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A Night on Listening Post.

I was on Listening Post during the last turn in the trenches. The weather, for a wonder, was quite good and I found the peaceful moonlit space of no-man's-land pleasantly conducive to pious reflection. Unfortunately, I had a new man with me who was very nervous.

You know, if you look long at an object at night it will certainly seem to move. This blighter was seeing things every few minutes. Finally when he grabbed me by the arm, just where I had been inoculated and gasped, "L-l-ook, they're coming!" pointing at the same time to a row of dejected willows, which he mistook for a battalion of Prussian Unterwehr of the 314th Blut und Eison Regiment, with flame projectors strapped neatly on their shoulders, bayonets at the trail and bombs at the ready, I became downright peeved and said, "See here, dearie, don't disturb me again unless a six inch shell hits you".

To give him confidence I then juggled rapidly with three bombs without missing once, and resumed my occupation of playing imaginary golf over to the German wire and back.

After a time of silent and soulful communion with nature, the chief listening post martyr came out, and warned us that the Germans were expected to attack on our left. Br-r-r. The moon paled and waned, a chill mist crept over the sodden grass slow music suddenly an owl hooted at least if it wasn't an owl it ought to have been, it hooted I say, but did not offer to attack us, so we breathed freely once more. With the going down of the moon the darkness deepened until it was opaque as velvet. "Now" I said to myself, "The Hun is due", and loosened the pin of a Mills bomb, but apparently the "All Highest's" local representative had mislaid his shining armour, or his troops hadn't slept well and felt out of sorts, "headachy", you know, that kind of feeling; For dawn lightened in the East, and soon the signal came to return to the trench, and we were free to burn bread for breakfast.

How I beat a Pioneer.

The two other occupants of the barn ignored my suggestion that we should all three sleep together, so I gathered a few sand bags and squeezed myself in between them.

Now anybody who has done a turn in the trenches just beyond Z— will agree with me when I say that a battalion orderly's job is no "long sweet song". I had four or five days (more or less) running from No. 1 Co's trench to No. 2 Co's crater and from No. 3 Co's ditch to No. 4 Co's canal, and was back in supports for a rest.

I had barely closed my eyes when I felt myself being slowly carried outside. Thinking I must have got into somebody else's bed, I thought it would be just as well to say nothing so like Brer Rabbit I kept on saying nothing until I overheard the following conversation:

"He was a damn fine fellow".

"Yes, if he only had one franc, he'd lend you half of it".

(This 'touching' tribute from a man who, only a few days previously had said he had never seen me give anything away excepting our position).

Footsteps approach.

"Is that you Sergeant Major?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Could I have this man's rum issue, my nerves are all shot to pieces?"

"I'll see, is everything ready for the Chaplain?"

That was the last straw. "Look here you fellows," I said, "I don't mind you carrying me all over the country or digging me a nice deep dug-out, but I won't stand for anybody drinking my rum issue".

Noodles

A dear, good, kind lady sent a box of shamrocks to one of our officers last St. Patrick's Day, for distribution amongst his dissolute soldiery. "Any of you men want some?" asked the exalted one displaying his wares. "If you please Sir," said a hungry looking private, "May I have a shamrock, I haven't tasted salad for a donkey's age".

WANTED: A printing press, (portable, foot power) that will print with one impression two pages of "The Listening Post", with type complete for one issue of eight pages. Write Editor "The Listening Post", 7th Canadian Infantry Battalion, c.o. Army Post Office, London, giving prices delivered to Military Forwarding Officer, Southampton. (Ad.)