

THIS ARMY

MAPLE
LEAF
ALBUM
No. 1



by *BING* Coughlin

THIS ARMY

by

Bing Coughlin

A portfolio of cartoons drawn on the Italian battle front especially for The Maple Leaf, Canadian Army newspaper.

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First Printing - September 1944
Second Printing - November 1944
Third Printing - November 1944
Fourth Printing - January 1945

All cartoons in this book originally appeared in The Maple Leaf, Canadian Army newspaper published daily in Italy.

Published in Rome, Italy
By No. 2 Canadian Public Relations Group

Foreword

by Lt.-Gen. Charles Foulkes, C.B.E., D.S.O.,
G.O.C. 1st. Canadian Corps

Herbie is doing a grand job. Not only in his daily appearances in *The Maple Leaf* but also as the ambassador of the Canadians in Italy to the people at home. Sgt. Bing Coughlin has even added a new phrase to our wartime vocabulary. "Don't be a Herbie," conveys a special meaning to every man in the First Canadian Corps.

Our relatives and friends in Canada will find this collection of cartoons something new in guide books to the Italian peninsula. When we return home we will all find new pleasure in explaining the finer points of Herbie's experiences.

The demand for copies of this book has been proof of its success. Sergeant Coughlin has made the best seller lists. The Canadians who have served in Italy will always remember Herbie.



Herbie's O. C. ... With him laugh old sweats and new.

You Asked For It

They call Bing Coughlin the Bairnsfather of this war. The old sweats laughed with Bill and Alf. Today a new generation of soldiers finds in Herbie the epitome of the little guy of the Army. Maybe he's no great shakes as a parade ground soldier. He's the kind of a chap the sergeant-major would be sure to hide in the rear rank of the last platoon on inspection. He could unwittingly get himself into more trouble than a forgetful quartermaster who neglected to indent for the adjutant's ration on EFI day. But when the real test comes you'll be sure to find Herbie « right up ». Maybe it's right up the Via Roma on a 48. Or maybe it's right up where Minnies moan, where slit trenches are more beautiful than the most bella signorina in Napoli.

Herbie fans have long been asking when he was going to appear in book form. Since February Bing Coughlin's cartoons have been appearing in The Maple Leaf. But daily newspapers are so transitory. Amazing how many things an old newspaper can be used for. Wrapping up lunches isn't one. So now The Maple Leaf is proud to present its first album of a selection of the best of Bing Coughlin's work.

No need to cut into the leave lire to buy yourself a volume of « This Army ». The Maple Leaf has produced it at lowest possible cost and it's yours at cost price. A jug of Giovanni's worst Chianti would cost more, contain fewer laughs.

To the thousands of Herbies and their pals in this army our book is dedicated. Many have gone before and we are not unmindful of Agira and Ortona. Many there are who still carry on. They are the little guys of the army. They haven't much to say about the running of this man's war, but they're still «right up» when the going is toughest.

C. W. Gilchrist

(C. W. Gilchrist) Lt.-Col.

Canadian Assistant Director
of Public Relations
Allied Armies in Italy

Rome
1 Sept. '44



A Word From the Managing Editor

Major J. D. MacFarlane

War can be as funny as hell. Things happen to soldiers that shouldn't happen to a human — crazy situations that add touches of humor to an otherwise grim business.

These incidents have formed the basis of war cartoons that have provided laughs in a world where there has been much cause for tears, little for laughter. A soldier who has trimmed the life of Canadian troops with an edge of humor is Sgt. William Garnet «Bing» Coughlin, of Ottawa. He is a 32-year-old bespectacled artist whose cartoons have become a feature of *The Maple Leaf*.

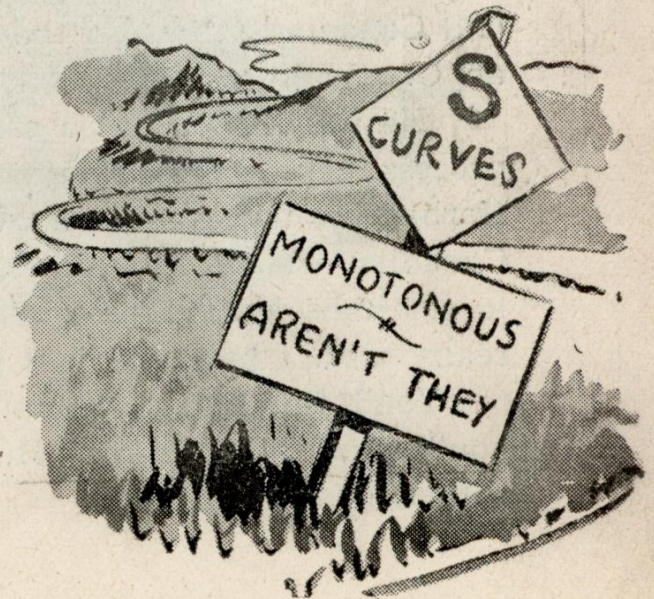
«Bing» — the reason for the nickname is a mystery even to the sergeant — did his first cartoon for the *Maple Leaf* in the catacombs of a bomb-shattered building in Naples not long after the Germans had been driven north and Canadian forces on the Adriatic were suffering from an Ortona hangover.

He has turned out a cartoon a day since and, in the process, a new Canadian was introduced — a character, Herbie by name — who has become the favorite of Canadian troops. A chinless little fellow who manages to get himself into some very peculiar situations, Herbie really wasn't born, he just grewed.

You'll find him in this collection of cartoons and I think you'll find him funny. Herbie's helping win the war with laughs. — J.D.M.



« That's it, Herbie! It's workin' now! »

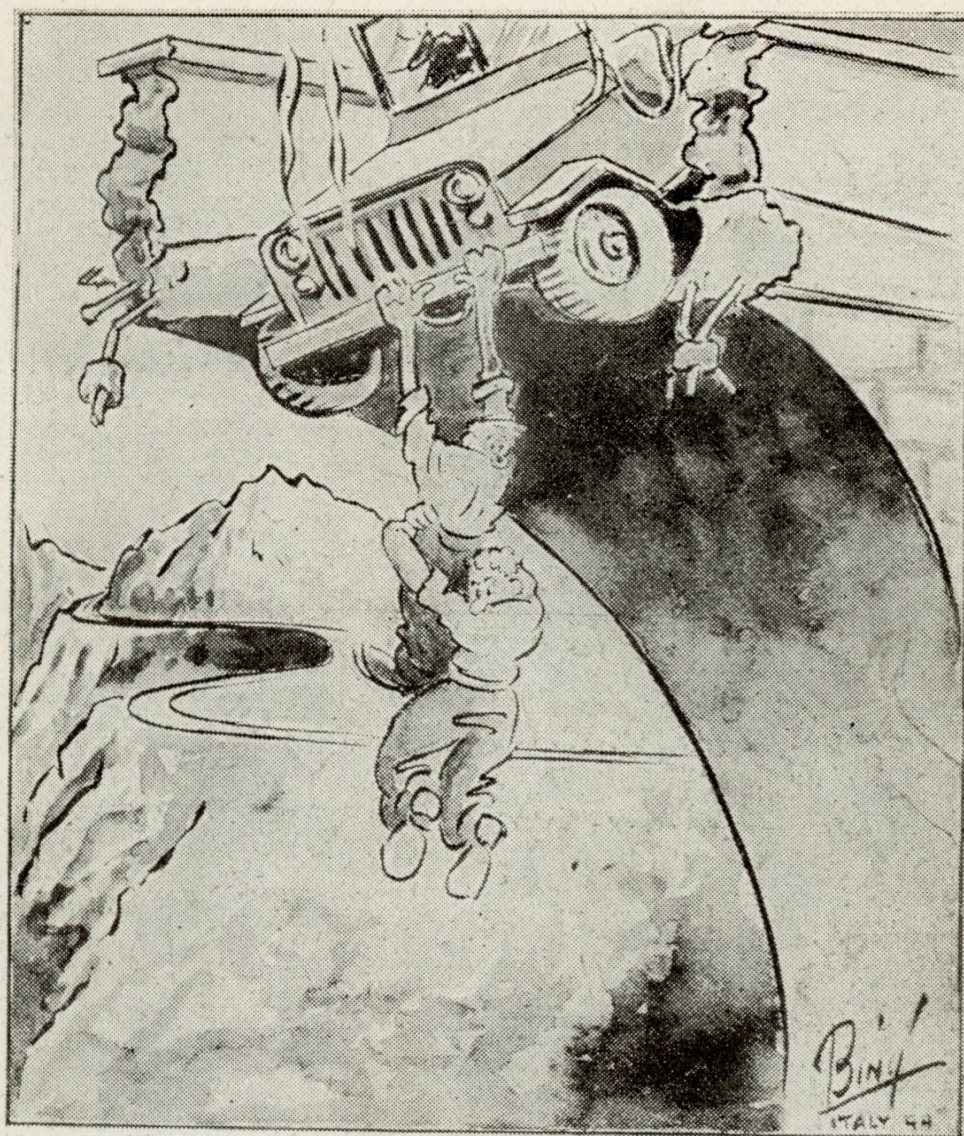




*« What d'ya mean, look out for the tree?
I thought you were driving. »*

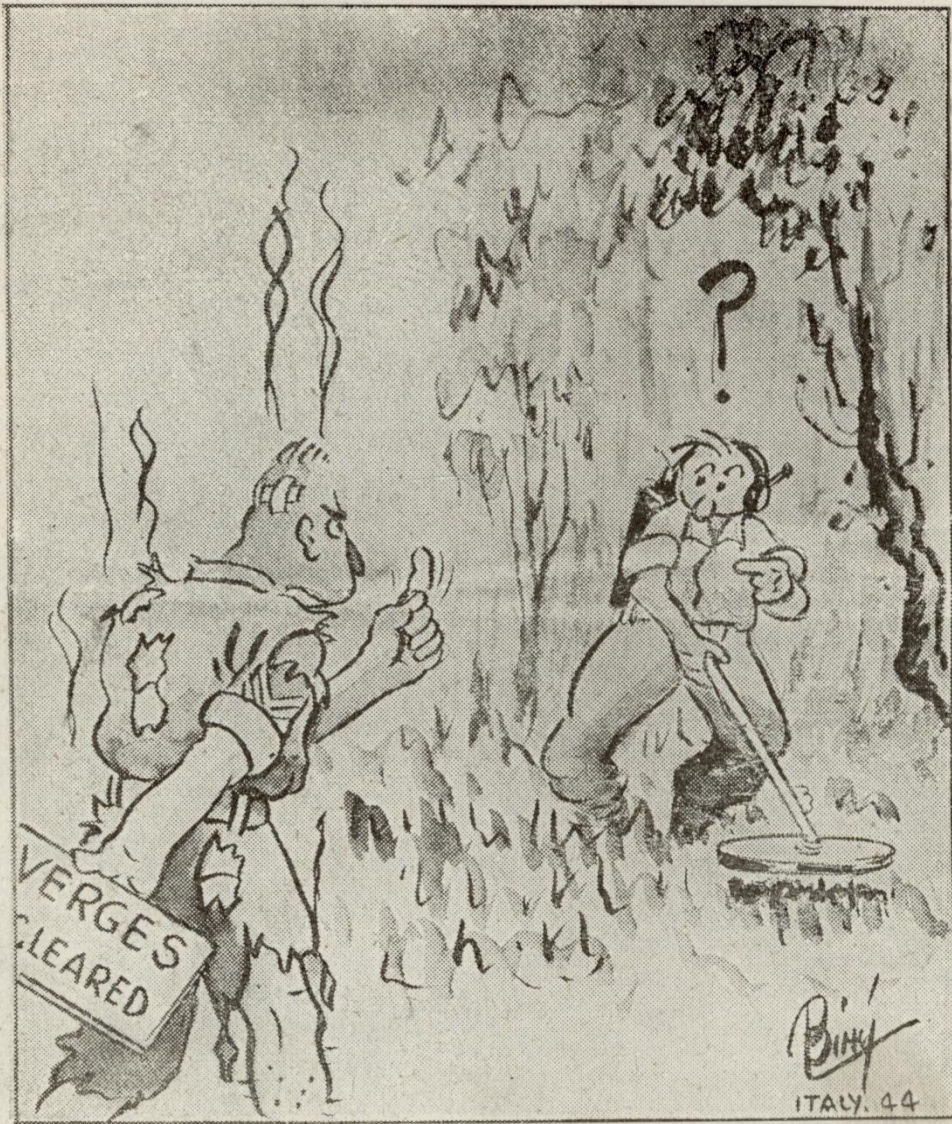


« Keep on pumpin' and forget about lookin' fer patchin' cement! »



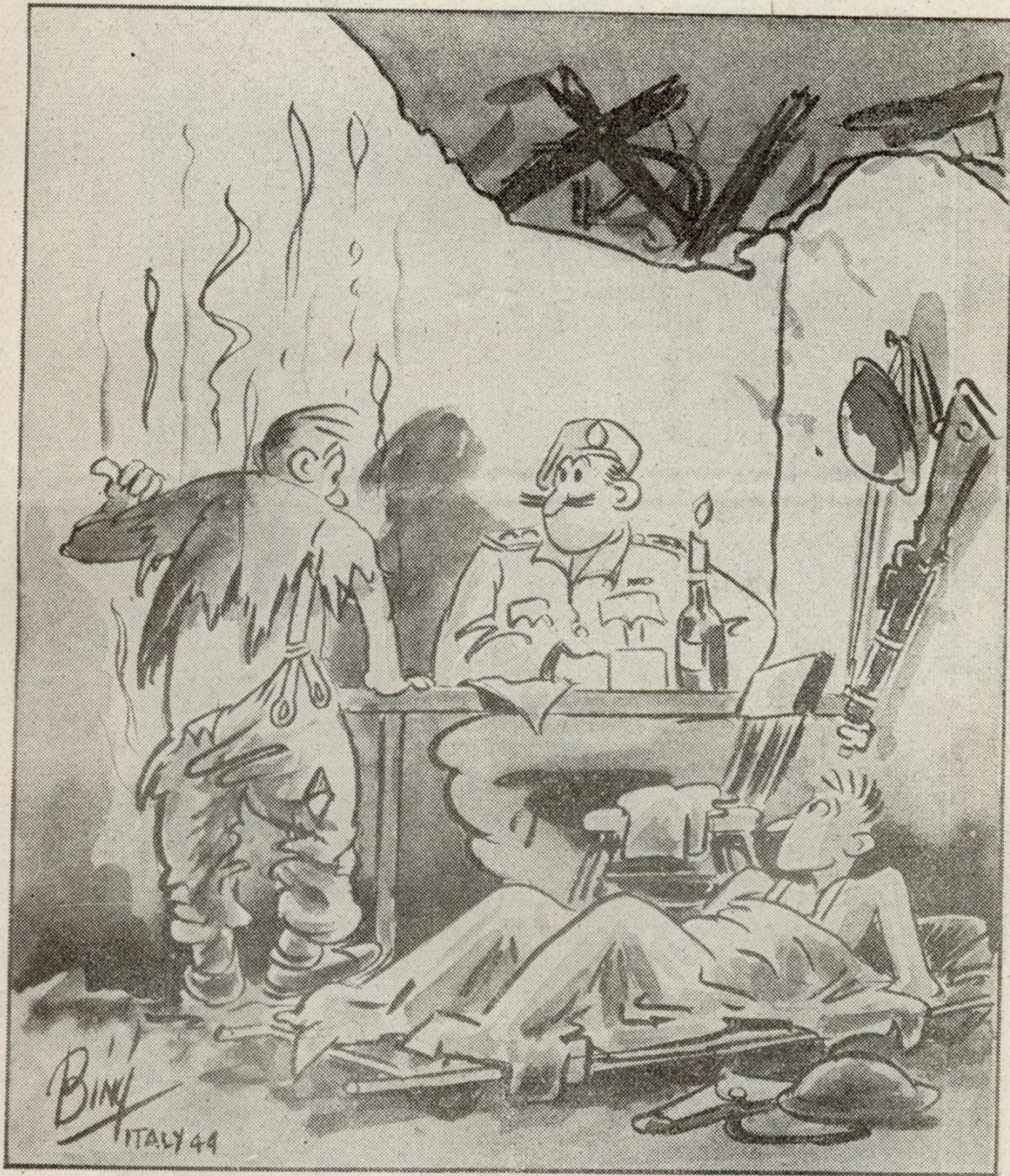
« Any suggestions, Herbie? »





« Who, me? »





« Reporting two booby traps, sir — one still intact. »



« I'll bet the d—n tommy gun don't work either. »



« It's a walking mine, my answer to Jerry's doodlebug tank »





« Fire one more. I've another paragraph to read. »

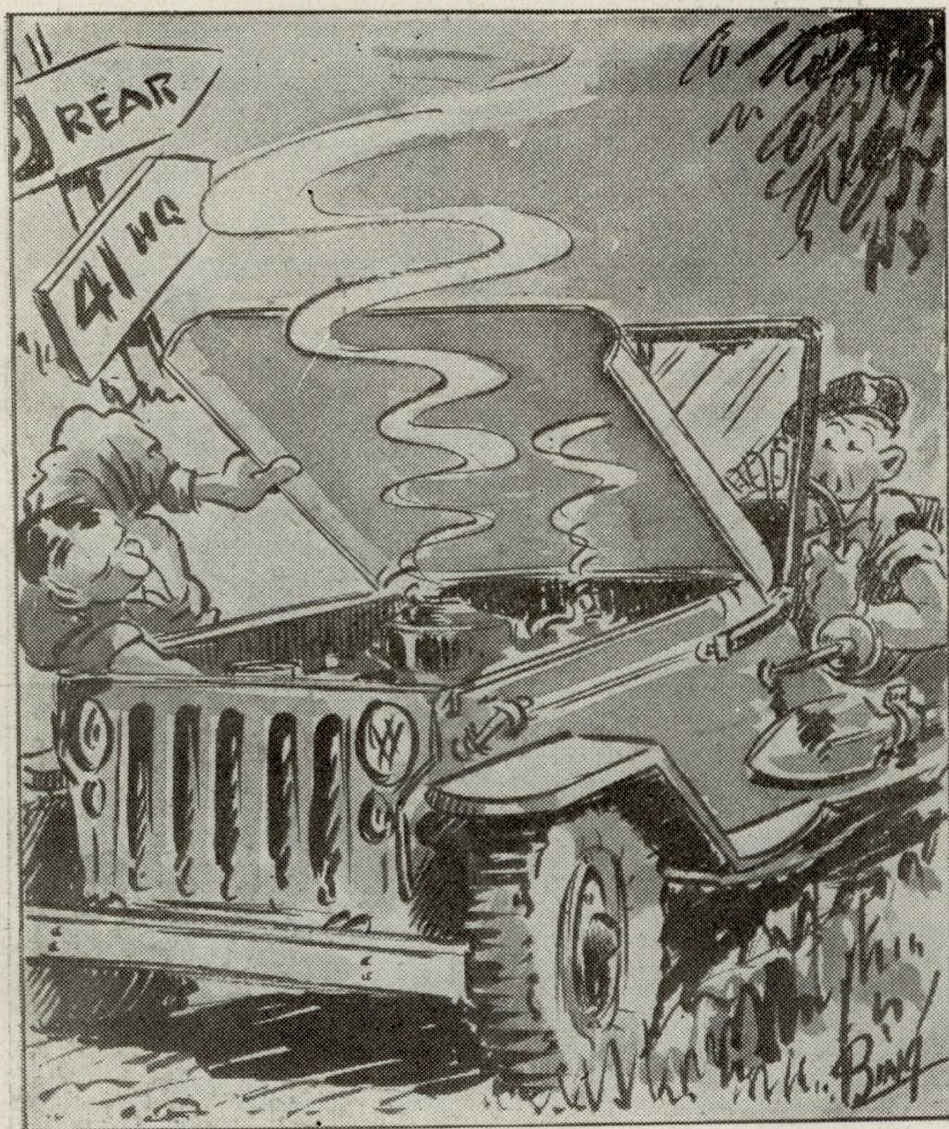


*« She says here, 'The Victoria Day fireworks were simply marvellous
Too bad you missed it.' »*

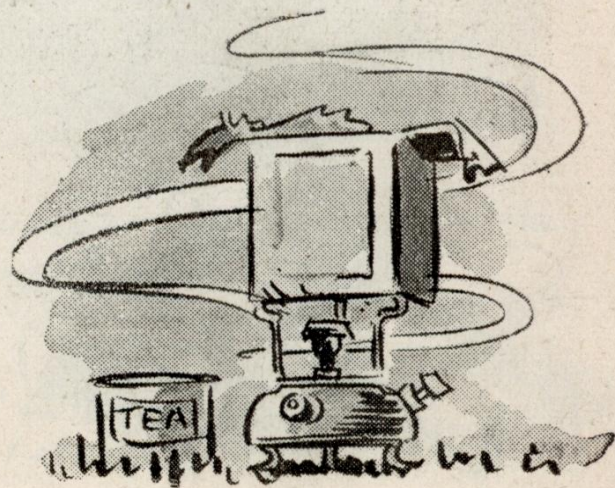


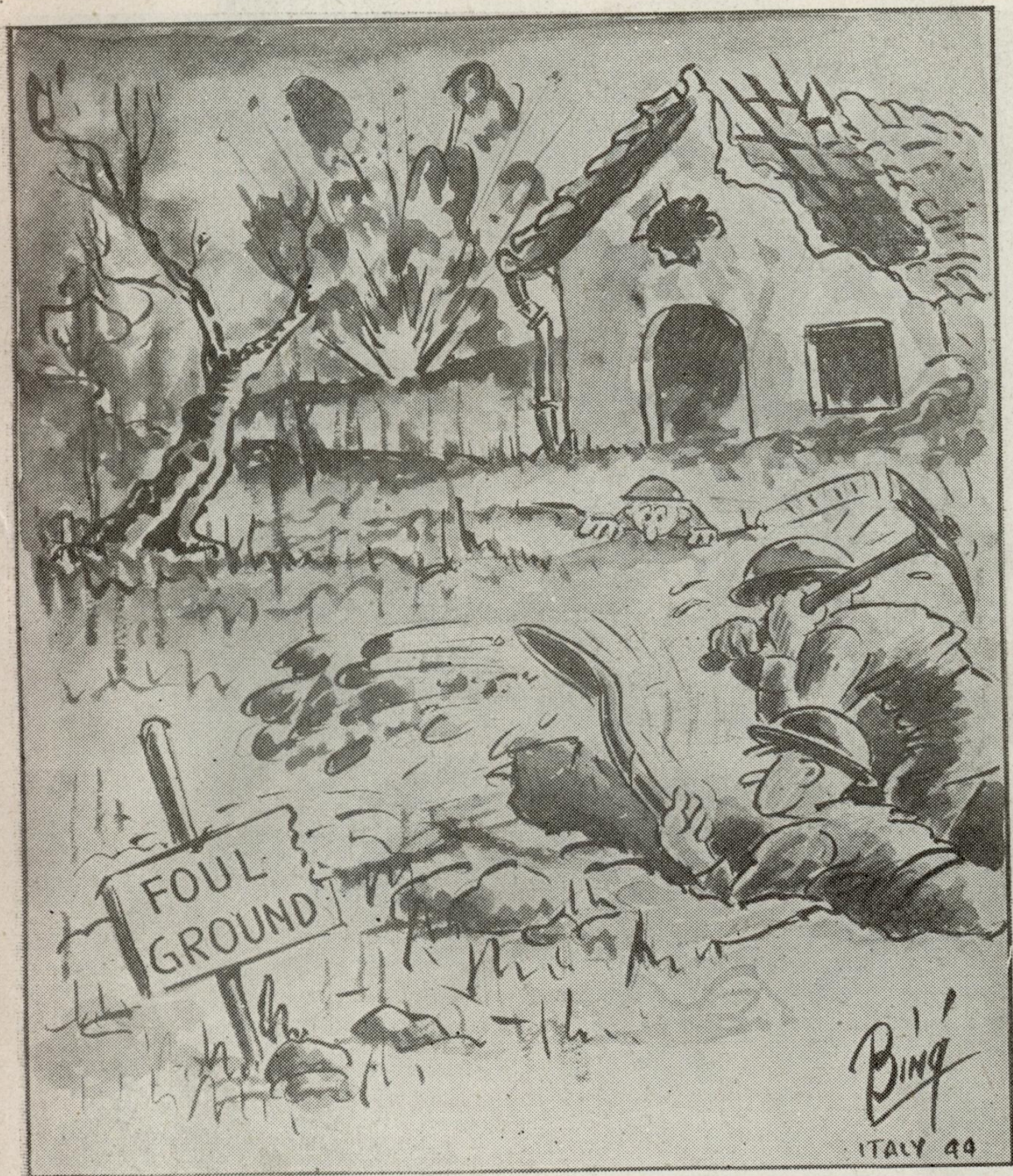
« And t 'think in me romancin' days I welcomed such lovely moonlit nights. »



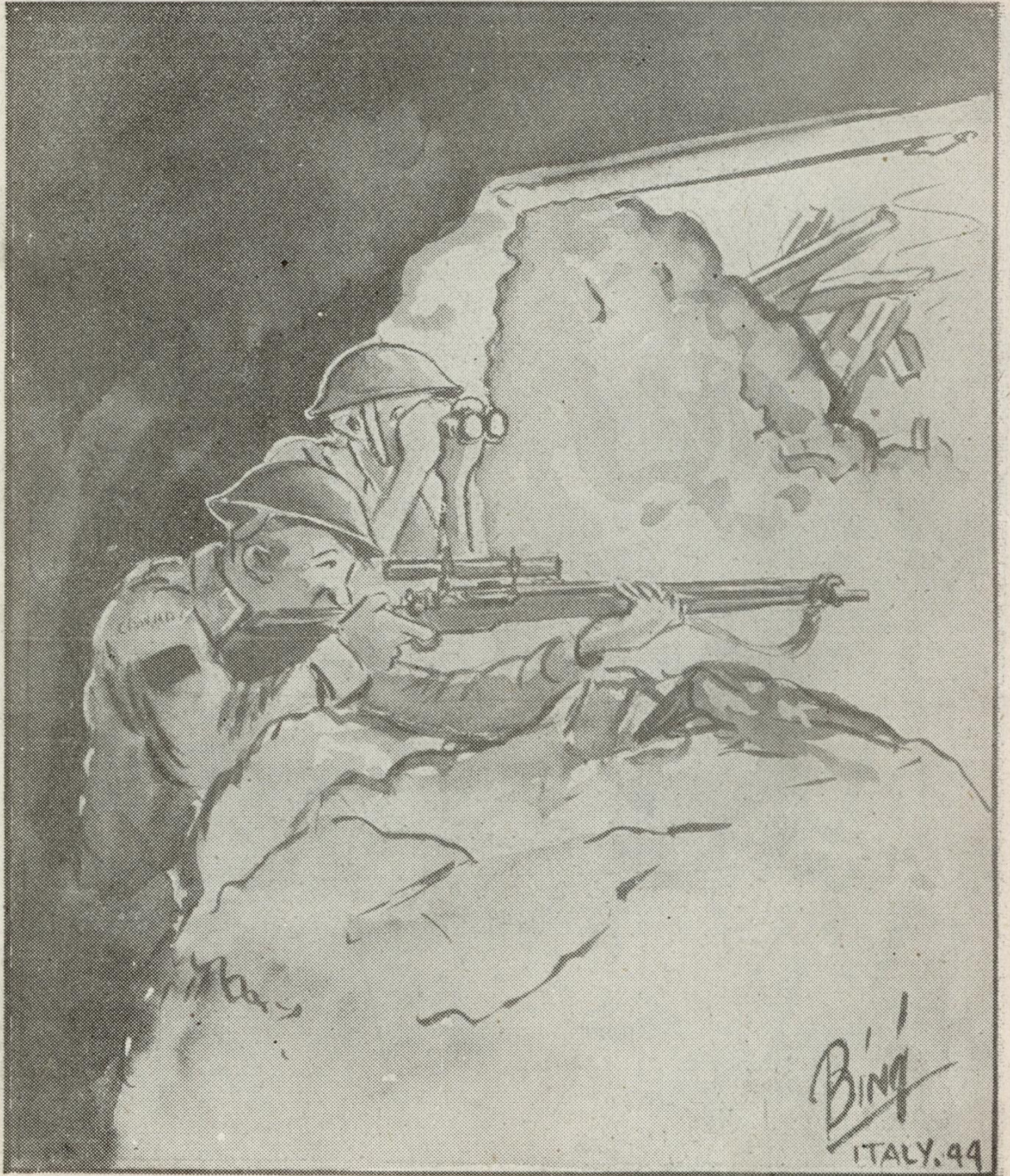


« Another ten kilometers, Herb, before the M and V's ready. »





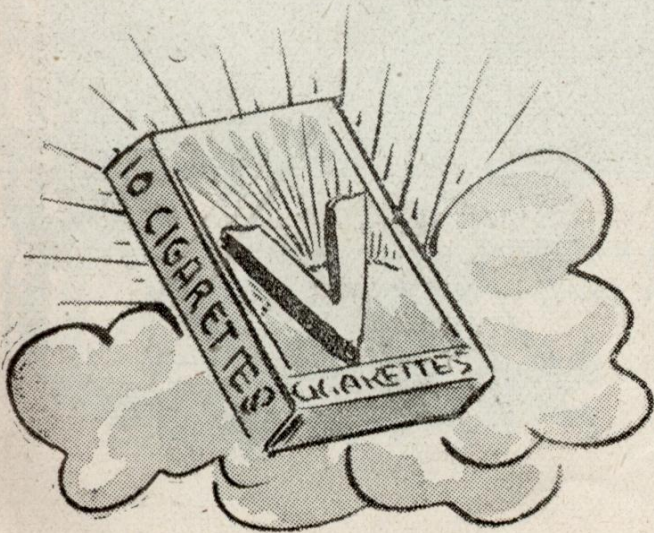
« Any old port in a storm, chum. Dig and dig FAST! »



« Whatever you do, don't hit his binoculars! »



« Hello H.Q. Will a reasonable facsimile do? »



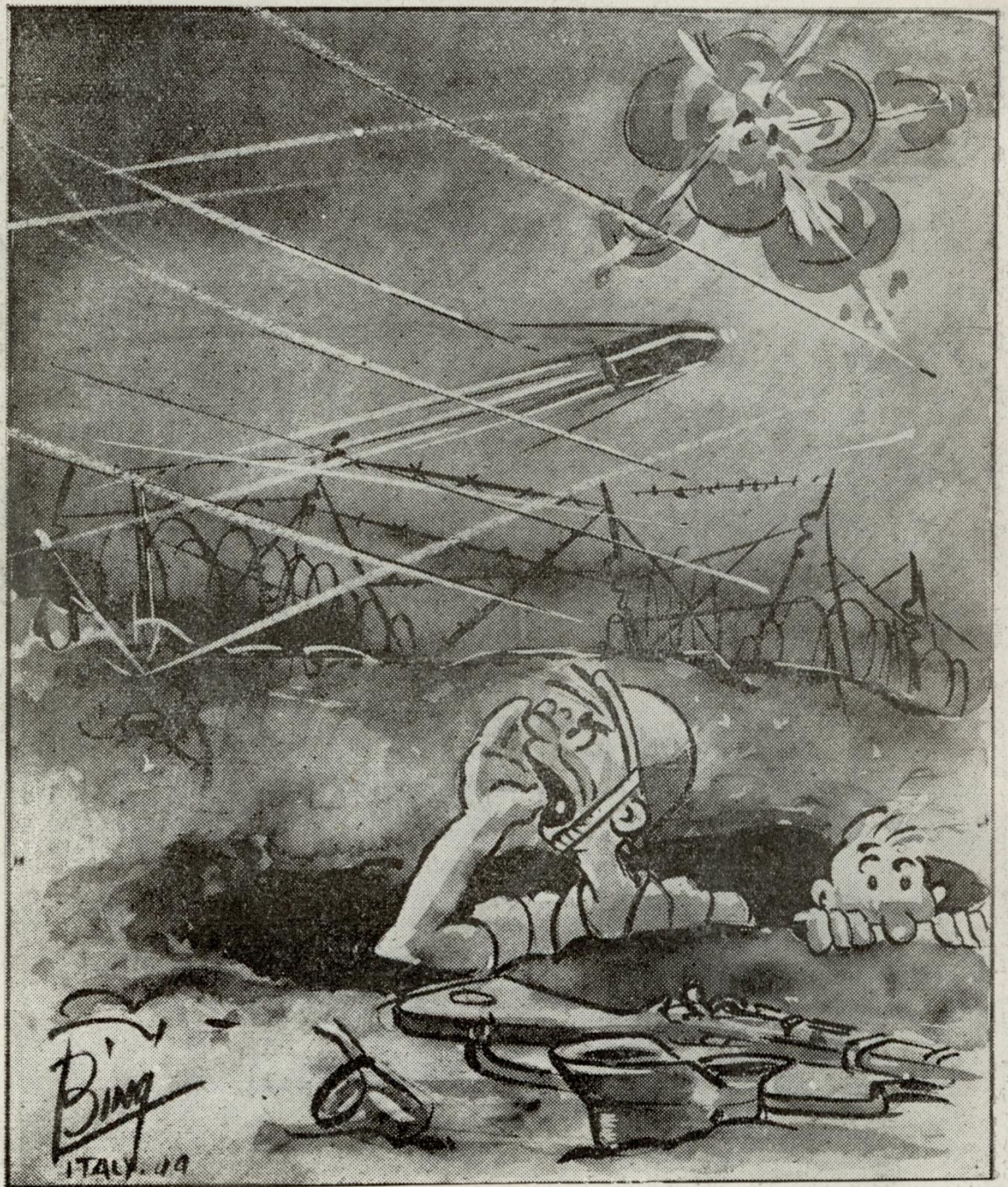


« How long do you expect to be here, chum? »





*« I suppose if ya gotta, ya just gotta, only next time
give it a little forethought. »*



« Take it easy, lads! We're workin' fer George, too. »



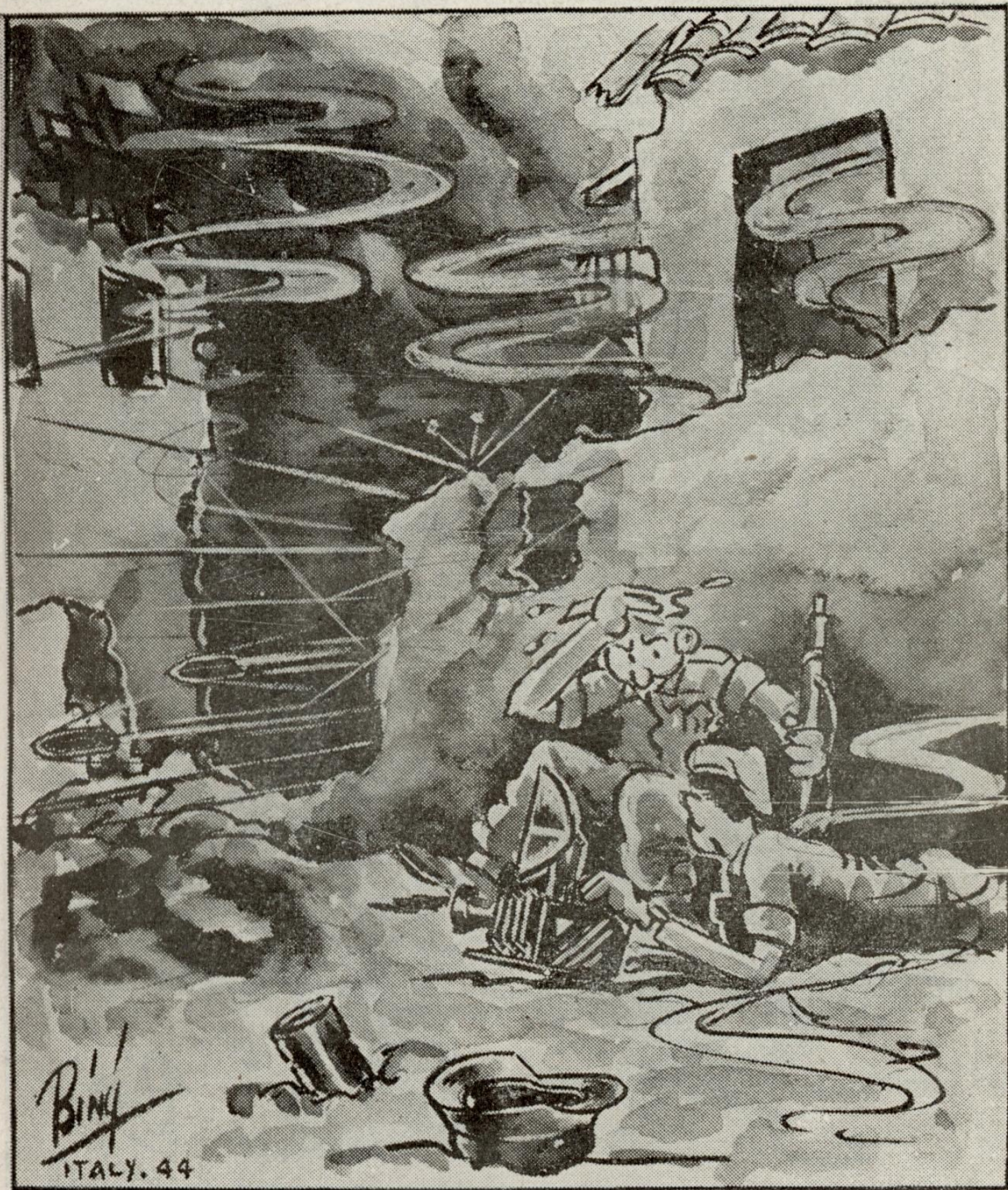
« Quick! Open the back door! »



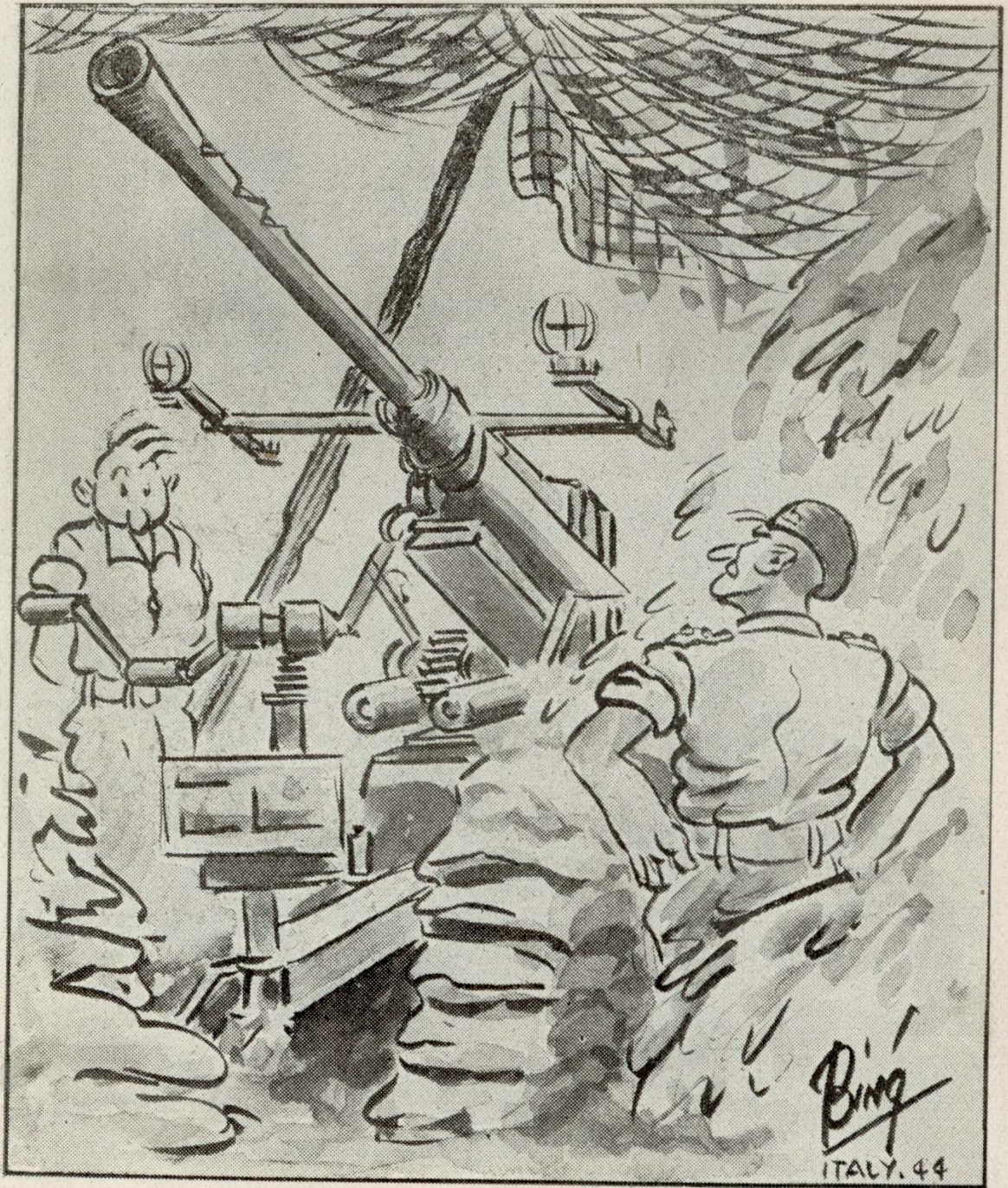


« Little too obvious, don't you think? »

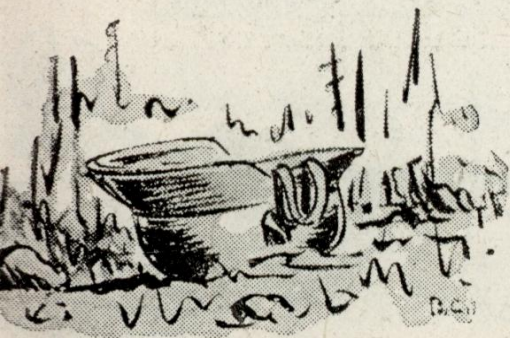


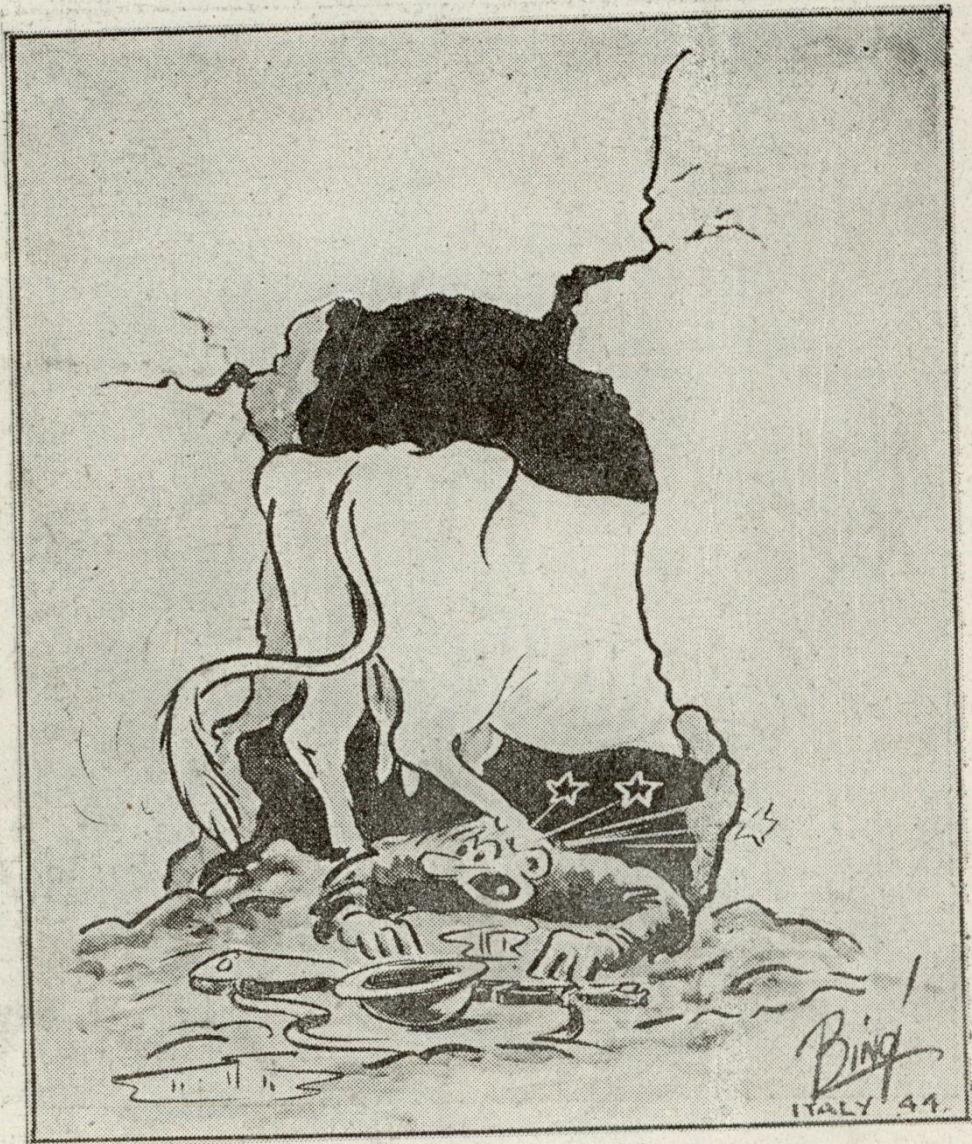


*« Picture or no picture, I'm not runnin' past that open space
again fer no photographer. »*



*« I don't give a damn how many you've brought down.
I'll have no notches in the guns. »*



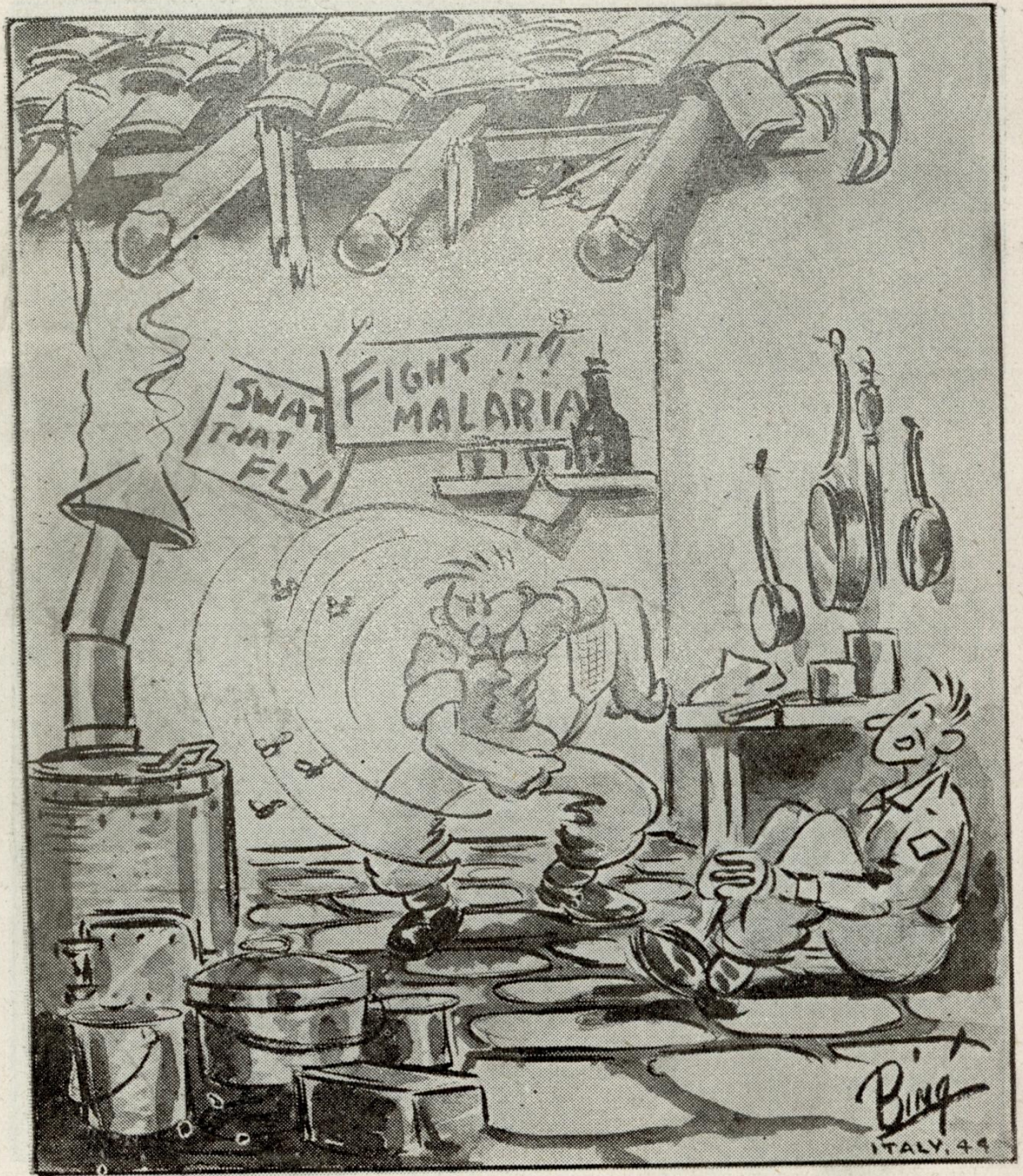


« Anybody here from Calgary? »





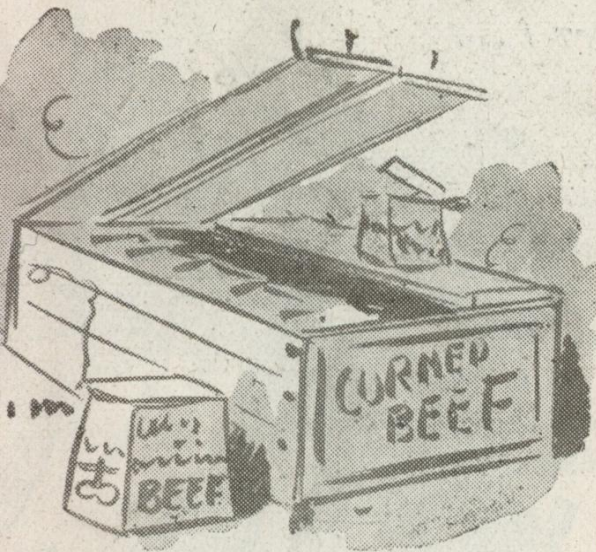
« Sure, Bud. Go right ahead, but be certain you speak good German »

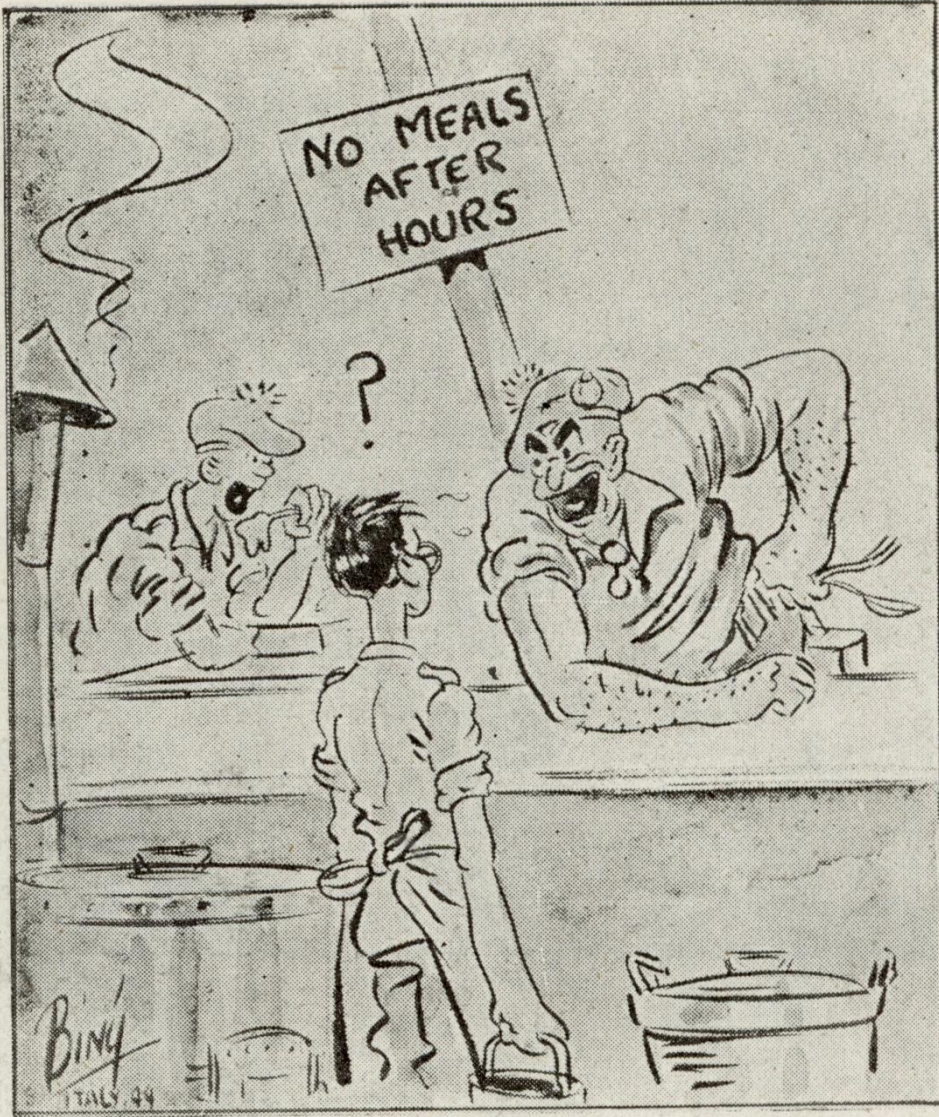


*« You think they're bad, eh? Nothing like the flies in Sicily.
They came in escorted by Messerschmidts. »*



« For all those who don't like bully beef, supper's over! »





« Look, Sonny Boy, DO I or DON'T I eat? »

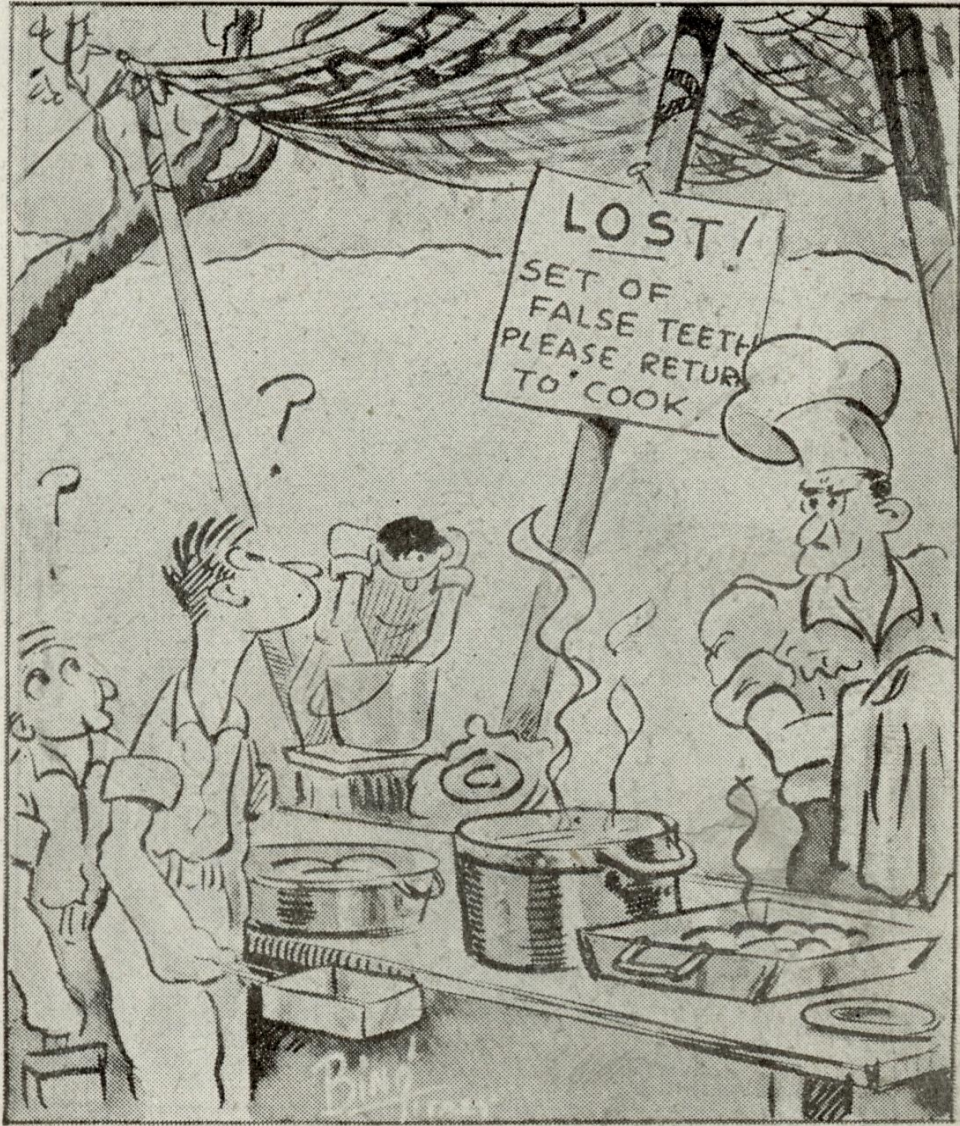




« It seems those Grape Nuts we ate turned out to be dehydrated mutton. »



« Here's the stew. Where's the pail I had my socks soakin' in? »



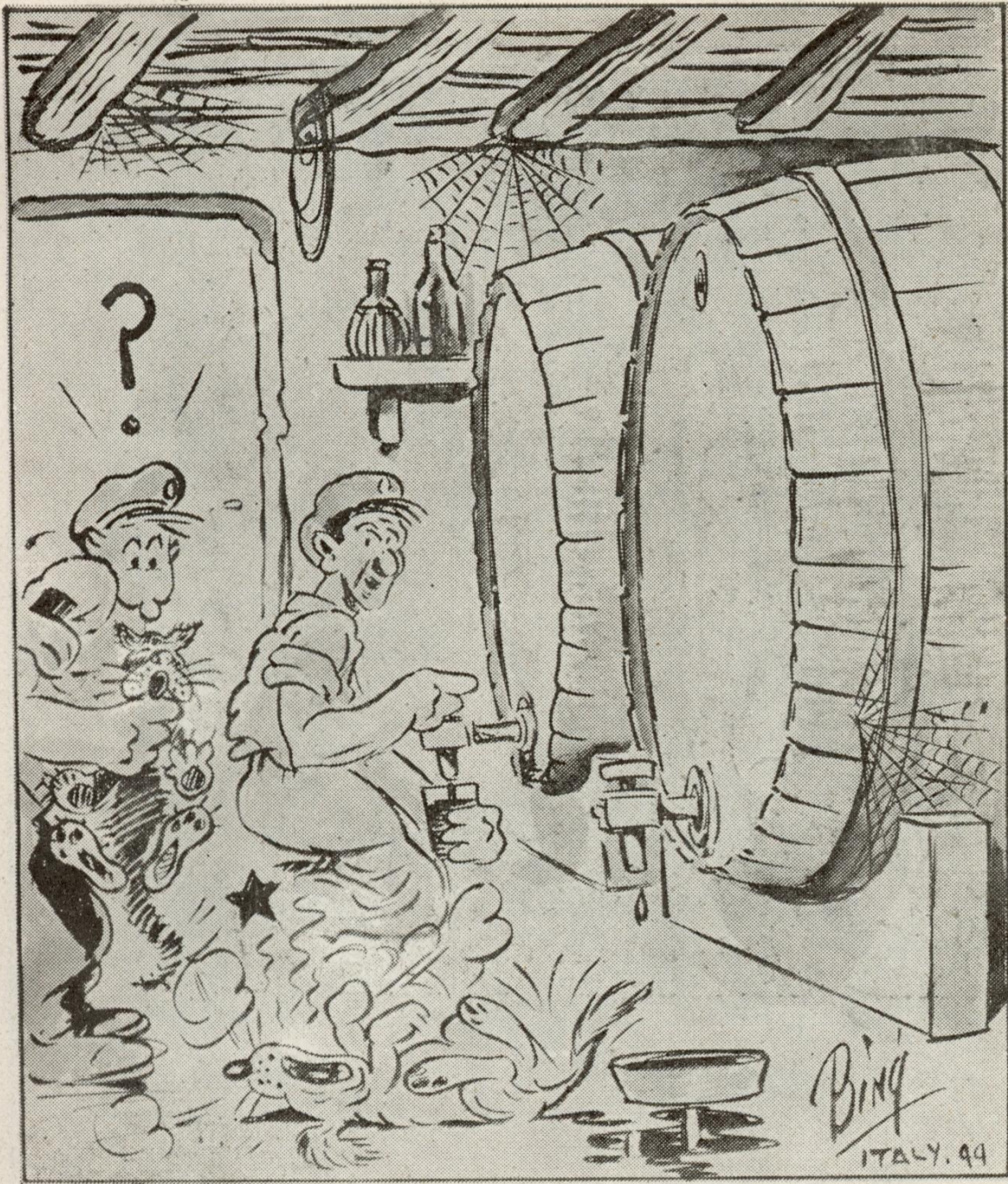
« Well? »



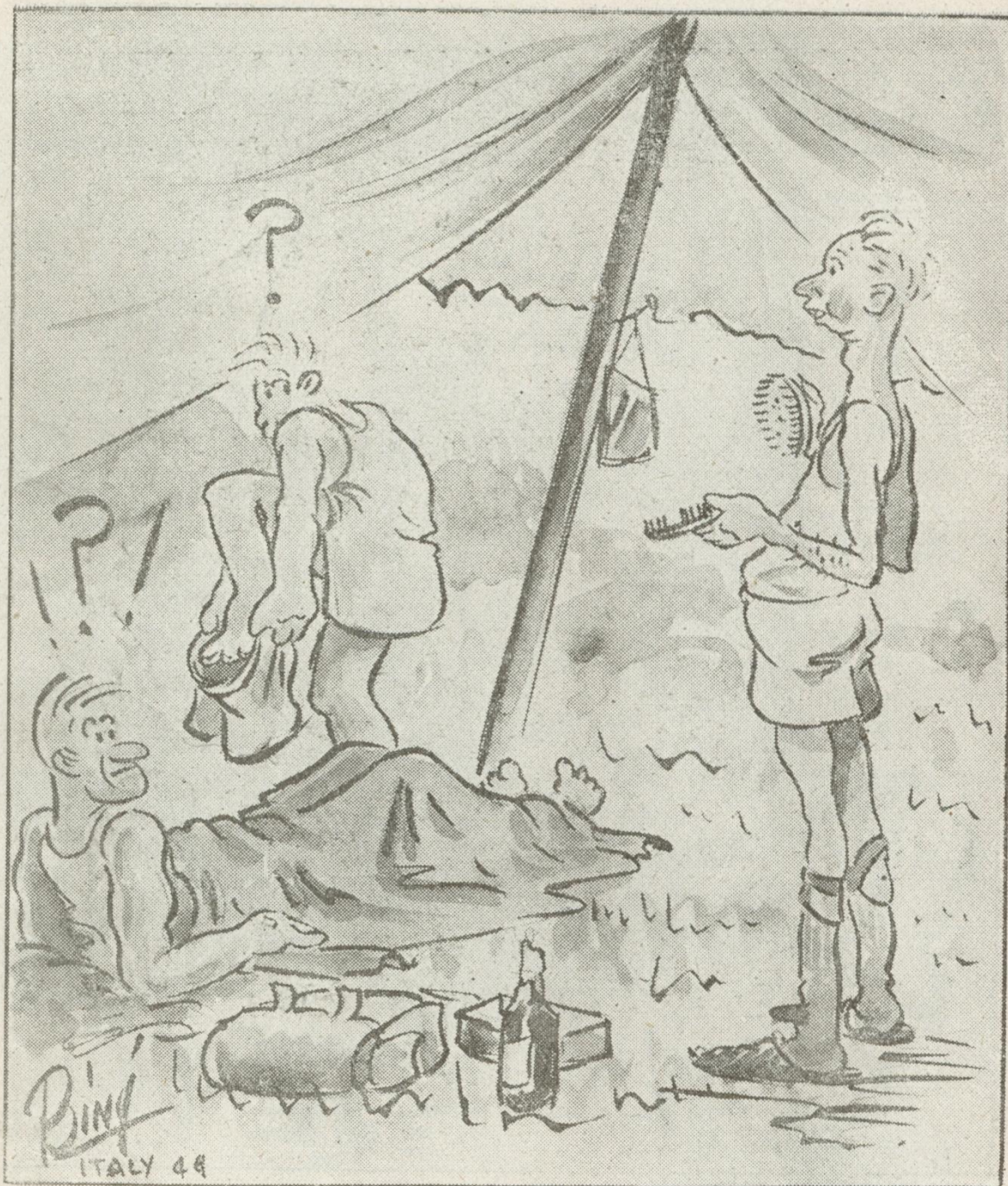


« How's it taste, Smitty? »





« Hang on to the cat. We'll test this one next. »



*« No vino, no smokin' and no dames.
Dat's wot keeps me in good shape. »*



« I don't think they cared much about Pasteurization in those days. »

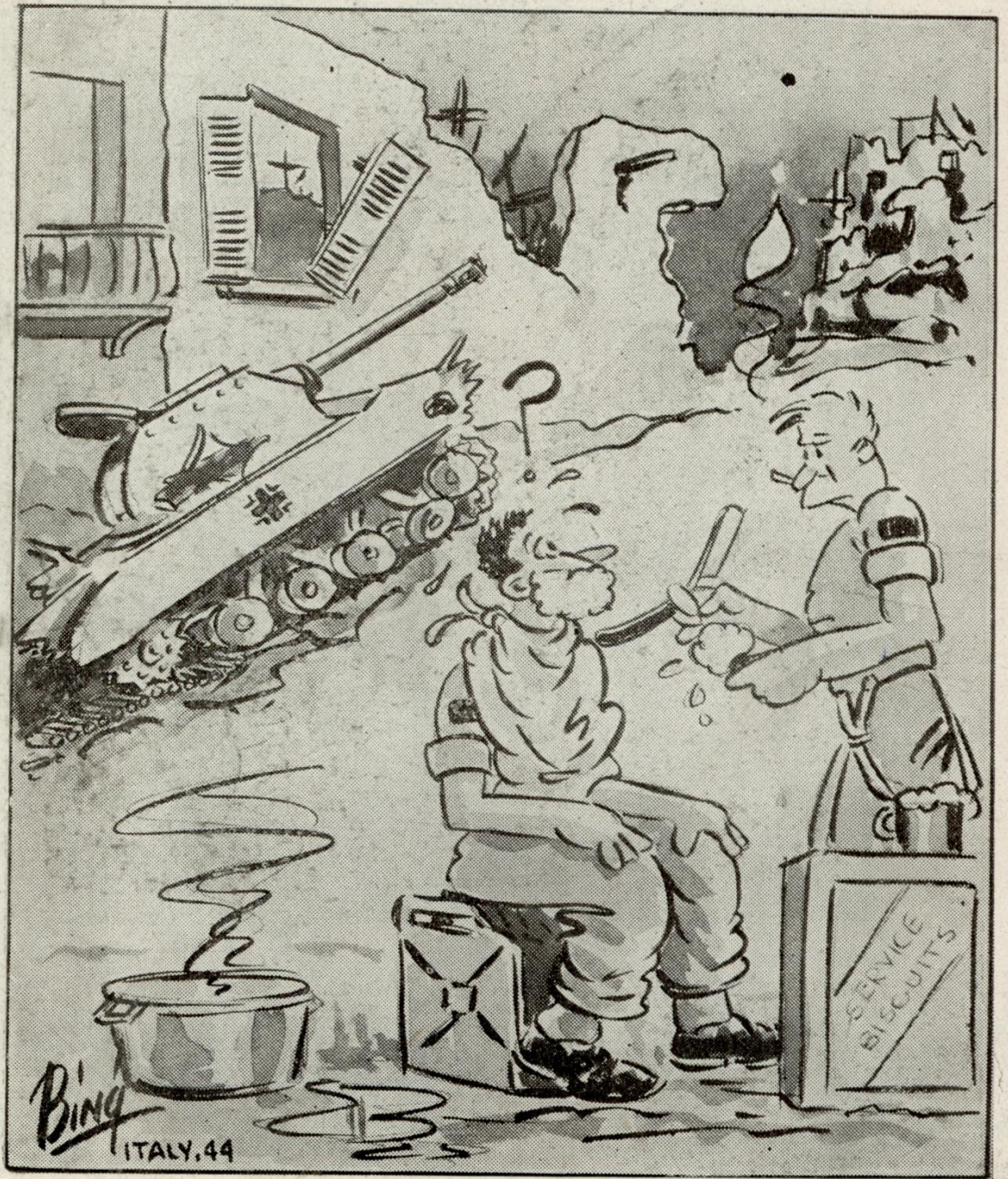
HAVE YOU HAD
YOUR
MEPACRINE ?
TODAY

1 CDN. HOSP
1 GEN. HOSP





« Perhaps it would interest Signor to know that I understand and speak English fluently. »



«They say I'm neurotic 'cause every once in a while I get the shakes.»



« Herbie, come back here! »



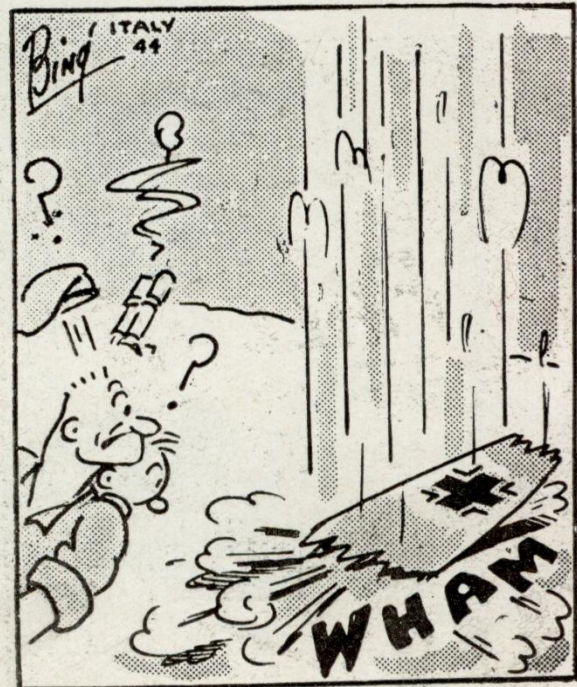
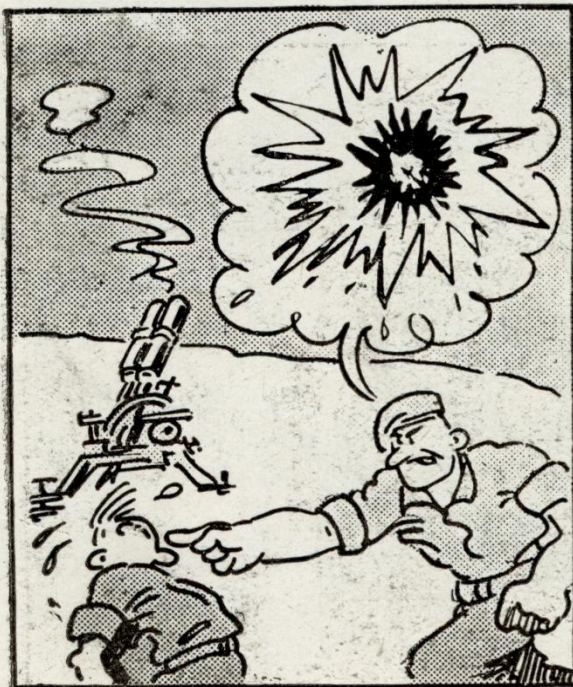
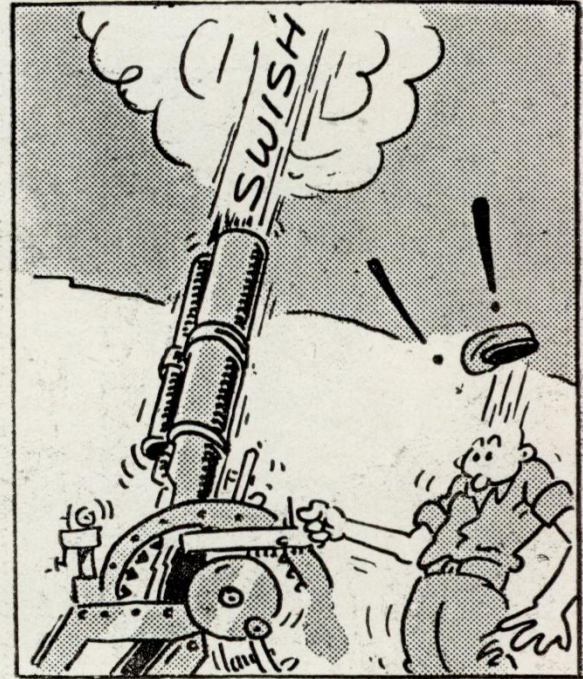
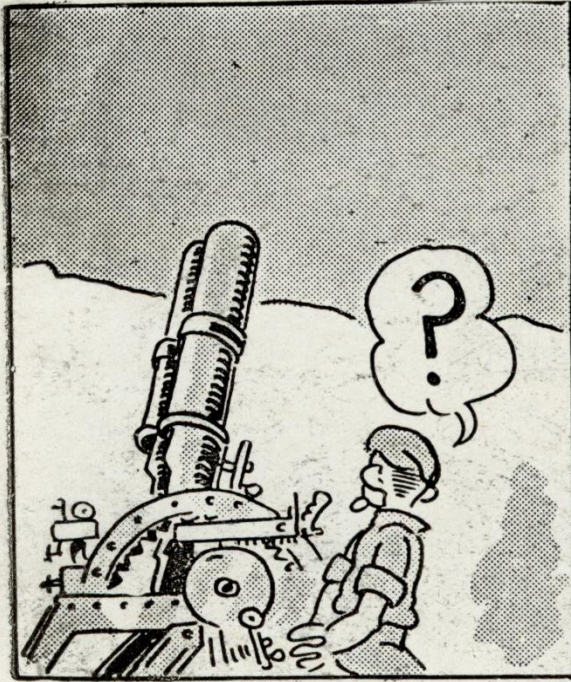


« How many more slit trenches to Berlin, sir? »

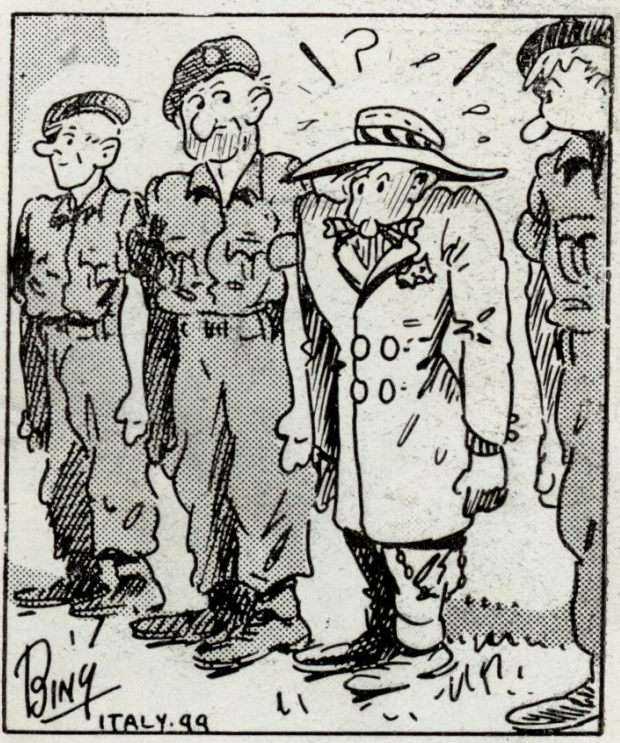
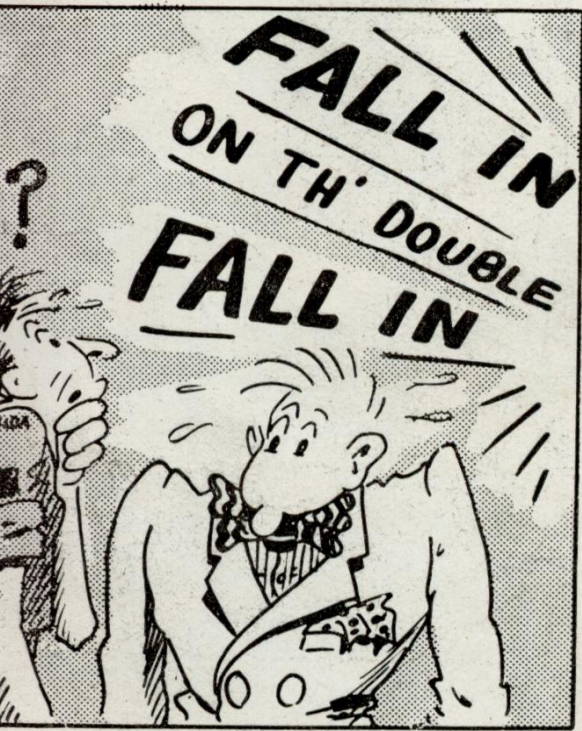
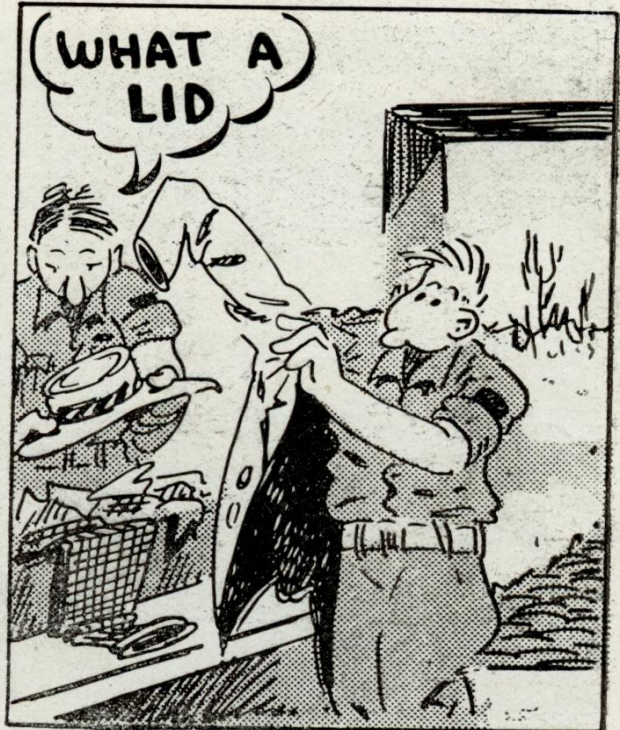
Herbie



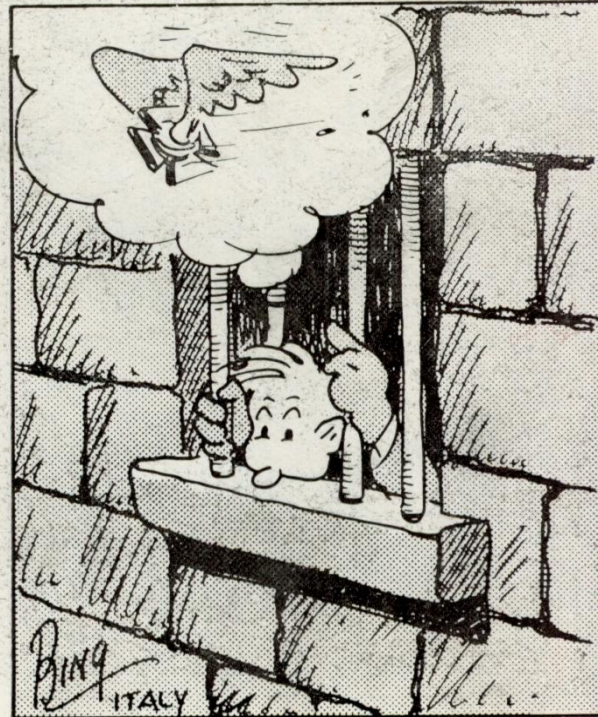
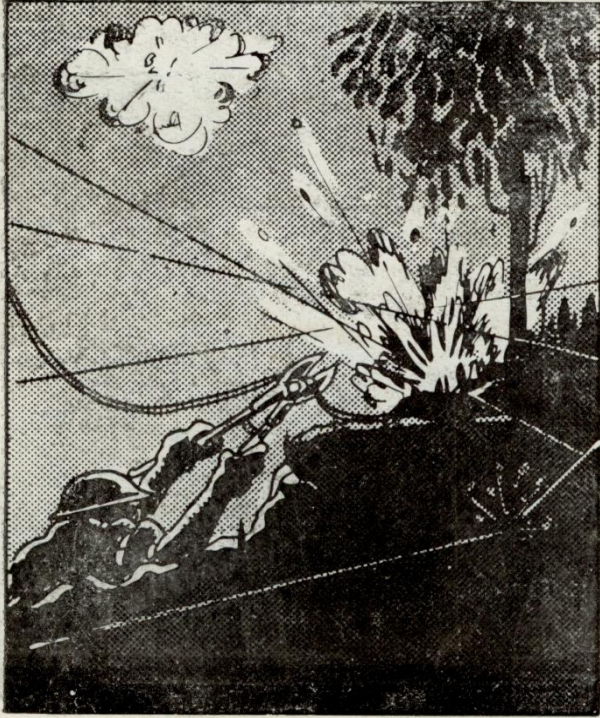
Oops, Sorry!



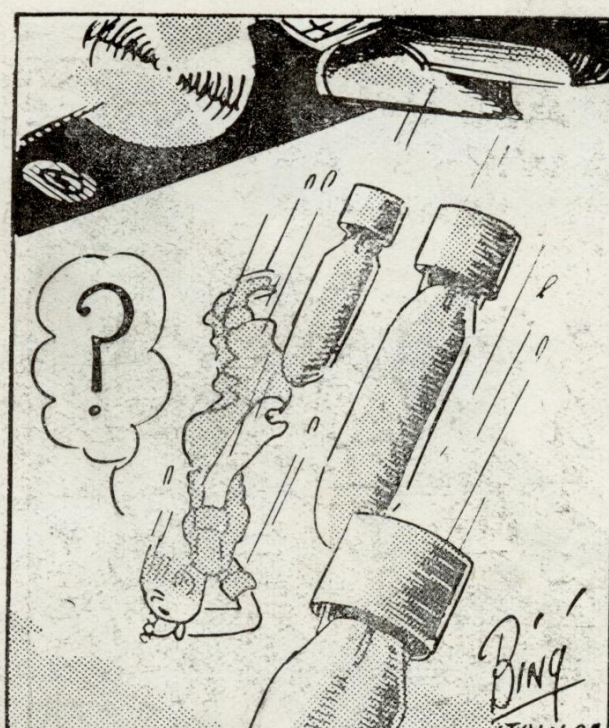
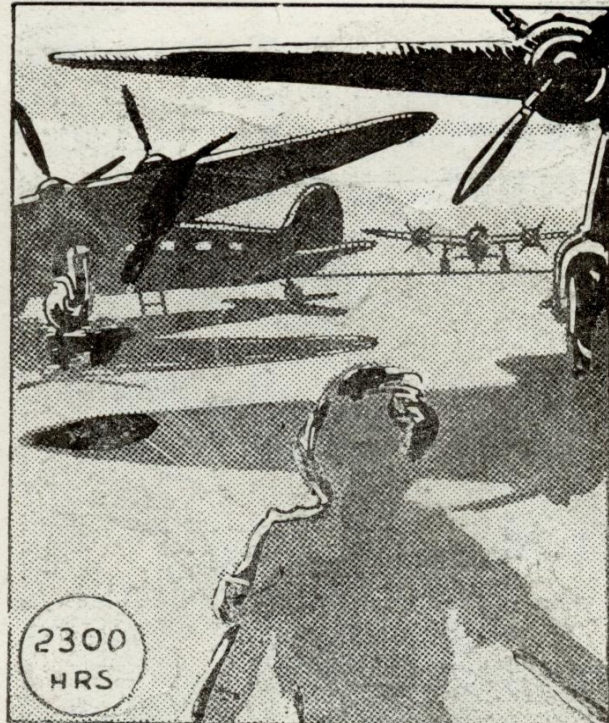
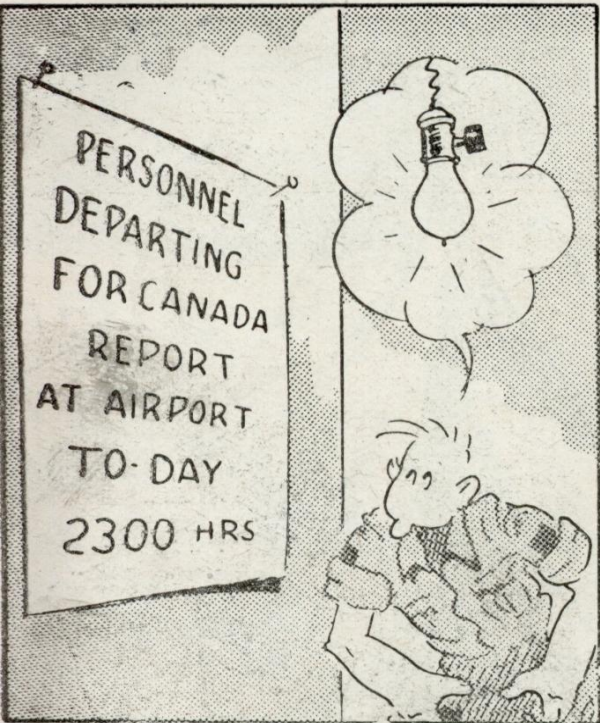
Zoot's Me!



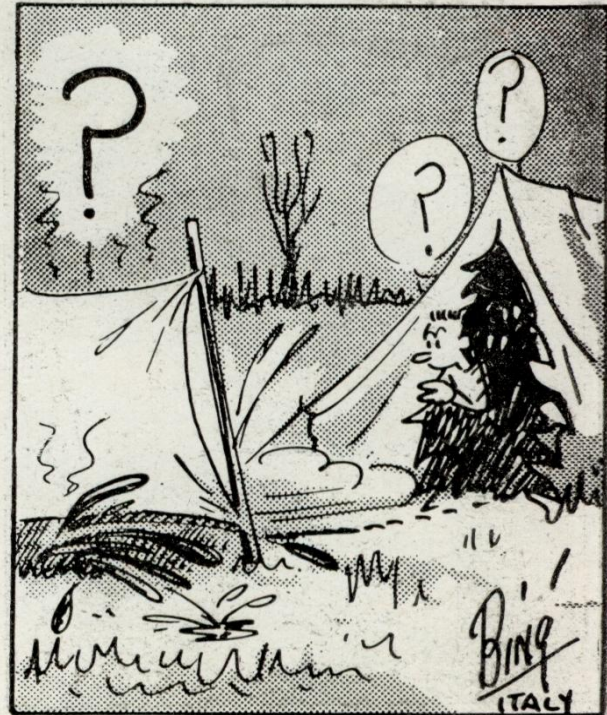
Herbie, V.C.



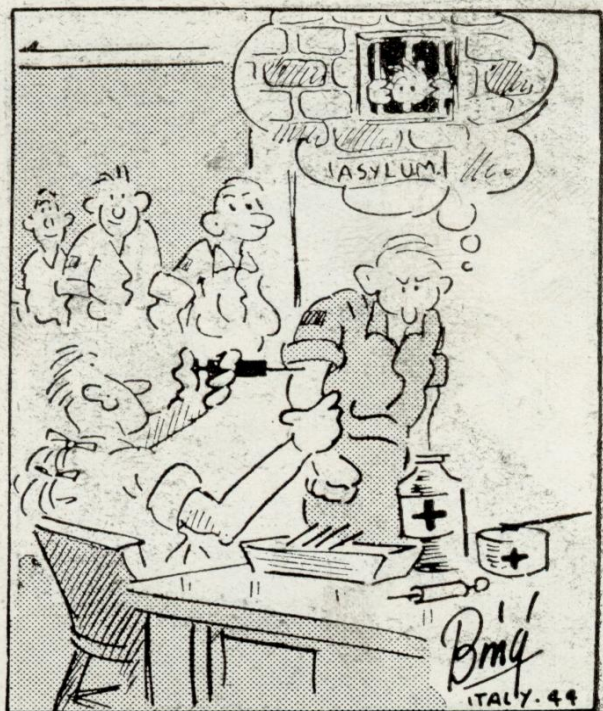
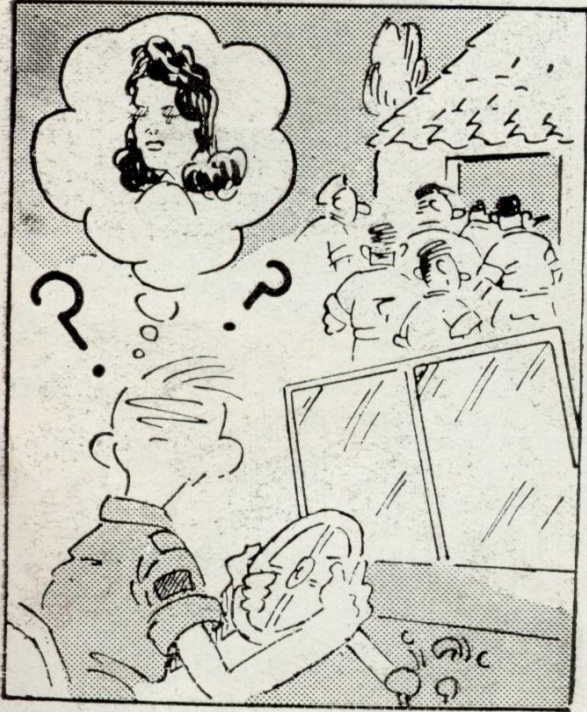
Night Flight



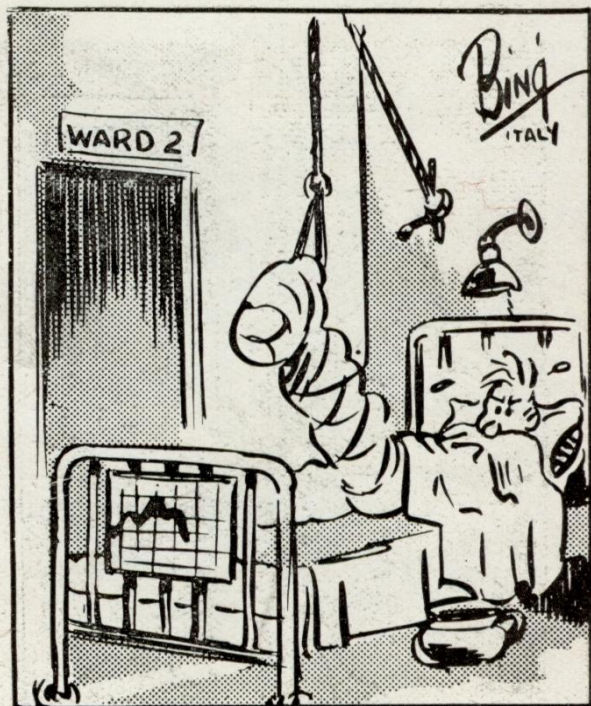
The Objective Has Been Over-run



Battle Inoculation



It's Safer Up Front



This One's on Me





« Cantcha think of anythin' funny, Bing? »

You've Got to Live it First

by Major R. E. Beamish

D.A.D.P.R. No. 2 Cdn Public Relations Group

No base wallah is Sgt. William Garnet « Bing » Coughlin, creator of the cartoons which appeared originally in the Maple Leaf and have now been assembled under one cover to produce this book.

As a sergeant with the 4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, the 32-year-old cartoonist participated in the invasion of Sicily and served through four months of the Italian campaign before joining the Maple Leaf staff in January of this year.

The incredible situations in which his characters find themselves and the realistic backgrounds against which they are imposed are no figments of a fertile imagination, but come from an accurate storehouse of memory accumulated in the two campaigns. Some of his cartoons are faithful reproductions of incidents he has experienced; others are evolved around those inevitable situations with which every soldier is only too familiar.

But Bing has not permitted memory to take the place of front-line experience since leaving his unit for the quieter pastime of cartooning. Ideas for his cartoons are not created in the quiet sanctum of an art department, for Bing makes periodic trips to the front, living with the men of whatever Canadian regiment he may be visiting, and sharing their experiences, humorous or otherwise. Perhaps this is why his cartoons have that undefinable something that appeals so strongly to his soldier audience. Scores of troops have recognized in his cartoons situations exactly duplicating incidents they have experienced and have written in

to ask if they can have the original, because « that's exactly what happened to me. » This book is one reason why it has been impossible to fill those requests — the originals were needed for reproduction again. Another reason is that Canadian newspaper publishers are clamoring for them, too. At this moment Bing's cartoons are appearing in some 30 daily newspapers throughout the Dominion.

Born in Canada's capital city of Ottawa in 1912, Bing Coughlin attended public school in that city and scrawled childish sketches over the blank pages of many a text book before moving to Philadelphia with his mother. His father, the late W. H. Coughlin, was a conductor on the old Canada-Atlantic Railway until his death in an accident thirty years ago.

Bing completed his junior matriculation in Philadelphia, but by that time his early fondness for drawing had developed into a passion far overshadowing any desire for scholastic achievement, and so it was to the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art, rather than to a university, that he went from high school.

Coughlin did some sketches and cartoons while he was studying, and sold a number of them to periodicals and newspapers in Canada, the United States and England, but he considered them merely an interesting sideline and devoted his main effort to display advertising art. On his graduation from the art school, he became a display advertising designer in Philadelphia and in 1940 returned to Ottawa to work for a Canadian display company in this capacity.

He enlisted as a trooper in the Plugs at Ottawa in 1941, and remained with the unit until his transfer to 2 Cdn Public Relations Group this year. But it is apparent that, even if this dream job of cartooning had not presented itself to him, Bing Coughlin would be drawing cartoons today in his spare time just the same.

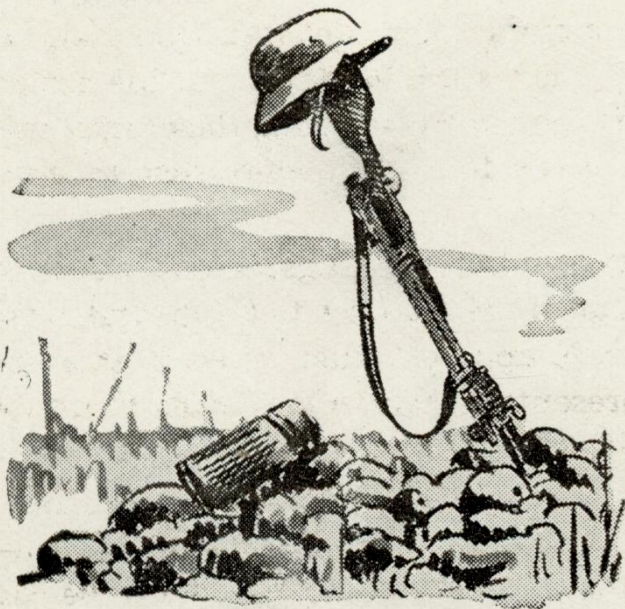
« I kept my hand in by doing sketches of army life for my own amusement, » he recalls, « and the boys in the troop seemed to get quite a kick out of them, but I never expected to be cartooning for publication as long as the war lasted. »

He got his chance when it was decided to publish a Canadian newspaper in Italy, and was an immediate success. His first

cartoon in the *This Army* series depicted an ack-ack gunner standing before his weapon, which has evidently just been fired. Through the clouds of smoke the gunner proudly points to a harp which is falling from the sky and informs a goggle-eyed witness that « With this new supercharge we get unlimited range. »

Like his own ack-ack gun, Bing himself seems to have unlimited range, for since that day he has covered a wide field of hilarious situations and insists he has not yet scratched the surface of Canadian Army humor.

« If the troops like the cartoons, » he declares, « I can thank my army experience more than any other one thing. Because no matter how well you can draw, you can't get that feeling of live humor into an army cartoon unless you've experienced the things you're trying to put into black and white. You've got to live it first. »





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