

# THE LISTENING POST



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OF  
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## A REPLY TO GERMANY DRASTIC ACTION BY U. S. GOVERNMENT. SIGNIFICANT STEP.

We are informed by our special correspondent at Washington that the series of alleged pictorial comics « THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS », (for long a feature of the comic section of one the great New-York journals) is to be revived as a proof of America's determination not to be dictated to by Germany. It will be remembered that this series was suppressed at the request of the late German Ambassador as being a slur on the character of German children, and, in effect, a grave breach of neutrality.

We cannot refrain from commenting on the remarkable change in public opinion in America which has made such a drastic step possible, and we rejoice to note that United States independence — of which we have heard so much in other years — is once more about to vindicate itself.

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## THE BALLAD OF THE MUSHROOM MAJOR.

We got our promotion far over the ocean,  
The farther the quicker, you know,  
The battalion disbanded, and here we are landed;  
All dressed up and no where to go.

Lieutenants abuse us, the Captains wont use us,  
We're welcomed like blizzards in May ;  
We may be old staggers, but we draw Majors  
wages,  
And we've got to have some where to stay.

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## SOME ARMY !

Major : « What cigars have you got ? »  
Canteen man : « Only Demi-Coronas at nine-  
pence, sir. »  
Major : « Too rich for my blood. »  
Private : « Give me a tin of pineapple, two  
francs worth of chocolate and half a dozen Demi-  
Coronas. »

## SERIOUS SHORTAGE OF FOOD IN FRANCE. KILOS NO LONGER OBTAINABLE !

A close scrutiny of the food question in France extending over many months leads us to conclude that the shortage is of a much more general character than officialdom has seen fit to disclose. The following incident is significant.

One of our most efficient valets was sent to procure turnips for the Officers' Mess.

« Get two kilos. Here's half a franc ! » said the cook.

The wielder of clothes brush and polishing paste returned saying :

« They haven't got any. »

« But I saw them in the window. What did you ask for ? » enquired the chef.

« Half a francs worth of kilos. »

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## IT'S AWFUL ! BUT

This front line stuff  
Is pretty tough  
In spite of what the papers say.  
Newspaper bluff  
And kindred guff  
Make out we re ALWAYS feeling gay

SOMETIMES we are.  
We never bar  
A hearty laugh in camp or trench,  
But it would jar  
An armoured car  
To take it ALL without a wrench.

And we are men,  
Just merely men,  
NOT creatures made of stone or steel  
The specimen  
The « Special's » pen  
Describes is just a shade unreal.

But if old Fritz  
Thinks he commits  
No crime in making war his aim,  
We'll give him fits  
Till he admits  
We've got him beaten at THAT game.