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More Fragments from France. Vol. II

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[s.d.]

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Yew H Redchin

MORE FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE



By

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather





When he writes home—

The world is brighter, hearts are happier. And in his mind kind smiling faces are pictured as he writes. Opportunities for writing at the Front are fleeting. Many are lost for want of an every-ready pen. So a happy suggestion is, send him a "Swan" Fountpen.



"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

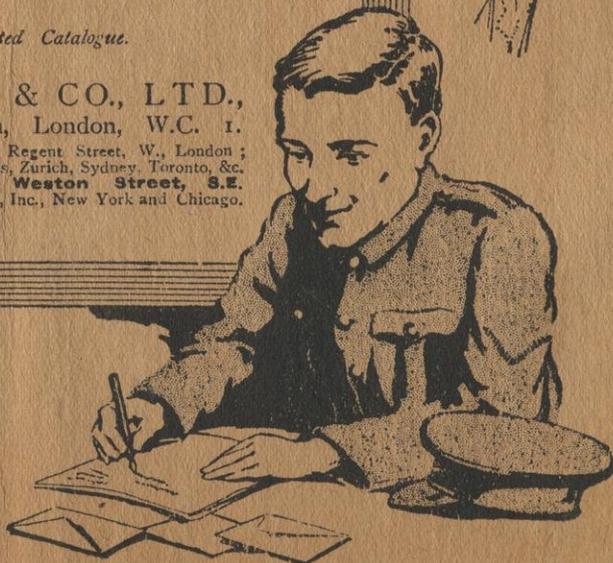
best stand the racket of Active Service. Simple and quick to use. No mechanism to wear or get out of order. Can be "loaded" with "Swan" Ink Tablets and water when fluid ink is unobtainable.

SOLD EVERYWHERE BY STATIONERS & JEWELLERS.

From **10/6** up.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD.,
 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.
 38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95A and 204, Regent Street, W., London;
 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c.
London Factory—319-329, Weston Street, S.E.
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Extract from a letter from the firing-line:
 "I have had the pen in constant use ever since the early days of the war; that it stood the rough usage without ever failing me, and was as smooth in writing at the end as when I first had it, bears evidence of 'Swan' excellence and utility for the soldier at the front."

MORE
FRAGMENTS
FROM FRANCE

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER



Vol. II

PUBLISHED BY
"THE BYSTANDER"
TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, & 190, STRAND
LONDON

Q The following 12 subjects can be obtained in colours from the Publisher, "The Bystander," Tallis House, Whitefriars, E.C., at 1/- each, post free 1/3 :—

1. "No possible doubt whatever."
2. "I'm sure they'll 'ear this damn thing squeakin'."
3. "A Maxim Maxim."
4. "Keeping his hand in."
5. "That evening star shell."
6. "Where did that one go to?"
7. "The thirst for reprisals."
8. "The things that matter."
9. "So obvious."
10. "The innocent abroad."
11. "Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."
12. "Coiffure in the trenches."

FOREWORD : *By the Editor of* "THE BYSTANDER"



THE first volume of "Fragments from France" achieved a success so far in excess of expectation—over a quarter of a million copies have already been sold, and the sale is still progressing—Captain Bairnsfather needs no introduction in his second volume, which we believe will rival the first in popularity. He has become a household word—or perhaps one should say a trench-hold word. Who is ever the worse for a laugh? Certainly not the soldier in trench or dug-out or shell-swept billet. Rather may it be said that the Bairnsfather laughter has acted in thousands of cases as an antidote to the bane of depression. It is the good fortune of the British Army to possess such an antidote, and the ill-fortune of the other belligerents that they do not possess its equivalent.

A Scots officer, writing in the *Edinburgh Evening News*, hits the true sentiment towards Bairnsfather of the Army in France when he writes :

"To us out here the 'Fragments' are the very quintessence of life. We sit moping over a smoky charcoal fire in a dug-out. Suddenly someone, more wide-awake than others, remembers the 'Fragments.' Out it comes, and we laugh uproariously over each picture. For are these not the very things we are witnessing every day, incidents full of tragic humour? The fed-up spirit you see on the faces of Bairnsfather's pictures is a sham—a mask beneath which there lies something that is essentially British."

In a communication received by Captain Bairnsfather an eminent Member of Parliament writes : "You are rising to be a factor in the situation, just as Gillray was a factor in the Napoleonic wars." The difference is, however, that instead of turning his satire exclusively upon the enemy, as did Gillray, Captain Bairnsfather turns his—good-humouredly always—on his fellow-warriors. This habit of ours of making fun of ourselves has come by now to be fairly well understood by even the most sensitive and serious-minded of



CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

This picture was taken at the Front, less than a quarter of a mile from the German trenches. Captain Bairnsfather has come "straight off the mud," and is wearing a fur coat, a Balaclava helmet, and gum-boots. Immediately behind him is a hole made by a "Jack Johnson" shell

our continental friends and neighbours. It hardly needs nowadays to be pointed out that it is a fixed condition of the national life that wherever Britons are working together in any common object, whether in school, college, profession, or even warfare, they must never *appear* to be regarding their occupation too seriously. Those who know us—and who, nowadays, has the excuse for not knowing us, seeing how very much we have been discussed?—understand that our frivolity is apparent and not real. Because we have the gift of laughter, we are no less appreciative of grim realities than are our scowling enemies, and nobody knows that better in these days than those scowling enemies themselves.

Their hymns of hate and prayers for punishment have been impotent expressions of exasperation at our coolness, deliberation and inflexible determination—qualities they had deluded themselves before the war into believing would prove all a sham before the first blast of frightfulness. They told themselves that, a war once actually begun, the imperturbable pipe-smoking John Bull would be transformed into a cowering craven. More complete confusion of this false belief is nowhere to be found than in these two volumes of "Fragments." It ranks as a colossal German defeat that successive bloodthirsty assaults upon us by land, sea and air should produce a Bairnsfather, depicting the "contemptible little Army," swollen out of all recognition, settling humorously down to war as though it were the normal business of life.

"Fed up"? Yes, that is the word by which to describe, if you like, the prevalent Bairnsfather expression of countenance. But the kind of weariness he depicts is the reverse of the kind that implies "give up." *Au contraire, mes amis!* The "fed-up" Bairnsfather man is a fixture. "*J'y suis,*" he might exclaim, if he spoke French, "*et il m'embête que j'y suis. Je voudrais que je n'y sois pas. Mais j'y suis, et, mes bons camarades, par tous les dieux, j'y reste!*"

If the enemy should read in the words "fed up" a sign that our tenacity is giving out, he reads it wrong; grim will be the disillusionment of any hopes he may build upon his misreading, and even grimmer the anger of those whom he may have deluded.

These *verdammte Engländer* are never what they seem, but are always something unpleasantly different. We are the Great Enigma of the war, and in our mystery lies our greatest strength. Let us be careful not to lose it. Those who would have us simplify ourselves upon the continental model, and present to the world a picture of sombre seriousness, are asking us to change our national character. Cromwell asked the painter to paint him, "warts and all." Bairnsfather sketches us—smiles and all. And who would take the smiles off the "dials" of the figures you will see on the pages that follow?





The Dud Shell — Or the Fuse-Top Collector

"Give it a good 'ard 'un, Bert; you can generally 'ear 'em fizzing a bit first if they are a-goin' to explode"

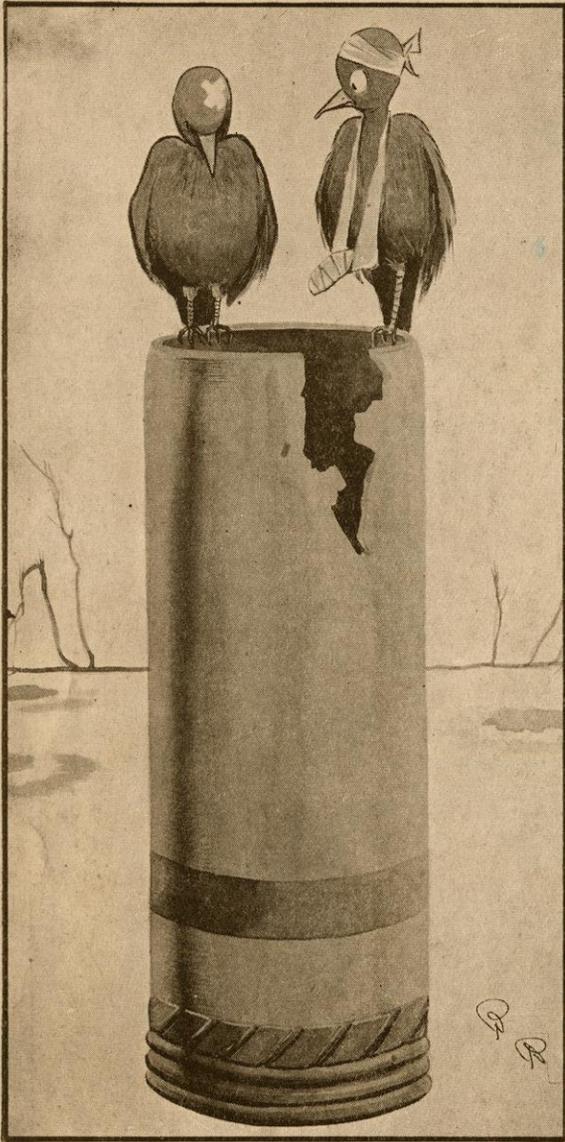


"What's all this about unmarried men?"



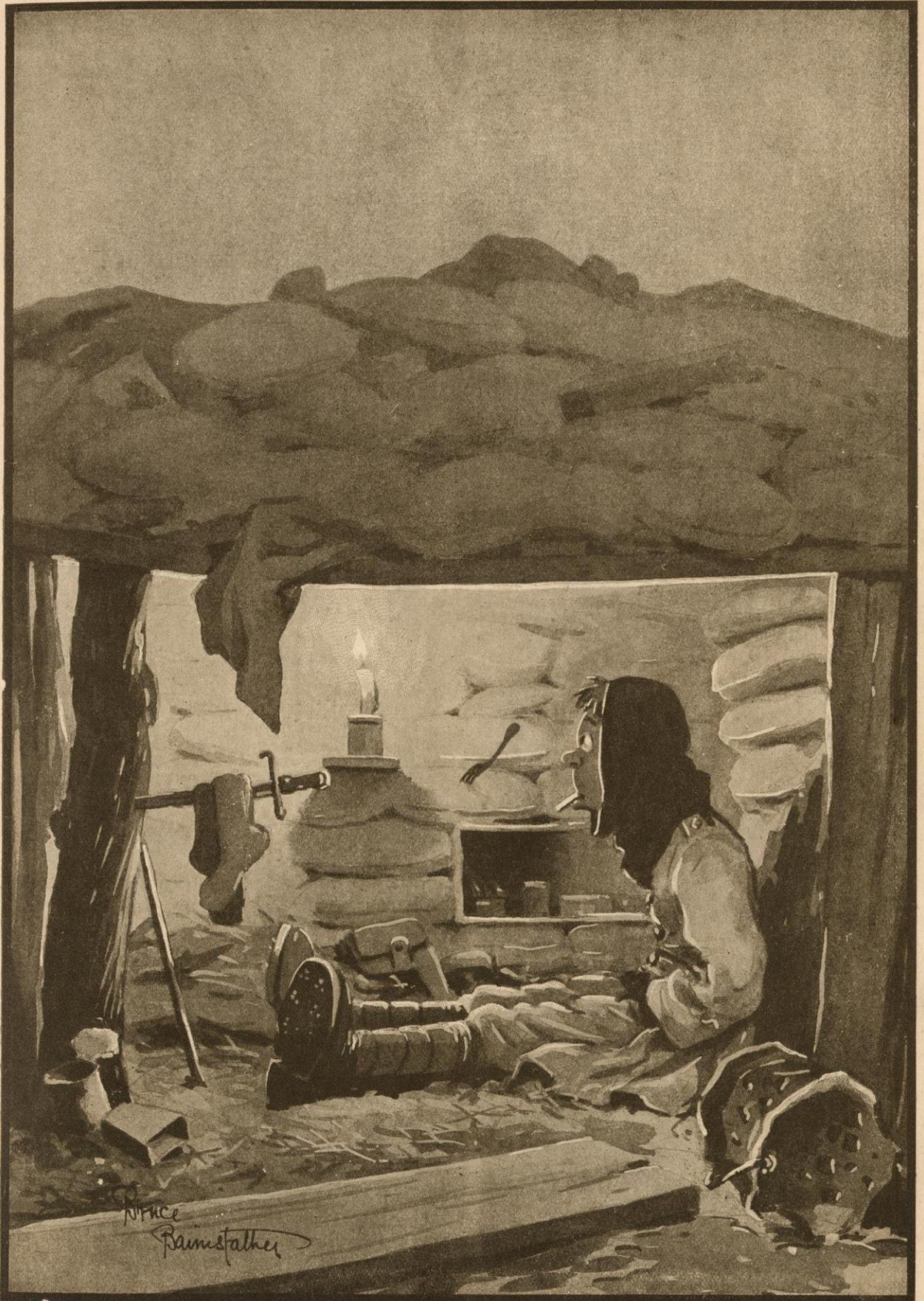
That Hat

"Pop out and get it, Bert"
"Pop out yerself"



Springtime in Flanders

“ Personally, I think this is just what you want
for laying your eggs in, but, as Bairnsfather says,
‘ If you knows of a better ’ole, go to it ’ ”



When One Would Like to Start an Offensive on One's Own
RECIPE FOR FEELING LIKE THIS—Bully, biscuits, no coke, and leave just cancelled



Trouble With One of the Souvenirs

"'Old these a minute while I takes that blinkin' smile off 'is dial"



"Well Alfred 'ow are the cakes?"

The Historical Touch

"Well, Alfred, 'ow are the cakes?"



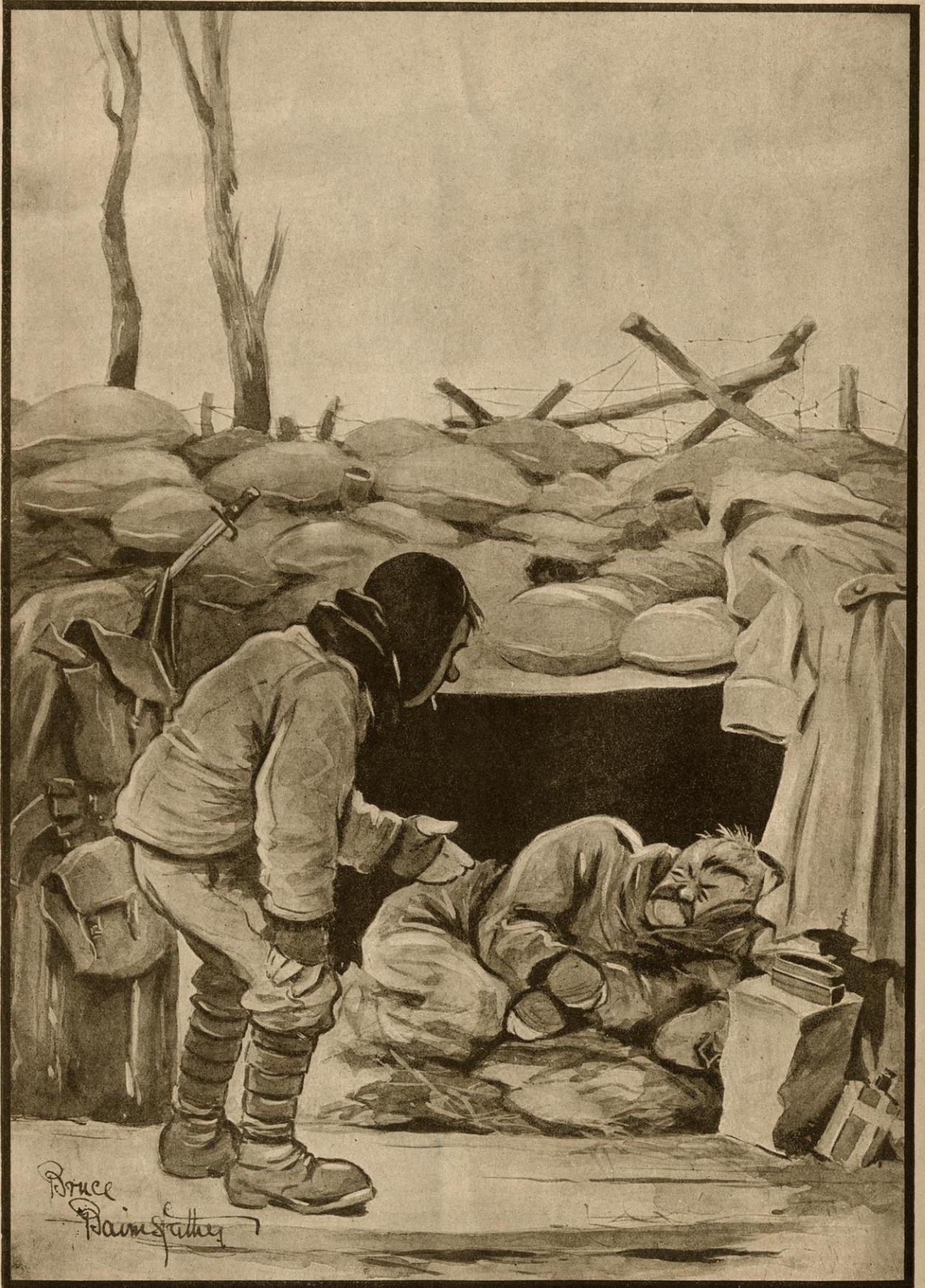
His Initiation

No. 99988 Private Blobs (on sentry-go) feels that he has at last stumbled across the true explanation of that somewhat cryptic expression, "There'll be dirty work at the cross-roads to-night!"



Those Superstitions

Private Sandy McNab cheers the assembly by pointing out (with the aid of his pocket almanac) that it is Friday the 13th and that their number is one too many



The Professional Touch

"Chuck us out that bag o' bombs, mate ; it's under your 'ead"



The Conscientious Exhilarator

"Every encouragement should be given for singing and whistling."—(Extract from a "Military Manual.")

That painstaking fellow, Lieut. Orpheus, does his best, but finds it uphill work at times



The Nest

"'Ere, when you're finished, I'll borrow that there top note of yours to clean the knives with."



Immediate and Important!

Never has Private Smith's face felt so large and smooth as when he hands his Captain the following message at what he feels is an unsuitable moment:
"The G.O.C. notices with regret the tendency of all ranks to shave the upper lip. This practice must cease forthwith"



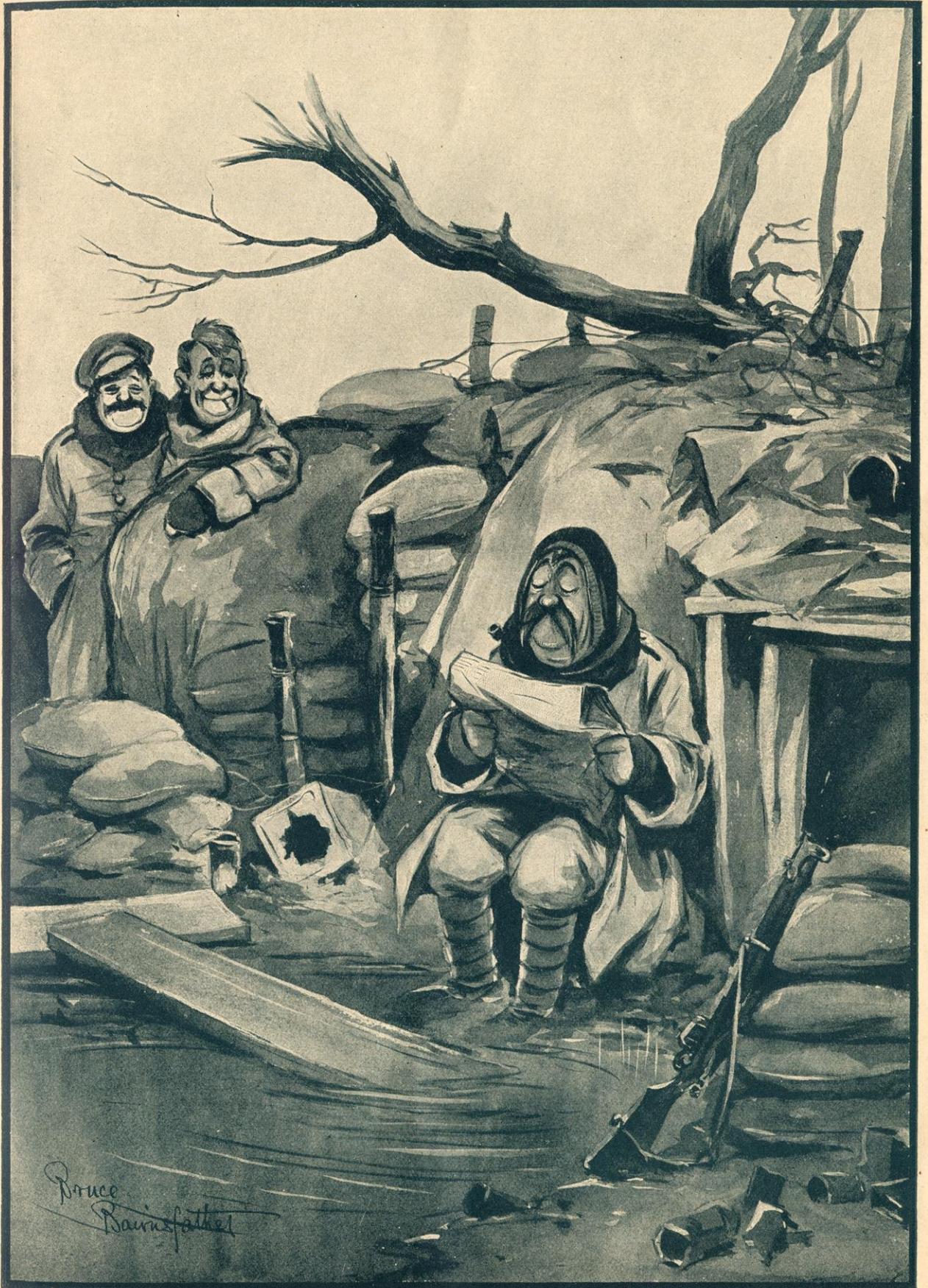
Sir Plantagenet Smythe,
at the battle of VIN ORDINAIRE
"On! On! ye Noble English!"

2nd Lieut P. Smith, at the taking of "dead-pig" farm
"Come on you chaps! We'll show these —s
Which side their —bread's buttered!"



Ruce.
Rainsfather

Other Times, Other Manners
The Decline of Poetry and Romance in War



Happy Memories of the Zoo

"What time do they Feed the Sea-Lions, Alf?"



Observation

'Ave a squint through these 'ere, Bill; you can see one of the ——'s eatin' a sausage as clear as anythin' "



Letting Himself Down

Having omitted to remove the elastic band prior to descent, Herr Franz von Flopp feels that the trial exhibition of his new parachute is a failure



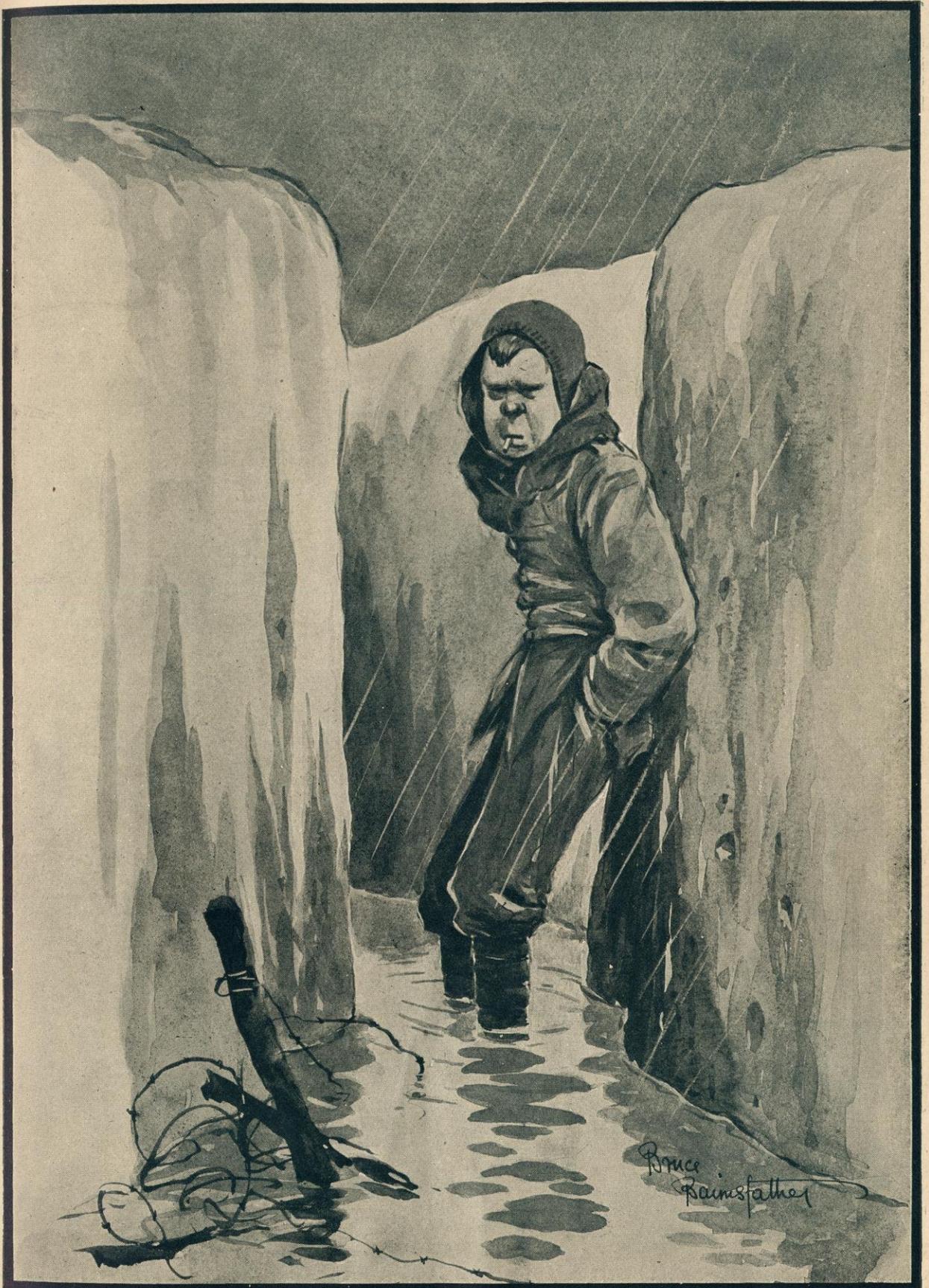
Old Saws and New Meanings—By Bairnsfather

There is certainly a lot of truth in that Napoleonic maxim, "An army moves on its stomach"



His Dual Obsession

Owing to the frequent recurrence of this dream, Herr Fritz von Lagershifter has decided to take his friends' advice: Give up sausage late at night and brood less upon the possible size of the British Army next spring



The Communication Trench

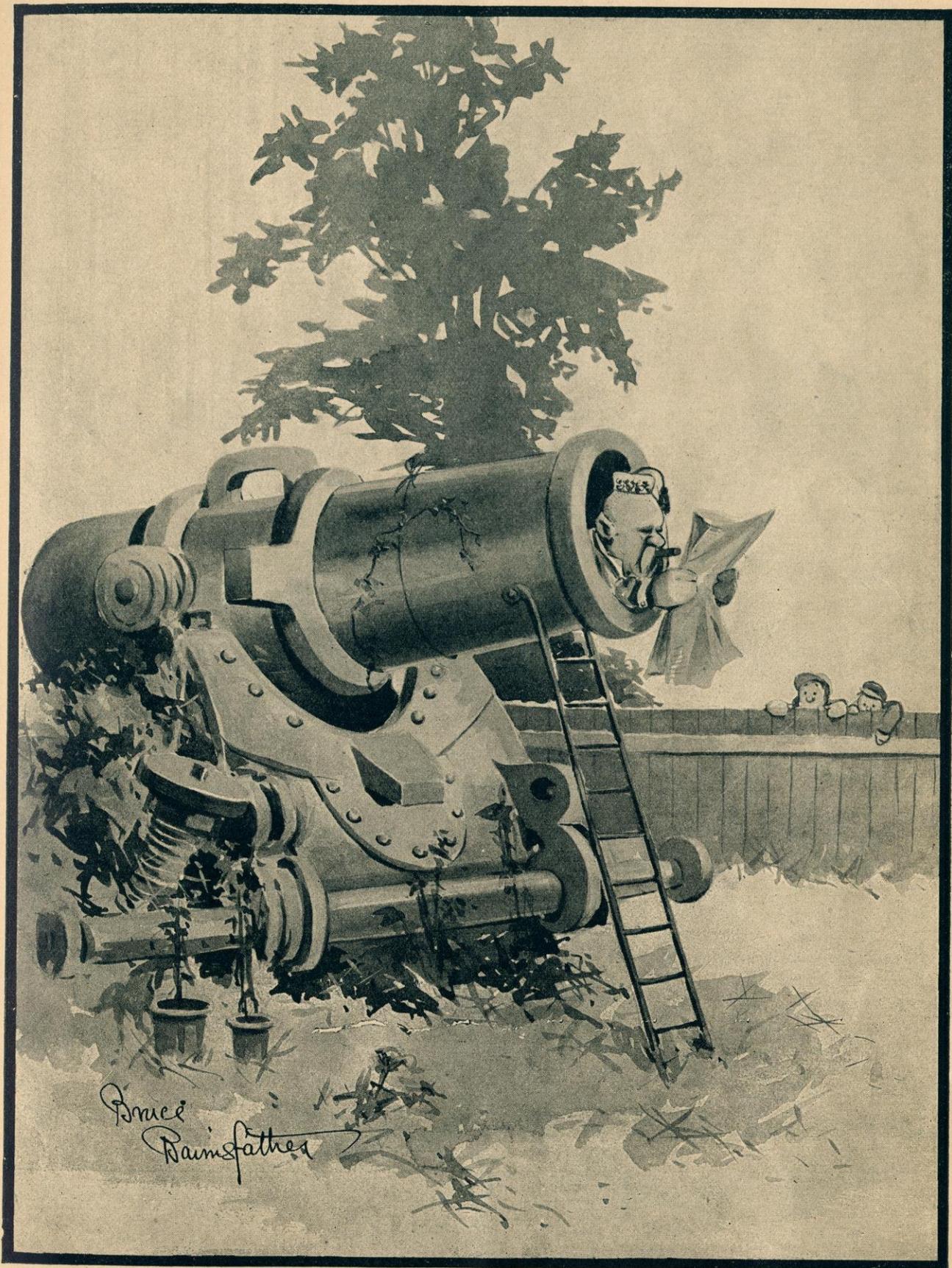
PROBLEM—Whether to walk along the top and risk it, or do another mile of this



Bruce Bairnsfather

Valuable Fragment from Flanders : It All Comes to This in Time

"This interesting fragment, found near Ypres (known to the ancients as Wipers), throws a light on a subject which has long puzzled science, i.e., what was the origin and meaning of those immense zigzag slots in the ground stretching from Ostend to Belfort? There is no doubt that there was some inter-tribal war on at this period."—Extract from "The Bystander," A.D. 4916



In Nineteen Something: General Sir Ian Jelloid at Home
Having picked up this cherished possession for a mere song at a sale near Verdun, the General has now let his country seat, "Shrapnel Park," and says he finds the new abode infinitely cheaper, and not a bit draughty, if you keep the breech closed



Nobbled

"'Ow long are you up for, Bill?"

"Seven years"

"Yer lucky —, I'm duration"



The Intelligence Department

"Is this 'ere the Warwicks?" *a British Regiment.*
"Nao, 'Indenburg's blinkin' Light Infantry"



Pushfulness at Plug Street

Colonel Ian Jelloid, of the Blobshire Rifles, being an energetic and businesslike man, believes in advertising as an antidote to stagnant warfare



His Secret Sorrow

"I reckon this bloke must 'ave caught 'is face against some of them forts at Verdun!"



In and Out (I)

That last half-hour before “going in” to the same trenches for the 200th time



In and Out (II)

That first half-hour after "coming out" of those same trenches

This interesting view for 6 months or



This for half an hour

Ernie Rainsfather



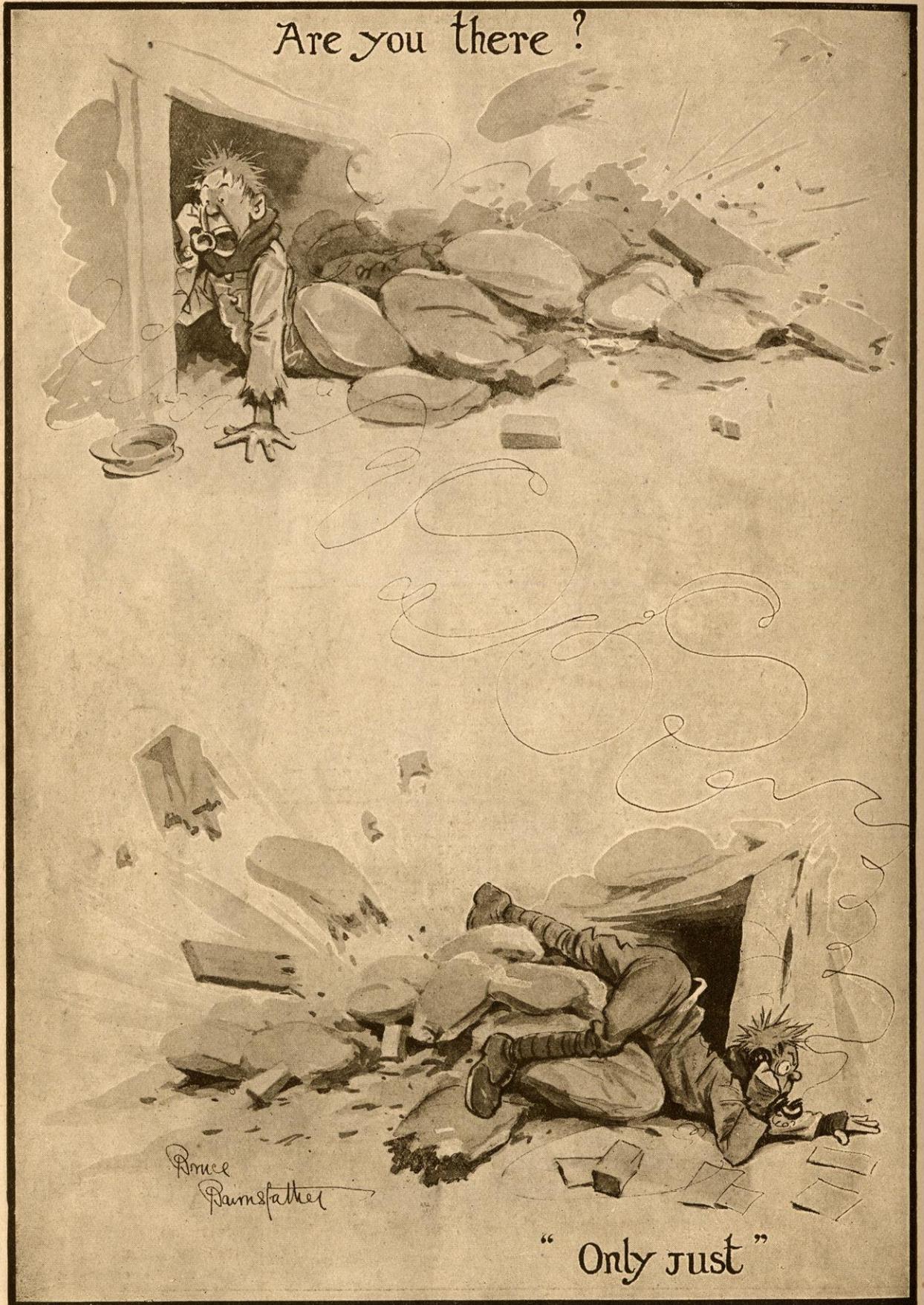
War !

— As it is for most of us



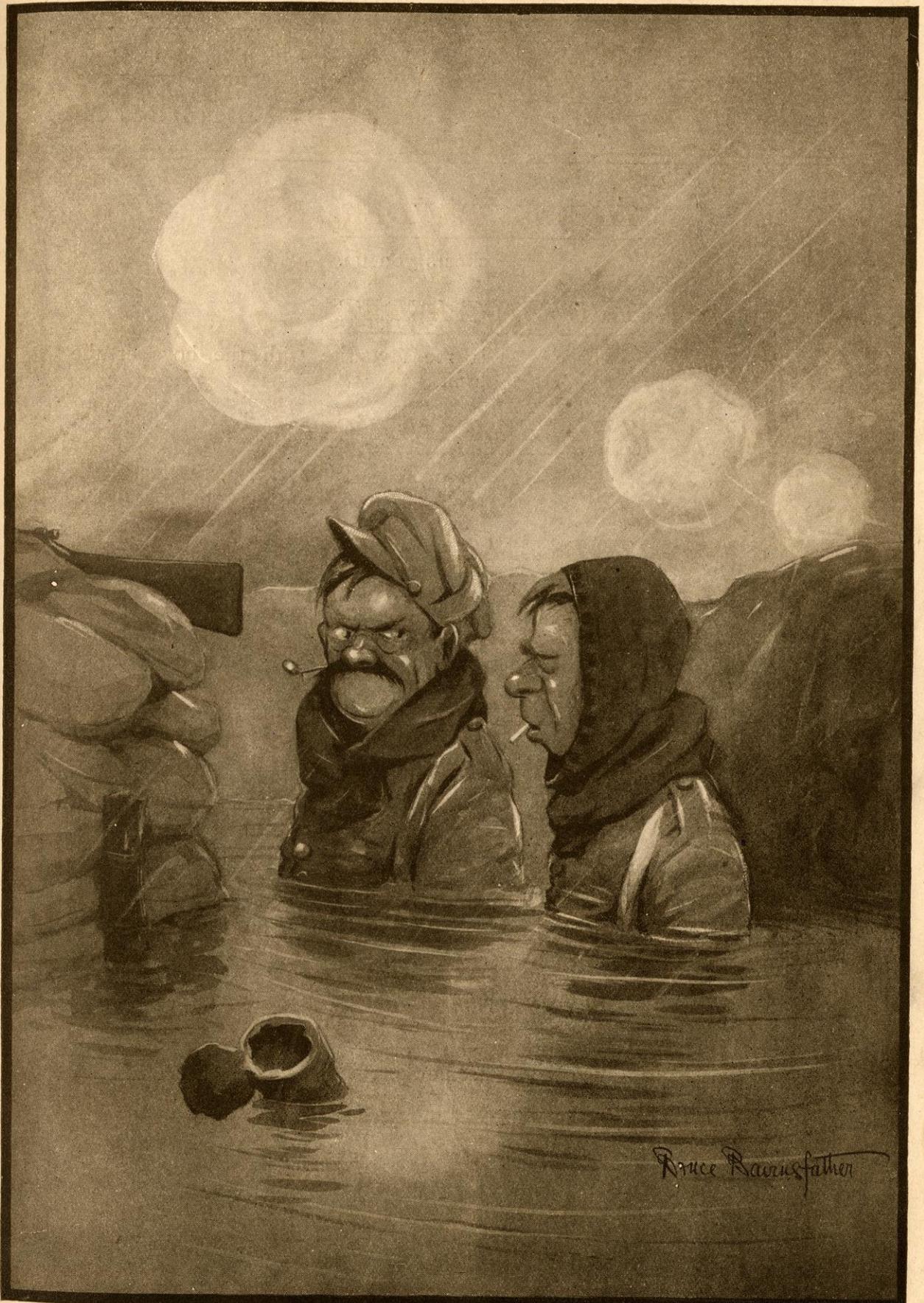
A Matter of Moment

"What was that, Bill?"
"Trench mortar"
"Ours or theirs?"



"S.O.S."

The Hard Lines of Communication



The New Submarine Danger

"They'll be torpedoin' us if we stick 'ere much longer, Bill"

THE BYSTANDER

WEEKLY



SEVENPENCE

THE BYSTANDER

cheers you up.

THE BYSTANDER

is the favourite with the boys at the front.

THE BYSTANDER

discovered Capt. BAIRNSFATHER, "the soldier who makes the Empire laugh."

THE BYSTANDER

has the exclusive right of publishing Bairnsfather's inimitable "Fragments from France." "Blanche's" Letter, "In England Now," Illustrated by Miss Helen McKie. "Jingle" and Norman Morrow at the Theatre.

THE BYSTANDER

has views of its own and a pithy, candid and cynical way of expressing them.

THE BYSTANDER

is the right size for the train, the trench and the camp.

THE BYSTANDER

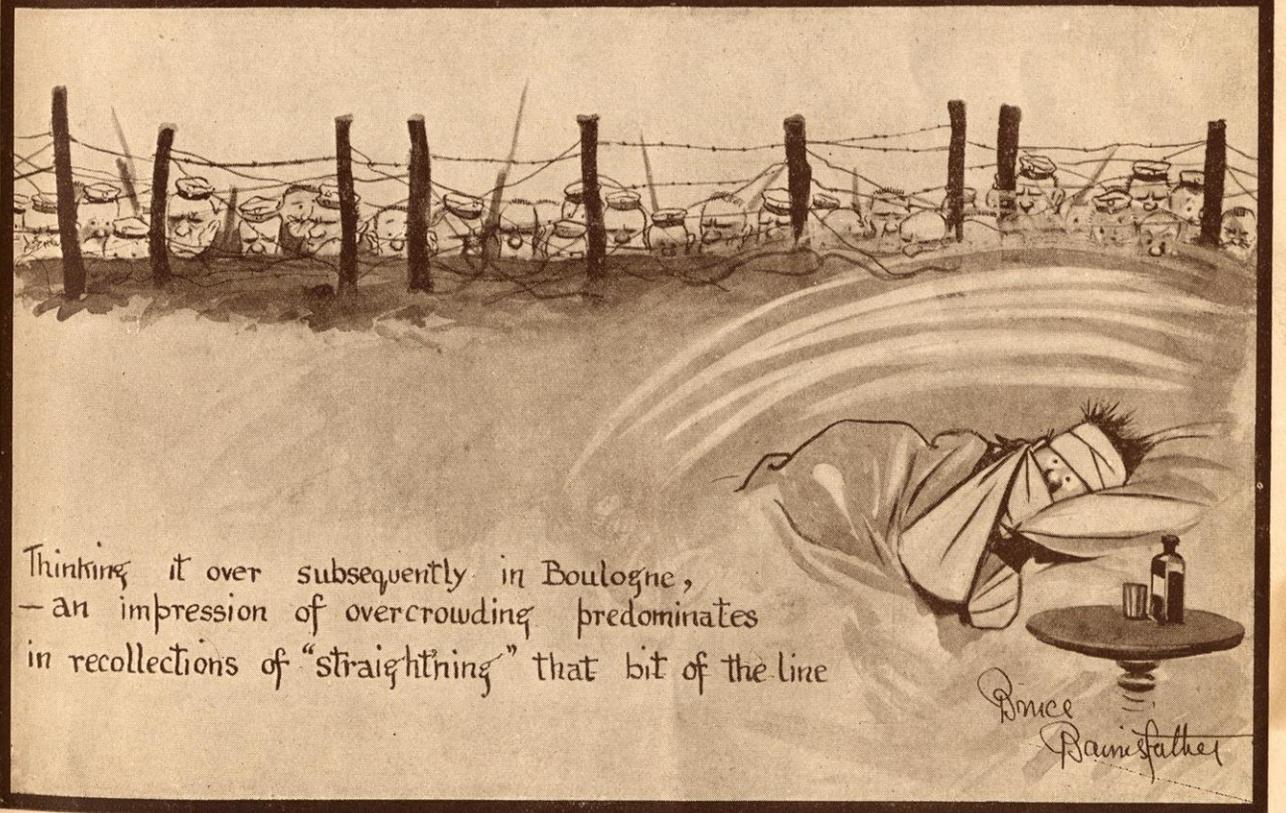
you ought to buy for "someone, somewhere."

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" We Look Before—And After "



Con Moto Perpetuo

"OUR BERT" (going on leave—having asked a question, and having listened to three minutes' unintelligible eloquence): "And 'ow does the chorus go?"



The Saint

That indiscriminating orb, the moon, gives Private Scattergood a saintly appearance, sadly out of keeping with his thoughts. He's filling 100 sandbags at 11 p.m.

“FRAGMENTS”

“FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE” may now be had in the following styles and prices:—

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A selection of favourite “Fragments,” specially printed, suitable for framing. 32 pictures in handsome cover.

5/6 post free.

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No. 1 Series. 300,000 copies already sold. The popular edition for the boys in the trenches, in hospital, or in camp.

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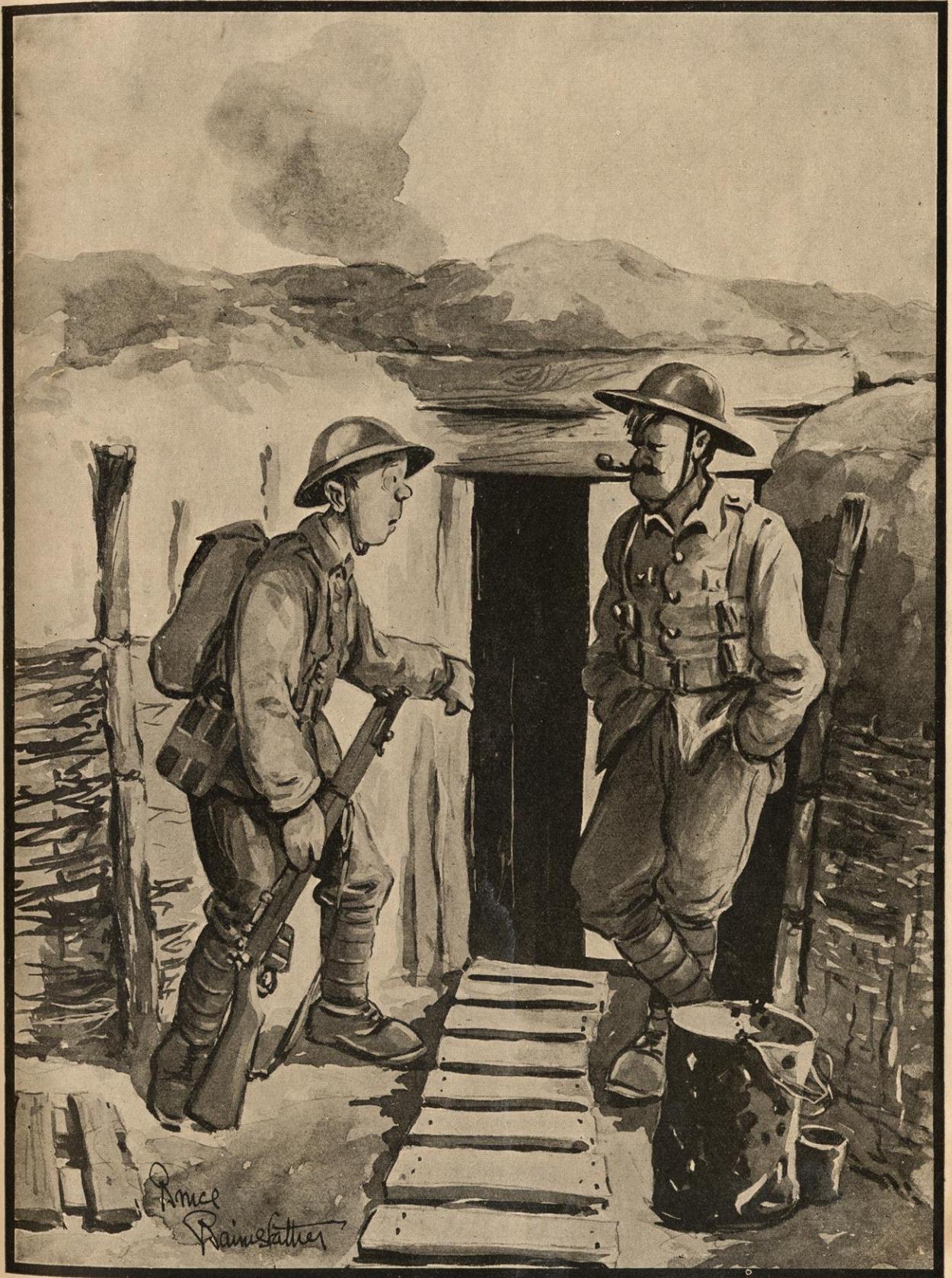
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LONDON, E.C.



Those Tubular Trenches

"Is this right for 'eadquarters?"

"Yes, change at Oxford Circus"

*a point in London where
many streets converge*





**A Good
Pen at a
Low Price.**

Price **6/-**

With Pocket Clip, 6/6

You cannot buy a fountain pen for 6/- that writes so well and is so reliable as the "Blackbird." It has a strong gold nib, excellent ink feed, and in every other respect is up to a high standard. Although not so good as the "SWAN" it is the best in its class. A splendid pen to have for home or business use.

THE "BLACKBIRD" FOUNT PEN

A Useful Pen for Active Service Men.

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."

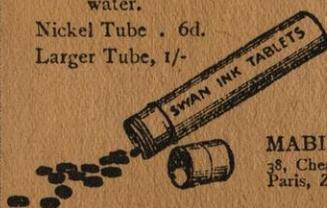
SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

"SWAN" INK TABLETS

To make ink with water.

Nickel Tube . 6d.

Larger Tube, 1/-



Or by post from the Makers.

In United Kingdom 3d. extra. To Expeditionary Force, and Imperial Postage, 4d. extra.

Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.



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Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. London Factory—319-329, Weston Street, S.E.
Associate House—Mable, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.



Now of this book you've reached the end,
I'd like one word with you, my friend:
Of "Bill" and "Bert"—our fighting men—
You've read—and laughed! And if again
You'd laugh with them, their doings seek
In the

—BYSTANDER—

EVERY WEEK

7^{D.}

What it really feels like
To be on patrol duty at night-time.



"Bystander's" Fragments from France. Series 6.

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England.



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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.

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James Pauncefalley

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A.D. NINETEEN FIFTY

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

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THE THIRST FOR REPRISALS

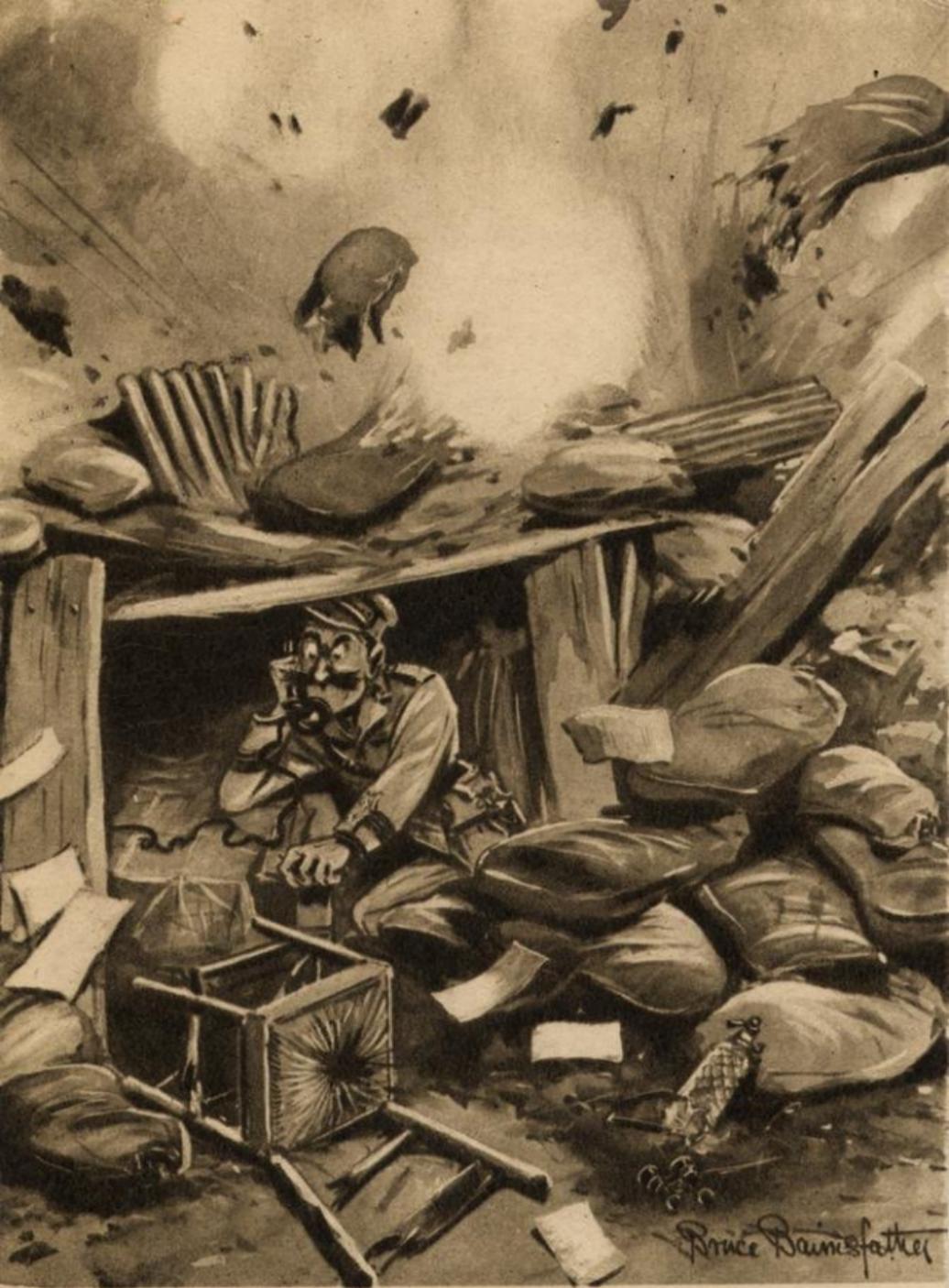
"'And me a rifle, someone. I'll give these ——'s 'ell for this!"

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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."

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Bruce Ramsdell

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A MAXIM MAXIM

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

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THE INNOCENT ABROAD

Out since Mons: "Well, what sort of a night 'ave yer 'ad?" [again.
Novice (persistent optimist): "Oh, all right. 'Ad to get out and rest a bit now and

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Ernst
Fainstaller

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THAT EVENING STAR-SHELL

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

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