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The Bystander's Fragments, No. 5 [selections, 1918-1919].

Bairnsfather, Bruce. 1887-

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

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THE BYSTANDER'S FRAGMENTS

Nº



By

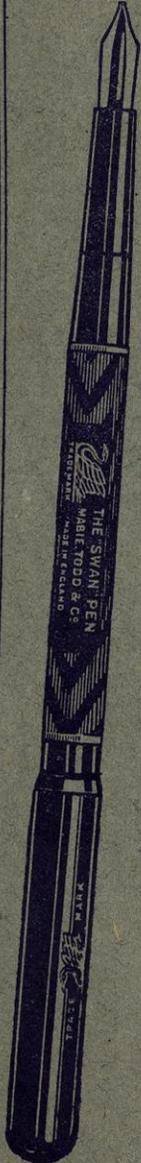
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NET

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"
FOUNT PENS

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.

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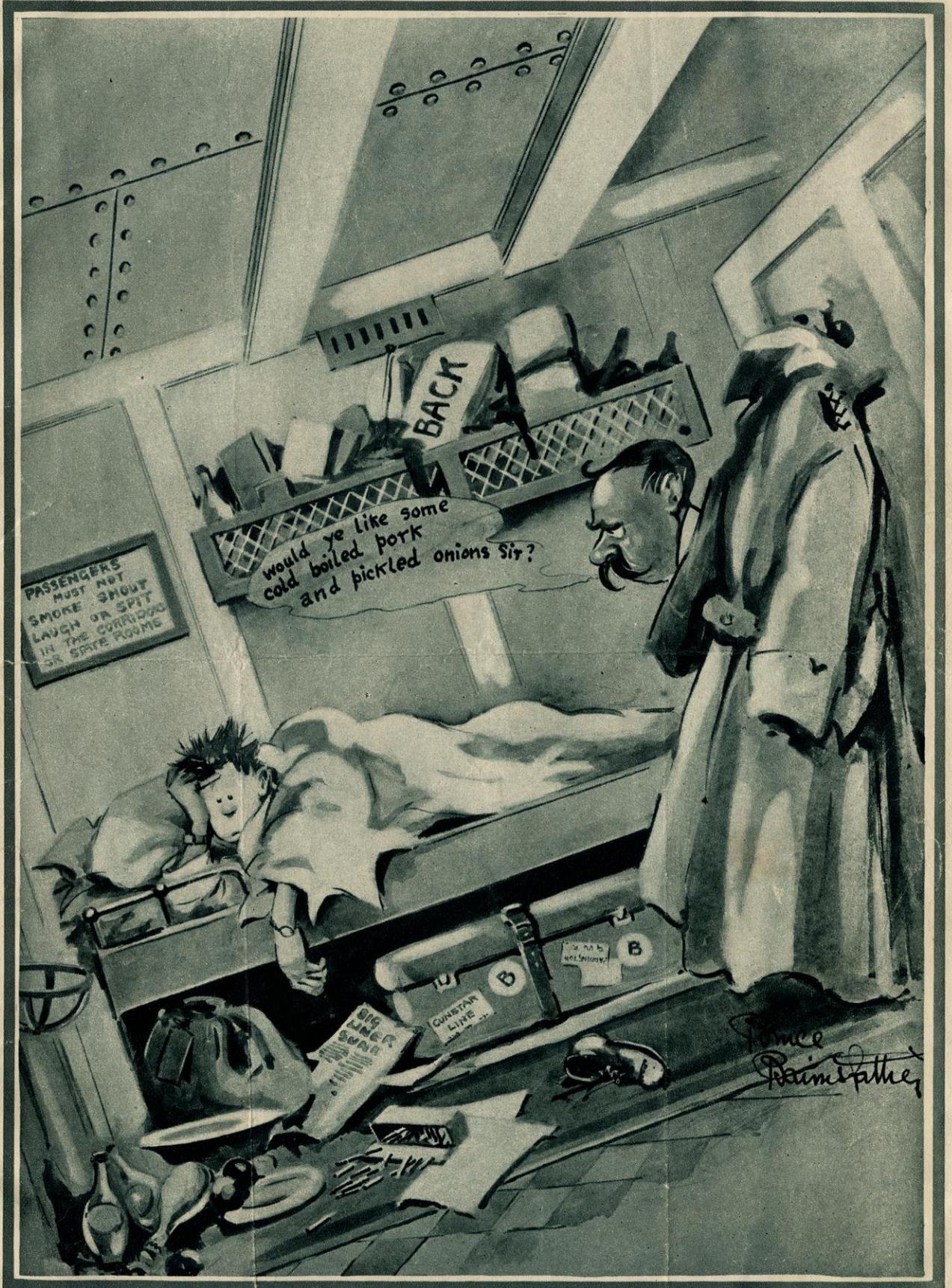
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London. Manchester; Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c.
Associate House—New York and Chicago.



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."



C'est la Guerre



There were times when I wished Prussian Militarism hadn't forced me to visit America

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAINSFATHER

It has now been vouchsafed to us to learn a little of the fantastic methods of them that preach so strenuously the new gospel of Bolshevism. The creed, God wot, is of the simplest. 'Tis but that those that have not shall dip their prehensile hands into the pockets of those that have. The wary Lenin, arch-apostle of the faith that is to make everyone equal and leave him king, speedily discerned whence his most ardent disciples should be drawn. For he that is least endowed with worldly goods is clearly the convicted felon, languishing for his crimes behind the prison wall. Wherefore, the first essential to the establishment of the new religion was that the practised and habitual criminal should be once more at large; and the prison gates were forthwith opened to belch out the tried and trusted missionaries of the gospel of Autolycus and Cain.

In the olden and somewhat apocryphal day of Lycurgus, King of Sparta, when all property was ordered to be held in common, the expert thief was held in much esteem by the community, since by his light-fingered expertness he did but restore to the common stock wealth improperly appropriated by individuals. It may well be that the royal Lenin saw in this alleged practice a worthy precedent, and turned his expert felons from their prisons to do their beneficent work for the common good. The ideal spirit of Old Sparta, however, survived but a short while among the sneak-thief emissaries of the new order. They developed the not unnatural weakness of desiring to keep for themselves what their good right hands had gained for them; and since, forsooth, one might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, they fell into the undesirable way of slitting the throats of those who protested too much at the loss of their private possessions.

The Useful Felon

BY "THE OLD GUARD"

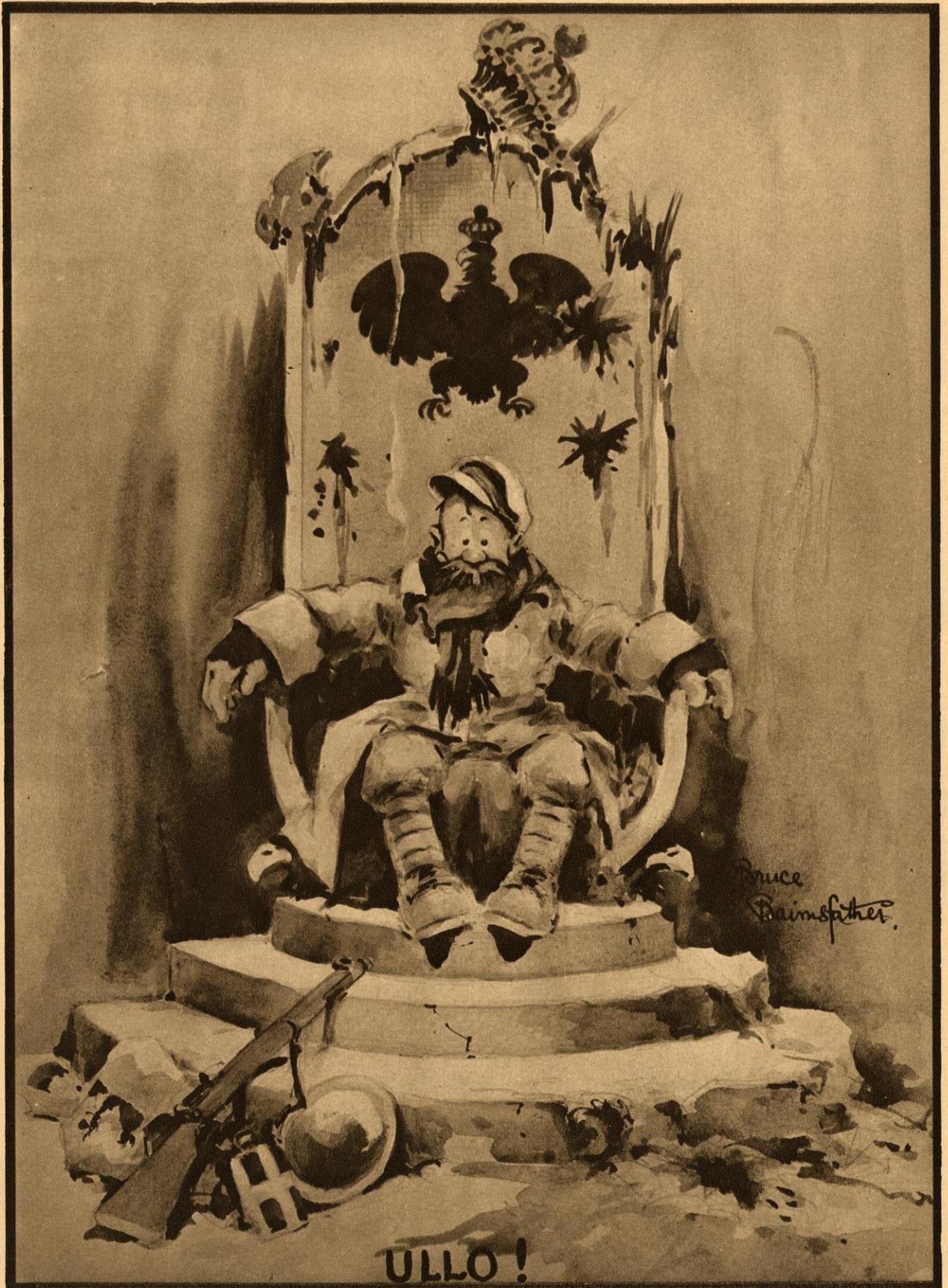
By the convenient, if somewhat undemocratic method of putting the opposition to death, the Lenin Government began to stand firmly on its feet. The good citizen who had reluctantly given up his worldly goods to the chartered highwaymen, thenceforward lacked the means to procure food for himself and his own. The Bolshevik, however, unlike the Western philanthropist, does not feed his enemies; wherefore the short cut to the agreeably regular meal-table became a noisy profession of faith in Bolshevism. Hence the erstwhile man of means, wearying of the hitherto unexperienced monotony of an empty stomach, discreetly concealed his collar and his pocket handkerchief, and proclaimed himself an enthusiastic convert to the new faith that is to move mountains and convulse the world. How far the disciple made by force may be compared with advantage to the disciple of conviction we shall offer no opinion.

Withal, it would appear to the commoner and more orthodox mind that the authorised habit of acquiring other people's worldly goods by vulgar force is not one that may be readily abandoned. The official thief of Bolshevism, having now done his work, is left with idle hands, yet hands that must perforce remain light-fingered still. 'Twould seem a pity that he should have been at such pains to acquire and practise the gentle art of misappropriation if he may have no opportunity in the future to prove that he did honour to his apprenticeship. For ourself, we foresee a career yet open in Russia to him that can steal efficiently, since it were a shame for him to bury his talent in the ground. Having stolen from the individual for the good of his Government, shall he not now steal from his Government for the good of the individual? If he do not, then shall history for once fail to repeat itself.

Of a truth, there is no other way out for the political pick-pocket. The imperious Lenin, if report speak truly, has already begun to pouch the beginnings of private wealth so that in the day of wrath against him and his fantasies he may live in ease and retirement, untroubled by the sordid cares of the everyday world. And after him, we doubt not, will come the deluge of a general and unholy scramble for great possessions among his materialistic followers. For a political system founded on the art and practice of the gaol-bird may not long endure in a world that, with all its faults, has ever a gentle longing for honesty and honour. The creed of Bolshevism holds, therefore, within itself the force that shall destroy it, and bring to nought, for the good of mankind, the morbid ambition of the irresponsible champions of an impossible cause.



MICROBE PHOTOGRAPHY: "LOVE"
The most dangerous of all



A CHANGE OF BILL

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

En Route to a Far, Far Better 'Ole



PASSED BY CENSOR

“STRUTH!”

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)



"Counting up their Bradburys next day"

But it was, of course, a "great" night all the same, and above all in the old joy-places that, for some of us, are so full of ghosts. At the theatres—especially those given over to the lighter side of the drama, where legs and lingerie matter more than "book" or brains—there swept an excess of that conviviality between stage and stalls which has thriven so amazingly since the New Army came into being. There was an added sparkle to bright eyes, an added zip to popular songs, a tremendous underlying excitement everywhere.

And at the restaurants vast crowds determined to be cheery no matter how uninspiring our (still) war-food or how fabulous the profiteering on *vin ordinaire* of the most ordinary. Those who mourned our fallen conquerors kept at home and hid their grief, of course, for to the stricken soul how impossible is London, the gay, the sparkling. But there are others, many of 'em, thank goodness; and counting up their Bradburys next day must have made sit up in wonder even the war-gilded *restaurateur*.

Crowds are apt to lose sight of essentials, but at least our peace crowds remembered one thing—that all we have, and are, and all we shall be, we owe to the never-to-be-forgotten devotion and valour of those our very perfect gentle knights and paladins, the men who have fought for us.

May they rest in peace! And then, before all else, before even we start to rebuild this devastated world—may we have justice on their murderers. Vengeance is ours! Let us repay—for all the anguish and all the heartache and all the horror of this awful war. It will not bring them back again, and it will not soothe our unending sorrow, but it is all we can do now for our defenceless dead—to defend their honour.

This is a sad letter, and I'm so sorry, and I won't do it again, really, *ever*. But, oh! cousin, how can one be gay remembering all those graves in France and in Africa, in Mesopotamia and Macedonia, in Gallipoli and Italy, and in the sea—graves that hold the youth of our generation and our sad, sad thoughts? One is grateful—grateful beyond words—but it is so hard to take even the gift of England, our England once again, from those so cold young hands, now that those radiant young eyes are so unendingly closed!

Soon, of course, the pain will pass, the sword will not turn so fearfully in our hearts when time has dulled the ache of their absence—kind time, the transmutter of sorrow to tender gladness. The places of our gallant men can never be filled, but through our tears there may shine the radiance of their dear memory, which will grow, as the light of sunrise grows, till nothing but gladness remains and nothing but pride in their undying glory.

There is only one anodyne—to make the England they died for an England worthy of their sacrifice. And it will take some doing.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE



THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY AND PEACE

On November 12, the King and Queen and as many of their people as could be contained within St. Paul's Cathedral, joined in a solemn service of Thanksgiving. Vast crowds could not obtain admittance, but they patiently waited till the close, and cheered the King and Queen and Princess Mary, whom our picture shows leaving the Cathedral after the Service



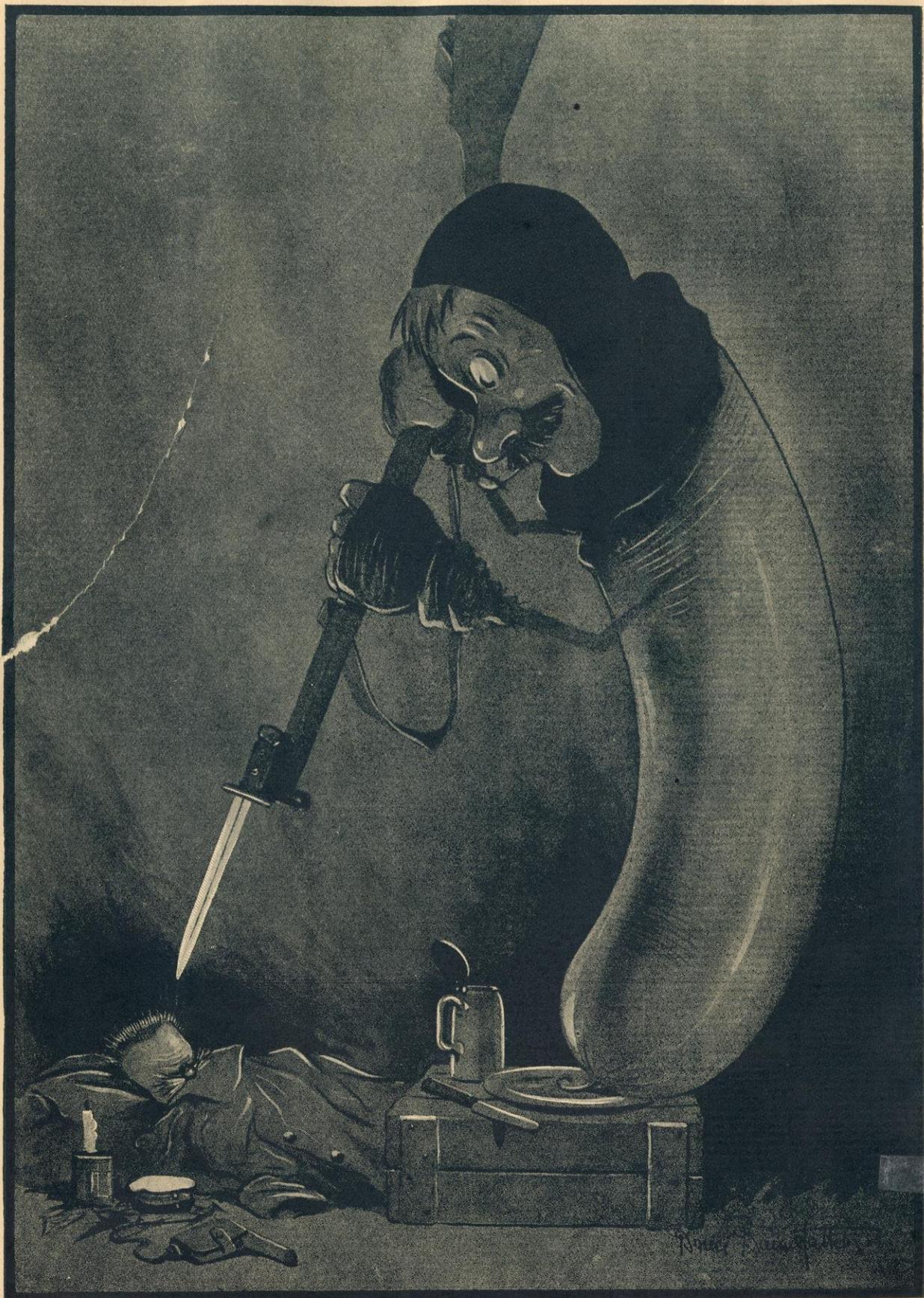
Letting Himself Down

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.

**Send one
to
Your Soldier**
*A necessity
in the Trenches*



With
Pocket
Clip,
6/6



THE "Blackbird" is the best moderately-priced pen for men on active service. The strong gold nib writes immediately it is put to paper, and the well-shaped holder carries a large supply of ink. When fluid ink is unobtainable, the "Blackbird" can be loaded with "Swan" Ink Tablets to make ink with water. You need letters from your soldier—then make writing easy for him. Send him a "Blackbird" writing kit.

**THE
"BLACKBIRD"
FOUNT PEN**

MADE BY THE "SWAN" PEN PEOPLE.

THE "Blackbird" will be appreciated for the splendid service it gives. Although not the equal of the "Swan" it is without question the best pen at the price.

Supplied in fine, medium, medium broad, oblique, and turned-up points. May be exchanged if the nib is found unsuitable, or allowed for towards a "Swan."

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A TUBE OF "SWAN" INK TABLETS. One to a penful of water. No filler needed ...	0	6
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THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
STATE OF WISCONSIN GENERAL HOSPITAL
MADISON

MEDICAL DIVISION

April 21, 1939

Dr. George H. Reddick,
Wabeno, Wisconsin.

Dear Doctor Reddick:-

It was very good of you to think of me in connection with your copies of Bairnsfather's cartoons of the war period. I have had many good laughs and relaxations over them, particularly the one in which the shell hole in the wall of the billet is related to the devastation of mice. Bert and Old Bill were two characteristics that you might find in any ~~batalion~~ ^{batallion}.

Rumor hath it that Old Bill was a character in the Warwicks that Bairnsfather picked for his model. Furthermore the Tommies told me that he became so insufferably conceited after all the publicity that they could not live with him. I was never able to confirm this during my stay in the 4th Division.

Several years ago, in fact very shortly after the war, while rummaging through Leary's old book store in Philadelphia I picked up a bound volume of these cartoons, so that I have had the opportunity to keep my memories refreshed by turning back to them from time to time.

Thanking you kindly for your courtesy, I am

Sincerely yours,

Wm. J. Middleton

WSM:j