

Bruce Bairnsfather's 54 postcards
issued in nine monthly series of six cards

The First Series

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

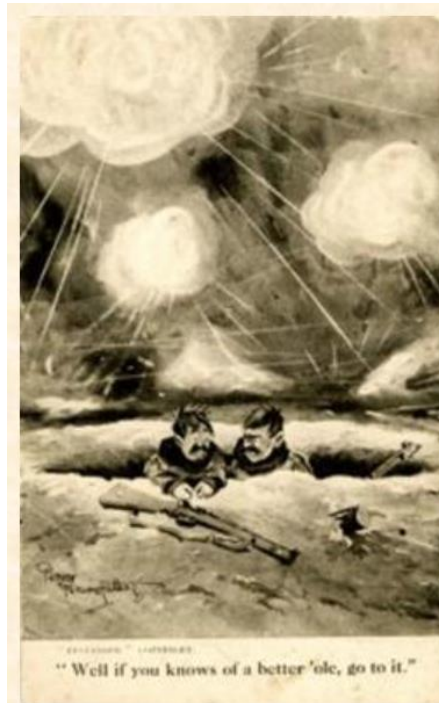
So obvious

The fatalist

Keeping his hand in

The things that matter

"There goes our blinkin' parapet again"



The Second Series

No possible doubt whatever

The thirst for reprisals

That evening star-shell

Coiffure in the trenches

The eternal question

The innocent abroad



Reynolds copyright. **NO POSSIBLE DOUBT WHATSOEVER**
Sowby: "All! Who goes there?"
He of the Shandies: "You shoot me ———— month, or I'll come and knock you ———— head off!" Sowby: "Paw, friend!"



Reynolds copyright. **THE THIRST FOR REPRISALS**
"And see a rifle, someone. I'll give them ————'s 'til for this!"



Reynolds copyright. **THAT EVENING STAR-SHELL**
"Oh, star of eve, whose leader beam Falls on my spirit's troubled dream." — Yonahday.



Reynolds copyright. **COIFFURE IN THE TRENCHES**
"Keep yer 'ud still, or I'll 'ave yer 'bizzle' cut off!"



Reynolds copyright. **THE ETERNAL QUESTION**
"When the 'ell is it goid' to be strawberry?"



Reynolds copyright. **THE INNOCENT ABROAD**
Out since Moss: "Well, what sort of a night 'ave yer 'Ad?" [again.]
Newer (perforated sputum): "Oh, all right. 'Ad to get out and see a bit now and"

The Third Series

“Where did that one go to?”

“They’ve evidently seen me”

The tactless Teuton

Directing the way at the front

That sword

Our democratic army



“WHERE DID THAT ONE GO TO?”



“THEY’VE EVIDENTLY SEEN ME.”



THE TACTLESS TEUTON
A member of the Gravediggers’ Corps joking with a private in the Orphans’ Battalion, prior to a frontal attack.



DIRECTING THE WAY AT THE FRONT
“Yer knows the dead ‘orse ‘cross the road? Well, keep straight on till yer comes to a y’ambulator ‘longside a Johnson’s ‘ole.”



How he thought he was going to use it—

—And how he did use it.



OUR DEMOCRATIC ARMY
Member of Navvies’ Battalion (to Colonel’s): “I see, yer mate’s dropped ‘is case.”

The Fourth Series

My dug-out: a lay of the trenches

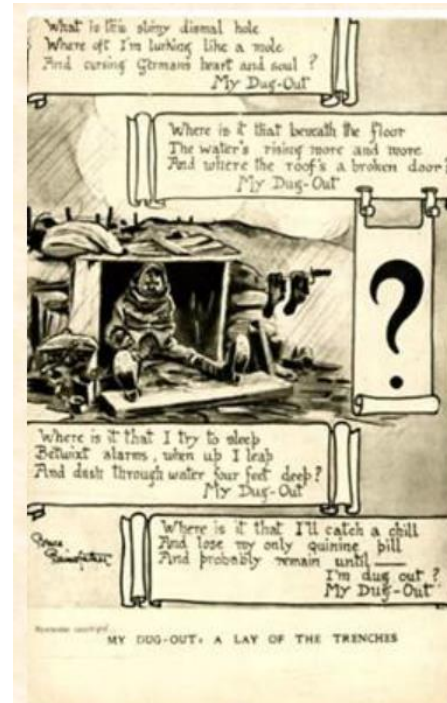
Situation shortly vacant

"Gott strafe this barbed wire"

A maxim maxim

A.D. Nineteen Fifty

"The Push" - in three chapters



The Fifth Series

"...these...rations"

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

In and Out (I)

In and Out (II)

The ideal and the real

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



The Sixth Series

The soldier's dream

"That 16 inch sensation"

Our adaptable armies

What it really feels like

"The same old moon"

Frustrated ingenuity



The Seventh Series

The Dud Shell – or the Fuse-Top Collector

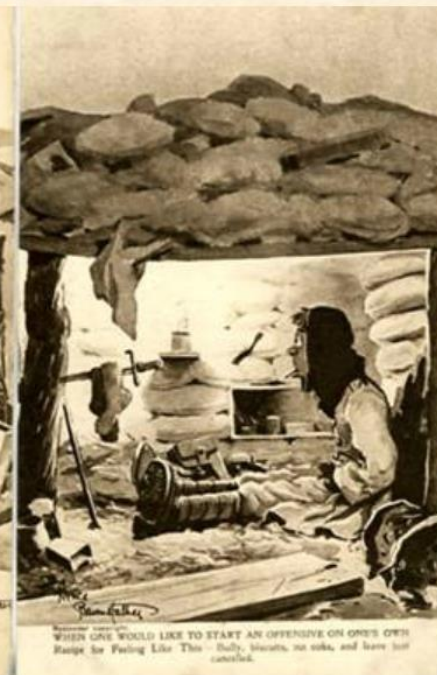
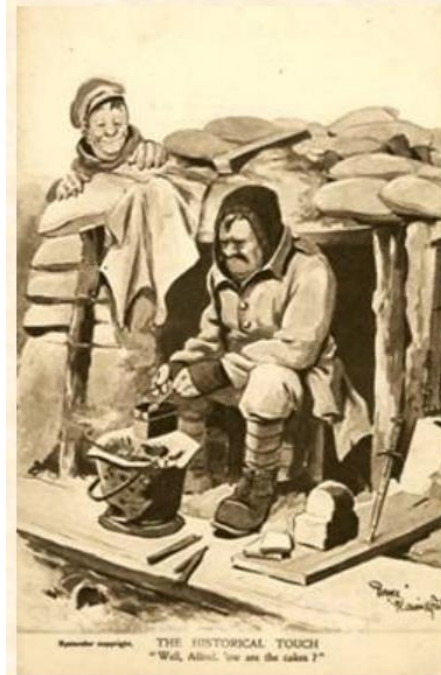
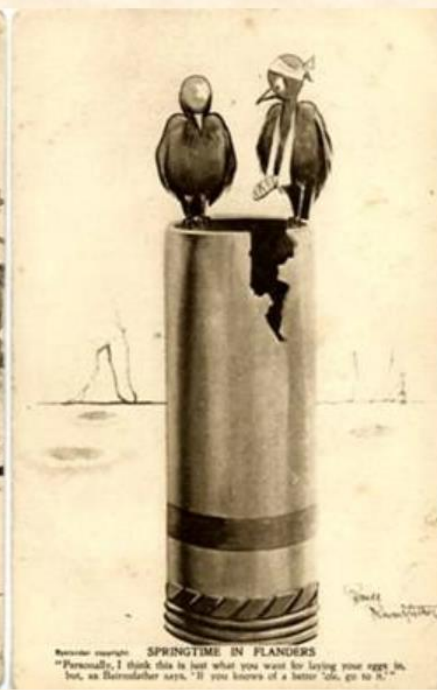
Springtime In Flanders

My dream for years to come

The historical touch

When one would like to start an offensive on one's own

The conscientious exhilarator



The Eighth Series

Thoroughness

The professional touch

The nest

A proposal in Flanders

Happy memories of the zoo

Trouble with one of the souvenirs



The Ninth Series

The intelligence department

Nobbled

The communication trench

His secret sorrow

His dual obsession

Observation



THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT
"It was 'em the Warwick?"
"Naw, Indeburg's brother Light Infantry."



NOBBLED
"Ow long are you up for, BO?"
"Seven years."
"Yer lucky ----, I'm duration."



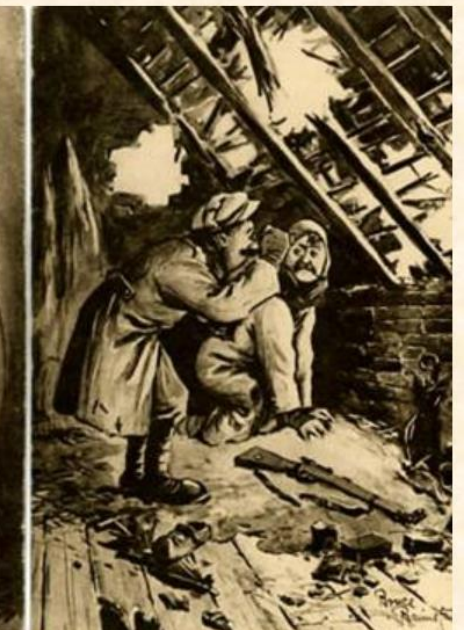
THE COMMUNICATION TRENCH
Problem—Whether to walk along the top and risk it, or the quieter side of this.



HIS SECRET SORROW
"I reckon this blade must 'ave caught 'em late against some of them forts at Verdun."



HIS DUAL OBSESSION
Owing to the frequent recurrence of this dream, Hans Fritz von Lagerholts has decided to take his friends' advice. Get up teenage late at night and stand here upon the possible size of the British Army next spring.



OBSERVATION
"Are a squab through these 'em, BO? you can see one of the ----'s eatin' a sausage as clear as anything."