

Advertisements

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Apply to any Recruiting Sergeant. Be sure to mention that you saw this advertisement in the "Listening Post".

To the Shirkers. From the Trenches.

"54 and 17"

I wish to heaven you could see two men in my platoon,
I watched them from my dug-out working all this afternoon,
I thought of all the men at home whose ages come between
This fine old man of fifty four, this child of seventeen.

The rain was coming down in sheets; they didn't seem to
[mind,

They walked about and searched for any wood that they
[could find,

They laughed and joked and whistled tunes, and each one
[[took a turn

At lighting up a little fire that quite refused to burn.

Their patience and their cheerfulness as they stood in the
[mud.

Well — Somehow seems to drive me mad and make me
[thirst for blood,

Of slackers now in England who are the first to shirk
While "Fifty four and Seventeen" come out to do their work

Pte. W. HILL

7th Battalion,

Canadians.



Once again the big Y. M. C. A. tent was the scene of a splendid Evening's entertainment. R. S. M. Griffiths officiated as chairman and the Brigade Band supplied the other noise.

Hostilities commenced with a band selection— "Water, water everywhere but not a drink in sight". We knew it, in fact we could feel it from our knees downwards. Sgt Clarke of the 10th Battalion then gave us a highly interesting 15 minutes whilst he argued the point with an imaginary German Jew through an imaginary telephone.

The next item was a comic song by our ever popular Sgt Mc Vie. Needless to say his song met with hearty applause, which would make Charlie Chaplain green with envy.

Capt Whiteman of the 10th Battalion gave the boys a real treat when he sang "Mary of Argyle" and the encore "There's a Land", took a big load off our minds as most of us had seen nothing but water for weeks.

The comic songs by Pte O'Neill were the cause of a big sick parade next morning.

The next artiste, Driver Place of the R. C. H. A. gaye us something new in the line of hand-cuff tricks.

Sgt Dawson then got in the lime-light and sprang into fame by singing.

The Star turn of the evening arrived in the shape of Syd. Bennett; his singing of "Sympathy" and the encore "Just a Little Kiss" amply repaid us for our drenching in coming to the concert. Syd will make a "hit" on the Music Hall Stage "Après la Guerre."

Those of us who were strong enough to stand Pte. Shinner's version of "Where the River Shannon Flows" had the choice of almost any seat in the house long before he had finished the first verse.

A one man "Playlet" entitled the "Lights O' London" by Sgt. Mjr Cook took the house by storm and when the lights went out several brave men in the front row also went out just because a nervous soldier shouted "Zeppelin".

Pte Lamont's jokes and songs were just as welcome as they were the first time he sprung them on us. (Last Fall).

The last but not least turn of the evening was a demonstration of bloodless-surgery and hypnotism by Driver Place. His victims placed their confidence in Place and were placed in places all over the place. Place placed one chair in one place and placed another in some other place. Placing his subject's head in the first place and his feet in the other place. Place placed himself on the place where the subject places his place. Here we had proof that the man was hypnotized. For had he not been, the place he places on a chair when he sits down would have been placed on the floor.

The Brigade Band played popular pieces which were enjoyed by all. Thus what proved one of the best concerts ever held by the 7th Battalion came to a close by all heartily singing "God Save the King".

Agony Column

Although this is really our matrimonial column, our readers will quite agree with us when we explain the reason for the above change of heading.

When Pte. Bell asked permission to use this up-to-date journal as a means of locating a suitable lady friend he was a smart, sober, industrious Canadian sojrer. The thousands of letters and photos which he is receiving daily have not only taken away his interest in the machine gun business, but we have noticed several serious signs of insanity. He speaks of everything in the "feminine." His machine gun he addresses as Pet, Sweetheart etc. And although the military term for machine gun is "woodpecker", he has been heard to call it his "Turtle Dove". When addressing his sergeant or any N. C. O. he uses such unregimental terms as "Darling" and "Angel". It was not until he refused his rum issue that the services of the M.O. were brought into action. The M. O. has got the situation well in hand, and has forbidden him to eat asparagus, sirloin steak, paté de foie gras, water melons, ices, jellies, lamb or veal, neither must he drink fresh milk, tom and jerry, punch, manhattan cocktails, gin fiz, john collins, chartreuse, champagne, or egg nog. It is sincerely hoped that the above treatment will have the desired effect of bringing Tony back to his normal senses.

The appeal we publish this week will no doubt bring in millions of replies from all parts of the Empire. To meet the extra strain we have increased the P.O. staff and built a new incinerator.

"Young man tall, fair, blue eyes, gentle and angelic appearance, at present employed (when they can find him) at 7th Battalion Headquarters. Has beautiful long arm which he can use for embracing anything or anybody, (not too fat or too old) Right arm adorned with two stripes