

THE LISTENING POST



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION
OF
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N° 26

BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE, JULY 20 1917

Price 2d.

PLEASE NOTE : — The present number has been unavoidably delayed owing to our printer having been called up for the French army; and also, on account of the increased cost of paper and printing, we are obliged to raise the price of the "Listening Post" to two pence.

THE FIGHT FOR THE GUNS

(Suggested on seeing in a collection of trophies a German field gun marked « Captured by — Divisional Ammunition Column.»)

Would you like to hear the story
of that most eventful day
When the war-stained D. A. C. sir,
were engaged in mortal fray;
When we charged right o'er the crest, sir
in and through Attila's sons,
And we scattered them like chaff, sir,
then we swiped their blooming guns.

Through the still clinging strands of wire in the old « No Man's Land » the north-east wind was shrieking dismally; a stinging rain endeavouring to make the mud underfoot even more treacherous, and blinding ones vision, did not tend to make matters more pleasant; whilst over all a blackness of night absolute and impenetrable.

Through it all splashed and cursed alternately a devoted little band urging on with lurid invective two teams of mules. Brave men are not deterred by the rigours of a wild night in Flanders, and this devoted band of D.A.C. warriors, fired with an unholy zeal, and with a patience worthy of a better cause, plodded on. For days they had loaded ammunition for the forward guns whilst the battle raged, and had proved by the sweat of their brows that « They also serve who only stand and wait », and now, goaded beyond endurance by the tales of desperate fighting passed to them by the «walking wounded» they had determined that they too would do some deed of imperishable glory, or perish in the attempt.

They had reached the crest by now and were passing over into the wood. Silence was the order,

and the hoofs of the mules were deadened by sand-bags as they crept closer to the enemy. Suddenly a twig snapped (Don't be sceptical, dear reader. Ser tries always put out twigs so that they will snap if anyone comes near) and a voice rang out from the darkness: « Hello! Who the hell's snooping around there? »

A whispered order, a concerted rush and our brave heroes threw themselves upon the challenger. To hitch up the mules to the gun he had been guarding was the work of a moment, and throwing caution to the winds they galloped back to their lines with their prize.

It is the year 1935 and on a homestead in the far western Prairie Provinces a young boy clambering around his father's knee suddenly asks that eternal question *What did you do in the great war, Daddy?*

With a thrill of pride the grey-haired veteran turns to the old album and taking out a faded photograph of a field gun whose broken wheels and shrapnel-torn shield bear mute testimony to the fierceness of the fight, and with a voice husky with emotion answers:

« My son, I helped to *Capture* that gun! »

We have worked a bit and we've talked a bit,
And we've had our turn at fun,
And we've done our share in this world-wide war
As the men behind the gun.
We're the D.A.C. and proud as can be:
We've been out since the war began,
And at the end of the row for our prowess we'll show
That captured German gun.

Iddy-Umpty.

It was in the Y.M.C.A. Headquarters hut. The Man with a Message rapped at the door marked PRIVATE, entered, clicked his heels together, whipped a smart salute to the gentleman in the elegant, clean shirt and began:

« Sir — »

« I'm not an officer, » quietly remarked the party behind the roll-top.

« I beg your pardon, » said the Man with a Message, turning sadly away. « It was the immaculate lingerie that fooled me. »