

***John Walters by Sapper in Notebook VI.B.46 (1937 – 1938)***

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To produce his groundbreaking transcription<sup>1</sup> and annotation of Joyce's notebook VI.B.46, Danis Rose did not have the advantage of the web. Describing the list headed 'Army', he correctly opined that Joyce's source was part of a narrative. To isolate the particular source among the vast literature of the First World War without modern word searches, would be next to impossible. It originated, at least for the most part, in the stories of H. C. McNeile (1888-1937), who wrote under the pseudonym of 'Sapper'. Best known for the Bulldog Drummond series, an early James Bond type of adventure, his fiction was grounded in his experiences of the Great War. He wrote a number of short stories, published in the *Daily Mail* and later in book form. Joyce seems to have drawn from the 1927 collection 'John Walters'<sup>2</sup> since his notebook entries follow closely their appearance in the first five stories whose titles are given below. This publication can be accessed online at Project Gutenberg Australia, which unfortunately does not give the original pagination. In the genetic transcription of Joyce's notes the source quotations follow in the order found in the book with two minor exceptions (noted). Not all the notebook entries have been found in *John Walters*.

A few units, crossed out in green, were added to the second set of Galley proofs for Book 1 Chapter 5 of *Finnegans Wake*. The majority, crossed in red, were added to a typescript for Book 2 Chapter 3, the 'Butt and Taff' episode, prepared for *transition*, as Joyce's final contribution to that publication.

In noting material, Joyce would often begin the process of transformation. This I believe happened to unit (*o*) below, when mention of ghosts in his source triggered the note about 'his' General. Similarly the jasmine scent referred to in (*q*) became heliotrope and its original context disappeared in *Finnegans Wake* for all but the source hunter. The 'perisher' of (*g*), seems to have been widely used as a derogatory epithet in the stories, although Sapper must have known it was also an army term denoting a periscope (Rose). Some light may be shed on the last entry (*b*) by the advertisement shown below from 1899, which Sapper could have seen, but similar promotions can be found in publications over many decades following.

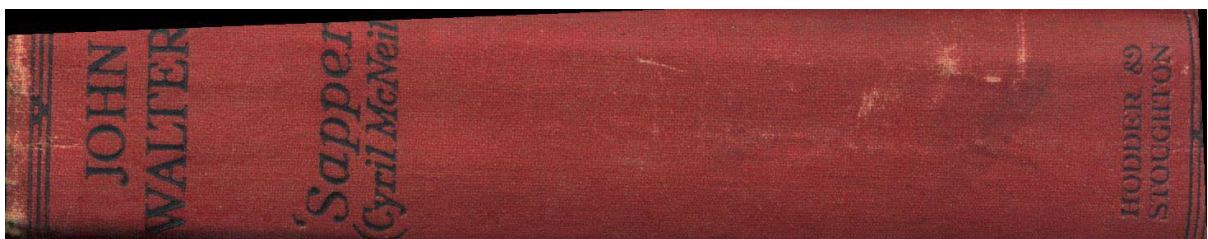
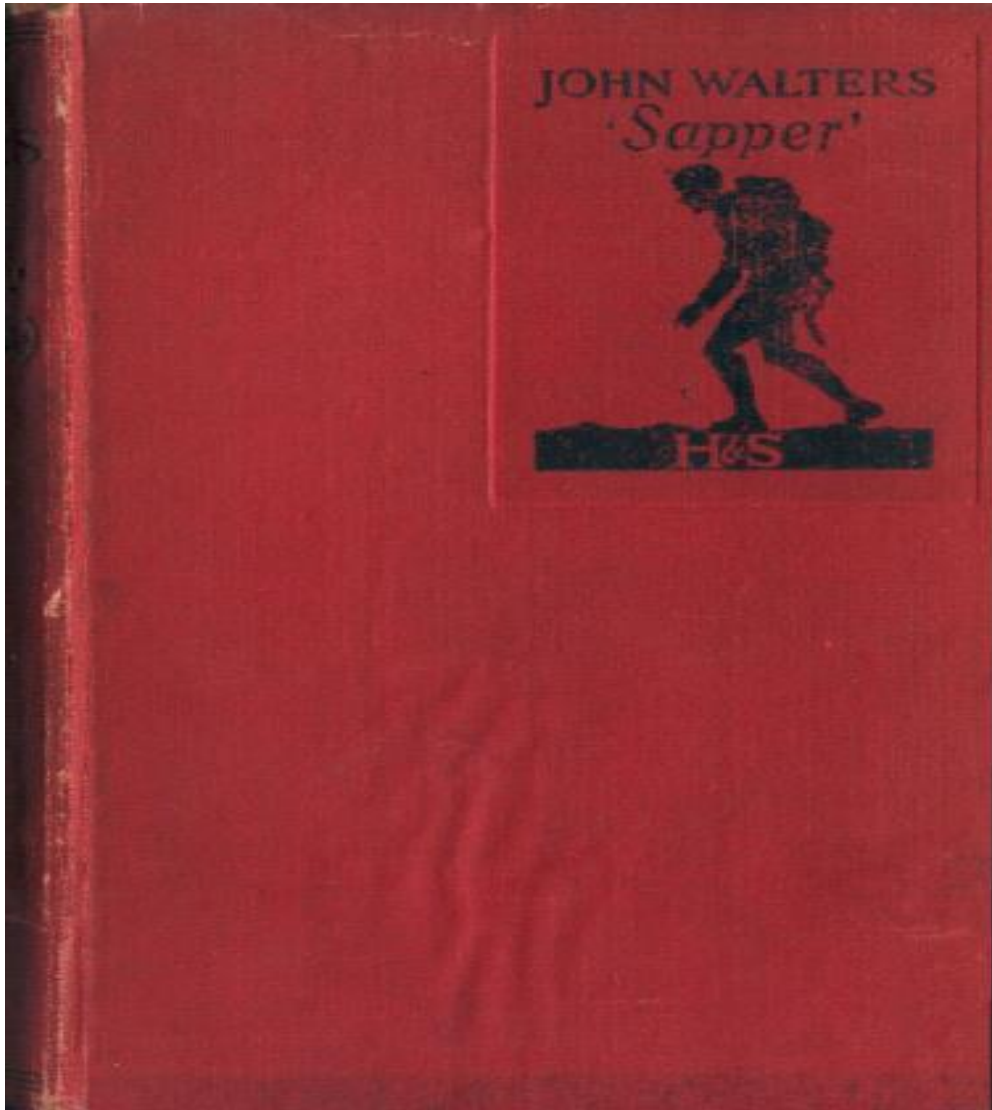
The stories used by Joyce are as follows, abbreviated in the listing.

- |                                    |                          |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| I. — THE AWAKENING OF JOHN WALTERS | (JW1) [an adventure]     |
| II. — A POINT OF DETAIL            | (JW2) [a murder mystery] |
| III. — MY LADY OF THE JASMINE      | (JW3) [a melodrama]      |
| IV. — THE MAN-TRAP                 | (JW4) [a farce]          |
| V. — EBENEEZER THE GOAT            | (JW5) [a farce]          |

1. Danis Rose: *James Joyce's The Index Manuscript Finnegans Wake Holograph Workbook VI.B.46*: Colchester: A Wake Newslitter Press 1978

2. H. C. McNeile "Sapper": *John Walters*: Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1927. An online version is available at: <http://gutenberg.net.au/ebooks14/1400021h.html>.

The edition of *John Walters* we have used for the genetic transcription of Joyce's notes, is published by Hodder & Stoughton, London. The edition is undated. Possibly late 1920s. Print.



# JOHN WALTERS

FROM *THE LIEUTENANT AND OTHERS,*  
*THE HUMAN TOUCH AND NO MAN'S LAND*

BY  
"SAPPER"

HODDER AND STOUGHTON  
PUBLISHERS LONDON

## VI.B.46.097

### (a) Army

*Note:* Header underlined in red crayon.

### (b) 'platoon,

*JWI 7:* Should you ever wander round the ranks of the North Sussex and inspect the faces of the men in that celebrated battalion, you will find that the majority are of the type bovine. They are a magnificent, if a stolid crowd, and their fighting record is second to none; but as might be expected in a regiment recruited largely from those who have been born and bred on the land, the prevalent expression of countenance is wooden. And in the rear rank of Number Three Platoon—at least that is where he used to exist beautifully—you will find the winner of the competition.

MS 47480-89v, ScrTsLPA: ^+with platoonic leave+^ | *JJA* 55:170 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 348.08

### (c) 'saphead, >

MS 47480-82v, ScrTsLPA: ^+, a saphead setrapped,+^ | *JJA* 55:156 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 344.26

### (d) 'Mills, >

MS 47480-75v, ScrTsLPA: ^+which seems to sharpnel his innermalls menody+^ | *JJA* 55:142 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 341.04

### (e) 'picket, >

MS 47480-94v, ScrTsLPA: ^+Packpickets, pioghs and kughs to be palseyputred!+^ | *JJA* 55:178 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 350.18

### (f) 'firetrench,

*JWI 13:* Suddenly the saphead seemed to swarm with men who leaped into it out of the silent mists; a bullet-headed man seized John by the collar and yanked him out; the rest of the party seized the Mills bombs lying at the saphead, threw them at the sleeping picket near the fire-trench, and followed John's captor.

MS 47480-81v, ScrTsLPA: ^+in aknuckledownedgment of this cumulikick, strafe from the firetrench,+^ | *JJA* 55:154 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 344.09

### (g) 'perisher,

*JWI 17:* "Lumme, guv'nor!"—he turned to the man behind him—"I ain't 'ad nothin' to eat all day. Not since last night, I ain't, an' then a perisher dropped me bread in the trench and trod on it."

MS 47480-88v, ScrTsLPA: ^+to they blightly perishers+^ | *JJA* 55:168 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 347.25

### (h) 'strafe,

*JWI 29:* "A bit hactive to-night," thought John, listening with undisguised interest to the bursts outside. After all they were *his* bursts; he had every right to feel a fatherly pleasure in this strafing of the accursed Hun, even though his present position as one of them left much to be desired. A gentle smile of toleration spread over his face, the smile of the proud proprietor exhibiting his wares to an unworthy audience—and he glanced at the two officers. He noticed they were looking inquiringly at one another, as if debating in their minds whether it was an ordinary strafe or whether—

MS 47480-81v, ScrTsLPA: ^+in aknuckledownedgment of this cumulikick, strafe from the firetrench,+^ | *JJA* 55:154 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 344.09

(i) **'commando;**

Not found in *John Walters*.

*Note:* The nature of the story may have suggested this to Joyce.

MS 47480-94v, ScrTsLPA: ^+, pleatze comando,+^ | *JJA* 55:178 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 350.20

(j) **'patrol >**

MS 47480-74v, ScrTsLPS: ~~petrol-pump~~ ^+peatrol and paump+^ | *JJA* 55:140 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 340.19

(k) **'sentry, >**

MS 47480-81v, ScrTsLPS: √ ^+to sintry and santry and sentry and suntry+^ | *JJA* 55:154 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 343.32

(l) **'flare,**

*JW2* 39-41: "Get back your own way," he whispered; "we've bumped into a big patrol. Don't fire." And as he spoke, with a slight hiss a flare shot up into the night.

Now had it not been for that one untimely flare this story would never have been written. Indecent curiosity in other wanderers' doings in No Man's Land is an unprofitable amusement; while the sound of strafing, to say nothing of revolver shots, is calculated to produce a tornado of fire from all directions, administered impartially by friend and foe alike. Wherefore it is more [39] than likely that but for the sudden ghostly light both the Englishmen would have got away. As it was, John Brinton, M.C., Lieutenant in His Majesty's Regiment of the Royal Loamshires, found himself crouching in a slight dip in the ground and contemplating from a range of four feet no less than six Huns similarly engaged. There was the sharp crack of a revolver, a struggle, a muffled cry; then silence. Half a dozen more flares went up from each line; everywhere sentries peered earnestly towards the sound of the shot; a few desultory rifles cracked, and then the night resumed its whispering mystery. But at the bottom of the dip five Huns lay on the top of a stunned English officer; while the sixth lay still and twisted, with a revolver bullet in his brain.

Twenty minutes afterwards the sergeant, crawling warily on his belly, approached a saphead and after a brief word or two dropped in.

"Ave you seen Mr. Brinton, sir," he asked anxiously of an officer whom he found in the sap, pessimistically smoking a cigarette—saps are pessimistic places. [40]

"No." The officer looked up quickly. "He was out with you, wasn't he, Sergeant Dawson?"

"Yes, sir—on patrol. We'd just a-got to that there chalk 'ummock, when we ran into some of 'em. 'E said to me—"Get back," 'e said, 'your own way,' and then they put up a flare. I couldn't see 'im as I was lying doggo in a 'ole, but I 'eard a revolver shot about ten yards away. I looked round when the flare was out, but couldn't see him, nor 'ear him. So I thought 'e might 'ave got back."

MS 47480-82v, ScrTsLPA: ^+by the ~~veerey~~ ^+veereyed+^ lights of the stormtrooping clouds and in the sheenflare of the battleaxes of the heroim and mid the shieldfails awail of the bitteraccents of the sorafim+^ | *JJA* 55:156 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 344.24

(m) **'bowie knife,**

*JW2* 43-4: In part of the Loamshires' front line, mining activity was great. A continuous group of craters stretched along No Man's Land, separating them from the wily Hun, for half the battalion front—a group which we will call Outpost. The name is wrong, but it will serve. To the near lips of each crater a sap ran out from the front line, so that merely the great yawning hole lay between the saphead and the corresponding abode of the Germans on the other lip. Each night these sapheads were held by a small group of men armed with Verey lights, bombs, bowie-knives, and other impedimenta of destruction; while between the saps the trench [43] was held but lightly—in some cases, not at all. The idea of concentrating men in the front line has long been given up by both sides.

MS 47480-83v, ScrTsLPA: ^+you bet your blowie knife+^ | *JJA* 55:158 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 345.07

(n) **ˈsquad,**

Not found in *John Walters*.

MS 47480-80v, ScrTsLPA: ^+squad+^ | *JJA* 55:152 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 343.13

(o) **ˈthe general a ghost,**

?*JW*2 44: If, therefore, one strolls along the firing line—a tedious amusement at all times—it is more than likely that one will find long stretches completely deserted. The scene is desolate; the walk is strangely eerie. Walls of sandbags tower on each side, in some cases two or three feet above one’s head; the clouds go scudding by, while the shadows of a traverse dance fantastically as a flare comes hissing down. The Hun is thirty yards away; the silence is absolute; the place is ghostly with the phantoms of forgotten men.

MS 47480-81v, ScrTsLPA: ^+I no sooner seen aghist of his frighteousness then+^ | *JJA* 55:154 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 343.34

(p) **they kiss,**

*Note:* Occurs in *JW*3 in several places but locations not in sequence.

(q) **ˈscent of heliotrope**

*JW*3 80-1: He was conscious first of a faint elusive scent—a scent [80] which was new to him. His mind wandered to the scents he knew—Chaminade, Mystérieuse, Trèfle Incarnat—but this was different. Delicate, sensuous, with the slightest suggestion of jasmine about it, it seemed to permeate every part of him.

MS 47480-91v, ScrTsLPS: ~~Following~~ ^+[In the heliotropical ~~noughtime~~ ^+noughttime+^ following+^ | *JJA* 55:174 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 349.07

(r) **ˈwent to valise,**

*Note:* *i.e.* went to bed.

*JW*3 82: The place looked more like an office than a mess. Suddenly he stiffened into attention; steps were coming down the entrance to the dug-out. A man came in, and with a gasp the Kid recognized a German soldier. He strove to shout—to warn his brother officers who he knew were peacefully sleeping in valises on the floor; but no sound came. His tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth; he could only watch, rigid and motionless.

MS 47480-83v, ScrTsLPA: ^+govalise+^ | *JJA* 55:158 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 345.11

(s) **ˈhas not yet / come R. Q,**

Not found in *John Walters*.

MS 47476a-217, ScrPrTMA: ^+come to the R. Q.+^ | *JJA* 49:457 | early 1938 | I.5§1.11/4.11 | *FW* 124.36-125.01

(t) **ˈspionne,**

*Note:* *Du.* Female spy.

*JW*3 86: “Unless,” repeated the Lieutenant drearily, “she agrees to do some charming and honourable spying work for us on the other side of the lines.”

*JW*3 95: For a moment there was dead silence, and then the girl turned her stricken face to the man beside her. “Dear God!” she muttered, “is this why you made love to me? To make me a spy?”

MS 47480-90v, ScrTsLPA ^+(who still senses that heavinscent houroines that ~~entrainert~~ ^+entertrained+^ him who they were ^+senior ^+sinuorivals+^^ from the sunny Espionia but plied wopsy with his wallets in thatthack of the bustle of Bakerloo, (11.32),+^ | *JJA* 55:172 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 348.30

(u) **ˈprussian**

*JW3* 87: The Colonel's jaw shut like a vice. "Then God help you both, my friend; God help you both." His voice was soft, but horribly menacing; and as the curtain dropped behind him, the Kid, who had been listening spellbound, understood for the first time the type of man who represented Prussian militarism.

?MS 47480-83v, ScrTsLPA: ^+looked upon the Saur of all the Haurousians with the weight of his arge fullin upon him and+^ | *JJA* 55:158 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 344.33

(v) ***s*an adorable look of amaze-**,

*JW3* 88-9: With a quick start he looked up, and into his face there came the light of all the ages, the light of the man for the woman he loves.

"Marie," he whispered hoarsely. "Marie—*que je t'adore*." He caught her to him and kissed her on the lips. Then, with a bitter [88] groan, he pushed her away and sat down again.

"Fritz, what is it?" she cried in wondering tones. "You sent for me, my dear. Why? I came; but it is not right for me to come to you here— in your dug-out."

"I was ordered to send for you, my Marie." His French was pure if guttural.

"Ordered!" An adorable look of amazement came on her face. "And you liked not this order, my Fritz. But why? It is not right for me to be here, I know; but now that I have come, it is very nice, *mon ami*. Why do you look so glum?"

MS 47476a-217, ScrPrLMA: ^+, with an adorable look of amuzement?+^ | *JJA* 49:457 | early 1938 | I.5§1.11/4.11 | *FW* 125.13

(w) ***r*communiqués,**

*JW4* 103: As far as I know, the story of their first—and last— meeting has never yet been told to the world at large. It is a harrowing tale, and it found no place in official *communiqués*.

MS 47480-81v, ScrTsLPA: ^+in aknuckledownedgment of this cumulikick, strafe from the firetrench,+^ | *JJA* 55:154 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 344.08

(x) ***r*frightfulness,**

*JW4* 106-7: "Percy inaugurates new form of frightfulness," laughed the Major. "May I be there when you catch your first!"

The conversation dropped; other and more intimate topics anent the fair ones at home took its place; but in the mind of Percy FitzPercy the germ of invention was sown. When he went back to his battalion that night, in their so-called rest-billets, he was thinking. Which was always a perilous proceeding for Percy.

Now it so happened that his part of the line at the moment had originally belonged to the Hun. It was a confused bit of trench, in which miners carried on extensively their [106] reprehensible trade. And where there are miners there is also spoil. Spoil, for the benefit of the uninitiated, is the technical name given to the material they remove from the centre of the earth during the process of driving their galleries. It is brought up to the surface in sandbags, and is then carried away and dumped somewhere out of harm's way. In reality it is generally stacked carefully in the trenches themselves, thereby completely blocking all traffic; which is by the way.

MS 47480-81v, ScrTsLPA: ^+I no sooner seen aghist of his frighteousness then+^ | *JJA* 55:154 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 343.34-5

(y) ***r*the Ross,**

*Note:* For the likely source see (x) above.

MS 47480-75v, ScrTsLPA: ^+, the Riss, the Ross, the sur of all Russers,+^ | *JJA* 55:142 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 343.35

(z) ***r*polecat,**

*JW4* 108-9: How he first stumbled is not recorded; but early one morning Percy FitzPercy could have been seen like a terrier with his nose down a rabbit-hole, lying flat at the bottom of the trench, peering into a noisome and foul-smelling cavity underneath him.

"My dear old boy," he remarked, enthusiastically, to a brother subaltern, who was watching the proceeding coldly, "it's an old German dug-out; I'm *certain* it's an old German dug-out." [108]

“I don’t care a damn if it is,” answered the other, without enthusiasm. “It stinks like a polecat, and is undoubtedly full of all creeping things. For heaven’s sake, let’s go and get something to eat.”  
MS 47480-75v, ScrTsLPA: ^+We should say you dones the polecad.+^ | JJA 55:142 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | FW 341.01

**(aa) <sup>r</sup>veerey / lights,**

*JW4* 113: Now one may say at once that Percy had all the makings in him of the true artist. Having decided to stage his performance, he had no intention of letting it fail through lack of attention to detail. Life in the front trenches is not at any time an enlivening proceeding; the days drag wearily by, the nights are full of noises and Verey lights—and this particular part of the line was no exception to the general rule.

MS 47480-82v, ScrTsLPA: ^+by the ~~veerey~~ ^+veereyed+^ lights of the stormtrooping clouds and in the sheenflare of the battleaxes of the heroim and mid the shieldfails await of the bitteraccents of the sorafim+^ | JJA 55:156 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | FW 344.23

**(bb) <sup>s</sup>spoil, spoil,**

*Note:* For the source see (x) above.

MS 47476a-217, ScrPrTMA: ^+country with Soldru’s men. With acknowledgement of our fervour of the first instant he remains years most fainfully. For postscript see spoils.+^ | JJA 49:457 | early 1938 | I.5§1.11/4.11 | FW 124.32

**(cc) <sup>r</sup>rumjars,**

*JW4* 115-9: “By Jove, you fellows, we must think of something! We must pull up our socks and think—what? After we’ve spent all this time clearing the bally place out we must really think of something—by Jove!” Percy gazed hopefully at his three supers, but it seemed that their contributions to the conversation were at an end, and for a space silence reigned, broken only by the gentle lullaby of the tooth-sucker.

“We might,” remarked Tomkins at length, after a period of profound thought, “‘ave a trip-wire, wot would ring a gong.”

“That’s it—that’s it! ’Pon my word, you’re a doocid clever fellow, Thomson, doocid clever fellow—what?” Percy became enthusiastic. “Ring the gong where the fellah is who lets down the door. He lets down the door, and we bag the Hun. Dam good idea!”

“I don’t believe in no gongs,” remarked [115] the musical one scornfully. “No—nor trip-wires either.” He eyed his audience pugnaciously.

“But, my good fellah—er—what do you believe in?” Percy’s spirits were sinking.

“Tins, china, cups and saucers, plates, old saucepans—anything and everything wot will make a noise when the ’Un falls on it. That’s the ticket, sir,” he continued, with gathering emphasis as he noted the impression he was causing. “Lumme—a trip-wire: it might break, or the gong mightn’t ring, or the blighter mightn’t ’ear it. Wiv china—every step he took ’e’d smash anuvver pot. Drahn a rum jar ’e would. But—a trip-wire!” He spat impartially and resumed his tune.

“By Jove, that’s a splendid idea!” The mercurial Percy’s face shone again. “Splendid idea! Fill it full of old tins and china—what? And when we hear the second fellah hit the floor and start breakin’ up the home we can pull the string and let down the trap-door. Splendid idea! Doocid clever of you, ’pon my soul it is!” [116]

“And where do you think of getting the china from?” Tomkins, fearing that his mantle of doocid cleverness was descending upon the tooth-sucker, eyed him unconvinced. “I wasn’t aware as ’ow there was a penny bazaar in the neighbourhood, nor yet a William Whiteley’s.”

“Yes, by Jove,” chirped Percy, “where do we get it all from? We shall want lots of it, too, don’t you know—what?”

“Get it?” The suggester of the idea looked scornful and addressed himself to Tomkins. “There ain’t no bully tins in the perishing trenches, are there? Ho no! An’ there hain’t no china an’ bits of glass and old cups and things in that there village about ’alf a mile down the road? Ho no! I reckon there’s enough to fill twenty ’oles like that there.” Once again the oracle resumed his hobby.



“Splendid!” Percy jumped to his feet. “The very thing! We’ll do it this next company relief, by Jove! Now, boys, two more hours. We just want to get the bedstead out and straighten things up, and we’ll be all ready for the dinner-service—what?” [117]

Now there was another thing in which Percy FitzPercy showed that he had the makings of a true artist. He fully appreciated the value of secrecy in presenting his performances to the public at large. True, all his platoon were bound to find out, and the remainder of the company had a shrewd idea that something was afoot. But one does not walk along trenches—especially in the front line—for pleasure; and beyond a casual inquiry as to what new form of insanity he was up to now, the company commander was not interested in Percy’s doings. Now that the place had been cleared out, the opening was covered during the day by a trench-board carefully stolen from the nearest R. E. dump; while the members of the platoon assiduously collected old tin and china utensils, both great and small, which were thrown into the cavity and arranged tastefully by the stage-manager.

At night the trench-board was removed, and after careful weighting with two dud shells, a piece of rail, and the stalk of a sixty-pound trench-mortar bomb, it was placed on edge beside the hole. It was so arranged that it [118] leaned slightly inwards, and was only kept from falling by a cord which passed in front of it and which was attached to two screw pickets—one on each side. The hole itself was covered with a sack. So much for the scenery.

The stage directions were equally simple. The curtain rises on a German raid. Noises off, etc.; the flashes of guns, the bursting of rum jars the dazzling brilliance of flares lighting up the lowering night. MS 47480-75v, ScrTsLPA: ^+His snapper was shot in the Rumjar Journal.+^ | *JJA* 55:142 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 341.06

**(dd) ‘suckofumbs,**

*Note:* For the likely source see (cc) above.

MS 47480-75v, ScrTsLPA: ^+, whatwidth the psychophannies at the font and ^+whetwadth+^ the psuckofumbs beholden the fair,+^ | *JJA* 55:142 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 340.26

**(ee) ‘adjutant, >**

MS 47480-89v, ScrTsLPS: ; ^+and you cullies adjutant,+^ | *JJA* 55:170 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 348.12

**(ff) ‘echelon,**

*JW4* 120: And no one—not even his most fervent admirer—could say that the General’s action was a wise one. Let it be understood that when the more exalted ones of the earth desire to make a tour of trenches, there is a recognised procedure for doing it. First comes the sergeant of the platoon occupying the portion of the line under inspection—experience has shown the wisdom of having the only trustworthy guide in front. Then comes the company commander, followed by the Colonel, the Staff officer and the Great One. Immediately behind, the Adjutant (taking notes), the platoon commander (partially dazed), the machine-gun officer (not essential), and the Sapper (if he’s been caught by the human avalanche) advance in echelon.

MS 47480-97v, ScrTsLPA: ^+with ^+in+^ that nemcon enchelonce+^ | *JJA* 55:182 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 352.02

**(gg) ‘up and over ladder**

*JW4* 131-2: An “up-[131]and-over”—or trench-ladder—was lowered into the dug-out, and the excited onlookers waited to vet the catch. At last the ladder shook, as the first of the prisoners prepared to ascend.

MS 47476a-217, ScrPrLMA: ^+with an upandown ladder?+^ | *JJA* 49:457 | early 1938 | I.5§1.11/4.11 | *FW* 125.14

**(hh) ‘uppers,**

*Note:* Probably false teeth.

*JW4* 124-5: For at the precise moment that an oil-can exploded with a thunderous crump twenty yards or so beyond the trench, there was a sudden noise of ripping canvas, an agonised shout, and the heavy crash of a body encountering china. Then—silence. The sap parties heard only the oil-can; Percy

FitzPercy for a wonder was not brooding over his invention, and there was no one who knew that close beside them in an odoriferous underground abode the Brigadier-General lay completely stunned, with his head in a metal soup tureen and his rather extensive set of uppers in a disused tin hitherto [124] devoted to that painstaking gentleman, Mr. Maconochie.

**(ii) 'tongue opener,**

*JW4* 136-8: “Do you think we could do anything with one of those instruments for opening tongues?” hazarded the Staff Captain, when the silence had become oppressive and the outbursts of fire extinguished.

“We might try.” The signalling officer was doubtful, but sallied forth, and after some delay returned with one. “Where shall we start?”

“Any old place.” The Staff Captain gripped the implement and stepped manfully forward. “We’re going to try something else, sir—a tongue-opener.”[...] [137]

To emerge into the light of two candles and an electric torch with a bit of one ear and half a face deficient, and realise that the man responsible for it is offering you your uppers in three parts and some fragments, is a situation too dreadful to contemplate.

MS 47480-84v, ScrTsLPA: ^+, lips lovecurled ^+lovecurling+^ to the tongueopener,+^ | *JJA* 55:160 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 345.27

**(jj) 'shrapnel,**

*JW5* 140: “What a neye, what a neye, what a horrible heye, lumme”—there was a fearful pause and a sizzling noise—“lumme, the whole perishing homlette’s in the fire.” It was; and in a gallant attempt at rescue he upset the meat in an adjacent stagnant pool. The only thing we got were the peas, and they rattled on the tin plates like shrapnel bullets.

MS 47480-75v, ScrTsLPA: ^+which seems to shrapnel his innermall's menody+^ | *JJA* 55:142 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 341.03

**(kk) 'strength with effect >>**

MS 47480-76v, ScrTsLPA: ^+fullfrength with+^ | *JJA* 55:144 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 341.11

## **VI.B.46.098**

**(a) 'cully, >**

MS 47480-89v, ScrTsLPS: ^+and you cullies adjutant,+^ | *JJA* 55:170 | Jan-Feb 1938 | II.3§4.5/5.2 | *FW* 348.12

**(b) sparklet,**

*JW5* 145-7: Brown reported his departure that evening, and with a sigh of relief from the Major the odoriferous Ebenezer was struck off the strength with effect from that day’s date. It is true that I noticed strange and mysterious absences on the part of my servant when he left carrying something in paper and returned empty-handed, and that in the back of my mind I had a vague suspicion that somewhere in the neighbourhood there still remained that evil-smelling animal looked after and fed by Robert Brown. But, as a week passed and we saw and smelt the beast no more, my suspicions were lulled to rest, and I dismissed the untoward incident from my mind. I am always of an optimistic disposition!

I should say it was about ten days after [145] Ebenezer’s departure that I awoke one morning early to the sound of a violent altercation without.

“I tells you, you can’t see the Major. ’E’s in ’is bath.” Peering out, I saw Brown and the cook warding off two extremely excited Belgians.

“Bath! Bath! *Qu’est que c’est*—bath!” The stouter Belgian gesticulated freely. “You are—vot you say—*du génie, n’est-ce-pas?* Eet is important—ver important that I see monsieur le commandant.”

“Look here, cully,” murmured the cook, removing a clay pipe from his mouth and expectorating with great accuracy; “moosoo le commondant is in ’is bath—see. You’ll ’ave to wait. Bath—savez. Eau.” He pointed to a bucket of water.

“*Mon Dieu!*” shuddered the Belgian. “*Eh bien! mon ami*, ees zere anozer officer? It is *très important.*” He was getting excited again. “*Les Boches*—zere is a *bruit* under ze earth—*comprenez?* Zey make a—oh! ze word, ze word—zey make *une mine*, and zen we all go Pouff!” He waved his hands to Heaven. [146]

“Mean. Mean,” remarked the cook contemplatively. “Wot the deuce does he mean? Anyway, Bob, we might take ’im on as a sparklet machine.”

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119