

## "THE LISTENING POST"

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Y. M. C. A., 1st CAN. INF. BDE.

### A visit to the Paymaster.

If you remember, (personally I fail to see how you can forget it), the first visit to your girl's home, it will be a waste of printer's ink and valuable space in this paper, for me to attempt to describe the preliminary manoeuvres of a man who has found it necessary to seek an interview with the Paymaster, in between pay days. Although the result of a visit to the Paymaster will not affect a man's future career, as seriously as the first mentioned act of bravery and daring, I have come to the conclusion that both visits should be strictly avoided. If you are successful in your visit to the Paymaster, it may lead to your being sentenced to 28 days No. 1, whilst if you look O.K. in the eyes of "Glycerine's Pa or Ma", you will put the "tin hat" on it by giving her old man a box of cigars, and you will be a prisoner until you get a divorce.

The P. M. sits in his office, watching his clerk do the work. \* He may be amusing himself by censoring his batman's love letters, and incidentally making them about as full of news as a Chinese laundry ticket. A soldier approaches, wearing a Y. M. C. A. expression. He taps at the door and springs to attention, just as he would at Glycerine's door. His brow is wet, his hands cold, and his throat parched. At second thought, he puts his pay book back in to his pocket. The scene inside the office is changed. Stacks of five franc bills which have been decorating the P. M.'s table and soap box, mysteriously disappear, along with every other sign of prosperity. The P. M. assumes an expression of extreme poverty and privation. (This is done by turning the moustache downwards.) In a loud voice he commands his stenographer, (male), to write a note to the bank for money. The poor wretch at the door, not knowing that all this commotion is for his benefit, begins to feel sorry for himself and financial state of the Empire. Squaring his shoulders and taking a deep breath, he again approaches the door. This time the taps are better both in quality and quantity and he is rewarded by a not over-enticing, "Come in". To all appearances, Pte. Blowitin has interrupted the, "Report centre" of the British Army. Official-looking papers everywhere. Blue sheets covered with names numbers and notes, dazzle his eyesight. Without looking up, the P.M. asks, "What can I do for you to-day?" Pte. Blowitin raises his right hand to his fevered brow and salutes as he would a Generalissime. The P. M.'s unnecessary question, must be answered in true, military fashion, (with a nice sugar coating to make it go down easy) \* Pte. Blowitin knows from experience that it would be disastrous to come straight to the point with, "I'm busted, Sir." He is too much of a diplomat. He states his case in "Extended order"; no "Massed formation" on this battle ground.

"That's some dog you've got there, Sir."

"Yes so everybody tells me,"

"It's got a splendid home to, Sir."

"Yes, but he doesn't appreciate it."

"That's to bad! And such a generous kindhearted boss too, Sir."

This masterstroke has the desired effect of causing the P.M., to look up.) Pte. Blowitin follows it up with :-

"I have a brother on H. M. S. Powerless what keeps a dog like him, Sir."

"Like your brother or like my dog? what do you want, this is my busy day."

"My brother, the one that's on a submarine has sent me a letter saying as how my grandfather aint feeling well since the early closing act come out. You see sir, he is 92, and when he went to enlist the doctor turned him down on account of his teeth, and as he can only take liquid nourishment, he has to run so fast from the "Wheatshaf" to the "Swan" and from there to the "Bluebell" to get his free drink for sweeping the floor, that his health is failing. Now Sir, I want to know if you could let me have 15 francs to send to him, Besides Sir, I want to buy him a birthday card what's marked "From Flanders".

Note:- I don't want to ruin the P.M.'s reputation by saying he turned him down, and if I say he "Kicked through" with 15 francs, everybody will try him out. Drone.

(\* That's what clerks are for. Ed.)

(\* Copyrighted by the Padre.)

### SANDBAG DUFF

Overs our cook is some chef,  
That is in his own ideas,  
But the dishes he inflects on us,  
Would melt a man to tears.

The slabs of meat that he calls steaks,  
Have often equine histories,  
While the dope that he hands round as stew,  
Should class with "Unsolved mysteries."

Such minor slips and faults as these,  
We've taken in good part,  
But his latest crime called "Sandbag Duff"  
Would break an angles heart.

He got some hard-tack, flour and grease,  
Then through some chips of wood in,  
Some sugar, salt, and powdered lime,  
Then labeled it as pudding.

Some currants then he added next,  
Some rifle oil and gun rag,  
Some cordite to remove the taste,  
Then boiled it in a sandbag.

He sent it up for supper then,  
We rolled it up the road,  
He had to add a safety pin,  
For fear it might explode.

We got it to our dug-out soon  
And placed it on the table,  
But to eat a lump of that stone wall,  
Not one of us was able.

But though we battled valliantly,  
With parry, thrust and lunge,  
That pudding was too much for us,  
We all threw up the sponge.

Some real tough guys we called in then,  
Who never yet retreated,

But no impression could they make,  
They had to plead defeated.

We shoved it under water then,  
But it would not be drowned,

It now lies in a nameless grave,  
Neath six good feet of earth.

C. H. Arliepiece.

P.S: The receipt for the above will be supplied at reduced rates to munition workers, armament makers or other Government workers.