



How is it that there is a big rush on corkscrews the morning men come back from leave.

Who is the architect who drew up the plans for the huts in the woods?

Has the officer who was looking for a Sapper discovered what kind of an animal it is?

Has the party who held the lamp for "Smoky" gone to take a course of Bar-tending?

Is it true that "Smoky" was fined for treating?

Our first Xmas in the Trenches

If Santa Claus had included any portion of the British Front on his programme, we could see no earthly reason why he shouldn't call at the business address of the 7th Battalion, 1st British Columbia Regt.

We had all worked for two whole days and nights, trying to make the trenches as Christmassy as possible, and Pte. Allwood, (who said he didn't believe that there was a Santa Claus) had been persuaded to take his old socks off the barbed wire, and replace them with the new pair he had just been issued with. Pte. Allwood's remarks about the German snipers "getting" Santa Claus didn't discourage us in the least, but, realizing that such a contingency would never be forgiven by the future generations, we put an extra row of sand bags on the top of the parapet. A heated discussion then arose as to the nationality of "Old Whiskers" (Allwood's familiarity). An "Official" photograph, showing the old man in a Reindeer drawn sleigh, "with the sign "David Spencer", Vancouver, gave the Allies the benefit of the doubt, Our two best scouts, Segts. Ashby and Myerstein, then took a stroll over to Petite Douve Farm in order to report on the extensive decorations, (which had been somewhat delayed through our artillery taking a hand in the game) over there. Whilst they were away, Sgt. Ramage passed the word to prepare socks for inspection. It would be as well to explain that it was not because Sgt. Ramage knew more about socks than any other Sgt., but it was on account of his ability to see in the dark. In cold weather his nose gives off enough light to save him 5 francs a month for batteries. This 5 francs he spends on peppermints and Red Cross collections. On this particular night his task was no easy one. He not only had to convince the 7th Battalion that Santa Claus would be offended if he found Canadian Soldiers trying to ring in long rubber thigh boots, in place of socks, just because it was dark, but he had the difficult and dangerous task of separating Cpl. Carter from "Shorty Preston". Why these two should "tie" into each other in Xmas eve will take quite a little explanation! "Shorty" who takes size 3 1-2 in socks, had been losing a lot of sleep through worrying over his chances of getting a square deal, should Santa Claus misjudge the eating and drinking abilities of the owner of these socks. Having heard that Regimental Police, like civilians police, are only appointed to that cushy job on producing the right size of feet, Shorty Preston had hung around the policeman's dug-out with the intention of borrowing a pair of socks. Had he known that a part of a policeman's duty is to rehearse the "Sleeping Beauty", or Rip Van Winkle, he could have saved himself a long, weary wait. When the time came for him to return to duty, he summoned up enough

courage to borrow the socks without asking. Now Police Cpl. Carter has never been to a masquerade dance disguised as Cinderella. There is a rumour that glass works ran out of material when trying to make the slipper. On this eventful night, on his chest he found a pair of things which he thought at first were mittens. He didn't waste any time trying to persuade a 3 1-2 size sock to cover a size 14 foot. His detective instinct led him down to the signallers dug-out and that's where Sgt. Ramage found them. As time slipped by, (as it does in the trenches), and no Santa Claus arrived, the scouts went back to the village to investigate. They returned with a waterproof envelope containing the following message:—

"Mistook your communication trench for the Kiel Canal. Have gone back for life belt".

S. CLAUS.

The Padre's Christmas Sermon

Being military, it should be short, because in the army everything is short except route marches and fatigues. Being Christmas, it should be like plum-pudding rich and sauce-y; and like Christmas cake have a nice sugar coating to make it go down easily. Now what padre could come up to the specifications, with Flanders mud for a background, and Flanders fog to keep his brain clear. Since the Listening Post (without capitals) is to receive it, it should be delivered — well, by wire would be the safest way, for the padre.

Whizz-bangs, Krump Krumps, and such delicate attention have taught us most effectively that it is better to give than to receive. But Christmas giving should carry the high explosive of human kindness and good-will toward men. The last phrase seems like sarcasm here in the fighting line. But is it? We have such good will toward men that we are fighting, and sloshing around in the mud, — over it when it freezes hard enough — that we may keep "Deutschland uber Alles" or any other hog-it-all Kultur Kry from getting to the top of the heap. We want to smother it for good and all. Hence even in the trenches we can celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace — our Saviour and Lord — with a clear conscience and happy heart. That is, as happy as thoughts of "The Girl I left behind me" will permit on such a day of home gatherings, mistletoe, and cosy firesides.

Now you've had it short, which is alright for the sermon but not for the turkey ration. You readers must be the judges of the plum pudding qualities. Here is the sugar coating. The padre wishes you the best and richest Christmas you ever had, and may it be the last before Kitchener hets the Kaiser's goose done brown. May you have an overflowing measure of the Christmas spirit. It is not doled out in a little thimble; a man has it in proportion to his own bigness of heart, and communion with his Maker. And here is the benediction — May the God of Love bless you, guide you, and keep you both here and hereafter. AMEN.

L. W. MOFFIT.

Christmas Wishes from the Padres

"Wishing you and yours a happy Christmas." There is the Strong Assurance in Christmas that makes this year, your greetings real, even though the words may not so sound. You may not use exactly the words of my wish to you, but their purport will be the same. Christmas is so called because of the gathering of all Christians in early days at the Holy Communion, Christ's Board. Wherever you are you can in spirit join in that Feast, on Christmas Day, even if from the force of circumstances you are debarred from the very act of Communion. A wish that is real, something more than a passing thought, is a deed. Christmas wishes