

How it Began.

THE Adjutant and 2nd in Command had vanished for the day on a duty trip to Brussels, and the O.C., feeling somewhat lonely and slightly put out at the question, "What have you written for the LISTENING POST to-day?" that had been served up with every meal in the mess of the past week, decided on doing something all by himself. Hence the following document on the Editor's table next morning:—

"The Commanding Officer hopes to get a hearty laugh or two for himself and others, by offering one prize of 100 francs for the best unofficial interpretation of the initials O.R. The official interpretation thereof is 'Other Ranks.'

"This interpretation can be expressed in two words, thus: (in the unparliamentary language of Bairnsfather's 'Ole Bill'), 'O.R. Right'; and so they are, God bless 'em. Or in verse, thus:

"There was a young man from the West,
Who enlisted along with the best.

..... ?
..... ?

Our Rations, Our Rum, and Our Rest.

"Such bald innuendos as, 'Who stole Our Rum?' or, 'Who ate Our Rations?' will not be considered.

"The name of the winner, with his winning effort, will be published in the next issue.

"N.B.—Lance-Corporals are warned against the Obvious Risk, under the above rule, of sending in such solutions as, 'Only Rotters.'"

Frankly, we hope the O.C. wasn't disappointed, but would like to assure him that if he got his laugh, it was certainly on the worried Editor of our family paper.

All the free writing paper from the Y.M.C.A.; leaves from every note-book in the world; sheets of foolscap from the Orderly Room; and the backs of about a million envelopes—drifted in to the Editorial sanctum, until it looked like the baling room of the army waste-paper collecting department. Good, bad and indifferent (with the odds on the latter) were the efforts submitted, and the making of a choice from such a collection a worse experience than carrying a platoon's rum in an exposed bottle through Fritz's barrage. However, someone has to be the goat and have 100 francs thrust into his protesting jeans, and as Lance-Corporal A. T. Garrick (No. 2 Company) is only a little fellow and can't resist very much, we have decided that he shall suffer for others.—Herewith his effort:—

On Request, Our Reliable Old Riley Offers Rather Original Remarks On Real, Overproof Rum, Rations, Or Rest. On Referring "O.R.," Old Riley Oozes Regular Old-timer Regimental Orthodox Rhetoric.—

"O.R.," Observes Riley, "Occurs Rarely Outside Routine Or Regimental Orders, Rules or Regulations. On Routine Or Regimental Orders, Redundancies Or Repetitions Often Recur. Orderly Room Officials Reveal, Occasionally, Rare Oddities, Reeking Of Routine. Only Reflect: O.R.—Our Rations, Our Rum, Our Rest, Our Razor, Our Regimental, OR Other Ranks."

Herewith a few other samples submitted.—Note the becoming modesty with which our heroes disclaim any wish to finger the filthy lucre!

ORDINARY RUBBISH.

And it came to pass that when the hordes of Foch had smitten heavily the gates of Germania, and completely crushed the tribes within, the Canada-ites and they of the valley of Woodbina lay idle.

It chanced one day, as two warriors of the Army of Currie were passing a village, then known as Borset, they beheld afar off on the way side a tablet bearing the following inscription:—

"O.R.'s will proceed immediately to the lands of

their forefathers; and therein will receive many pieces of silver."

Quoth he, bearing the insignia of the army of Chilliwack: "What mean these letters O.R.?"

And his comrade, a once learned scholar of Nanaimo, in the land of Can-a-da, replied:

"Lo! Is it not, as is spoken by the Greek scholars, that a time will come when the earth will be visited by things known as Rumours which, being interpreted, means, Things will happen which will happen not?"

"So, verily, I say that the letters on which thou gazest mean, 'Only Rumours.'"

SGT. H. F. CRUICKSHANK.

O is ours, others, yours and mine;
R is Ranks that's always short of coin:
So please shell out, and many, many thanks.
You need the laugh; but I can use the Francs.

JOE SULLIVAN.

Oh! Refuse not me that hundred francs,
Or Really I shall be downcast.
Oh! Render unto me and I will dance
Or Revel in Liege without a pass.

Oh! Remember all that I have missed;
On Rations I have had to feed—
Or Rather, let me say, exist;
Or Refuse to eat—a likely thing indeed!

Of Resolutions I have made a score;
Of Recent date, I've broken quite a few.
Oh! Reward me with the prize—or more—
Or Rapidly I'll break the others too.

Oh! Real indeed would be my joyful song!
Oh! Rich indeed, could I but win the dough!
Oh! Rob me not of gladful hours and long,
Or Rapidly my tears will surely flow.

Oh! Receive my thanks, in anticipation—
Old Robbie says, "It forward points the view"—
Or Respect will vanish of thy appreciation,
Or Refusal make me something dreadful do.

C. HAYDON.

* * *

The meaning of O.R.

After sober thought, one is forced to conclude that the term O.R. has not only one, but many meanings. As far as this battalion is concerned, perhaps, they might well be classified as follows:—

1. On joining up—Just Ordinary Rookies.
2. In England—To the peaceful (?) Englishman, Overseas Ruffnecks.
3. In France—
 - (a) During a Scrap, the Objective Reachers.
 - (b) After most scraps—Just Odd Remnants.
 - (c) In trench warfare, best known as Odium's Raiders.
4. After leave to Paris, London, Brussels, Liege and other Places, 'Opeless 'Recks.
5. Last, but not least, I think, on the whole, we might call them the OLD RELIABLES.

JIMMY.

FOOD FOR THE HUN.

What starving Germany really needs is Humble Pie.