

TRENCH TERMS AND THEIR MEANINGS

(From the Original Listening Post)

BANGO—This is a term usually applied to a violent upheaval of earth in many places, coupled with queer noises and deafening crashes. If this appears to be on our side of No Man's Land, duck for cover. If it appears to be taking place on Fritz's side—duck just the same as it will be our turn next probably.

BIVVY—Generally an edifice erected by private soldiers from scraps of old corrugated iron, empty petrol tins, mail sacks, sandbags, and a few pieces of stolen timber. When completed it looks like something between a battle cruiser, Indian's wigwam, and a mansion in the Tudor style. The doors of these edifices are never closed, for the simple reason "there ain't no doors."

NAPOO—A kind of non-transferable ticket entitling one to a journey through aerial spaces with the prospect of becoming an angel should one's Field Conduct Sheet be sufficiently spotless. Often acquired by people desiring a Blighty. Most men would prefer not to take a chance.

WITH THE EDITOR

Material from British Columbia for this issue was promised; but unfortunately, like the rations and the rum, the material-carrying party failed to get through. In communicating with B. C. we were in touch with Major Allan Brooks, Okanagan Landing, British Columbia.

Major Brooks kindly offered to re-draw the front page heading of the LISTENING POST, but we didn't have copies of the old issue available at the time. Naturally, we want to thank the good Major for his proffered help.

In a letter to us, he gave us information that was of surprise. Although we were intimately connected with the old trench journal from its inception we never knew who was the artist that depicted the "Silent Watcher" upon Listening Post detail. We publish Major Brook's letter in part which will be of interest to all:

"The original was drawn by me in Trench 134 of the Salient, in front of Messines. The very first

WATCH FOR OUR XMAS NUMBER!

NATURALLY, A NATURAL QUESTION

During an inspection trip one dark and rainy night to locate the front line that had ceased to exist after a genuine strafe, Brig.-Gen. Victor W. Odium, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. jumped from shell hole to shell hole in the hope of finally linking them up to form a new defence line. Diving into a large shell crater, along with some other soldiers, he discovered that the hole was held by a detail of three Imperial soldiers.

During a lull in the shelling the General opened his haversack and gave one of the Tommies an apple. The grateful Tommy reciprocated and proffered the General a "woodbine." It was declined with thanks as the General stated that he did not smoke. The soldier placed one in his own lips and endeavoured to light it but the wick in his flint lighter was wet and it refused to function.

The General invited the man into the deepest part of the hole and using the other men as a shield he quickly struck a match and had the satisfaction of seeing the Tommy puffing gaily on his fag.

Although the flash of the match in the cupped hand was only momentary the Tommy had caught sight of the General's "Brass Hat". The soldier puffed meditatively a few moments and then quite confidentially asked the General "I sye, Mate, where in 'ell did yer 'ook the bloody 'at'!"

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impression was altered in one detail by Capt. Orr, then the Quartermaster of the 7th. He thought the rifle muzzle was too heavy and altered it until it was unlike the muzzle of the old short M.L.E. Sometime later someone restored the original muzzle shape. The background of the design was the outline of some of the ruins of the old Petit Douve Farm, as held by the enemy in the summer of 1915."

We also endeavoured to locate Hugh Farmer, the cartoonist, and J. W. Campbell, the news-editor, without success. If any reader knows of their whereabouts, we would deeply appreciate the information.

The Listening Post thanks Lloyd C. Hazleton, Editor and Publisher of the Printing Review of Canada, Montreal, for kindness in offering every facility for the publication of this issue. Our friend Lloyd knows all the vicissitudes of the publishing industry. He freely gave us hint after hint. We are sure that if we had known what we were in for we would have adopted bee-keeping or big-game hunting for a little diversion.

The Listening Post wishes to thank the Honorable P. M. Dewan, Minister of Agriculture; Mr. John Harrold, Paris; Mr. T. R. Jones, Ingersoll, and all of our contributors for their willing and kind co-operation in making the appearance of THE LISTENING POST possible. To Doug Oliver of the Globe and Mail we owe special thanks.