

# THE LISTENING POST



6<sup>th</sup> Duke of Connaught's Rifles    11<sup>th</sup> Irish Fusiliers    88<sup>th</sup> Victoria Fusiliers  
02<sup>nd</sup> Rocky Mountain Rangers    04<sup>th</sup> New Westminster Fus.    West Kootenay Rifles  
Reinforcing    Establiions    11<sup>th</sup> · 30<sup>th</sup> · 47<sup>th</sup>



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT. COL. V. W. ODLUM, D.S.O., OFFICER COMMANDING 7<sup>th</sup> CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION.  
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## STAND TOO.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LAST BAY.

"Stand too". The night is dark and stormy—a drizzling rain fell from the canopy of unpierced gloom above. "Stand too"! the words were passed by bated breath through teeth that chattered incessantly in the dank half-frozen atmosphere. A group of dark and muffled figures scrambled hastily to the parapet, every eye straining its utmost into the impenetrable gloom around, which the dim light of approaching dawn, scarcely as yet perceptible in the far, far east, only served to render blacker and still blacker. "Are they coming?" A shiver of expectancy seemed to run along the line of crouching men. Every eye strained harder, every ear was turned to catch the faintest sound. But what is that? See! Stealthily, warily, two crouching figures approach the watching sentinals from behind, slowly, intently, nearer and nearer they come—Hark! A sharp, metallic click as of unsheathed steel, falls upon the air, and with a gurgling sound as of the rattle of death in his throat, the sentinel straightens up his body in a last despairing effort and with a sigh sinks forward on to the parapet once again. Silently groping through the encircling gloom the two denizens of the dark pursue their way, sentinel after sentinel shares the fate of his comrade until the last is reached. More alert than his fellows perhaps, his ears quickly detect the sounds of approaching danger or is it some heaven-born instinct has warned him of his peril? Again the clash as of steel against stone is heard, again and again, louder and louder it comes, a volley of muttered oaths falls upon the ear—then suddenly, a loud despairing shriek rends the stillness of the breaking dawn—The rum is a ration short again.

A. A. A.

## Maple Leaf Club, London for Canadians on Leave.

A comfortable and respectable home for Canadian Soldiers on leave in London has recently been established, called the "Maple Leaf Club" where accommodation will be available and where pay cheques can be cashed and safe custody provided for such monies as men do not wish to carry on their persons.

Representatives of the club will be on the station platforms to meet all leave trains on arrival at Victoria Station. These officials can be distinguished by banners and badges exhibiting the Maple Leaf.

## THE DUG-OUT GHOST.

If you asked anyone in the 7<sup>th</sup> Battalion, why the News Editor left his dug-out, they would be unanimous in their reply. "Because he couldn't take it with him". But they would all be wrong. Why should I want to take it with me? I couldn't sell it. I don't believe a Canadian Real Estate shark could sell it. And that's saying something. If I changed my ways and told the truth for once, I don't think I could even let it. You see that there old dug-out and ex-advanced office of the "Listening Post" is haunted. Yes Sir, haunted with real ghosts! What! You say I am fibbing? Well, I'll say just one ghost then. Maybe if I'd called a roll and numbered them off you'd believe me. That's the worst of you fellows you want everything in black and white (in a non-refillable bottle).

You've probably jumped to the conclusion that I'm afraid of a common garden or dug-out ghost, and therefore, a disgrace to the Regiment etc. Please don't convict me until I have fully described the nocturnal habits of this ghost. He, (I think ghosts are spoken of in the masculine, that is, by married men), was in a class by himself. The ordinary moated castle ghost, commands a certain amount of respect. A castle without a ghost is like a Staff Officer without the red hat band. A ghost with a good history behind him has a regular cinch of a job. He is like a Major or a Colonel. All he is expected to do, is to make a big row, scare everybody to death, cause people to sign the pledge, and depart to the w(h)ine cellars. Now my ghost is different. I could tell by his choice of cigarettes, that he was just as aristocratic as the castle specie; but he had evidently fallen on evil days. Unlike his brother of ye castle, he worked at night. He would hide in ye orchard Rossignol until I would depart for my 'umissue to ye Sgt. Major.

Now the month of February in Flanders is no time for people to be hanging around the trenches mit noddings on, so when I missed a blanket, I took it for granted that my ghost was either chilly or wanted to go around respectable. So I forgave him, but when he took my 'Players' and left me 'Arf a Mo's', took my bread and left the hard-tack, took my brazier and to-morrows kindling, you might excuse me for pulling out of that super-haunted office.

Note—The advanced office of the 'L. P.' is now at—(deleted by censor). Thank goodness. H. M.

P. S. No, he never got my issue, I was always afraid of a sniper getting us separated.