

THE LISTENING POST



6th Duke of Connaught's Rifles 11th Irish Fusiliers 88th Victoria Fusiliers
52nd Rocky Mountain Rangers 104th New Westminster Fus. West Kootenay Rifles
Reinforcing - Establissons - 11th 30th 47th



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT. COL. S. D. GARDNER, OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION

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FURIOUS FOOTBALL

An Eighth Battalion man overheard a group of D. T. drivers discussing the marvellous efficiency of their football team, whereupon he immediately galloped homewards to hold an indignation meeting with his fellow-warriors. The following Wilsonian note was the result:

"No superannuated line-pushers, need shoot the gas about the "footer" of their imitation team, especially in the presence of one of the "Black Devil" line-busters. We can make your boot-artillery sound like the faint rustle of an eight day match. If you only dare meet us on your own field, tomorrow afternoon, we will transform your dubbin soaked carcasses to a red mist, unless some deluded angel descends with a flaming sword to your rescue".

This stinging challenge aroused the "gee-gee" soldiers to white heat. A match was hastily arranged, and the foes met in mortal combat the following afternoon. The battle ensuing was one of the fiercest ever fought on the western front. Charge upon charge was made with the greatest "elan" by both parties, and attack was followed by counter-attack so swiftly and vehemently, that it was impossible to

to distinguish where attack ended and counter-attack began. The crash of the boot-artillery thundered and reverberated in an infernal series of sole-leather and pig-skin explosions: The very goal-posts shook and trembled in the sound-churned atmosphere: The ball floated and flew, bounced and bumped like an enormous "minenwerfer" in the air, and the noxious gases issuing from the side-lines in sulphurous waves of purest Billingsgate' converted the scene into a vaporous Inferno.

The seething conflict surged back and forth from one end of the field to the other, while the raging contestants drifted like driftwood on a furling and unfurling sea. When the battle was reaching the highest pitch of intensity, the "deluded angel" arrived and saved the day for the "Dubbin Throwers"

The booty on both sides was large, the "Devils" getting five, and the "D. T's" six goals.

Peace was immediately declared and the armies demobilized towards the canteen.

"Dubbin"

THIS IS OUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY PORK AND BEANS

"They've come at last", cried Bill, waving a luridly labelled tin in the air.

"Who" I asked, thinking in turn it might be either the Germans, or reinforcements, or that other Division the "Hard Thinkers" as the Australians call them.

"The pork and beans", said Bill, laying the tin on the floor and gazing at it ecstatically. (Bill is the cook, as you have no doubt already guessed, or he would never have been left without an escort in possession of a poor, lone, unprotected tin of pork and beans). "The fish will follow in due course, thanks to Providence and Major Hughie" he added. "From now on, the Canadian soldier will live in the lap of luxury. I can see him" he declaimed with the light of prophecy in his eye; "I can see the Canadian soldier of the future, languidly stirring in his downy couch, what time his batman brings in the morning cup of tea. Then the perfumed bath, and the fresh suit of B. V. D. and a little walk in the weather for his health's sake. Breakfast to follow, a breakfast of fish: Beautifully firm rainbow-trout from the lakes that lie like jewels in the mountain-guarded valleys of British Columbia: Whitefish from the shores of the lonely sedge-girt lakes of the Athabasca country: Sock-eye salmon from the tide waters of the Fraser and the Skeena: Halibut from the stormy seas of the Northern Pacific—I got that from the 'Elbow-joint (Saskatchewan) Eye-opener", he added apologetically. "And for dinner, this". He tapped the tin on the top. "Yes,

pork and beans, the food in which lies the secret of the vigour and brawn of the Canadian lumber-jack; The food that has nourished generations of our pioneers; The food, baked thoroughly in two thousand degrees of super-heated steam and blended delicately with tempting slices of fresh pork, the whole, saturated with the sauce of ripe, red—"Bill! I said reproachfully, you've been reading the 'Saturday Evening Post' advertisements on an empty stomach again, and you promised me"—"But", Bill broke in "a fellow down in the estaminet told me—" "What estaminet"? "The nearest" said Bill.

Being an R. M. P., I felt it my duty to investigate. I also took my mess-tin with me, to collect the evidence. As I went out of the hut, I could still hear Bill, "Our motto is 'Pork and Beans and on to Berlin'"

"If what they sell in the estaminet can do that to Bill, I'd better hurry up, or there'll be a few Orderly Room cases tomorrow" I thought. I hurried.

When I got back, late for dinner, I found my pork and beans had been kept for me. There were three beans and a smear of sauce in my mess-tin lid. They didn't assay very high in pork, but they were all right. There was nothing wrong with them. They were perfectly good beans. Still, there were only three of them and I was hungry.

"How many tins of pork and beans were there"? I asked Bill. "Two to a platoon", was the answer.