

# On a Fringe of the World-War.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

IN 1914, at the outbreak of war, I was managing a group of Rubber Estates in KELANTAN, one of the largest and least known states in the Malay Peninsula. This district, which was until 1909 a feudatory of Siam, was taken over in that year by the British Government as a "Protected" State, retaining, as do all the Malay States whether Protected or Federated, its native Sultan and State Council, assisted by a British Resident or Adviser and Civil Service. Kelantan is roughly about the size of Yorkshire, with a native population of some 250,000, and at the time when the episode here narrated occurred there were about 100 Europeans in the country, chiefly Civil Servants and Rubber Planters.

Throw a stone into a pond and, if the stone be large enough, the ripples will spread to the water's edge on every side. So the splash made by the Central Powers in 1914 spread its ripples to the furthest edges of our far-flung Empire. Early in 1915 certain companies of the native regiment stationed in Singapore mutinied and something like a panic reigned for several days in that great seaport of the East. Many Europeans lost their lives, some killed fighting, and others, among the number, alas, some women, butchered in cold blood. The great mass of the native population throughout the Malay Peninsula, whether Indian, Chinese or

indigenous Malay, remained staunch to the British Raj and supported it loyally.

In Kelantan, however, the natives, ignorant and lawless, finding that their innate propensity to cattle stealing and other predatory crime had been checked with a firm and indiscriminating hand since our sphere of influence had been extended to include them, decided that the time had come to throw off the yoke and expel the "Tuans" (white men = *lit.* Masters) from the land. There was a strong suspicion, amounting almost to certainty, that German influence working from across the adjacent Siamese frontier aided and abetted them.

And so it came to pass that one evening in April, as I was sitting in my bungalow at dinner, about seventy miles upstream, a telegram was brought in from the British Adviser in the Capital near the mouth of the river to the effect that the natives in one of the coast districts had broken out, killed several native policemen and burnt and sacked a number of houses; further, that one considerable body, under the leadership of a well-known desperado called To Jangut, was marching on the Capital to slay and loot, and another smaller commando was supposed to have started inland and upstream on the same errand. To Jangut was a notorious character. His name, "The Bearded One," in itself connotes

singularity, as the Malay is very rarely seen with a beard. He, however, had a fine specimen falling well over his chest. His age was about 50, and he was popularly supposed to be "Kramat" or invulnerable to what we should now describe as enemy action.

Now, there is only one course to be pursued in dealing with a native *émeute*, and that is to move first. The local District Officer and myself therefore held a hurried council of war and decided to get together what force we could and make a night march with the object of heading off the smaller body of rebels. In about three hours, a posse, resembling in variety of dress and equipment Falstaff's ragged army, was assembled and moved off. Neither from the point of view of discipline nor of numbers was the force a formidable one, comprising as it did 20 Europeans, 40 Native Police and 30 Javanese coolies, the last named acting as carriers. Arms and ammunition were even more promiscuous, the police having some Martini Carbines, others old Lee Enfield Rifles, while the planters had Winchester and other sporting rifles, and the District Officer strode at the head of his phalanx armed with a twelve-bore scatter gun.

At 11 o'clock on a pitch dark night the little column moved off along a jungle track which seemed to be composed of equal parts of mud and thorns beset with leeches, which bloodthirsty little animals were the cause of more gore being shed than all the fighting of the campaign. Just before dawn our first objective, a village, was reached and a halt called. As soon as it was light enough to see at all we rushed and occupied the place without casualty, and proceeded to feed and camp there

before moving on. It was here that I obtained a startling insight into the superstitious nature of the real Malay, untouched by any trace of civilisation. I was discussing the outlook with a loyal native, and happened to say to him that if we could get the ring-leader, To Jangut, I fancied the trouble would rapidly die down. He replied very seriously, "Yes, Tuan, *if*—but To Jangut is 'Kramat.' I myself have seen him stand up with his chest bared and have spears thrown at him; those spears struck him on the chest and rebounded with the points all bent up, as though they had struck iron." This surprised me considerably, as the speaker was a staid, well balanced individual, but he seemed firmly convinced that he had really seen what he related, so I contented myself with suggesting, that while To Jangut might be non-puncturable by native spears, a rifle bullet might possibly percolate his anatomy. My friend replied without much enthusiasm that perhaps it might be so.

I do not propose to relate our operations of the next few days, one of which was very much like another; a march at night through leech-infested jungle, a village rushed at dawn to the accompaniment of an exchange of shots not to be dignified by the name of a fight, a rest in the heat of the day, and so on *da capo*. On our fifth day out we had the news through by runner that our other and main force, which had started from the Capital, had that morning been attacked by To Jangut's force, which by now had attained considerable dimensions. There was a brisk and lively exchange of shots, and one of the first to fall was the invulnerable one, well and truly shot through the

body. Whereupon his followers broke up and fled in all directions. The Martini Carbine is hardly recognised as a weapon of offence in this century, but when it does deliver the goods it gives full weight, and To Jangut's reputation for invulnerability was shattered at the same time as his breast and back-bone.

Even when he was dead the loyal natives were convinced that no one who did not actually see the body would believe that the great wizard had been killed, while others were of opinion that he had merely quitted one body and would soon assume a

new one. To dispel the former idea, it was decided, and, as I believe, rightly in the circumstances, to bring the body into the Capital and expose it in the market place for all to see. This was accordingly done. The death of To Jangut thus early in the disturbance undoubtedly averted serious trouble. There was no more organized rebellion. It took about three weeks more jungle work to hunt out small bands and individual bad characters, and then the rising was over, and the state has been quiet ever since.

G.W.T.



## To a Sheep.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE D.A.C.

HOW slow, oh sheep, and with what mournful glances  
 Thou climb'st the slope above the C.O.'s tent,  
 Seeking the herb thine ovine palate fancies,  
 Or any other sort of nourishment !  
 No lambkin by thy side playfully prances,  
 For lamb unauthorised for troops in France is  
 And would be surplus to establishment.

I wonder if ancestral mem'ries linger  
 In dim recesses of thy woolly brain ;  
 Whether the songs of some old shepherd-singer  
 Still haunt thee, like a half-forgotten pain ;  
 Some youth who tells a maid the love he'll bring her,  
 What time she twists him round her little finger—  
 The sorry lot of many a love-lorn swain.

Kybosh'd, my friend, is now thy will-to-wander,  
 Seeking each day fresh fields and pastures new,  
 Thou knowest well, to pass the barbed wire yonder  
 Is *streng verboten* (German for 'taboo') ;  
 But I thy fate most feelingly do ponder,  
 Being, like thee, considerably fonder  
 Of changing than of static points of view.

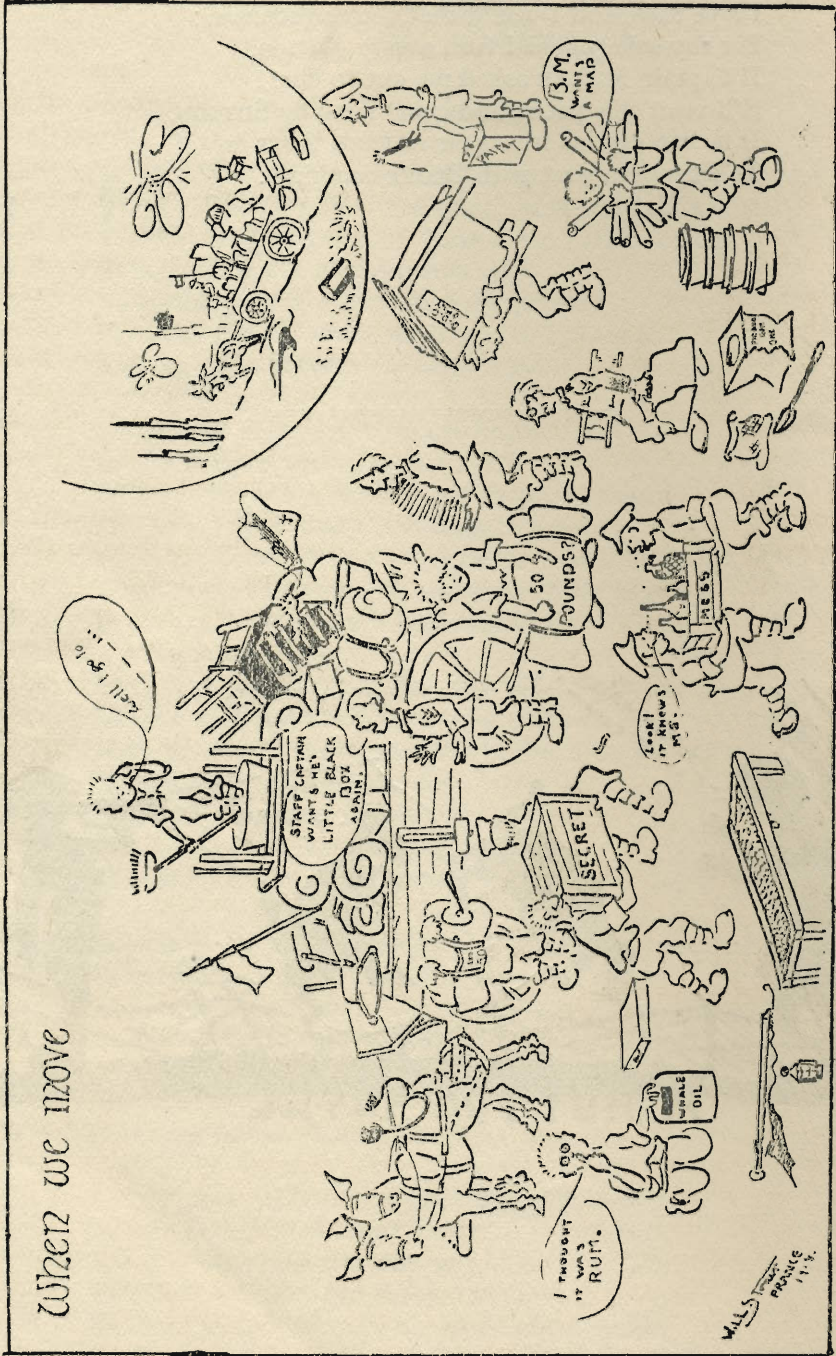
Here is no Corydon to stroke thy belly,  
 Or softly chide thee, when thy footsteps roam,  
 And when the sun sets (like red currant jelly)  
 No fickle Phyllis calls thee bleating home ;  
 Only a bugler blowing the *Reveillé*,  
 Some son of Cymry (home-address : Pwllheli),  
 Or dusky Indian chanting in the gloam.

Lo, the poor Indian must his tot of rum shun ;  
 In lieu, he has fresh meat on which to thrive ;  
 For this wert *thou* created—fair assumption ;  
 To S.S.O. thou art but sheep, one, live,  
 (So does he term thee in his crude presumption)  
 For Kubla Khan of Xanadu's consumption  
 Demanded, on an A.B. 55.

Then hail to thee, thou Living leg of Mutton !  
 I love thee, and I would that thou wert mine ;  
 For thy sake would I turn a very glutton,  
 If Captain MILLER asked me out to dine !  
 (I'll print this poem, and get it sung by SUTTON,  
 If he can egg his friend Sir ALFRED BUTT on  
 To let him in duet with BLORE combine).

H.

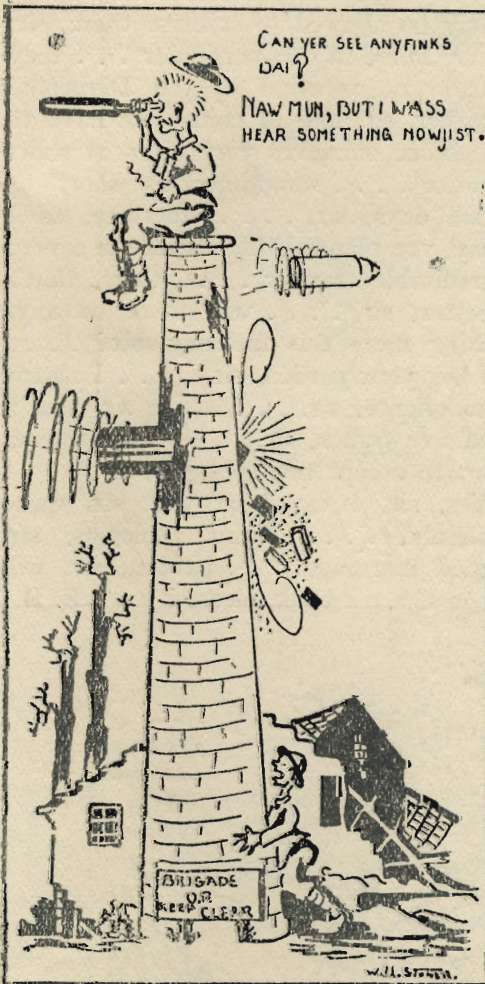




When we move

# The Royal Hair Force.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.



**G**OOD morning, General, lovely day, sir, if I may be allowed the liberty, sir,—I'm glad to see you in your usual high spirits, sir. Yes, sir, as you say the Division *has* done—er—sanguinarily well . . . and if I may say so, things have livened up remarkable, astonishingly remarkable, sir, . . . Yes, sir, even the Concert Party put on a new song last month,

and there was three cakes of soap in the Canteens. . . . Just a trim round, sir? . . . Yes, sir, I had a very good clientèle in Town, sir, including many of the Royal Family and the late A.D.C. . . . a remarkable man, the late A.D.C., sir, . . . and very artistic, sir. He told me he came out to France to study people, sir. . . . He it was who introduced me to this pomade, sir, . . . very fine pomade, sir. . . . He was quite wretched without a pot of this pomade, sir. . . . No, sir, he never travelled without pomade or a piano. He's back in England now, sir, studying himself, in Grosvenor Place—I'm thinking of taking my wife and children to stay with him, sir, after this trouble with Germany has settled down, sir.

May I singe the hair, sir? . . . Yes, sir, certainly, sir. . . . No, sir, I can't say I enjoy being out in France, sir, but being war time, sir, we must do what we can for the brave boys in the trenches, mustn't we, sir? . . . Yes, sir, . . . I really came out here for the comfort of the troops, and I must say, sir, I think my humble efforts have not gone unappreciated. . . . Have you seen anything of Sir Douglas lately, sir? . . . Yes, sir, in the old days I gave him many a vibro massage. . . . I should like to meet him again if he's passing this way; I'm sure he'd be pleased to see me just for old times' sake. I'm sorry to hear you've had some of your Staff down with the flu' lately, sir. . . . I can quite sympathise myself, sir,—I've even had my own staff down with it.

Nothing serious, sir, but it made me very shorthanded in the big advance, sir. . . . No, sir, quite a small staff, sir,—that's his haversack hanging up there, sir. . . . A shampoo, sir? . . . certainly, sir. . . . This war, sir, has played havoc with my profession, sir, whereas it has opened up great possibilities in your own, sir . . . no, sir, I do not intend to make the Army my permanent profession, sir, although I have received many communications on the subject. . . . Yes, sir, I refused a commission only last May. . . . No, sir, I mean a commission to cut an officer's hair, sir. . . . Face Massage, sir?—certainly, sir! . . . very refreshing, sir, a face massage. . . . I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to discontinue conversation during the operation. . . . The head well back, if you please, sir, . . . thank you. I think your operation orders, sir,

during this last push were admirably planned. . . . I always receive a copy sir, and your orders displayed great ability and common sense. . . . If I may be allowed to criticise them, sir, they failed in one particular . . . they made no mention of the Divisional barber, sir, and of course we have to mobilize ourselves very often at short notice . . . sometimes as short as two days, sir, . . . otherwise, as I say, you planned the advance in a very creditable manner . . . there, that's better, sir, . . . will there be anything more this morning, sir? . . . I beg your pardou, sir. . . . I meant no offence, sir. . . . Yes, sir, that'll be five francs, sir. . . . I pray you, sir, to accept my apologies, sir. . . . Yes, sir, I can hear you, sir, quite plainly. . . . Many apologies, sir, good morning . . . pardon, sir, will you sign the book, please? E. B.



OUR BILLET  
THINGS ARE QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



# Stop Press News.

BY ANY WAR CORRESPONDENT BEFORE THE GREAT OFFENSIVE.



**T**O-DAY there is heavy rain in the North of France. The clouds have been gathering for days past. And that is a process which nearly always leads to a downfall of rain. We, who are out here, know what rain means. It comes down not one drop at a time, but many, many drops together. When a large number of drops of sufficient size have accumulated in a given shell-hole, that hole becomes a pool, a slough, a morass, a swamp. And when a sufficient number of shell holes have been similarly treated, the landscape resembles first an archipelago, then a lake, then a sea, then an ocean.

In fact, the place is like a bathroom when the tap has been left running. That seems a fantastic thing to say. It is true, nevertheless.

But we, who are out here, know what a difference rain makes. Every drop that falls on the German Army wets it. It wets the soldier marching on the road. It wets him even when he stops marching. And think what that means. An intelligent prisoner brought in the other day by some Australians (old friends of mine) frankly admitted that the German Army is entirely destitute of umbrellas.

## STRATEGICS.

There is one question which is filling the minds of all men out here. They don't talk about it, but you can read their thoughts by the stealthy way they walk about, and the firm set of their mouths. The question is: What will the enemy do next? Nobody knows. Even I, who am out here, do not know. But one thing I can tell you for certain. If the enemy initiates a big offensive in the next few days, it will be because that is part of his general plan. If he does not do so, you may take it from me either that such an offensive was not part of his general plan, or that his general plan has been altered. An intelligent German prisoner recently taken by a kilted regiment (old friends of mine) is in entire agreement with my views on this question.

If the enemy attacks in the North—on the old battlefields of Flanders—he will wander into a weary waste of waters where slimy streams and sloppy shell-holes merge mysteriously into meandering morasses of multitudinous mud. If he turns his attention Southwards, to the almost as old battlefields of the Somme, I for one shall not complain, as I shall be able to work off my bronzed hero line again. I do not know how it is, but somehow the bronzed hero (who is invariably clean limbed) always goes best in a Southern setting. He loves to move up to the front through smiling villages which nestle on wooded slopes. There must be a suggestion of music somewhere. Throw in a few brave but tearful demoiselles; add roses of Picardy according to taste — and you have the picture complete.

#### THE LOOK OF VICTORY.

There is victory in the air. The other day I was passing through a village when I noticed three officers seated on a bench outside an estaminet. The first was a gunner officer belonging to the Royal Artillery, the second was a sapper officer of the Royal Engineers, and the third was a flying officer attached to the Royal Air Force. The gunner had a steady far-away look as of one used to gaze upon far horizons; the sapper had—well, the sort of look that goes with sapping; while the flying officer was the exact counterpart of the well-known gentleman in the advertisement who would like to kick the intrusive Aberdeen Terrier, but daren't because of the girl. "Good-morning," I said, "How goes it?" For answer they took their pipes from their mouths (except the flying officer who, of course, was smoking a cigarette)

and looked at me. It was the look of victory. I, who am out here, know what that means. Since I have been out here, I have looked into the faces of many different men, at many different times, in many different places—in trenches, in leave trains, in balloons, in American bars, in Divisional bath-tubs, and I reckon myself a specialist in this line. I know and value the kind of look these officers gave me. If looks can kill, we shall never lose this war.

#### NATURE STUDY.

I had nearly forgotten the birds. No article of mine is complete without the birds. If there is a battle, they take up their position in No Man's Land, and any good War Correspondent can always hear the sweet strains of their song above the myriad roar of battle and the noisy folly of struggling men. If there is no battle, you can still (metaphorically) trot out the birds. In the latter case, their song is the only sound which breaks the deathlike stillness of the trenches and disturbs the fitful slumbers of the C.O. As I sit now at my billet window and let my gaze wander—after dodging the neighbouring manure dump—over the smiling valleys and jocular downs to the infinite sadness of the distant horizon, I am suddenly recalled to myself by the song of a bird. A sparrow sits upon my window-sill and twitters. What or why he twitters, Heaven only knows. He just twitters and twitters, and when he finishes twittering he begins to twitter again. And a new and beautiful thought comes to me through the deepening dusk—the thought of the universal kinship of Nature. After all, there is not much difference between a sparrow and a War Correspondent. H.

# Military Modes.

By "A.D.C."

A VERY stylish "tunicette" has just been created by the famous firm of Dope and Madly. It is fashioned from the most exquisitely-woven *marmozet* khaki, and has a slight "moue" of unpronounced finesse shaped immediately beneath the ninth vertebral ossum.

In my opinion, it is this exclusive feature that lends such an air of distinction to the whole sartorial evolution (for it is a sheer triumph of the cutter's genius). In place of the old-fashioned breast pocket there has been substituted a copious "wallet" of weasle-skin, with a narrow braiding of bastard fox. The whole effect of this innovation is neat, but not gaudy (as the monkey said). *No* Sam Browne can possibly be worn with this "tunicette." It would detract from the delicious *tout ensemble* with its concomitant *coup* of platinum "studlets" (marshalled in groups of eight at 9/10ths of an inch interval).

The shoulder straps are linked to the main body of the "tunicette" by means of a gilt *soltaire* (obtainable from Asprey's, Ltd., for the modest sum of 35 guineas).

Breeches (or more correctly "Breechings") are at present undergoing a revolutionary change. In future, these must be manufactured in quite striking shades. A very delectable "pantalon aux genoux" is at present being exhibited in the windows of Messrs. Dope and Madly, and is making

a big bid for popularity that seems likely to justify the ingenuity displayed in its design. The strappings are of puce antelope, lozenge-shaped in contour, rising not more than 6½ inches above the patella. This imports a *distingué* air to the wearer.

The very latest leggings (according to authentic reports) are made of lilac-tinted crocodile with repoussé markings of the family crest stamped in *bas relief*. Spurs are to be worn upside down and inside out. Saluting is now bad form. Collars of starched jute (in pink or white) are *de rigueur*. In place of the out-of-date tie-pin, a chain of gold and pearls of tiny calibre should link up the embroidered "incisions" passing round the neck (via the second coral button below the studhole on the "shirting") and ending in two pear-shaped terminals at the back of the ears. (N.B.—Ears are to be worn in flaccid folds and not too pink.) The old glove has now died its natural death (as I predicted in my last issue). It has very wisely abdicated in favour of the *gauntlet* which now holds unflinching sway in ultra correct circles. The *gauntlet* is made of carefully tanned, pea-green marabout (which almost extinct mammal must be caught and tamed in its infancy at the age of five months three days and one hour). The wearer of these exclusive features must be up the pole by mid-day and down again not later than 9.0 a.m. the following morning.

# The Little Grey Books.

[WITH APOLOGIES TO A LARGE NUMBER OF DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE.]

I AM writing this article from the highest possible motives. If I didn't say that, you might think it was an Advertisement. But, of course, it must be an Article, because it is printed like one.

No doubt, gentle reader, you have heard all about the 45 Generals and 67 Admirals who have taken the course. It will not, therefore, be necessary for me to refer to them. In any case, that is by the way. The real value of the system does not lie in that fact, nor yet in the further fact (to which I merely allude *en passant*) that 400,000 other ranks have done precisely the same thing. By this time you must have realised that this is not an Advertisement. It is a psycho-physiological essay.

I was asking myself the other day why it is that some men get on in life and others don't; why some men, such as lieutenants, only get a few hundreds a year; others, like Prime Ministers, a few thousand only; while a few, Cinema-actors and the like, draw their tens of thousands. I repeat, I was just asking myself this question. I wasn't thinking of the system at all. Suddenly the truth flashed upon me! And the truth is so portentous that I should be wanting in my duty as a public character, if I did not aspire to share my discovery with my less fortunate fellow-men.

I will impart my revelation through the medium of a little personal history. It so happens that I have a friend in the army. He is, as a matter of fact, a General. Three years ago he was a batman. Last week I chanced to take tea with him and, in course of an inspiring conversation, I had occasion to ask him to what he attributed his rapid rise. He answered not a word, but to my surprise and joy he produced from his pocket a little grey book, tapped it and smiled at me. (You know the smile; one sees it on the face of the youth in the Advts., with the £10,000 brain; all *successful* users of the system have it). I smiled back at him, and without suggestion on either side we slowly and reverently repeated together the first half of the wonderful Fourteenth Lesson.

Talking of the army reminds me (as it would anyone trained in the system) of the navy. I have, strange to say, a cousin in the navy. I hadn't seen him since 1914, when I remember him as a middy. I dined with him yesterday. I may say that he is an Admiral now. Our converse touched on the interesting question of quick promotion, and I asked him casually over a glass of port from what moment he dated his own somewhat speedy advancement. "Ah," said he, in his jolly sailor way, "I shall never forget that moment. It was one morning when I woke up to find that

I could rattle off all the Kings of Israel and Judah without a mistake. Within three weeks I was an Admiral." "And have you any hopes," said I, my voice trembling with emotion the while, "of still further promotion?" "Well," said he, "They do say that Beatty is getting tired, and, though I hardly like to mention myself in such a connection, I may tell you that yesterday I *nearly* succeeded in reciting "We are seven" backwards."

I left his presence fired with a missionary zeal. I thought of the thousands of sailormen who would now be Admirals all, if only they had *known*. I thought of the millions of Tommies, whom the little grey books could, if

they were allowed, transform into Field Marshals in a few short months. And at this point I saw a wounded soldier approaching me. "My friend," I cried, "let me give you a little grey book." "Why, what's it for, Guv'nor?" he replied, "Is it a tract?" "No," said I, "it is something which" . . . . I tried to put the great doctrine into a few simple words . . . . "Something which will help you to remember." "No use to me, guv'nor," said he, "What I want is something to help me to forget." I'm sure there's a counter to that, but I couldn't remember it at the time. I must study the little grey books again.

H.



# The Dragon Press.

AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SPLENDID NEW FICTION.

- THE NARROW SHAVE** .. .. . By *Hans Ford*.  
 "This hair-raising episode makes us tremble."—*The Quiver*.  
 "The hero is a blood-thirsty young blade."—*Spectator*.  
 "We like the cutting iron-y."—*The New Statesman*.  
 "The story of a bare-faced crime."—*The Western Mail*.
- PORK AND BEANS** .. .. . By *the S.S.O.*  
 "Goes the whole hog."—*Chicago Advertiser*.  
 "Absorbing."—*Daily Mail*.
- SOLES** .. .. . By *Lt.-Col. Leman*.  
 "Very tasty."—*The Athenæum*.
- A LITTLE GAME OF NAP** .. .. . By *the Claims Officer*.  
 "The author plays his cards well—he is up to all kinds of tricks."—*Sporting Times*.  
 "The Knave comes out top every time."—*Barmouth Advertiser*.
- BUBBLES** .. .. . By *Lt. Eric Blower*.  
 "These frail beauties."—*The Sphere*.
- THE SILENT STREAM** .. .. . By *Lt.-Col. Brooke*.  
 (Pictures of current life.)  
 "Somewhat fishy in parts."—*The Yorkshire Post*.
- LOCH LOMOND** .. .. . By *the Bonny Bankes*.
- SWAMPED** .. .. . By *Lt. Marsh*.  
 "An overwhelming tragedy."—*Land and Water*.  
 "Nous sommes tous dans le lac."—*Le Petit Parisien*.
- A LITTLE COMEDY** .. .. . By *an ex-Camp Commandant*.  
 A faithful picture of camp life in Stuart times.
- THE DERELICT** .. .. . By *Brig.-Gen. Hulke*.
- THE ANCRE WADE** .. .. . By *Lt.-Col. Helme*.  
 "The author has a stern sense of honour."—*The Tatler*.
- A TOPPING TALE** .. .. . By *the C.R.A.*  
 "Fulfils all the canons."—*The Commonwealth*.  
 "Plenty of Fire."—*The Sketch*.
- THE VILLA** .. .. . By *Major Aston*.  
 "A Signal achievement."—*English Review*.
- THE RIGHT DIVINE** .. .. . By *Major King*.
- THE SNAKE CHARMER** .. .. . By *Major-Gen. Blackadder*.  
 "A tale with a rattle."—*The Sportsman*.
- A PLEASANT LEA** .. .. . By *the A.A. and Q.M.G.*  
 "The author never hedges."—*The Star*.

- THE LITTLE MINISTER** .. .. . By Lt. Kirk.
- HOT CAKES** .. .. . By Major Cook.  
 "Takes the Bun."—*The Academy*.  
 "A book to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."—*The Church Times*.
- IN THE GRIP OF BEELZEBUB** .. .. . By O.C. Flies.  
 "A creepy tale."—*Truth*.
- NINEPENCE FOR FOURPENCE** .. .. . By O.C. Train.  
 "Fee-nominal."—*The Financial Times*.  
 By the same Author—"A MERVILLOUS NIGHT."
- THE LEOPARD'S POTTS** .. .. . By the Intelligence Officer.  
 "This cleverly camouflaged tale."—*The Bookman*.
- THE WASH ON THE RHINE** .. A Clean Tale by John Williams.  
 "The hero is far from Seine."—*The Echo*.  
 "Bound to a-Meuse."—*Punch*.
- GINGER** .. .. . By Major Spicer.  
 "Hot Stuff."—*British Medical Journal*.
- SEA-SHELLS** .. "Explosive Yarns" By Brigade Major, R.F.A.  
 "Every story goes with a pop."—*West Cumberland Times*.  
 "Like a series of special reports."—*British Weekly*.  
 "No Duds here."—*Morning Post*.  
 "We have been forcibly struck by this book."—*Manchester Guardian*.
- THE YELLOW PERIL** .. .. . By the Gas Officer.  
 "Brings Tears to our eyes."—*Daily Telegraph*.  
 "Takes your breath away."—*The Nation*.  
 "This is mustard."—*Yorkshire Post*.  
 By the same Author—"THE MAN IN THE MASK."
- WATT—AGAIN?..** Leaves from the Note-book of an A.S.C. Major.  
 "We like the amusing story of the Aberdeen Terrier."—*The Cambrian News*.
- BOBBY'S FEAT** .. .. . By Captain Constable.  
 "This novel goes to the root of things."—*The Era*.
- THE RAKE'S PROGRESS** .. By the Corps Agricultural Officer  
 (Author of "THE KING OF SPADES.")  
 "A harrowing story"—*The Daily News*.  
 "A fertile plot."—*Y Dydd*.
- "GEE!"** .. .. . By "Q"  
 "This is the staff to give 'em."—*John Bull*.
- DOWN IN THE DUMPS** .. .. . By John Godsall.
- THE EIGHT BUTTONS** .. A Tale of High-Life. By Major Greenfield.  
 "A priceless effort."—*Tailor and Cutter*.
- "THE TRAIN LEAVES——"** .. .. . By a Passenger.  
 "Far too many full stops."—*Anon*.

## Poetry.

**REMEMBER BELGIUM!** .. .. . *By One who can't forget it.*

## Travel.

**MY HOLIDAYS IN FRANCE** .. .. . *By An Actor.*

The author, well-known to theatre-goers in the Division, has fortunately found time amid his more pressing engagements, to pay several visits to France this year. He records his experiences with much verve. There is a freshness about his point of view and a charm in his novel outlook which should appeal strongly to all those whose appreciation of the country has been dulled by long familiarity.

## Ye Compleat Wangler.

BY AN OLDE HAND.

"A right goodlie booke."—*Bishop of London.*

### INTRODUCTION.

Ye horrible effects of Warre on Men's Morals—Ethicks of Wangling—Example of Jacob, Esau and ye Messe of Potage—Wangling as an intellectual diversion—As an antidote to fed-upnesse—As a very present help in tyme of trouble—As a means to ye goode thynges of thys World—Doubts as to its value in ye nexte.

### PART I.—OF CUSHIE JOBBES.

Ye friend at ye Office of Warre—Commandyng Officers, how best approacht—They're wives, how flattered—They're Adjutants, how corrupted—Ye Aunt who married wt a Generall—Ye Medicall Officer and hys possibilities—Ye feigning of illnesse, fittes, vapours and such lyke—How not to overdoe yt—Ye advantages of being a Civill servant—How to become a maker of Munitions of Warre—Or a Member of ye Parliament.

### PART II.—OF PROMOTIONS AND DECORATIONS.

Ye noble Art of looking busy—Value of Spitte and Polische—Affabilitie to Superiors—Ye Dinner Party—A lytel drink—Another lytel drink—Ye skilfull hint—Ye gentle reminder—Ye tearfull petition—ye powerful protest—Ye threat—Ye letter to "Ye Times"—Marrying ye Colonel's daughter, a goode wheeze—Marrying the Generall's daughter, a better one.

### PART III.—OF LEAVE.

Parable of ye importunate widow—Use of magic, potions, philtres, not allowed by ye Churche—Ye legitimate stratagems—Ye telegramme from Home—Police, how squar'd—Sicknesse of grandmother, not a cause—Fondnesse for mother-in-lawe, not a cause—sorrow at death of ye domestick catte, not a cause—Ye "reasons of busyness"—Partners, how poisoned—Ye leave call'd Agricultural—How to looke like a farmer—How to purchase three acres wt a cowe—Extra dayes, how wangled—Editynge ye Divisionall Souvenir, a goode pretexte—Missing ye trayne atte Victoria—Missing ye skiff atte Folkestone—Incorruptibilitie of R.T.O.'s and A.M.L.O.'s an obstacle—Reasons for thys they're high birth and greate station—how to circumvent them—ye Policie of Bluffe—ye big cigar and ye merrie Tale—Another lytel drink—Ye penalties to be pay'd on return—Ye Stoick philosophy best.

### PART IV.—OF WANGLING OUT OF YE WARRE.

(Suppress'd by ye Censor.)



## Personal.

**FERDIE**—Come back. All will be forgiven.—*Willie.*

**WILLIE**—Rats.—*Ferdie.*

**NANCY**—Good bye-ee-ee.—*Ludie.*

\* \* \* \* \*

**WILL** anyone help a SICK MAN who, through falling into BAD COMPANY, has lost nearly all his POSSESSIONS? He has been for many years resident in EUROPE, but is of ASIATIC origin, and the climate does not agree with him. He would be glad of any help to enable him to get back safely to his NATIVE DESERTS.

Apply ABDUL, CONSTANTINOPLE (T.F.N.)

\* \* \* \* \*

**WANTED**—Thoroughly experienced NURSE for eldest child; very unmanageable; feeble-minded; wants watching. Apply, with references, to Mrs. H. POTSDAM PALACE.

\* \* \* \* \*

**WANTED**—Peace at any Price. Armistices and separate Peaces favourably considered. State your own terms and apply at once (if not sooner) to Box—Up, BERLIN. Paper guarantees offered. Our Mr. LENIN will call. Also GOOD GENERAL, used to cleaning up. Same address.

\* \* \* \* \*

**LOST**—In 1914, a Sense of Honour. If found return to the GERMAN PEOPLE.

\* \* \* \* \*

**LOST**—In July, an Initiative. Supposed to be now in the possession of a person answering to the name of FOCH. Messrs. HINDENBURG and LUDENDORFF would give a good deal for its recovery.

\* \* \* \* \*

**LOST**—In September, between Jerusalem and Damascus, a fine set of TAIL FEATHERS. Apply TURKEY.

\* \* \* \* \*

# Preliminary Announcement

OF

## Forthcoming Sale.

**Messrs. HOHENZOLLERN and HOHENZOLLERN** wish to dispose (by private Treaty, if possible) of that **CHARMING** Country Estate, known as **ALSACE-LORRAINE**. Present owner, who has been in occupation for nearly 50 years, is giving up the place under the pressure of reduced circumstances brought about by the War. The premises have a fine **FRONT**. The **RENTS** are considerable, as the locality is a favourite one with American visitors, who may be relied upon to settle their accounts punctually. Good shooting all the year round. The secluded character of the district makes it suitable for gentleman of a **RETIRING** disposition. In fact, the owner, whose religious propensities are well-known, had decided to make a **RETREAT** here when he was interrupted by the aforesaid circumstances.

—:O:—

ALSO of that desirable **SEASIDE RESIDENCE**, known as the **TIRPITZ BUNGLE-OH!** including an elegant Naval Officers' **MESSUAGE**, situated at **OSTEND**. Former tenant writes :—

"I regret that an attack of cold feet and shooting pains in the back and flank have obliged me to leave this delightful spot. The climate here is very warm. At times, indeed, I have known it extremely hot. There are many attractions. In particular, the occasional visits of the British Fleet have provided a pleasing excitement. The town is within easy reach of **ZEEBRUGGE**, where the pier is noted for its periodical displays of fireworks. Nor shall I ever forget the **KEYES-TONE** drama at "**THE MOLE**." I should, perhaps, add that the local inhabitants manifest a very independent spirit, and require firm handling."

\* \* \* \* \*

DO YOU SUFFER FROM **GERMAN MEASLES?**

TRY THE **FOCH TREATMENT**.

**ALL OFFENSIVE** *Symptoms stopped at once.*

A **CROWN PRINCE** writes :—

"For years I suffered from **SWELLED HEAD**, and my fingers were always **ITCHING** to be in other people's pockets. My **CHEEK** was indescribable. Six months ago I submitted myself to the **FOCH TREATMENT**. All my symptoms have now disappeared. I cannot speak too highly of the constant **FRICTION** and frequent **LEG-PULLS** which form part of the system. Dr. **FOCH** tells me that I shall soon be home again. Papa will be so pleased to see me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Have **U** that **RUTHLESS** feeling?

**SUBMARINE SICKNESS** INSTANTLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED.

LOW CHARGES. GUARANTEED NO RETURN.

Underwrite at once to the—

**JOHN JELLY CO.**

(Introducers of the famous "**Bee**" Tea).

Telegraphic Address: Kiel or cure.

# Peggy's Postbag.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TONSORIAL.— You cannot sue an anonymous author. Our advice to you is to go bald-headed for the publishers.

D.A.A.G.—(1) Glad to hear your Orchestra is going strong. What tune does he play? (2) There is no such thing as a Widgeon Pin.

A.D.C.—No. You cannot wear gold breeches with a pink tunic.

COLONEL.—Many thanks for Canoe and Howitzers. Regret we cannot take your Tank at present, but hope to accommodate small whippet later on.

ANXIOUS ONE.—(1) Yes. The interview with the Dragon is supposed to be funny. (2) Quite. We believe there is a special room for writers at Colney Hatch.

CANTEENS.—You cannot help your hair. Don't lose your (rail)head over a promiscuous acquaintance.

B.T.O.—Don't worry. Hair is not the only thing, after all, and don't believe all G. R. Sims says. *Rub a little whisky in it.*

ENQUIRER.—You want to know what that poem in Welsh means? We haven't the remotest idea.

GIRLIE.—What will happen when the Dragon puts his foot down? *Paws* in the fighting, of course. (Later: Now that the war is over, the correct answer is—*Claws* in the Treaty.)

131 Field Ambulance.

7. 2. 19.

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James B. Sproule

J. E. Davies

W. D. Davies, M.D.

W. H. Armstrong

Grant Duiqwall.



The autograph on the front page of this souvenir  
is that of

H. R. H. Edward, Prince of Wales.

written by him in presence of the above officers  
during his Inspection of 131 Field ambulance on  
7<sup>th</sup> February 1919.

at

LONGUEAU CHATEAU

FRANCE

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