



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

They are hungry for smokes. [1914-1918]

London: The Over-Seas Club, [1914-1918]

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/3IKTZYYBFDK4I9D>

This material may be protected by copyright law (e.g., Title 17, US Code).

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



"The village is full of men who have been wounded. At the entrance a fresh lot of ambulances appeared. Some of the men are only slightly hurt, but they bring one man in who, seeing me standing there beckons and says in a very husky voice, 'Got a fag on yer sir?' I've been dreading of this 'ere fag ever since the brutes got me.' He says in a lower voice 'The devils, they copped me proper, my number's up.'"

A. O. RICHARDSON in "Britain's Awakening."

*They are hungry
for Smokes*

"A man can hunger: he can suffer cold, fatigue and wounds; these things he can endure if he can smoke. I have been a looker-on in seven wars, and I find it so with each of them, and with men of all races. Give them tobacco, and there is no hardship they will not cheerfully suffer."

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

The Badge
of the



Over Seas
Club &
Patriotic
League.

THE OVER-SEAS CLUB TOBACCO FUND,

Headquarters:

THE OVER-SEAS CLUB & PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

(Patron, H.M. THE KING)

General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

"If you can read this story without getting that feeling of swallowing something that is not in your throat to swallow, then your heart is hard indeed."

G. E. Whitehouse in "The Leader."

"The Bloke who went West."

By ARTHUR GUY EMPEY, Author of "Over the Top."

EMPEY is an American who has been in the thick of the great war. Three times wounded in the charge across "No Man's Land," he returned to America and wrote "Over the Top"—the biggest seller of all war books. Thousands of Americans have crowded great halls in the East to hear Empey relate his experiences in the trenches of France.



"The nurse was crying."

I HAD been slightly wounded in an attack on the German lines and had been sent to the base hospital at Rouen. The bed next to mine was empty. The sheets were turned down, the pillow was missing, and a rubber sheet was stretched across the centre of the bed, the ends of which were neatly tucked under the mattress. It was my first time in a hospital, but even to me, a recruit, it seemed that that bed was specially prepared, was waiting for some special case. I was right. It was.

In the bed on my left was a Jock, a Scottie from the Fifteenth Royal Scots, or "ladies from hell," as this particular Highland regiment was lovingly called by Fritz, our neighbour across. No Man's Land. This Jock had lost his left foot from a shell burst. I asked him why the bed was made up in such a peculiar manner. He told me that the occupant, a Canadian, was up in the "pictures" (the operating theatre) having both hands amputated at the wrist and also that the Canadian was blind, caused by the explosion of a bomb while raiding the German trenches.



"The Canadian asked in a piteous voice: 'Why is it so dark?' Then he shouted in a terror-stricken voice, 'I know! I know! They've put my lights out. Good God! I'm blind! My eyes are gone—gone—gone.' And his voice died out in a long sob."

In about half an hour four white clothed orderlies came down the ward carrying a stretcher. In the wake of the stretcher came a Red Cross nurse. They halted before the unoccupied bed on my right. Then I marvelled at the efficient and gentle way in which the wounded man was transferred from the stretcher to the bed. The "undertaker's" squad left, but the Red Cross nurse sat beside her patient, every now and then shooing a fly away from the bandaged head or using a piece of gauze bandage to wipe away the white froth which constantly oozed from the half open lips of the bandaged form. In a short time the ether began to die out, and the frothy lips twitched. Then a sigh, and then the man began to sing, not "God Save the King" or "The Maple Leaf Forever," but "Never Introduce a Bloke to Your Lady Friend."

Pretty soon this tune changed to a shout of "Ammo (ammunition)! Ammo! Ammo forward!" You could hear him all over the ward. The nurse started to sing a crooning little lullaby. The shouting ceased. Further twitching and twisting, and the ether was expelled into an ever ready little receptacle held in the hands of the nurse. In a few minutes rays of consciousness penetrated to the brain of the wounded man and he started to mutter:

"Turn on the lights; it's dark, it's dark. I can't see. It's dark, dark. Take that damned pillow off my head. It's dark, dark. I tell you. What's the matter with my mitts? They're tied, cobblestones on them. Where am I, Smokey? This dugout's dark. Switch on the glim." The nurse was talking to him in a low voice and crooning her lullaby. My God, how that girl could sing!

It was not long before the blinded soldier fell asleep. He slept for three hours the nurse beside him. Not for a second did she leave her post. I inwardly wished that the patient would sleep for hours longer. The presence of that nurse made me feel happy and contented all over.

The form on the bed stirred, and then in a plaintive voice asked: "Where am I? Where am I? Turn on the lights! Turn on the lights!"

The sun was streaming through the window. The nurse was crying. So was I. The Jock on my left was softly cursing to himself. The angel of mercy leaned over her patient and in a low voice whispered to him: "Never mind, dearie, you are in the hospital and will soon be in Blighty for a nice long rest."

The Canadian's mouth twitched. I thought he was going to cry. It was a pretty mouth, but his lips were blanched to a bluish white. He asked the nurse, "What time is it?"

She answered: "Three o'clock, dearie. Try to go to sleep. You'll feel better soon."

The Canadian asked in a piteous voice, "Why is it so dark?" Then he shouted in terror stricken voice: "I know! I know! They've put my light out! Good God, I'm blind! I'm blind! My eyes are gone—gone—gone"—And his voice died out in a long sob.

Three doctors came through and held a low voiced consultation. Two of them left; one stayed. The Jock whispered to me: "Poor bloke! He's going west. I know the signs."

The dying man began to mutter. The nurse bent over him. She had a writing pad and a pencil in her hand. She whispered to him: "Dearie, the mail is going out. Do you want me to write a note home to the folks—just a short note telling them that you are all right and will be with them in a couple of months?"

The patient answered: "Home? Folks? I've never had any since I was a kid. Home! God, I wish I had one!"

The writing pad in the nurse's hand was wet. The bandage on my shoulder was wet. Perhaps the blood was soaking through. But blood is red.

The voice of the wounded man again: "I want—want—I want a—"

The nurse: "What do you want, boy? What can I get for you—a nice cool drink?"

The answer came back: "A drink? Hell, no! I want a smoke! Where's my makings? Want a fag—a smoke—a smoke!"

She looked at the doctor. He nodded. She left the patient and came over to me. I felt as if I were in the presence of God. She whispered to me: "Have you a cigarette boy? We are all out, I have not received any for ten days. If the people at home only realised what a godsend cigarettes are for these poor wounded lads they would send them out. They are as important as shells."



"With joy" in her eyes she went back to her patient, gently put the cigarette between his lips and lighted it. A contented sigh, two or three weak puffs and the lighted cigarette fell out of his mouth on to the sheet. He was asleep.

It was getting late. I fell asleep. When I woke up it was morning. The bed on my right was empty. The nurses in the ward had red eyes. They had been crying. I turned an inquiring gaze at the Jock on my left. He solemnly nodded, and his mouth twitched. I thought he was going to cry but suddenly he looked at me, tears in his eyes, and said, "Aw, go to hell!" and turned over on his side.

Do the men in the trenches want smokes?
Do they want their mothers?
Do they want their wives and sweethearts?
Do they want the field and flowers at home?
Do they want SMOKES?

God, do they want them? They need them! They cry for them! They must have them!

If you could only see with your own eyes, realise the crying need for smokes in France, you would starve in order that they could have them.

Do your bit—win the gratitude and thanks of the boys who are fighting your fight—our fight—the civilized world's fight.

How would you have liked to have been the one who furnished that smoke for the dying man? You can be for another. Will you?

Arthur Guy Empey, in "McClure's Magazine."

Inside shows you how to do it.

THE OVER-SEAS CLUB & PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

A link of friendship across the seas

Patron:

HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Vice-Patron:

H.H.H. The Duke of Connaught, K.G.

President:

Viscount Northcliffe.

Vice-Presidents:

Duke of Devonshire, K.G., G.C.M.G.
Governor-General of Canada
Earl of Liverpool, K.C.M.G.
Governor of New Zealand
Earl of Meath, K.P.
Earl Selborne, K.G., G.C.M.G.
Viscount Gladstone, G.C.M.G.
Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.
Viscount Bryce, G.M.
Viscount Milner, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.
Lord Denman, G.C.M.G.
Sir R. Munro Ferguson, G.C.M.G.

Governor-General of Australia

Viscount Buxton, G.C.M.G., Governor

General of the Union of South Africa

Rt. Hon. Walter Long, M.P., Secretary

of State for the Colonies

Lord Islington, G.C.M.G., D.S.O.

Lord Harewood

The Lord Plunket, G.C.M.G.

Rt. Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P.

Rt. Hon. Sir Robert R. L. Borden

G.C.M.G., Prime Minister of Canada

Rt. Hon. Andrew Fisher

High Commissioner for Australia

Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes

Prime Minister of Australia

Rt. Hon. W. F. Massey, Prime Minister

of New Zealand

Rt. Hon. Sir George Ridd, M.P.

Rt. Hon. Will Crooks, M.P.

Rt. Hon. E. Wrench, M.C.

Sir John Kirk

Sir Owen Phillips, G.C.M.G.

Lieut.-General Sir Bevan Edwards

K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden

Powell, K.C.B., Chief Scout

Sir T. Vansittart Bowater

General Booth

Rev. & Hon. Edward Lytton

George R. Parkin, Esq., G.M.B.

Secretary, Rhodes Trustees

Kennedy Jones, Esq., M.P.

Major-General J. M. Stewart, C.B.

Richard Jebb, Esq.

Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle,

K.C.B., G.C.M.G.

W. A. Buckleby Evans, Esq.

Chairman of Central Committee

F. W. Hayne, Esq.

Hon. Organizer:

J. Evelyn Wrench, Esq., G.M.B.

Hon. Treasurer:

C. F. Truett, Esq.

Hon. Auditor:

L. Layton Bennett, Esq.

Acting Secretary:

Francis R. Jones, Esq.

Headquarters: General Buildings

Adwyck, London, W.C. 2, England

Cable Address: Overseasclub, London

Telephones: City 9285 and 9229

What the Over-Seas Club & Patriotic League is

THE Over-Seas Club & Patriotic League is a non party patriotic Society formed to draw together in a bond of comradeship the people living under the British Flag and British Subjects in foreign countries. His Majesty the King is Patron.

Its four chief objects are—

1. To help one another.
2. To render individual service to our Empire.
3. To maintain our Empire's supremacy upon the sea and in the air.
4. To draw together in the bond of comradeship British people the world over.

The Creed of the Over-Seas Club & Patriotic League is—

Believing the British Empire to stand for justice, freedom, order and good government, we pledge ourselves as citizens of the greatest Empire in the World, to maintain the heritage handed down to us by our fathers.

The Motto of the Over-Seas Club & Patriotic League is—

We sailed wherever ship could sail.

We founded many a mighty state.

Pray God our greatness may not fail.

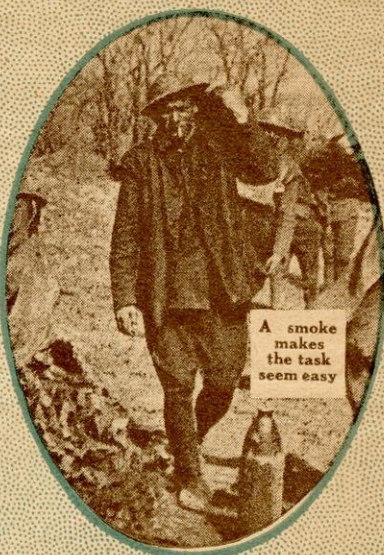
Through craven fears of being great.

—*Penryson.*

**The Over-Seas Club
has a membership of
over 155,000.**



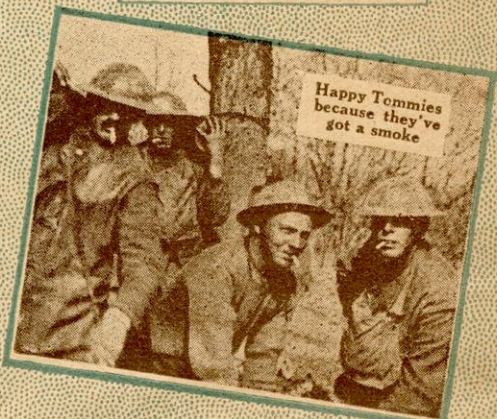
The Over-Seas Club Tobacco Fund is officially authorised by the War Office and registered under the War Charities Act. Sir Edward Ward, Director-General of Voluntary Organizations, handles the distribution of the gift-parcels to the men-at-the-front.



Thanks from the Victorious Army in Mesopotamia

"Army in Mesopotamia send kind and hearty Greetings. We are all most grateful to you for looking after our interests and also to those who have responded so generously to the Fund."

GENERAL MARSHALL, Bagdad.



The Submarine Menace does not affect the working of our Fund. Money now subscribed Overseas is transmitted to London by cable and there expended for parcels of smokes. The smokes cross the Channel in heavily-guarded Government vessels with other Army supplies.

Official Collecting List.

"Smokes - more Smokes - and Still more Smokes
We want Cigarettes every minute of every day"

Every 1/- (25 cents. or 12 annas) contributed provides a week's supply of cigarettes to one man.

How many men will you make happy?

**Will you help us to answer
the fighting-men's cry?**

[illegible]

Please send this collecting list together with your remittance to:—

**The Hon. Organizer,
The Over-Seas Club & Patriotic League,
General Buildings,
Aldwych, London, W.C. 2, England,**

to any of the Depositaries of the Over-Seas Club Tobacco Fund mentioned in the next column

All drafts, money orders, etc., should be crossed and made payable to the "Over-Seas Club."

If more space is needed for names, please write on a separate sheet and attach to this

Total collected

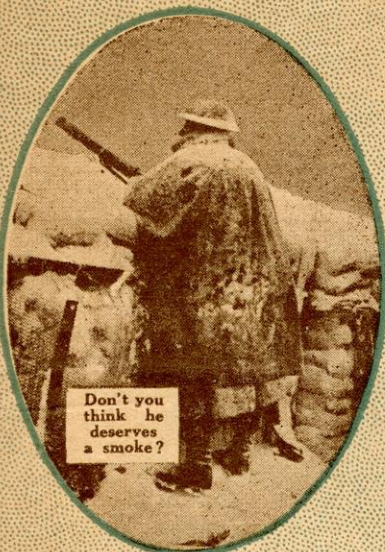
Name of Collector

Address of Collector



Postcards direct from the firing-lines

In each parcel of 'smokes' sent to the firing-line a postcard ready-addressed to you is enclosed, so that the recipients can write thanking you personally for your gifts



A request

If for any reason you are unable to make use of this Collecting-list, will you please help the brave fighting-men by passing it on to a friend?

Thank you!

List of Depositaries

of the Over-Seas Club Tobacco Fund, to whom donations can be paid

AFRICA. Standard Bank of South Africa, Cape Town.

AUSTRALIA (Over-Seas and Southern Cross Tobacco Fund),

Union Bank of Australia Ltd., Melbourne.

The Bank of Adelaide Adelaide.

Western Australian Bank, Perth.

Bank of Queensland, Ltd. Brisbane.

Queensland National Bank, Brisbane.

Bank of New South Wales, Sydney.

Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney, Ltd., Brisbane.

CANADA (Canada's Tobacco Fund).

Union Bank of Canada, Montreal, and Branches.

Canadian Bank of Commerce, and Branches.

Bank of Montreal and Branches, and all the principal Banks in Canada.

JAPAN. Yokohama Specie Bank Tokyo.

NEW ZEALAND (Over-Seas and Southern Cross Tobacco Fund).

National Bank of New Zealand.

U.S.A. Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. Ltd., 23, Wall Street New York

£252,444

has been collected
in 3 years
by the Over-Seas Club
Tobacco Fund

The Over-Seas Club Tobacco Fund was started as early as September, 1914, and more than a quarter-of-a-million sterling has been contributed in small sums from 1/- upwards during the three years ending September 30th, 1917.

This means that our friends the contributors, have provided more than 5,000,000 of the brave fighting men at the Front with one week's supply of smoke happiness.

Analysis of Subscriptions for the three years ending Sept. 30, 1917

	Approximate Amount Collected.
Canada	£44,478
America, U.S.A.	28,207
America, U.S.A. (Belgian)	20,970
Australia and New Zealand	55,939
Europe	7,546
Africa	18,710
Asia	22,248
S. America	12,950
Central America	2,754
Children's Collections	£212,910
Totals	£39,534
	£252,444

Approximate quantities of Cigarettes and Tobacco despatched to His Majesty's Forces through the Fund during three years ending Sept. 30, 1917

	Cigarettes.	Packets of Tobacco.
British Expeditionary Forces (including Prisoners of War)	96,500,000	2,070,000
Anzac Army	57,250,000	1,050,000
Canadian Expeditionary Forces	51,000,000	980,000
Belgian Army	10,500,000	170,000
South African Contingent	4,350,000	105,000
Grand Totals	219,600,000	4,375,000

Since the date given above further subscriptions have brought the total collected to over

£300,000.

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure for year ending Sept. 30, 1917

RECEIPTS.

Balance at 1st Oct., 1916—	£	s.	d.
At Bank ..	6,777	17	2
At Club ..	311	16	0
	7,089	13	2

Subscriptions—Over Seas Tobacco Fund 80,579 1 11

Subscriptions from Schools less cost of Lithographed

(certificates presented to the School children, .. 11,211 16 0

£98,880 10 0

EXPENDITURE

Amount paid for Cigarettes, Tobacco and Comforts supplied to His Majesty's

Forces .. 89,620 4 3

Amount returned to Subscribers .. 186 19 11

Balance—At Banks .. 8,317 13 8

At Club .. 755 12 11

9,073 6 7

£98,880 10 0

We have examined the above Statement with the Books, Vouchers and Records of despatch and receipt of supplies and find the same to be correct. The expenses of administration are not being charged to the Tobacco Fund.

E. LAYTON, BENNETT, SONS & CO.,

Chartered Accountants

21 and 22, Broad Street Avenue,

London E.C.

22nd February 1918

Post-cards of thanks

direct from the firing-line to you

IN every parcel of cigarettes sent as a result of your collection, a post card addressed to yourself is enclosed, so that the soldiers receiving the parcels can thank you personally for your kind gifts. This feature is one that is much appreciated, because by means of these post cards the soldiers are brought into direct touch with their benefactors.

A few typical post-cards

sent to contributors by grateful fighting-men.

I thank you most kindly for the packet of tobacco you have sent me, as I was wondering where I was going to get some from, as it has been very scarce up here for 2 months. Now for a good smoke. Best wishes and good luck.

Pte. T. Dean.
'Somewhere in Mesopotamia.'

BEST
THANKS



D. Parbury

I have the greatest pleasure in acknowledging receipt of smokes. To-day, in a cold bitter wind 400 Australians were waiting to be marched off the parade ground to go right up the line. You should have seen their faces light up as they got a packet of "smokes" to smoke the health of the donors. The men were especially keen on getting the post-card so as to reply to the senders. With every good wish (Signed) Jas. A. Gaul, Major Chaplain, Aus. Inf. Depot.



"A gift in need,
Is a gift indeed."

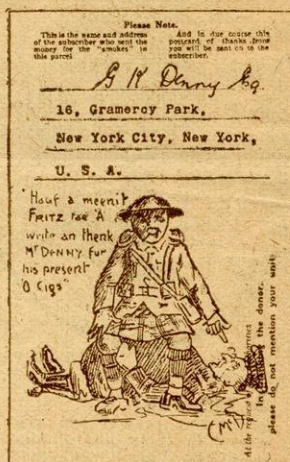
Pte. B. van Aardt.
Somewhere in German East Africa.

Very many thanks for the cigarettes just received. In the terrible weather we are having at present, a few smokes are doubly welcome. Here in the trenches you can never find any cigarette stumps lying about—they are smoked until they burn your very lips. Thanking you once more. It is good to think we have friends so far away.

Colin Widdop.

Please accept my most sincere thanks for this gift. It is great to think that though so many miles away you are remembering us out here and making our task brighter in such a manner. Many thanks again.

Rfm. I. R. Nichols.



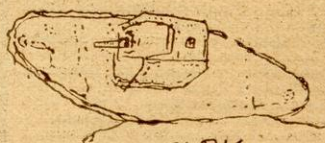
I thank you very much for the parcel of cigarettes I received yesterday. They are just what we want. A smoke goes a long way in helping to make our lot as pleasant and comfortable as possible.

Norman H. Archer, B.E.F., East Africa.

Many thanks for your splendid and always welcome gift which enabled the men to carry on cheerfully. We are about to enter on the last lap, and 1918 will see the Allies out on top.

Pte. A. H. G.

9



you
G. S. W. 6 1/10

The Over-Seas Club has thousands of original post-cards of thanks similar to the above. These will be gladly shown to any subscriber on application.

Wouldn't you like post-cards such as these to come to you?

Vice Patron :

H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, K.G.

President :

Lord Northcliffe.

Vice Presidents :Duke of Devonshire, K.G., G.C.M.G.
Governor-General of Canada.Earl of Liverpool, K.C.M.G.,
Governor of New Zealand.

Earl of Meath, K.P.

Earl Selborne, K.G., G.C.M.G.

Viscount Gladstone, G.C.M.G.

Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, G.C.B.,
G.C.M.G.

Viscount Bryce, O.M.

Viscount Milner, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

Lord Denman, G.C.M.G.

Sir R. Munro Ferguson, G.C.M.G.,
Governor-General of Australia.Viscount Buxton, G.C.M.G., Governor-
General of the Union of South Africa.Rt. Hon. Walter Long, M.P., Secretary
of State for the Colonies.

Lord Islington, G.C.M.G., D.S.O.

Lord Harcourt.

Rt. Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P.

Rt. Hon. Sir Robert R. L. Borden,
G.C.M.G., Prime Minister of Canada.Rt. Hon. Andrew Fisher,
High Commissioner for Australia.Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes, M.P.,
Prime Minister of Australia.Rt. Hon. W. F. Massey, Prime Minister
of New Zealand.

Rt. Hon. Sir George Reid, M.P.

Rt. Hon. Will Crooks, M.P.

Sir Starr Jameson

Sir John Kirk

Sir Owen Phillips, K.C.M.G.

Lieut.-General Sir Bevan Edwards

Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden-
Powell, K.C.B., Chief Scout.

Sir T. Vansittart Bowater

General Booth

Rev. & Hon. Edward Lytton

George R. Parkin, Esq., C.M.G.,
Secretary Rhodes Trustees.

Kennedy Jones, Esq., M.P.

Chairman of Central Committee :

W. A. Bulkeley Evans, Esq.

Hon. Organiser :

Evelyn Wrench, Esq., C.M.G.

Hon. Treasurer :

C. F. Truefitt, Esq.

Hon. Auditor :

E. Layton Bennett, Esq.

Acting Secretary :

Francis R. Jones.

**THE OVER-SEAS CLUB***A link of friendship across the seas***Patron :****HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.***"We sail'd wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state;
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great."*

—TENNISON.

Headquarters :**GENERAL BUILDINGS, ALDWYCH,****LONDON, W.C.2**

August, 1918.

**CIGARETTES FOR THE MEN
IN THE FIGHTING-LINES.**

You have been good enough
to help us before.

And as the need is now
greater than ever, we ask
you to kindly help us
again.

Will you,—please ?

Cable Address : 'Ovazeeclub, London.'

Telephones : CITY 9228 and 9229

The "Over-Seas Club" is a non-
party, patriotic society, formed to
draw together in the bond of
comradeship the peoples living
under the British Flag and British
subjects in Foreign Countries.

Its four chief objects are :—

1. To help one another.
2. To render individual service to our Empire.
3. To draw together in the bond of comradeship British people the world over.
4. To maintain our Empire's supremacy upon the seas.

Membership over 150,000**All communications to be addressed
to the Hon. Organiser.**

*This is a personal message
to old Subscribers
to our Patriotic Tobacco Fund*

*It is sent to you at the request of the Central Committee
who are co-operating with the War Office Authorities
to supply the needs of the men in the fighting-lines.*