottles of (censored—Ed.).

The Clown Prince has been hanged in the Tower as a suspected spy.

(Later.)—Serbia off; we are going to guard Bulgarian prisoners in Madagascar.

(Later still.)—Madagascar off; we are going to Switzerland for coast defence.

THE EDITOR HAS TAKEN THE PLEDGE!!!

Elementary Experiences.

"You're wanted at the Orderly Room, sir!" "What's wrong now?" I thought, as I handed my cricket bat to another subaltern. "More trouble?" My walk to the required tent was rather slow and meditative, but on entering I stiffened and saluted smartly *à la mode*. I waited silently for the C.O. to speak. After a pause, he looked up with a grave expression. "You're for the front. I think it best for you to start to-night." I tried to look greatly pleased, but am afraid I failed miserably, for, although I had always looked forward to going to France, when it was put to me so suddenly I—er—well, didn't feel exactly enthusiastic. I will not dwell on the journey South, nor on the trip across the Channel, but what struck me most was the apparently very normal conditions reigning there. Instead of the voyage being a series of stern and exciting chases by Bosche submarines, which were choking up the Channel, it was simply like a pleasure trip, except for the fact that I had my revolver handy in case one dared to show itself. We reached the French port safely, not having seen a single submarine, which proves that either there were none about, or that, by means of their extensive spy system, they were aware of the existence of my loaded revolver.

A fortnight later I found myself in the trenches for the first time. Whenever a bullet whistled overhead I ducked pretty low, much to the amusement of the old hands. However, by doing the same as the others—affecting to ignore the bullets—I gradually built myself up a stock of coolness which began to surprise me. The following day the Bosche sent a few shells over, and although they burst a hundred yards away, their effect on me was electrical. Every time I heard one coming I either jumped into a dug-out or flattened myself against the side of the trench. (Don't believe this.—Ed.) I was very dismayed when I found the others were taking no notice whatever of the bombardment, as I thought it, for I felt sure they would all be killed. However, by watching them

again, I took in a further stock of *sang-froid*, so that when the next shell whizzed over I stood statuesquely still, though it may have been more from palpitation than from any inherent indifference or self-control. (Tut-tut!—Ed.)

The rest of the day passed quietly enough; but when it was dark I was asked to go patrolling towards the German wire entanglements. Oh! ye gods! what heavenly bliss! I thought—perhaps not. However, I was placed in charge of a corporal and two men, or, to put matters as they really were, a corporal and two men took charge of me. The night being very dark, I led my patrol quite boldly over our trench and through our wire, although I expected that at any moment some chance bullets would put an end to us all. After pushing on what seemed an endless journey, the corporal told me it was now safer to crawl, as we were about half-way across. I did so very willingly. We crawled thus in silence for about 50 yards, when I suddenly heard a rustling close in front. My heart nearly jumped out of my mouth and into the air, as I convulsively cocked my revolver, and I uttered a short exclamation, when a small animal raced over my other hand, which was gripping the grass. Then all was silent. I am afraid I did not inspire my little party with a great amount of confidence, but, of course, they could not see my face or note that clutching hand. As the silence remained unbroken for quite five minutes, we concluded that we were quite safe, and that nobody was about. We then carried on our crawling very carefully till we could just see the outline of the Bosche trenches against the skyline. I was in a state of high tension by this time, and being only about 60 yards away from the Hun trenches did not make things any more comforting. I was just thinking of asking the corporal to return, when two flares were fired just over us. I felt I must get up and run, but did not, because the others were lying perfectly still and perfectly flat. The corporal then hurriedly whispered whether we should go back, and I answered only too eagerly that I thought we had better. I don't think I could have stuck it much longer.

We then crawled back, and though often fired at managed to get "home" safely. It never dawned on me that, as I afterwards found out, the Bosches never had the pluck to come out. So we were quite as safe there as anywhere between the lines.

H. B.

Letters to the Editor.

A VERY DECIDED "NEIGH."

Dear Sir or Madam,—You may be a madam; indeed I hope so, as men ought all to be soldiers now instead of lounging about in Editorial chairs. (This is a libel—our chair is a soap-box, our sanctum a dug-out, and our not-too-latitudeous knees our table.—Ed.) Anyway, as a self-respecting machine-gun horse, I wish to utter a protest against being relegated to the limbo (limber?—Ed.) of transportation. I am a soldier, and I enlisted to die fighting, not to fight dying. I prefer the rat-tat-tat of the Vickers to the clinking of farriery. Had I been asked whether I should be a soldier or a mere chewer of hay and drawer of mortar, I should have pranced into the firing line. Had you asked me if I liked lazy lounging under lofts or licking limbers, I could only have answered "Neigh!" (for it is hard for horses to say "Ay!") But there you are, I wasn't asked, and I shall kick over the traces unless you can find a way out of the ruck for me.—Yours for equi-ty,

M. G. GEE.

GENERALS, PLEASE NOTE!

Dear Sir,—I write these few lines hoping it finds you in the pink as it leaves me at present. I am taking no harm just now, only doing six men's work at once, as I am sannitery man for my company. It means slop slop all day and no rest, for our sarjint-majer is a fair one to curse, and

no mistake. Dear Sir, I want you to ask the generil to give me my leave, as I have a wife and four children, and am tired of berrying jamtins. I'm a soldier, I am;—not a housemaid.—Ever yours,

GINGER.

X X X X X Kisses.

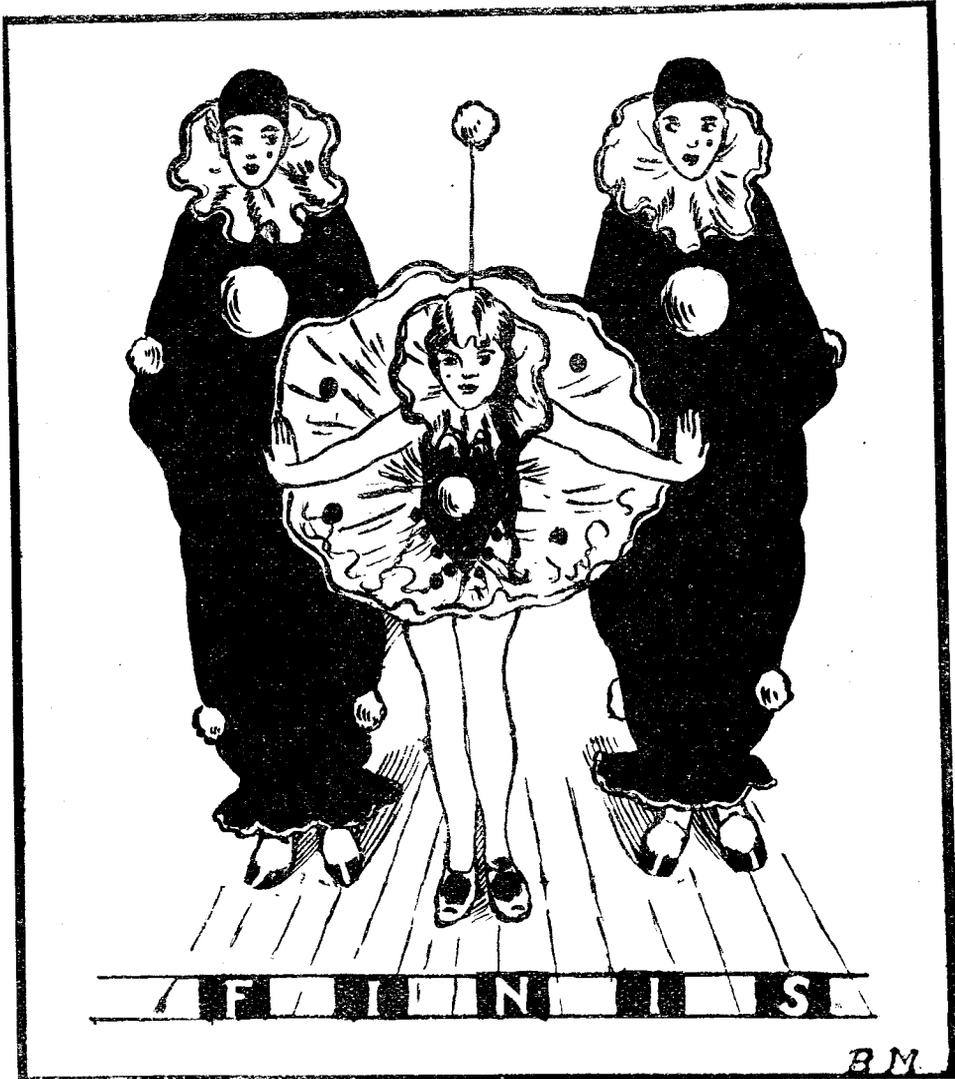
We regret to learn that Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Jeffreys, officer commanding the 6th Battalion Durham Light Infantry, has been wounded. Col. Jeffreys is greatly liked by his men, who will wish him the best of luck and a speedy recovery. Major G. A. Stevens has assumed command of the battalion. Col. Jeffreys was mentioned recently in despatches, as also were Major Stevens and Captain T. B. Heslop. Another honour for the battalion has been gained by Sergeant "Josh" Malpass, who has been awarded the D.C.M. for gallantry in the field and for rescuing wounded under fire.

Second-Lieut. C. Y. Aldwyn has been appointed adjutant to the 6th in succession to Lieut. P. H. B. Lyon, who is at home sick.

Captain Walton, who was wounded last April, has rejoined his regiment, as also has Lieut. Thorpe.

TO OUR READERS.

After you have read the "Whizz-Bang," would you kindly pass it on to a friend. If your friend appreciates our effort (and we are certain he will), persuade him to place an order with his newsagent for the February issue.



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