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## The Bystander's Fragments from France. [Vol. I]

Bairnsfather, Bruce. 1887-

London: "The Bystander" Tallis House, Whitefriars, & 190, Strand, [s.d.]

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THE BYSTANDER'S

# FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE



*"Well, If you knows of a better 'ole, Go to it."*

*B*

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

1/-  
NET

# He needs a "Swan" Pen

Is it not certain that when your soldier friend concludes his letter with the words "Excuse pencil," he would appreciate the gift of a "Swan" Fountpen? Send him one to-day. He will admire your forethought and you will better enjoy his letters, for they will be more readable—and longer.

## THE "SWAN" FOUNT PEN

has no valves or levers to adjust—nothing to wear or get out of order. The reservoir holds a large supply of ink, and when fluid ink is unobtainable, it can be "loaded" with "Swan" Ink Tablets and water. 40 Tablets in Nickel Tube cost 6d.

OF ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS

Safety Pattern, with Screw-on Cap.  
May be carried in any position.  
From 12/6 up.

Standard Pattern, with Slip-on Cap.  
To be carried upright.  
From 10/6 up.

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., 79 & 80 High Holborn, W.C.  
38 Cheapside, E.C.; 95A and 204 Regent St., W., London; 3 Exchange St., Manchester;  
Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. London Factory—319-329 Weston St., S.E.  
Associated House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.

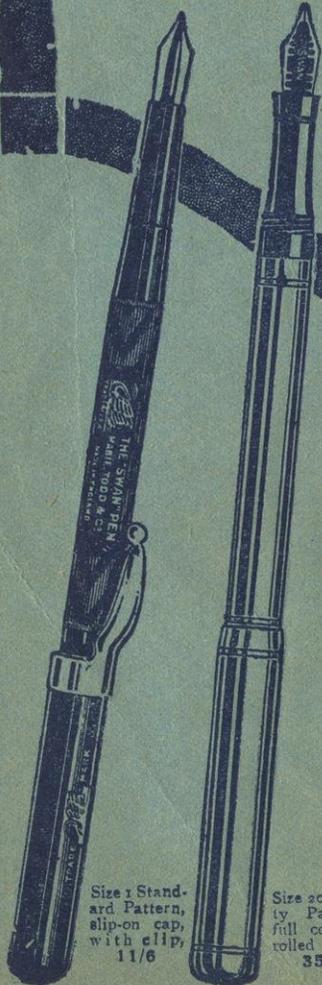
*No war-time advance in prices of "Swan" Pens though other makes have been put up about 20% without, however, any change in the pens,—just 20% increase for nothing.*

*Write for Illustrated Catalogue.*



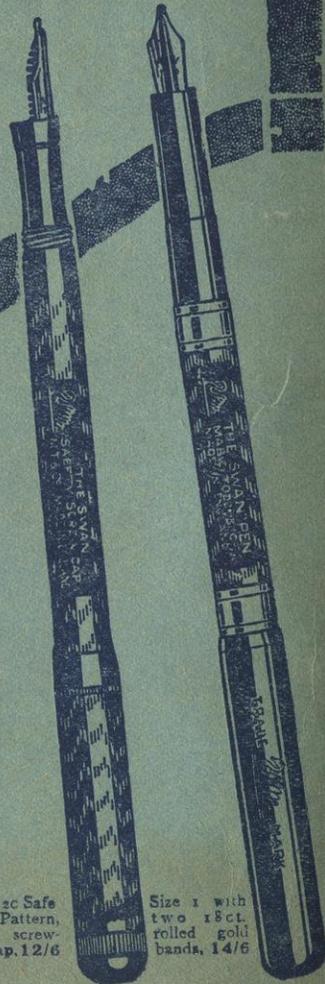
*A dealer sending a "Swan" back for adjustment writes:—*

*"We send you a Bz "Safety Pen" which a wounded soldier has just brought in. We shall be glad if you will have it put right for him, as he has a great esteem for the pen, and declares that he would not part with it for ten pounds, as it is the only thing he carried through the Gallipoli campaign and brought back with him in a whole and sound condition.*



Size 1 Standard Pattern, slip-on cap, with clip, 11/6

Size 2c Safety Pattern, full covered rolled gold, 35/-



Size 2c Safety Pattern, with screw-on cap, 12/6

Size 1 with two 18ct. rolled gold bands, 14/6

*"THE BYSTANDER'S"*  
**FRAGMENTS  
FROM FRANCE**

By  
**CAPTAIN  
BRUCE  
BAIRNSFATHER**



*PUBLISHED BY*

*"THE BYSTANDER"*

TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, E.C. 4, & 190, STRAND,  
LONDON, W.C. 2

# FOREWORD

By the Editor of "The Bystander."



WHEN Tommy went out to the great war, he went smiling, and singing the latest ditty of the halls. The enemy scowled. War, said his professors of kultur and his hymnsters of hate, could never be waged in the Tipperary spirit, and the nation that sent to the front soldiers who sang and laughed must be the very decadent England they had all along denounced as unworthy of world-power.

I fear the enemy will be even more infuriated when he turns over the pages of this book. In it the spirit of the British citizen soldier, who, hating war as he hated hell, flocked to the colours to have his whack at the apostles of blood and iron, is translated to cold and permanent print. Here is the great war reduced to grim and gruesome absurdity. It is not fun poked by a mere looker-on; it is the fun felt in the war by one who has been through it.

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather has stayed at that "farm" which is portrayed in the double page of the book; he has endured that shell-swept "ole" that is depicted on the cover; he has watched the disappearance of that "blinkin' parapet" shown on one page; has had his hair cut under fire as shown on another. And having been through it all, he has just put down what he has seen and heard and felt and smelt and—laughed at.

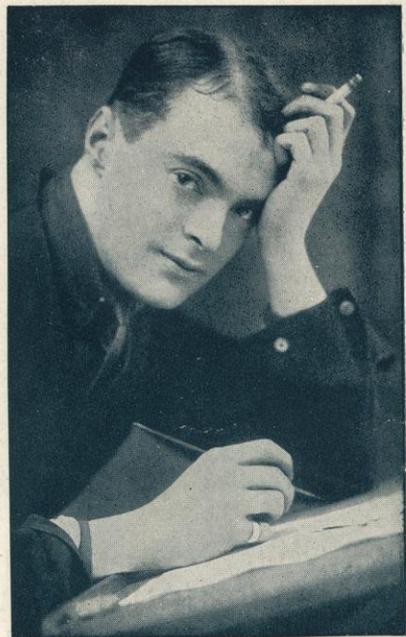
Captain Bairnsfather went to the front in no mood of a "chiel takin' notes." It was the notes that took him. Before the war, some time a regular soldier, some time an engineer, he had little other idea than to sketch for mischief, on walls and shirt cuffs, and tablecloths. Without the war he might never have put pencil to paper for publication. But the war insisted.

It is not for his mere editor to forecast his vogue in posterity. Naturally I hope it will be a lasting one, but I am prejudiced. Let me, however, quote a letter which reached Captain Bairnsfather from somewhere in France:

"Twenty years after peace has been declared there will be no more potent stimulus to the recollections of an old soldier than your admirable sketches of trench life. May I, with all deference, congratulate you on your humour, your fidelity, your something-else not easily defined—I mean your power of expressing in black and white a condition of mind."

I hope that this forecast is a true one. If this sketch-book is worthy to outlast the days of the war, and to be kept for remembrance on the shelves of those who have lived through it, it will have done its bit. For will it not be a standing reminder of the *ingloriousness* of war, its preposterous absurdity, and of its futility as a means of settling the affairs of nations?

When the ardent Jingo of the day after to-morrow rattles the sabre, let there be somewhere handy a copy of "Fragments from France" that can be opened in front of him, at any page, just to remind him of what war is really like as it is fought in "civilised" times.



Camera Portrait.

Hoppé.

THE EDITOR OF THE BYSTANDER.

CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



"Where did that one go to?"

What is this slimy dismal hole  
 Where oft I'm lurking like a mole  
 And cursing Germans heart and soul?  
 My Dug-Out

Where is it that beneath the floor  
 The water's rising more and more  
 And where the roof's a broken door?  
 My Dug-Out



?

Where is it that I try to sleep  
 Betwixt alarms, when up I leap  
 And dash through water four feet deep?  
 My Dug-Out

Bruce  
 Rainsfather

Where is it that I'll catch a chill  
 And lose my only quinine pill  
 And probably remain until —  
 I'm dug out?  
 My Dug-Out

My Dug-Out: A lay of the trenches



### That Evening Star-shell.

"Oh, star of eve, whose tender beam  
Falls on my spirit's troubled dream."

—*Wolfram's Aria in "Tannhäuser."*



"They've evidently seen me."



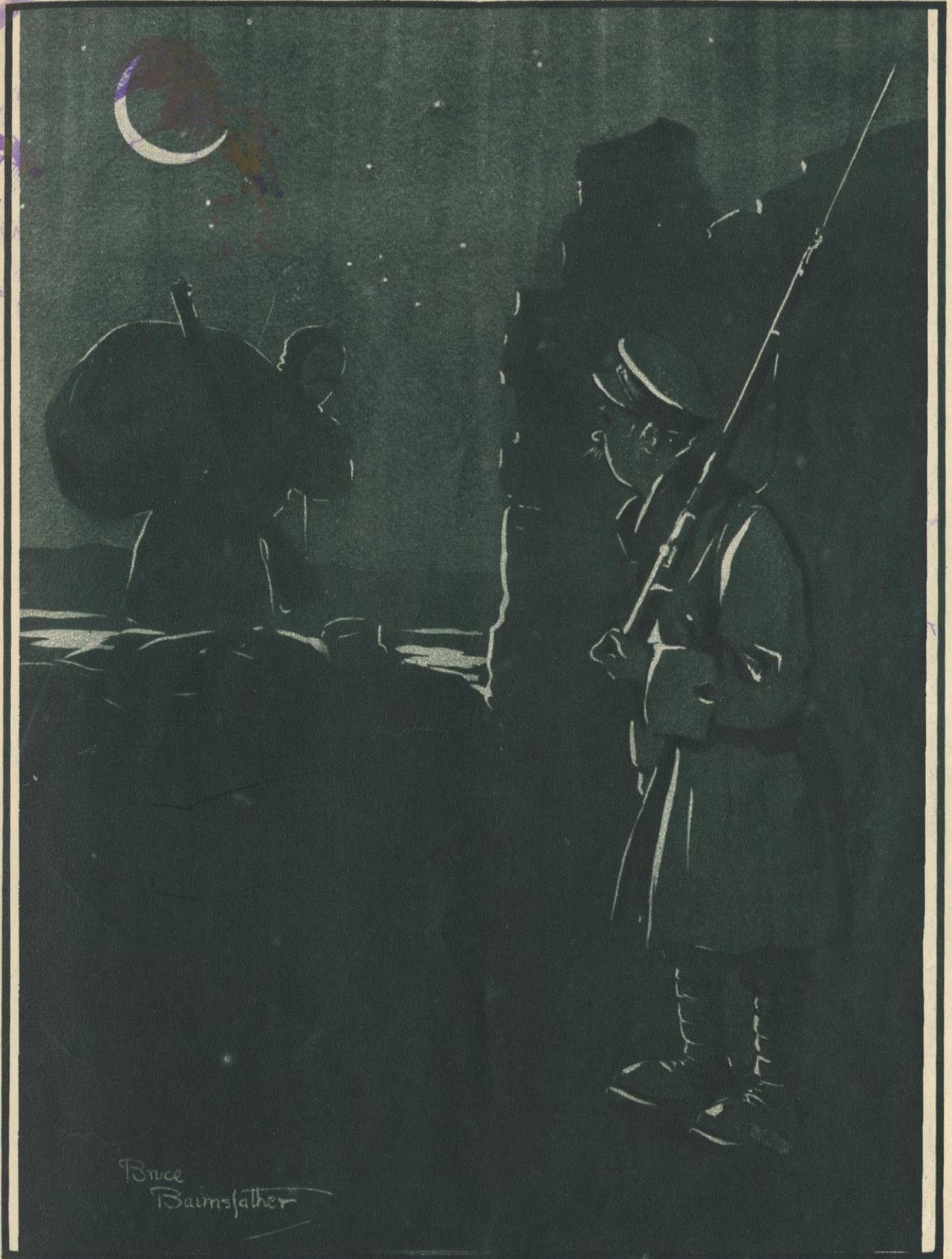
### Situation Shortly Vacant.

In an old-fashioned house in France an opening will shortly occur for a young man, with good prospects of getting a rise.



### The Tactless Teuton.

A member of the Gravediggers' Corps joking with a private in the Orphans' Battalion, prior to a frontal attack.



### No Possible Doubt Whatever.

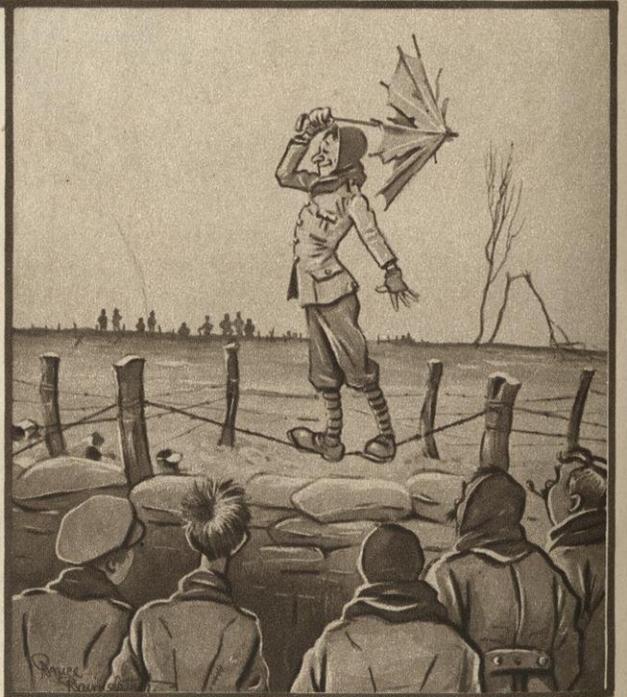
Sentry: "'Alt! Who goes there?"

He of the Bundle: "You shut yer \_\_\_\_\_ mouth, or I'll \_\_\_\_\_ come  
and knock yer \_\_\_\_\_ head off!"

Sentry: "Pass, friend!"



"Gott strafe this barbed wire"



### Our Adaptable Armies

Private Jones (late "Zogitoff," the comedy wire artist) appreciably reduces the quantity of hate per yard of frontage



"Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."



### A Proposal in Flanders.

The point of Jean's pitchfork awakens a sense of duty in a mine that shirked.



### A Maxim Maxim.

"Fire should be withheld till a favourable target presents itself."



### So Obvious.

The Young and Talkative One: "Who made that 'ole?"  
The Fed-up One: "Mice."



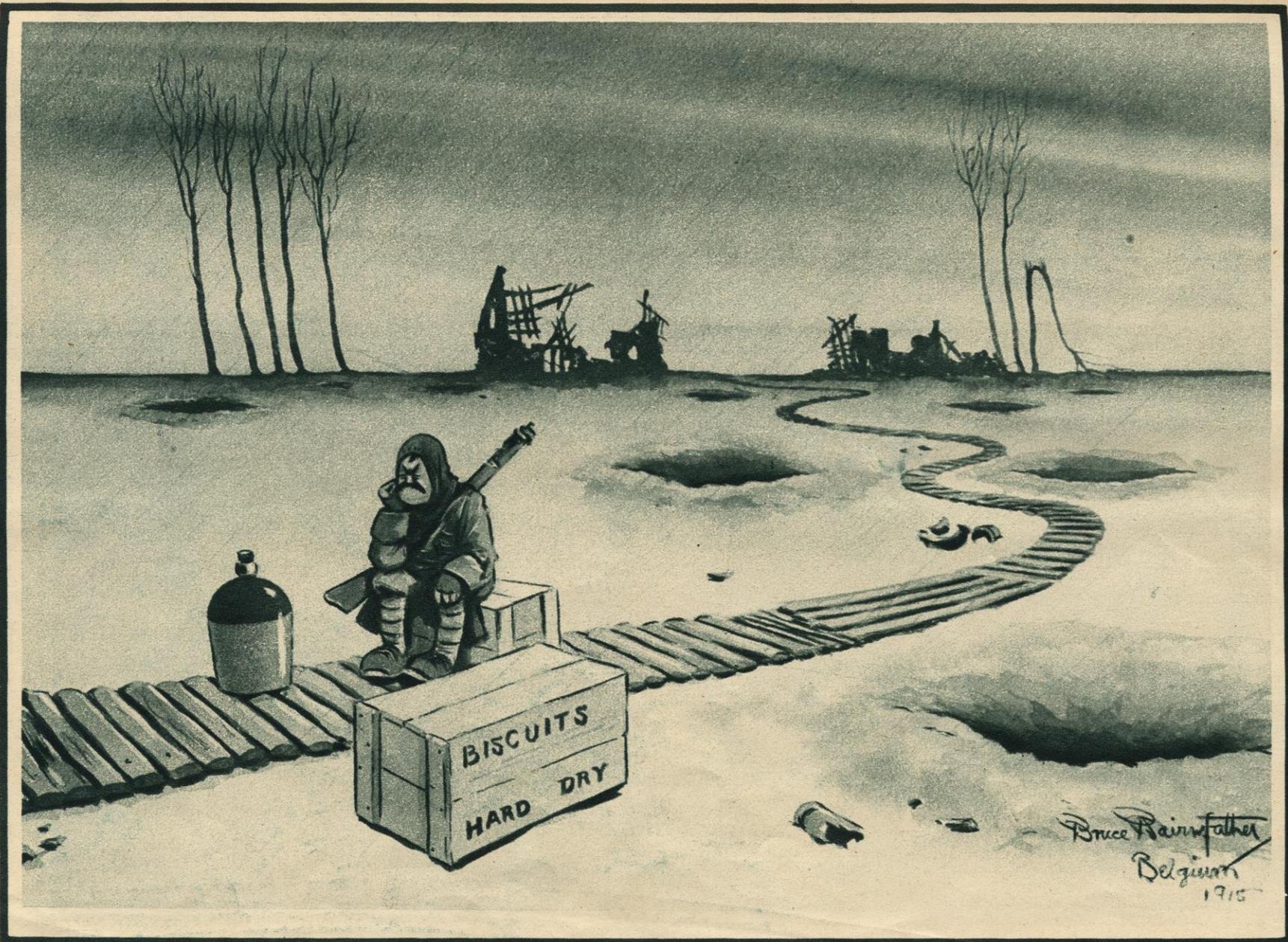
### The Fatalist.

"I'm sure they'll 'ear this damn thing squeakin'."



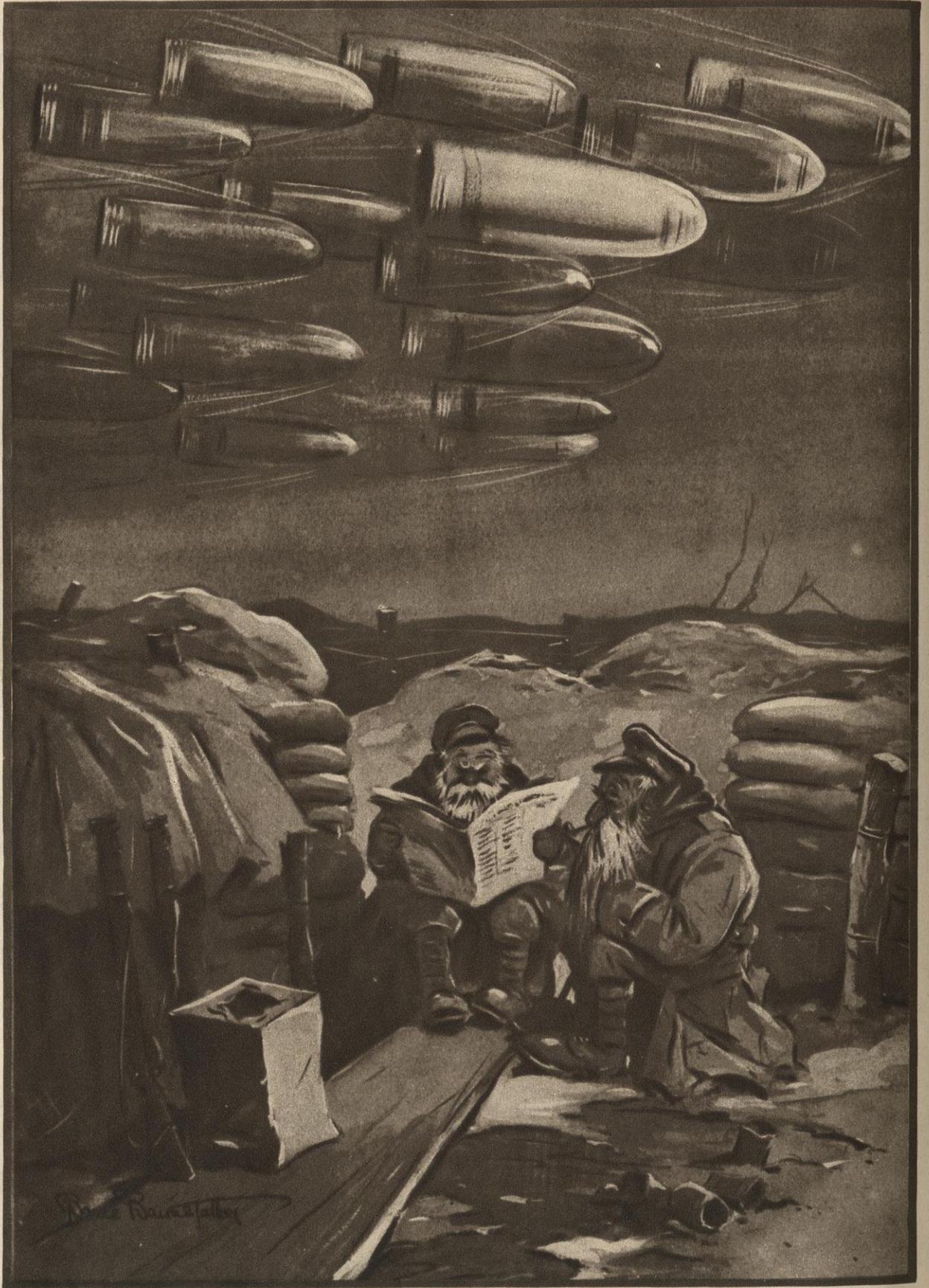
### Keeping His Hand In.

Private Smith, the company bomber, formerly "Shinio," the popular juggler, frequently causes considerable anxiety to his platoon.



Bruce Rainwater  
Belgium  
1915

" ——— these ——— rations."



A.D. Nineteen Fifty.

"I see the War Babies' Battalion is a coming out."



### Frustrated Ingenuity.

Owing to dawn breaking sooner than he anticipated, that inventive fellow, Private Jones, has a trying time with his latest creation, "The Little Plugstreet," the sniper's friend.



Dear \_\_\_\_\_

"At present we are staying at a farm . . . ."



### Directing the Way at the Front.

"Yer knows the dead 'orse 'cross the road? Well, keep straight on till yer comes to a p'rambulator 'longside a Johnson 'ole."

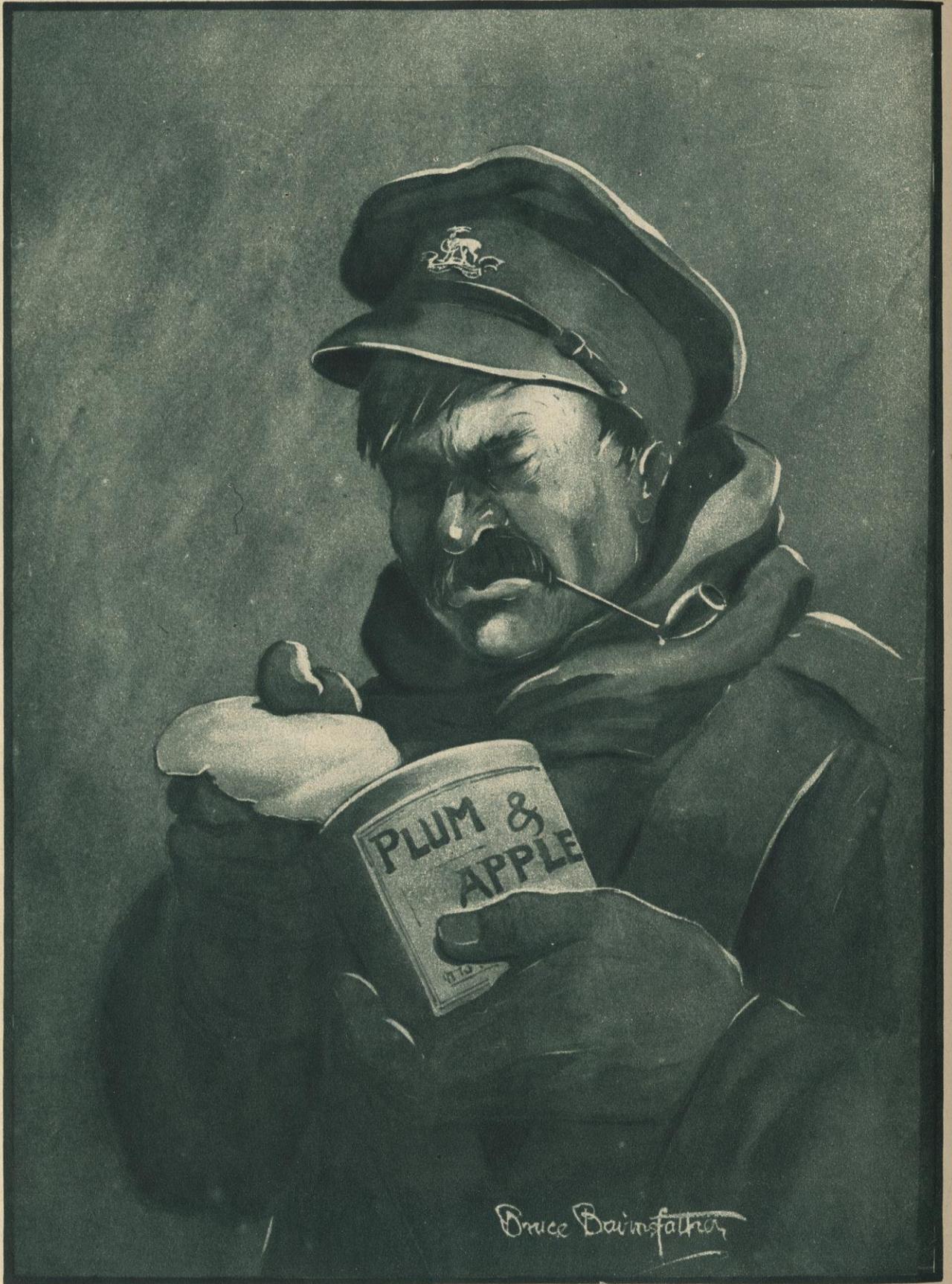


### The Late Comer

"Where 'ave you been? 'Avin' your bloomin' fortune told?"



"The Spirit of our Troops is Excellent"



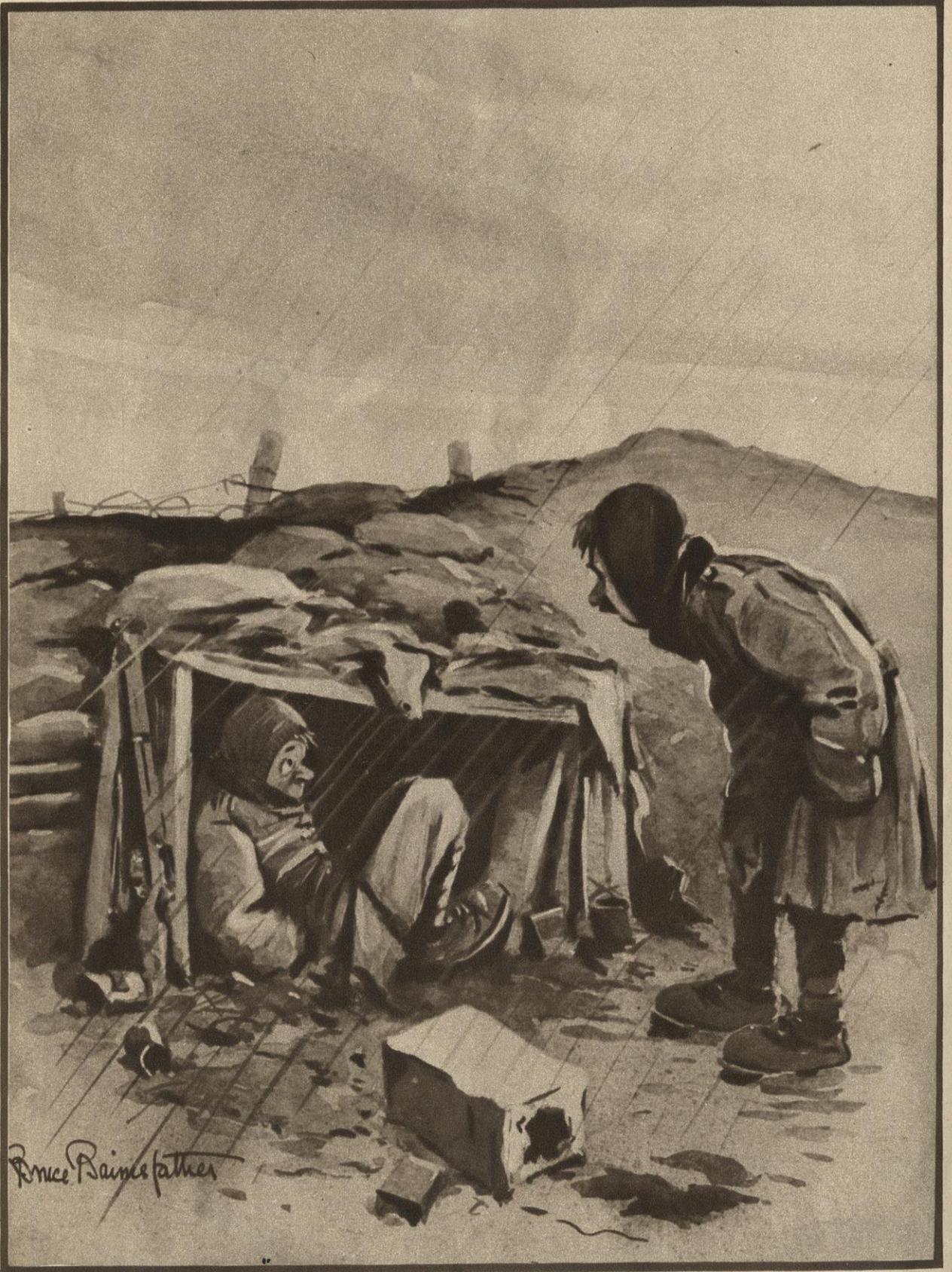
The Eternal Question.

"When the 'ell is it goin' to be strawberry?"



"The Push"—in Three Chapters.

By one who's been "Pushed."



### The Innocent Abroad.

Out since Mons: "Well, what sort of a night 'ave yer 'ad?"

Novice (but persistent optimist): "Oh, alright. 'Ad to get out and rest a bit now and again."

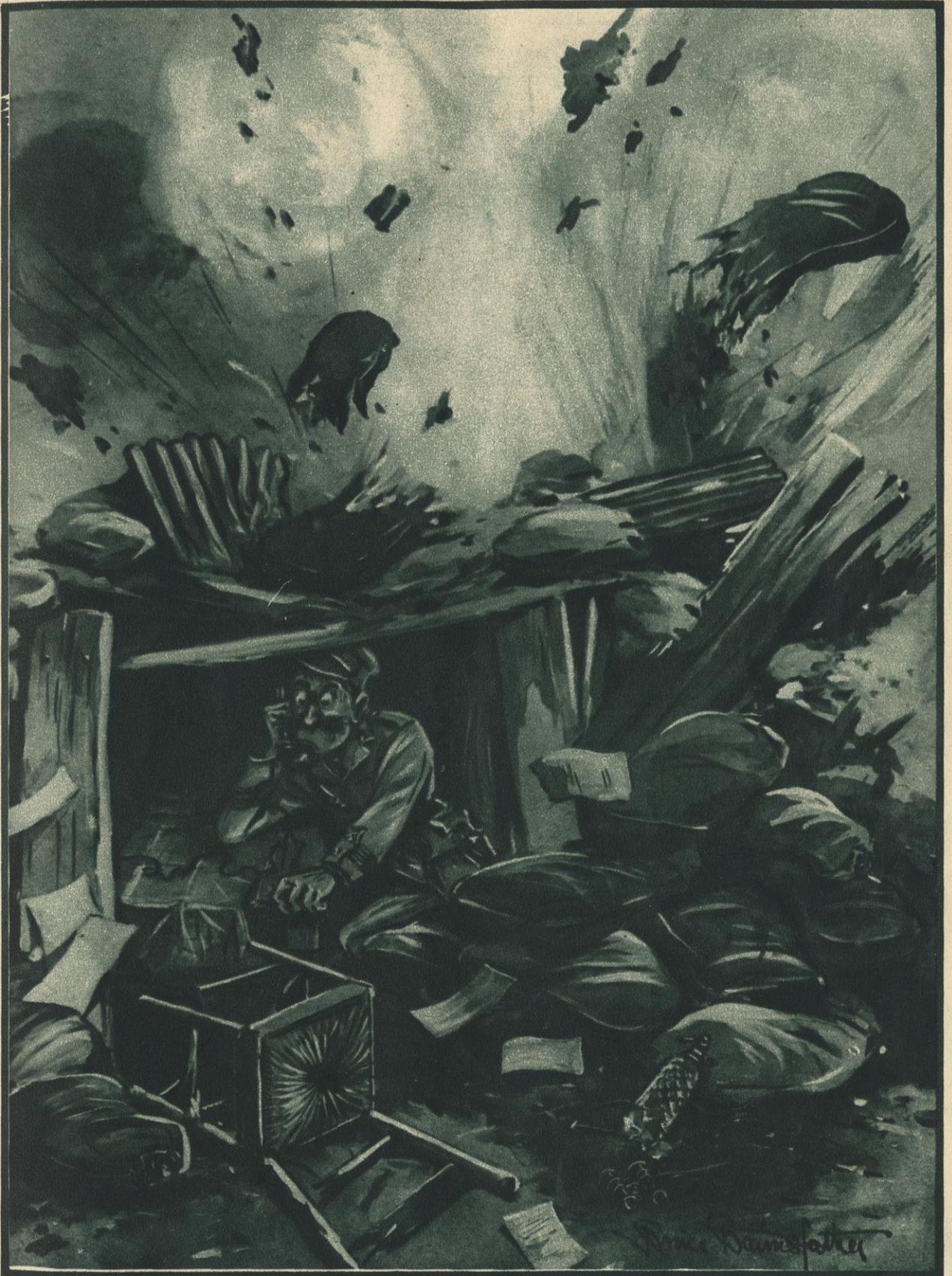


"There goes our blinkin' parapet again."



### The Thirst for Reprisals.

"'And me a rifle, someone. I'll give these ———s 'ell for this!"



## The Things that Matter.

Scene: Loos, during the September offensive.

Colonel Fitz-Shrapnel receives the following message from "G.H.Q.":—  
"Please let us know, as soon as possible, the number of tins of raspberry jam issued to you last Friday."



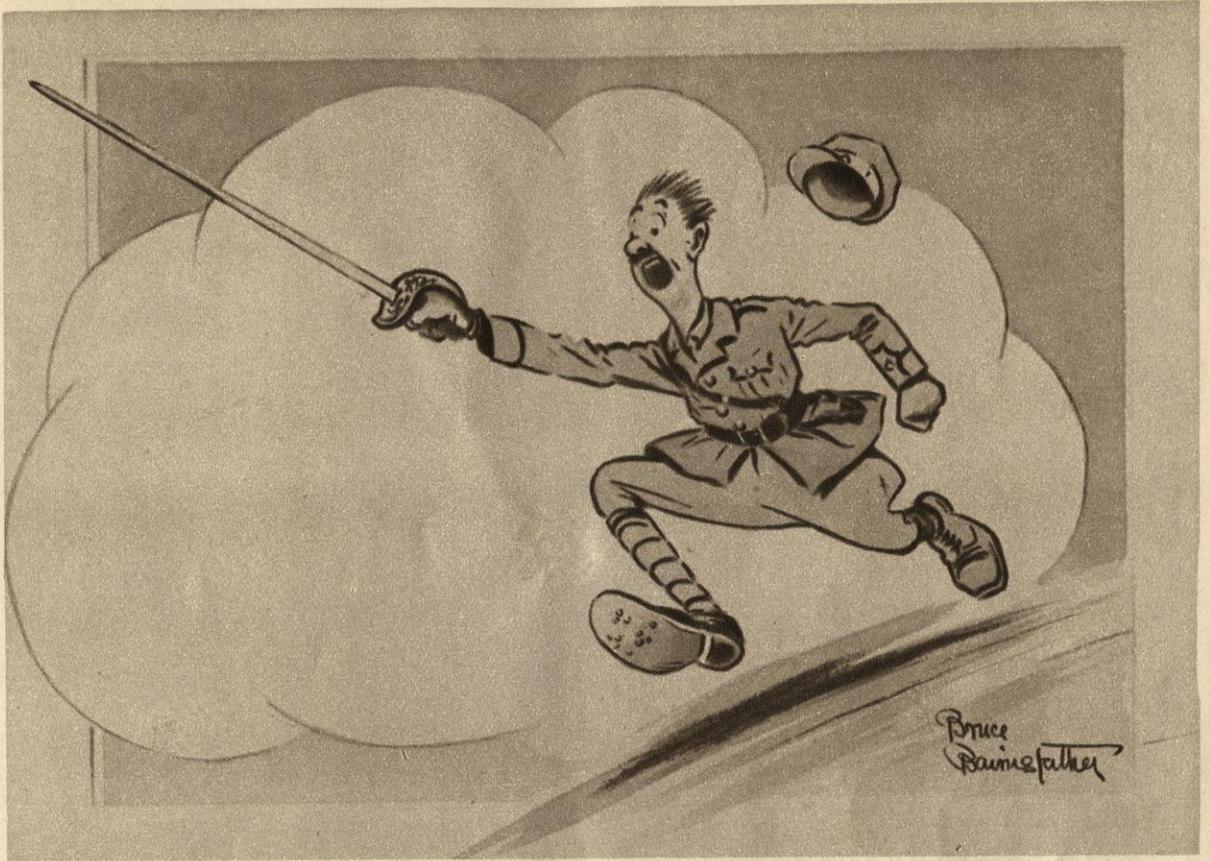
### The Soldier's Dream

A "Bitter" disappointment on waking



### The Ideal and the Real

What we should like to see at our billets—and (inset) what we do see



### That Sword.

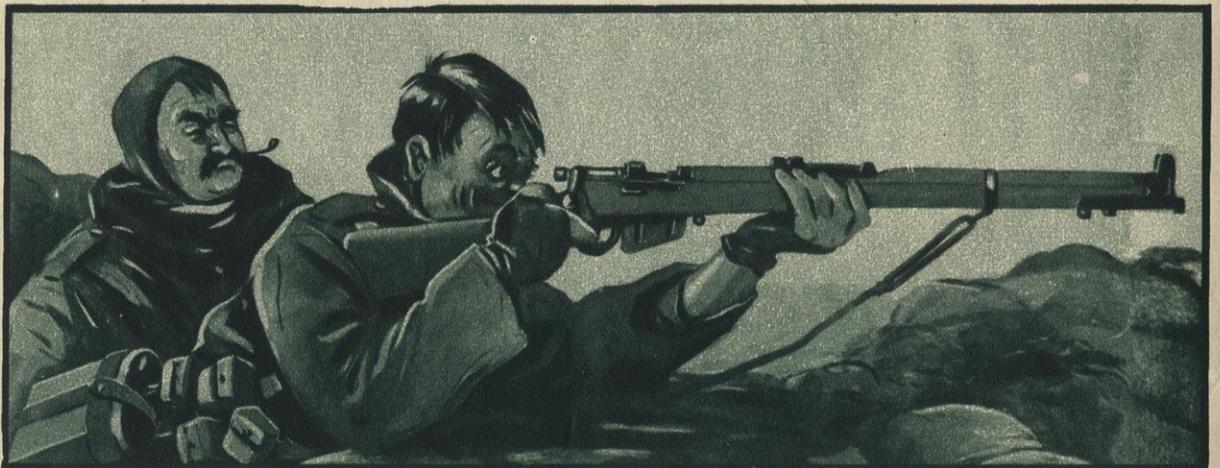
How he thought he was going to use it—



—and how he did use it.



"That 16-inch Sensation"



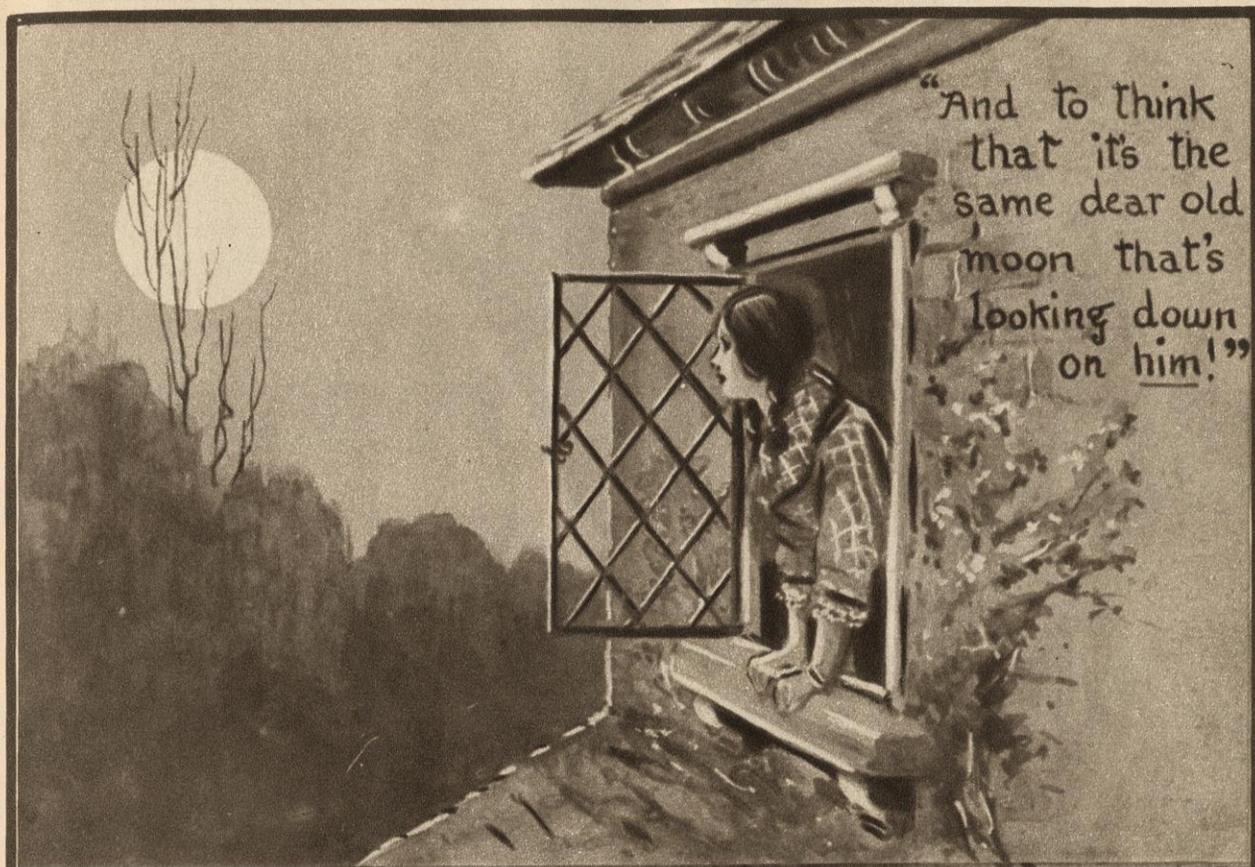
"Watch me make a fire-bucket of 'is 'elmet"





**Another Maxim Maxim.**

**"Machine guns form a valuable support for infantry."**



"And to think  
that it's the  
same dear old  
moon that's  
looking down  
on him!"



"This blinkin' moon will  
be the death of us"

*Russell  
Bainstater*

"The same old moon."



Never Again!

"In future I snipe from the ground."

### Where to Live—[ADVT.]



IN ONE OF THE CHOICEST LOCALITIES OF NORTHERN FRANCE.

**T**O BE LET (three minutes from German trenches), this attractive and WELL-BUILT DUG-OUT, containing one reception-kitchen-bedroom and UP-TO-DATE FUNK HOLE (4ft. by 3ft.), all modern inconveniences, including gas and water. This desirable Residence stands one foot above water level, commanding an excellent view of the enemy trenches.

EXCELLENT SHOOTING (SNIPE AND DUCK).

—Particulars of the late Tenant, Room 6, Base Hospital, Boulogne.



**My Dream**  
For Years to Come

**What it Really Feels Like**  
To be on patrol duty at night-time



## Thoroughness

"What time shall I call you in the morning, sir?"  
(Colonel Chutney, V.C., home on short leave, decides to keep in touch with dug-out life)



## Our Democratic Army

Member of Navvies' Battalion (to Colonel): "I say, yer mate's dropped 'is cane"

Five days leave!



Prince  
Ramsfater

Taxi!



FINIS

# A Splendid workaday Pen Second only to the "Swan"



With Pocket  
Clip, 5/6

*Recommended for Soldiers,  
Sailors, Students and Clerks.*

Because the price of the now famous "Blackbird" Fountain Pen is 5/- only, some regard it as a boy's or youth's pen—one that may be ill-used without much loss. This is true, and yet it is also a pen for hard work—strong, lasting and serviceable. It is issued to meet a want, and to cultivate the fountain pen habit. Every user of a "Blackbird" will some day own a "Swan," which is the highest standard of fountain pen quality—the pen by which all others are judged.

## THE "BLACKBIRD" FOUNT PEN

MADE BY THE "SWAN" PEN PEOPLE.

*The "Blackbird" at Anzac and France.*

A Corporal writes (August, 1916)—: "While on leave in Cairo, I decided to buy a pen, so walked into a stationers' shop. They recommended a 'Blackbird.' I discovered it was a Mable Todd, so bought one. That was over twelve months ago, and it has never given me the slightest trouble. It writes as it did when purchased."

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS & JEWELLERS WHO SELL "SWAN" PENS

Or by post from the Makers.  
In United Kingdom 3d. extra To Expeditionary Force,  
and Imperial Postage, 4d. extra.

*Write for Illustrated Catalogue.*

MABIE, TODD & CO., Ltd., 79-80, High Holborn, London, W.C.  
38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95A and 204, Regent Street, W., London; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester,  
Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. London Factory—819-823, Weston Street, S.E.  
Associate House—Mable Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago



This illustration shows the actual size of the "Blackbird" Pen. Note the large gold nib, and well-shaped holder.

Stocked with the following nibs:  
Fine, Medium, Medium Broad, Broad, Oblique, Turned-Up.



"SWAN" INK TABLETS.

One to a penful of water. 40 in Nickel Tube, 6d. Larger Tube, 1/-

"The Bystander's" Fragments from France



ANOTHER AFFAIR OF THE 'TANKS'

*BUT THIS TIME WITH THE AID OF*

**WRIGHT'S COAL  
TAR  
SOAP**



the  
**SOLDIERS'  
SOAP.**

*Include a supply  
in the next  
parcel to your  
Soldier friend.*

Box of  
3 Tablets **1/-**