

THE LISTENING POST



6th Duke of Connaught's Rifles 11th Irish Fusiliers 88th Victoria Fusiliers
 02nd Rocky Mountain Rangers 04th New Westminster Fus. West Kootenay Rifles
 Reinforcing - Battalions - 11th 30th 47th



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT COL OD: UM. OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION
 CENSORED BY CHIEF CENSOR, IST. CAN. DIV. — CAPT W. F. OHR. EDITOR L/CPL. H. MAYLOR. NEWS EDITOR.

Nº 6 BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE OCT. 20. 1915. PRICE 1 d.

Why Listening Post ?

Did someone say they didn't know what a "Listening Post" was? Ridiculous. Oh I beg your pardon Captain Editor, I didn't know it was you speaking. Oh you referred to the British Public, you want to have them enlightened?

Noble object !

I thought they knew everything. They get their morning papers and with their mouths full of bacon and eggs, superiorly smile and grunt to their spudoric spouses, that all money spent on rum in money wasted.

Why shouldn't I have a tot of rum if I'm supposed to write leading articles? No rum, no write.

The sthenic British Householder with teetotal tendencies distorts my neutral vision, I must forget him and try again.

A listening post — Dont look up the dictionary, it wont help you. Although it certainly has to do with listening, not the keyhole type of listening, or the method employed at a music hall, when you endeavour to follow the trend of the performance although the orchestra is obscured by a pink haze, and all the figures on the stage are reduplicated. Not the church parade effort, when somnolence and courtesy engage in animated strife and you vaguely wonder if the Padre is paid by piece work — Not the "stand at attention until I've finished" affair which accompanies an indefinite Expose, of what you fondly believe an imaginary failing and short coming on your part, by one in authority. Not the idle gentle drowsy harkening to the coo of love.

No this is listening as a Red Indian listens, with the ear of a Bull Moose, the scrut of an elephant and the eye of a hawk. Listening both critical and analytical. Listening with your ears, nose and eyes all at one time. Listening for the crack of a twig, the click of a shovel, the fall of a brick, the whisper of a breath. It is listening in the most acute febrile state with every sense alert and every nerve strained.

It is a hyperpyrexia of exacerbated nasal aural and optic intensity.

As for "Post", the dictionary will help you less. It has nothing to do with letter boxes or mail bags. Nor is it an upright piece of timber.

(Continued in our next.)

Wanted

MAN and WIFE as caretaker for Canadian trench which is in good repair. Man must be able to work a machine gun at intervals. Wife to cook and send up starlights. Both must supply own gum boots and mouth-organs. Wages for two, 40 dollars per month and rum issue. No children in arms or without arms.

Vancouver employment Sharks please copy.

Dastarly Daring Daylight Robbery in 7th Battn Frontline Trench

Loss partly covered by insurance and chloride of lime

Scotland yard men arrive on the scene with, blood hounds, bannocks, bonnets, bayonets and booze

From our own pigeoneer correspondent.

Great indignation was felt amongst the 7th Battn. reinforcements when it was discovered that some soul-less soldier, or Pirate Pilferer or pill pedler had borrowed their best butter before breakfast. Detectives are working night and day on the case, and it is expected that some startling disclosures are about to be made. The case has many interesting points. Interviewed by our own pigeoneer, shortly after the crime was discovered, the victim very reluctantly told how he had guarded the tin of butter night and day ever since he left Shornecliffe, having heard what a precious commodity butter was at the front, he had intended to make a good piece of capital, before he finished the war. Arriving at the front just as the boys were being paid, he hit upon a brilliant idea of forming a butter club. This "Get rich quick Wallingford" scheme met with the approval of the inmates of his dug-out and they handed over their 15 francs for their share of the luxury. Before retiring for the night it was decided to take one slice of bread and butter per man. Next morning our budding capitalist found himself face to face with ruin. To use his own version of the incident, "Mother Hubbard never found a cupboard so bare of bones, as that bivvie was bare of best blooming British butter". The detectives are doing as well as can be expected, and they are receiving every possible assistance from the men in the front line trench. Nothing has been moved, soldiers are forbidden to leave their dug-outs even to clean their rifles. An air of mystery hangs over the scene. A valuable clue is being followed up. It appears that a member of No. 1 Co, being unable to sleep on account of losing 15 francs at poker, was passing the time away by looking over the parapet, when two men in Khaki brushed by him. This unusual occurrence caused him to look around. By this time the two suspects were quite a few yards down the trench. But our informant swears under oath, that one of the men was disguised as a L/Cpl and the other as an officer. The latter, he claims, was decorated with an Iron cross, Red cross, skull and cross bones and had a hot cross bun on. Our worthy Paymaster with the reckless generosity we are all familiar with, offered the services of his famous blood hound. Whilst awaiting the arrival of our expert sleuths, Ramrod and Davis, the blood hound was put on the scent, with the startling result, that in three successive trials it made a bee line for the dressing station and wagged its tail at the M.O.'s grub box. DRONE.