

# The "Whizz-Bang"

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

VOL. 1.—No. 5.

MAY, 1916.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



OVERHEARD AT ONE OF OUR COUNTRY DANCES.

He: "Do you hesitate?" She: "Oh, that depends on what I'm asked!"

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# 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. 5.

MAY, 1916.

ONE PENNY.

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## DOGGED.

One is glad to see a change for the better coming over England; a disappearance of cocksureness on the one hand and complaint on the other, and the dawn of a grim doggedness which stood us in good stead in all former wars and which is the chief virtue of the Anglo-Norman nature.

This dogged determination to "carry on" to the end is shown by the coming of Compulsion—than which nothing is more alien to our hatred of personal restraint. It will do us good if it makes us remember that duty comes before pleasure, work before play, battle before peace. It is shown, too, by the quiet and steady work of our leaders out here, not wasting energy on anything unimportant, not allowing anything to obscure the end in view. It is shown by officers and men who talk as if the war might last for ever or be over this year, but in the same breath show that it will only intensify their determination to win through. It is shown by the heroic pertinacity of our splendid allies, by glorious failures like the attempt to relieve *KUT*, by glorious successes like the campaign in *EAST AFRICA*, by the steady improvement in our aerial service, and the dethronement of the *FOKKER* from its former supremacy.

It was shown to the D.L.I. when its former C.O. returned to the command as soon as ever he had recovered from his wounds, and it will continue to be shown to all ranks and by all ranks as long as the German foot is on French or Belgian soil.

Come what may, our watchword is DOGGED.

## WHAT STARTED IT ALL.

It was cold. The March winds blew. The Lewis Gun Officer blew—on his fingers. The Commanding Officer blew up the Adjutant. The Adjutant blew up the O.R. Sergeant. The O.R. Sergeant blew up the O.R. Corporal, and the latter blew his nose, which was decidedly blue, and blew up the nearest orderly. The Germans were not a whit behind hand—they blew up a mine; but as it was between the lines, nobody took any notice except the Sergeant-Major, who blew off some choice language. But the Lewis Gun Officer sat in his dug-out, being hungry, and continued to blow on his fingers.

The Lewis Gun Officer's cook was not cold. He had made some gloriously hot soup over a gloriously hot brazier, and yet he blew—on the soup—as he made gloriously hot haste to send it into the L.G.O. But alas! man proposes and the deity has a way of disposing, so the orderly tripped over the last trench-grid, shot head first into the dug-out and bathed the chilly L.G.O. in steaming hot soup. The L.G.O. cursed and wiped his greasy fingers. His face assumed that calm, grey look which portrays grim resolution boding ill to somebody. He was likewise determined to get even with somebody and be-thought him of his burnt fingers, his lost soup, and the fact that some hours ago the Germans had blown up a mine.

He went out. In two shakes of a duck's tail every Lewis Gun within his area was pom-tiddleyomping for dear life. As a rule this would hurt nobody. But, as it happened, the German *minenwerfer* officer and dispenser of bombs, fish-tailed, had just come to peer over the parapet to the English lines, and the *minenwerfer* officer "copped it" and went to Valhalla or the other place. This so enraged the bombing person that he rammed his frankfurter sausage on to a rifle-granade gun and blazed it to pieces, crying, "Even thus shall Yon Pull perish!" He then simply rained fish-tailed bombs on the British lines, and our Gun Officer was constrained to reply by order of the Battalion Commander. By this time the German wrath had reached a point at which even Mercury—much more Mars—would have boiled. They turned their wicked whizz-bangs on to the Gunner, but of course never got near the offender.

Now, it so happened that the British R.F.C., by one of those queer and lucky chances which the aviator pretends is foresight, had an aeroplane or two being exercised somewhere in the neighbourhood; and, not having anything particular to do

but dodge Fokkers, they winged leisurely over the German lines, spotted the whizz-bang batteries, and sent the information to a neighbouring British Howitzer Battery. The latter fired at the supposed enemy battery, missed it, and hit a farm, and by the greatest good luck smashed the only cask of *lager beer* in the place, filled the *Sauerkraut* with bits of shell, and, as a minor offence, killed two German Officers' servants in the kitchen. By this time the Lewis Gun Officer was having tea with the Medical Officer in a safe dug-out. But the whizz-bang batteries were hard at it on both sides, and the Hun hunted hungrily with crumps and crumpets for the offending howitzers. The affair ended shortly after 5 p.m., that being the time the "heavies" on both sides had fixed for tea, and the war was forgotten amid the "cup that cheers."

"FOOT SLOGGER."



PETAÏN OF VERDUN.

## THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

If you ask most people out here in poor blighted Flanders what they think of the much-vaunted conscientious objector, they will probably tell you that in their view he is the most supremely grotesque being under the sun. At first I used to think so, too, but my views have changed completely since one thunderously black night, when the rain descended torrentially, and when I settled down into the fifteenth or sixteenth huge shell hole, into which I had been unceremoniously precipitated, and decided that the earliest year in which the war could finish was 1929. Then it was that there dawned upon me the thought that by that time the surviving portion of our contemptible little army would perforce contain a goodly percentage of hitherto conscientious objectors. As a matter of positive fact when I did eventually land back to billets (my temperature and temperament still normal) I was firmly convinced that whilst it was perfectly ridiculous conscientiously objecting to any military service whatsoever, it was a fearfully wise thing to take on that role when once "within the pale."

*Par example*, what in the world, thought I, can a good-natured, well-meaning subaltern, of whom there are a few, or even a haughty, consequential Company Commander, of whom there are many, do with a fellow who conscientiously objects to remain on sentry in the front line trench when it comes on to snow or comes in cold. Remonstrances would be quite as useless as punishment would be unfair (seeing that the objection was a conscientious and reasonable one), and there would be nothing for it but to send the man into his dug-out for a night's rest, or to the M.O. for any particular number of pill of which he possessed a superfluous quantity.

Then I pictured to myself the manifest awe of a newly-appointed Platoon Sergeant confronted by a temporary private who conscientiously objected to fill sandbags in order to repair a breach in the parapet. The Platoon Sergeant having hardly yet realised the tremendous importance and dignity of his three stripes, attained after four or five years' laborious and continuous filling of sandbags, would conceivably be rendered speechless if the young (or he might be old) bird exclaimed, "Damn it, man, I did not come out here to do what they do at Portland. I came out

here to fight. There are no perceptible signs of a battle just yet, so I'm hoff." And I can see that Platoon Sergeant 'opping hoff, too, and the good old conscientious objector snoozing peacefully in some secluded dug-out.

That being so, can you wonder I have come to believe in conscientious objectors and their objections. Jolly fine wise fellows, I call them. Why, a conscientious objector could have a royal time out here, especially when this decrepit old war has two or three more years on its hoary head and the commendable spirit of the movement has percolated across to our friends the Boseshes.

Having never yet penetrated into their territory or mingled with them more than just casually, I am not perfectly certain as yet that there are any conscientious objectors amongst them, but this much is established. There are a great many who are ill-disposed to hostilities, who don't want to fight, and who even come across into our lines and give themselves up, and when that spirit is fostered and increases, as it is bound to do with the years, the path is absolutely paved with roses and er—hyacinths for the establishment of a Mutual Association of Conscientious Objectors.

Just take our position now. We are comfortably housed, and even have windows in the dug-outs, but we live in daily, and sleep in nightly, for fear of the old Hun suddenly taking it into his head to crump us to blazes. You will agree that under these circumstances we sometimes find it hard to wax salubrious, and yet, were this association existant, we need only send across a conscientious objection to being crumped or even whizz-banged, and tranquillity and contentment would then reign eternal. Of course, if it happened to be a matter of urgency for the Boseshe to poop off some of his ammunition, he could easily try next door, where they would probably not be members. Whether they would be desirous of joining afterwards or not I don't pretend to say, though I must say it seems to me very possible they would. In fact, I have come to the conclusion that herein lies the whole secret of the termination or perpetuation of the war. The universal adaptation of the principle of conscientious objection means either that the war must cease soon or else go on for ever. Personally I don't mind which, because then we would, at any rate, know precisely how we stood, instead of continuing to live in this present abominable state of blind uncertainty. Henceforth I am a conscientious objector of the first water, and shall vehemently preach my doctrines from all the parapets in France and Belgium—I don't think!

MINUS SIX.

## THE TROUBLES OF A MESS PRESIDENT.

There are some people who always get the right job, even in Flanders. When I became Mess President of my company I thought I was one of them, but, as you will see, I was mistaken.

It happened in this way: I joined my company in the trenches just in time for lunch. During that meal my unhappy predecessor was "strafed" from all sides because vegetables and fresh butter were non-existent.

"Here," I thought, "is scope for my undoubted genius for organisation." Evidently my Company Commander recognised this genius, for within a few days he suggested that I should run the mess. I agreed, fool that I was, and from that date my existence has been a troubled one.

To really understand my difficulties you must know certain characteristics of my brother-officers. Three of them are the worst enemies of an M.P. (Mess President, not Member of Parliament): they are food cranks.

Let us start from the top. There is my Company Commander. His heart, or possibly some other portion of his anatomy, delights in "Force," fresh vegetables and butter, and other luxuries which do not flourish in the soil of the trenches; yet he is least difficult to please.

Next we have a subaltern, whose ideal diet consists of sauce—H.P. for choice—pickles, beer, and tea. You cannot give him too much of the latter, and he always criticises the way it is made.

Finally we come to the most unmanageable of the three. I suspect that he has shares in a certain firm of food manufacturers. At any rate, he clamours for tinned baked beans, spaghetti, tomato ketchup, etc. In addition to which he expects the cooking and waiting to equal that of the Ritz.

The result is a conversation of this kind at dinner:

"The soup's full of tea leaves!"

"Why can't you get some fresh vegetables?"

"Is there no beer? Where's the salt?"

I don't know why, but I am always expected to carry the last commodity on my person. The frequenter of the Ritz then proceeds to complain that the potatoes are always boiled, and to tell us a hundred other methods of cooking them. Unfortunately our cooking accommodation and utensils are limited. With luck the rest of the meal proceeds in peace, until the coffee, when a sleepy voice, from behind a huge pipe of Teutonic shape, complains:

"Why can't we have tea, waiter? Bring me some tea!"

This "strafeing" forms my lullaby at night, and in the morning I awake to have a multitude of complaints hurled at me.

"Where's the 'Force'?"

"Why is there no milk?" etc.

And, again, the dispute on the respective merits of tea and coffee.

But it is at lunch that our friend of the "Hum-nish" pipe excels himself. From his corner he demands beer and "H.P." sauce. Meanwhile from the opposite corner my ear is assailed by shouts for tomato ketchup.

In vain I strive to quell the riot, and to find a successor, but I am forced to the painful conclusion that there is only one fool in this company, and that I AM HE! K. B. S.



NOS ALLIES.—FRENCH ARTILLERY OFFICER.



Capt. (Temp. Lieut.) Dash explains why, under Royal Warrant, Pte. Smith is not entitled to Proficiency Pay.

### WHIZZ-BANGS.

Sam Browne's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
But his belts are marching on.

There was a young soldier named Petre  
Who wanted to journey to Fletre,  
And I'm sorry to say  
Went out of his way  
By many a long kilometre.

1st Soldier (route marching): How much further  
is this ruddy march?

2nd Soldier: Eh, man, it's about 3 mile.

1st Soldier: Well, as long it isn't any of them  
blinking kilometres I don't mind.

They seem to have made rather a Mess of  
Potamia, chiefly an Officers' Mess.

On account of the necessity for husbanding  
ammunition, the *Whizz-Bang* is a bit late this  
month.

The "Road to Blighty" by E.W. which  
appeared in the January "Whizz-Bang" can't  
give any hints to a certain Officer who gets  
there regularly after a short spell in the trenches.

Little Fritz Kraut

Sat in a dug-out

Eating his sausage with glee.

There came a great crump

And caught him a bump,

Making mash for his sausage, you see.

### WELCOME BACK.

To Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Jeffreys, D.S.O.,  
who was wounded Dec. 19th last year, but has  
made a quick recovery and a quick return to the  
Durham Light Infantry.

### FAREWELL.

To Brigadier (now Major-General) J. H. Shea,  
C.B.

To Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Stevens, D.S.O., who  
has gone to the Canadians.

### FOOTBALL.

Total up to May 16th was four games played,  
two won, one lost, and one drawn, with 13 goals  
for and 7 against.



CAPT. H. McNAIR, D.C.M.

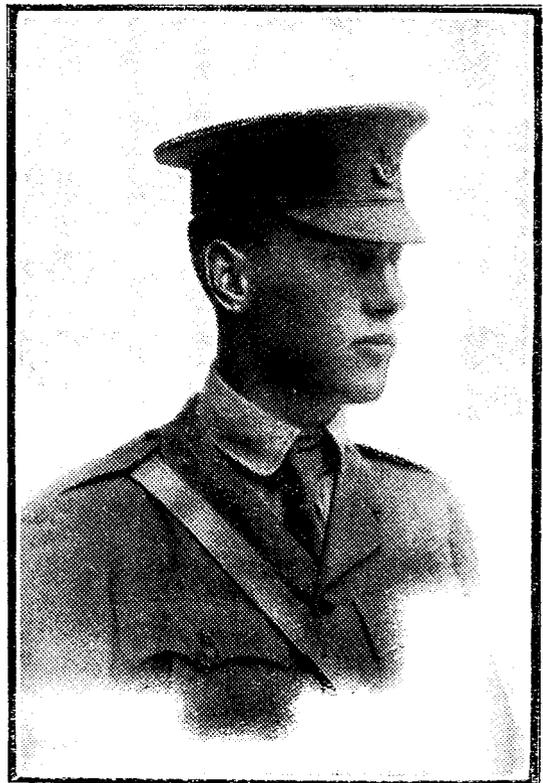
OFFICERS  
OF THE  
D. L. I.



2ND LIEUT. B. BENNISON.



CAPT. J. BARROW.



MAJOR F. WALTON.



Scenes from our Daily Life.

\* \* \*  
**THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.**

Who was the Officer who was unable to sit his horse the other day, and whether his plight was caused by the regimental goat butting him as he was climbing through somebody's window.

\* \* \*

Why the soldiers of a certain battalion affect to salute with the hand *behind* the head, and whether this queer act doesn't make 'em look as though they were about to give you one in the eye.

\* \* \*

What the Guards thought when they found the Durham Light Infantry rivalling them in soldierly bearing and saluting in a certain town.

\* \* \*

Who was the Officer who ran out of necessary undergarments and used a pair of pyjamas as substitutes.

\* \* \*

Is it not a fact that the said Officer was saddlesore through the stiff ride he had ridden the preceding night.

\* \* \*

Which should learn to jump first, the charger or the rider.

\* \* \*

How comes it that the mighty are fallen whilst the weapons of war are not perished.

\* \* \*

And whether the same phenomenon is not true of all armies in greater or less measure.

\* \* \*

Who was the Officer who sang a lusty drinking song with glass in hand, and who the dear good lady who insisted on keeping his glass filled with Champagne.

\* \* \*

What was the attraction that took three Junior Officers to Poperinghe through miles of rain and mud, and whether we shall soon hear of an Anglo-Belgian domestic alliance.

\* \* \*

Why a certain Orderly imitates the worst characteristic of President Wilson.

Who was the Officer who returned from leave suffering from the effects of amateur doctoring.

\* \* \*

Why everyone is so shy of producing literary efforts.

\* \* \*

Why the Editor does not start a competition corner.

\* \* \*

What was the attraction which prevented a certain Officer from accepting an invitation to dinner.

\* \* \*

Whether it is better to have adjutated and lost than never to have to adjutated at all.

\* \* \*

Whether the ability to be a soldier is entirely a matter of youth and inexperience, and, if not, why the—who the—how the—when the—

\* \* \*

Whether conscripted Officers will be allowed to get promotion before those who started on their own before there was the faintest whisper of Compulsion.

\* \* \*

Whether snobbery, favouritism, cliqueism and kindred poisons ought not to be eliminated once for all from every branch of public service.

\* \* \*

And whether it is not just this same snobbery, etcetra, which has been the curse of the enemy's army.

\* \* \*

Can any good thing come out of Journalism.

\* \* \*

Will people look a bit more lively with their MSS.

\* \* \*

Whether, self-admiration apart, our April issue was not a Mark I., Star Number.

\* \* \*

Who *doesn't* wish "Jolly Good Luck" to Lt.-Col. G. A. Stevens, D.S.O., in his new field.

\* \* \*

When is a major not a major? (That's easy. When he's a miner, of course.—Ed.)

Who was the Officer who had just spent the first day of his leave when he was called back, and oughtn't he to feel greatly flattered that his services were so urgently required.

\* \* \*  
And why the said genial Officer *now* wears a smile of utter contentment on his cheery "phiz."

\* \* \*  
When everybody's particular grievance has been ventilated after the war, what use our Scientists will make of the Carbon Dioxide so liberated.

\* \* \*  
And if politicians might not take a leaf out of the soldier's book and "shut up."

\* \* \*  
When is that PUSH coming.

\* \* \*  
Who is the Officer who has the face to try to rap out words of command louder than the R. Sergt.-Major.

\* \* \*  
What the Coy. Commander actually did to the man he called for in a loud voice, and what was the man doing at the time.

\* \* \*  
Whether another Coy. Commander has invented a new way of dodging Staff Officers, and if so, how much will he sell the secret for to numerous prospective buyers.

\* \* \*  
As some Officers of a certain Battalion call their mounts pigs, camels, elephants, and so forth, is it not a fact that the Transport Officer concerned is really the owner of a menagerie lent to the Government for the duration of the war.

\* \* \*  
Who is the ambitious Junior Officer who was found roaming about on May 5th, murmuring "a long farewell to all my greatness."

\* \* \*  
Who is the C.O. who is plucked regularly by his subalterns at Bridge, that is, if their statements can be believed!

\* \* \*  
And whether the said C.O. could not get more than his own back anyway by playing them all at Chess.

\* \* \*  
Who was the soldier who swore he had been sent to No. 9 General Hospital through being overdosed with No. 9 pills by the M.O.

Whether the Sinn Fein folk might not feign a little virtue for a change.

\* \* \*  
Was ever a bonnier land than Ireland, and bad cess to the stinkers that tried to spoil her fair name and fame.

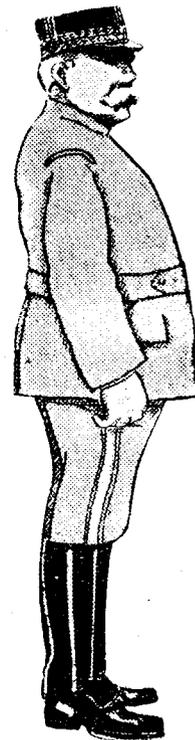
\* \* \*  
Why is a certain Officer taking "lessons" in Flemish and from whom. (Ah! now you're asking.—Ed.)

\* \* \*  
Who were the Officers caught using mail-bags to carry their kit in. (You know as well as I do.—Ed.)

\* \* \*  
And whether "bags" are not more or less the prerogative of the "male." (Not so sure.—Ed.)

\* \* \*  
Whether the Editor would refrain from interjecting vapid remarks in this column.

\* \* \*  
Who expects this periodical to be conventional, and if it were who the pink inferno would read it.



GRAND PERE JOFFRE.

## INTERMEZZO.

The sun beats steeply through the leaves, new-kissed by a wayward shower,

And above and around and beneath me is the delicate English May ;

But my eyes are blind to the pageant of Spring, to the beauty of brake and flower,

For my heart is back in the life I lived a year ago to-day.

There are little things the mind has snatched from the chaos of sound and smell.

The deafening crash, the burst of flame, and the shuddering start of fear ;

For a man may live a lifetime in the passing of a shell,

And the noble deed and the coward word,—they stab him like a spear.

There were nights on Gravenstafel, when we waited for the end,

And death-thoughts mingled strangely with summer dreams of home ;

There's the splintered Potizje sign-post,—stands it where it did, my friend ?—

And the long rest after labour in the huts of Ouderdom.

Night-digging, and the star shells,—' Keep down, lads, not a move ! '—

And the stumbling race for shelter when the dawn-flush lit the sky ;

Ypres, and the smoke of ruined homes like incense-clouds above,

With children whistling like the shells to frighten passers-by.

And oh ! the mooned summer nights, with quiet voices singing,

While limbers rumbled through the dark from Brielen or Bethune ;

Or the fields afire with poppies, and the stately poplars swinging,

As we trod the road to Kemmel in the coloured days of June.

There's some of us are maimed or sick, and some are fighting yet,

With ready hearts and smiling lips and death about their feet :

But some have found the easy way to slumber and forget

At peace beside the Menin bridge, or the Rue des Jesuites.

*The sun beats steeply through the leaves, new-kissed by a wayward shower.*

*And above and around and beneath me is the delicate English May ;*

*But my eyes are blind to the pageant of spring, to the beauty of brake and flower,*

*For my heart is back in the life I lived a year ago to-day.*

P. H. B. L.

## PROFESSIONAL TALENT.

## Written Under its Spell.

One has many moods out here, many of them describable, but most of them censorable. It is all very fine for the Editor to vociferously exhort us to cheer and keep smiling, and for " dat 'ere doctor bloke " to keep on poking his fun at poor honest fellows nobly yet innocently endeavouring to obtain a well-deserved ticket to Blighty. But when you emerge from the trenches demoralised and dejected, do an eight-mile tramp over Belgian roads and fields trademarked with German iron ore, and arrive at a salubrious old rest camp buried in snow, the hut creaking and whining, and not a wink of fire or even a bit of broken candle to relieve the complete desolation of all things, I for one don't feel like smiling. On the contrary, I look and feel distinctly melancholy, and get very little satisfaction, except from gazing vacantly at the ever-radiant countenance of the Orderly Room Corporal (of ink-pot fame), and trying to console myself by reiterating " Well, you know, there 'tis."

However, one must do something, so having a short while ago attained the dignity of three stripes, I resolved to defy the camp, and regardless of consequences (not too literally, please) enter the Sergeants' Mess. This was not only my first appearance in the mess, but, as a matter of fact, the first time we had really had a Battalion Mess to swank about. My entry, I hasten to announce, was quite inauspicious, and as unnoticed as was my departure ; but ever since I have been endeavouring vainly to discern the delinquent who suggested a smoking concert, and was in that way originally responsible for placing me under the magic spell of " professional talent."

I cannot possibly dwell on each item of the exhaustive programme, because there are rumours of a second effort coming off shortly, and it would be ridiculous to expect to enjoy a second injection before having recovered from the first. And obviously dwelling on the experience only increases the severity of the symptoms, and may even cause the spell to be perpetuated. But to proceed.

Having succeeded with commendable promptitude in accustoming myself to the dazzling sameness of the green baize, the flickering glimmers of candles poised on capsized tobacco tins, and the comparative sense of safety to be derived from leaning heavily on the table and relieving the pressure on the plank which was intended for a seat, I turned my attention to the end of the hut where the stage was supposed to be, and where as a matter of fact two diminutive individuals had been

pattering for some time. Gentle inquiry elicited the information that they were the "two Maes," comedians and dancers, who just finished as I had got my bearings, and toddled down to the other end of the hut amid tumultuous applause. The usual society murmurings having subsided, the musical side of the programme was commenced, and I must say shaped exceedingly well. A violin solo cleverly executed, and "The Death of Nelson" sung with much appreciation and effect, rendered quite unnoticeable the absence of a piano. "The Old Brigade," in the Regimental Sergeant-Major's stentorinous voice, and vigorously "refrained" several times, also went well. But after this we rose to really classical realms. Sergt. — ventured the pathetic "When other lips," and the fact that he had forgotten his score quite excused him recommencing on a lower note when having managed three-parts of the first verse. For having committed the inglorious indiscretion of inappropriately incu-doing "Oh, let her gan doon," immediately one of our subalterns had finished singing a tearing maritime melody. Sergt. — was sentenced to the stage, and quite got his own back by inflicting "Marguerite," while to preserve the contiguity of watery subjects the Mess President obliged with "The Ebb Tide," which flowed splendidly until just before the chorus, when it was necessary to remove a dam (a good healthy one), and start again.

Our Mess President is a splendid fellow, particularly in physique, and it was only in accordance

with the fitness of things that the next contribution to this very entertaining programme should be Guardsman Gowland, the pigmy sergeant of the Battalion. Now Sergt. Gowland is a musician and a singer, and I am quite confident would have done excellent justice to his song, but unfortunately it was necessary for someone to be a light to lighten the music, and the Sergeant commissioned for this delicate duty a man of notorious digestive propensities—and consequent rotundity—who proved himself quite incapable of maintaining an expression and attitude of befitting dignity. His roseate countenance beamed on the singer, and affected his enunciation so much that in one sonorous effort he actually extinguished the glim. The song when finished was loudly acclaimed.

By this time we were quite prepared for such touching inflictions as "That's mine when yo're done with it," "The Woman with the Coal-black Eye," "Wur Ann," and quite a number of other sentimental things, which were received with increasing éclat and enthusiasm.

The spell was now undoubtedly exercising its most potent influence, despite my strenuous efforts to maintain an impossible air of unconcern, and the danger becoming so great that I should suddenly blazen forth my resilient voice in some enchanting melody, and thus ingloriously terminate the proceedings, that I slipped away from the precincts. But the spell still holds me; I cannot escape it. Until the next number of the "Whizz-Bang" appears I shall be gloomier than ever.

MINUS SIX.



I

GWENDOLINE'S  
CURLY-HEADED HERO.



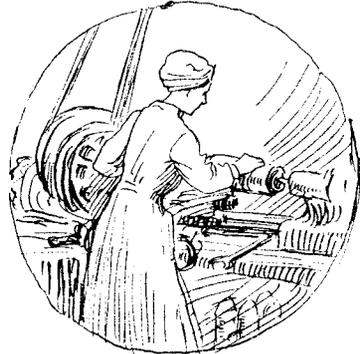
II !!



III !!!

THE TRAGEDY ENACTED BY THE  
REGIMENTAL BARBER.

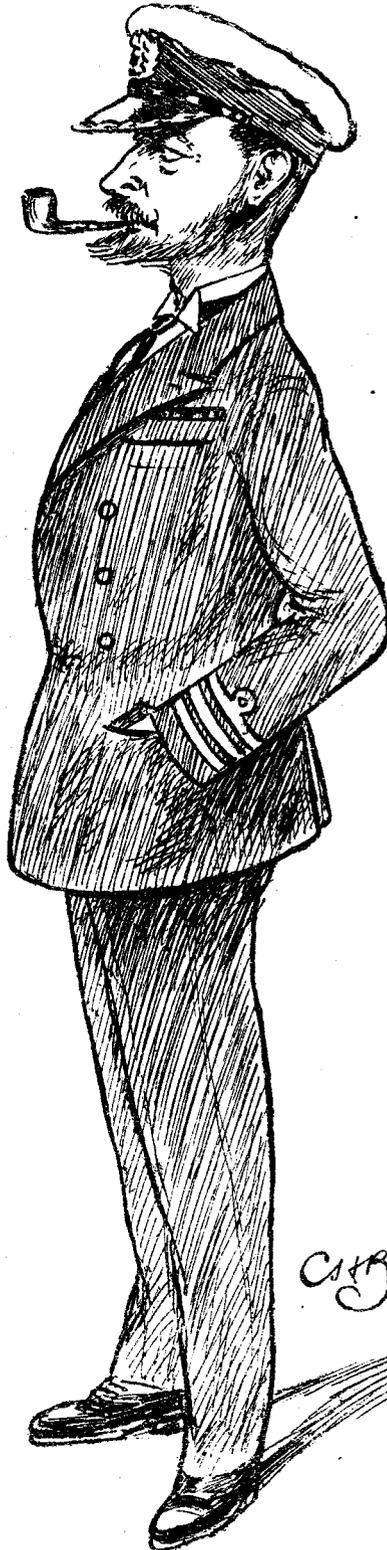
AN IMPRESSION OF HIS FIRST LEAVE HOME FROM THE FRONT, AND  
(EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE.)



VF  
1916

HIS SECOND! (Napoo!)

THE "WHIZZ-BANG."



THE SENIOR SERVICE.—THE COMMANDER.

# DOES YOUR TOBACCO OR CIGARETTES COME DUTY FREE FROM HOME?

## THE GROWTH OF OUR EXPEDITIONARY DEPARTMENT.

Since the despatch of the British Expeditionary Forces to France, in August, 1914, we have steadily built up a reputation for the reliable and speedy despatch of parcels to the Front. At first an hour a day was sufficient to deal with the few orders entrusted to us, but our methods soon increased our connection, till to-day we have a special department. UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF EXCISE OFFICERS, with its own staff of clerks and packers, who are packing and despatching parcels from 8.30 a.m. till 6 p.m. These facts speak for themselves.

### OUR SYSTEM,

Which has been built up and perfected through the experience gained since the beginning of the war, gives you the fullest advantage of Duty Free Prices, which means a saving of about 5/- on a pound of Tobacco (Tobacco costing 6/8 lb. can be had Duty Free for 1/8), and also of the most complete Duty Free department in the country.

### YOUR SAFEGUARD

is to place your orders with the house of highest repute and tried experience.

### RESPONSIBILITY.

All Parcels or Cases are sent according to the regulations of the Military and Post Office Authorities, from whom we receive a receipt for each package, but we cannot hold ourselves responsible for damage or loss after leaving our hands.

Cigarettes.	Duty Free.	Minimum	Tobaccos—continued.	Duty Free.	Minimum
	Price	Quantity		Price.	Quantity
		which can			which can
		be sent.			be sent.
Old Tom (packets of 5 cigarettes)...	1/9 250	250	Mica Mixture ... ..	2/0 lb.	½ lb.
Woodbines (2 boxes) ... ..	3 9 500	500	Virginia Bar ... ..	2/6 lb.	½ lb.
Jack Tar ... ..	1/4 100	200	Cut Golden Bar ... ..	2/8 lb.	½ lb.
Mansion House ... ..	1/6 100	200	Verger Mixture ... ..	3/0 lb.	½ lb.
R. S. Gold Flake 12's ... ..	1/6 box 2 boxes	200	Nut Flake Honey Dew ... ..	3/0 lb.	½ lb.
Wills' Gold Flake ... ..	1/6 100	200	Blenheim Navy Cut ... ..	3/0 lb.	½ lb.
Grainger ... ..	2/9 100	200	Foursome Mixture ... ..	4/0 lb.	½ lb.
Red Specials ... ..	3/3 100	200	Best Navy Cut ... ..	4/0 lb.	½ lb.
R. S. Specials ... ..	3/3 100	200	Bushranger ... ..	4/6 lb.	½ lb.
Tonides Virginia ... ..	3/6 100	150	Cynicus Blend ... ..	4/6 lb.	½ lb.
Tonides Turkish ... ..	3/6 100	200	Curly Cut ... ..	4/6 lb.	½ lb.
York Specials ... ..	4/9 100	150			
Grainger Grandes ... ..	4/9 100	150	<b>Cigars.</b>		
Blenheim Navy Cut ... ..	4/6 lb.	½ lb.	Portia 50 ... ..	Per 100.	
Nut Flake ... ..	4/6 lb.	½ lb.	Tovarina ... ..	10/6	50
61's ... ..	6/6 lb.	½ lb.	Perinola Reg de la Reina, 100s	15/6	50
Quaysiders ... ..	6/6 lb.	½ lb.	Perinola Blenheims, 50s	26/0	100
Special No. 4 ... ..	8/6 lb.	½ lb.	Perinola Earl Grey, 25s	28/0	50
R. M. V. ... ..	8/6 lb.	½ lb.			
Graingers ... ..	10/0 lb.	½ lb.	<b>Snuff.</b>		
Islam Turkish ... ..	10/0 lb.	½ lb.	Clan Fell ... ..	3/6 lb.	½ lb.
Finest Egyptian ... ..	10/6 lb.	½ lb.	Prince Royal ... ..	3/6 lb.	½ lb.
			Golden Pheasant ... ..	4/10 lb.	½ lb.
<b>Tobaccos.</b>					
Golden Twist ... ..	1/8 lb.	½ lb.	<b>Pipes.</b>		
Black Twist ... ..	1/8 lb.	½ lb.	Cherry-wood ... ..		2d. each
Bomb Bar ... ..	1/8 lb.	½ lb.	Briar ... ..		from 9d. each
Light or Dark Shag ... ..	1/8 lb.	½ lb.			

All Orders must be accompanied by Cash. When Ordering, give fullest particulars for Address.

The above rates do not include postage, the rates of which are:—

FRANCE.	EGYPT.	SOUTH AFRICA.
Not exceeding 3 lbs. ... .. 1/-	Not exceeding 3 lbs. ... .. 1/-	9d. per lb. or part of lb. up to 11 lbs.
Exceeding 3 lbs., not exceeding 7 lbs. 1/4	Exceeding 3 lbs., not exceeding 7 lbs. 1/9	PRISONERS OF WAR.
Exceeding 7 lbs., not exceeding 11 lbs. 1/7	Exceeding 7 lbs., not exceeding 11 lbs. 2/6	No postage is payable.
	MALTA, CANADA, INDIA, AND	SHIPS.
	B. E. AFRICA.	If in Home Waters, ordinary Inland Parcel Rates.
<b>DARDANELLES.</b>		If in Foreign Waters, according to position, usually 1/- up to 3 lbs.
Not exceeding 3 lbs. ... .. 1/-	Not exceeding 3 lbs. ... .. 1/-	
Exceeding 3 lbs., not exceeding 7 lbs. 1/9	Exceeding 3 lbs., not exceeding 7 lbs. 2/-	
Exceeding 7 lbs., not exceeding 11 lbs. 2/6	Exceeding 7 lbs., not exceeding 11 lbs. 3/-	

**The Robert Sinclair Tobacco Co., Ltd.,**  
Export Dept., Blenheim St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.