

from every face and we close up, perspiring and panting. Nobody has won the race, but we are through, we are "out", and as the road is wide we drop into a moderate walk and listen to the rapid fire away behind. (Note: The Editor has kindly arranged that the first private that sends in the correct answer will be tipped the winner of the Derby for 1917.)

### Our M P.

Where do you come from Albert dear?  
Out o' the reg'lars into ere.

Whence take your eyes such depth of blue?  
Defaulters feelins' is of that hue.

Lose they ever that innocent stare?  
When I walk with the Girls in Vancouver Fair.

How came you so rotund and fine?  
I perseveres when I starts to dine.

Why do you wear that scarlet band?  
Only because it looks so grand.

Bogey are you, or fairy feat?  
Or a plain M.P. upon his beat?

No fairy I ain't, nor plain d'ye see,  
But a pleasant, popular, plump M.P.

### A Challenge

The Medical Detail send their compliments to the Officers and suggest that the following games may be more suitable, ie, Marbles, Checkers, Dominoes, Ping-Pong, Billiards, Hop Scotch, Ring-a-Roses, Nougts and Crosses, Croquette, and snap. Should any of the above games meet with your approval we are prepared to meet you at any suitable time or place.

### Nº 1 Company's notes

Had President Wilson seen Nº 1 Co. leave its billets yesterday, he would have felt that, representative of a great neutral nation that he was, the time had passed for him to remain inactive. Undoubtedly he would have sent another Note.

The company as it straggled along - each section of N. C. Os led by their one remaining private - was a bitter illustration of what modern warfare means. Pale and panic stricken ravaged by an unrelieved thirst they fled the accursed spot. The beer was doped.

They had come from a spot - somewhere in France - where nothing of the lighter side of life remained; where even the realities of life, such as mulligan, had faded into forgetfulness; they had come from a place of battle, murder, and sudden thirst, into a land where beer might be bought; and lo: the beer was doped.

It was too much, they were betrayed. The few surviving privates have resigned their commissions, while the great body of the N. C. Os. have volunteered for active service in the Scilly Isles.

It was but to be expected. They could not face again the commonplaces of a countryside wherein they had been so grossly deceived.

R. I. P. The were brave men.

M. O. — Well what's the matter this morning?

Boozy. — Very queer Sir, want a tonic.

M. O. — Why not try beer?

Boozy. — Oh that's too - tonic (Teutonic).

### Courts of justice.

Private (applying for leave) "Sir, would you please sign this pass for me"?

Major. "What do you want it for?"

Private. "My mother wants to see me before I go to "somewhere" in France".

Major. "How old is your mother"?

Private. "Sixty two Sir".

Major. "Sixty two Eh: Why I have a mother eighty two and she wants to know what the hell I'm doing in England instead of somewhere in France".

Things are looking up in Nº 1 Co. The Stars and Stripes have come out in force. Beef will be served after the next pay day.

### Nº 2 Company notes

Pay Sergt. R. Lamonby has returned from leave wearing a worried look. After making enquires we find out that the genial P. S. has taken unto himself a better half. Good Luck and God speed you "Bob": over the stormy sea of matrimony' And may all your troubles be little ones.

We wish to welcome Sergt. (Cock) Robinson back to our midst. (Hamish) has had the honour to be mentioned in dispatches and I am sure the honour has been well earned. May good luck attend you, and a safe return home to Portadown is our earnest wish. So "buck up you young 'uns - take an example from the old war horse".

Sergt. F A. Ladd has returned from what he terms, a somewhat short leave. We wonder who the fair damsel was, who helped Forrest to spend such a pleasant, altho short leave.

Will someone kindly tell me,  
Will someone answer why?

What caused the working party from Nº 4 to beat such a hasty retreat for the shelter of their trenches?

What proved to be a cracker jack of a game, was pulled off on Sunday, for a side bet of 600 francs, those who missed this game surely missed a treat; after a brilliant game lasting one hour and a score 1-1, the fate of the 600 still hangs in the balance, but I am sure that the coin will be reposing safely in the pockets of Nº 2 Coy. This game will be replayed on Sunday the 22<sup>nd</sup>. A cordial invitation is extended to the Officers and men of the 7<sup>th</sup> and judging from the splendid game played, a treat is in store.

A challenge is handed out to any team in the 7<sup>th</sup> for any amount. Come one come all. We have the money and the time.

Medical Detail please note.

OBSERVER.

### Nº 3 Company notes

Things we want to know.

What our Officers said when they heard that Nº 3 Co. had only won the sympathy of the other companies, at the sports.

What the fatigue party, whose heads were showing above the communication trench, said when the sportsman, thinking that they were rats started pelting them with brickbats.

What wit, on hearing that rifle grenades cost 3 pounds each, said, "Let's sell them."

If the R. G. A. really look on trench mortars with the same loving pride as the Imperial General at Givenchy.

What the Officer, leading the charge, said when the engineers asked him to wait until they had finished the trench before taking it.

If Nº 1 Platoon would be sorry if they heard that Jak Johnson had knocked out "One round Hogan".

### Here you fellows!

What is the matter with Nº 4 Co? And where are all the writers from Headquarters, Machine Gun, Signallers and Transport? Oh Yes, and then besides there are a lot of "clever" critics in the Quartermasters Dept. — Why dont they spread their cleverness on paper for "The Listening Post"? Dont let Nos 1, 2, 3 and the Medical Detail do all the work — Come on boys send in your contributions, and lets make our paper better — We are waiting.

### Medical detail weekly grouse

To continue our journey down the trench with the M. O. it will be necessary to wait a few minutes until he has fully recovered from the shock caused by that innocent piece of cheese. I guess you have all been scanning the casualty lists during the past two weeks; especially those under the heading "Suffering from Shock". If so, you must have forgotten about the secretary. He takes in the situation at a glance. Passing a message down the trench for the sanitary policeman "on the double", takes but a few minutes. These intelligent creatures arrive fully armed with pick and shovel, creosol and chloride of lime. They sprinkle the cheese and flies with their dope and look for a suitable shell hole to bury it in. You see sanitary policeman is part human anyway, and, like the rest of us, he loves this country. He will disinfect the country, perhaps die for the country, but he hates like H-11 to dig it up. If there are no shell holes close to the parapet they pretend to dig a grave for the cheese, that is if the M.O. is looking, but immediately he passes by the proposed funeral, the strongest sanitary policeman places the cheese