



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT. COL. V. W. ODLUM, D.S.O., OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION.

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A TRENCH TRAGEDY.

I murdered him!!! There is no question that I was the one who committed the deed—I cannot even plead temporary insanity; in fact the only temporary thing I have about me is my commission in His Majesty's Canadian Forces—and that, surely, would not be taken as evidence of insanity! Even now as I sit in the gathering darkness, no ghosts rise up ethereally from the ground to haunt me—no “still small voice”, or “qualms”, or “pricks” or what ever it is of conscience, disturb me; in fact, callous as it may seem, I have no regrets.

Just listen for a few moments and I will tell you the whole story

It was early morning, that glorious period just after “stand-down”—and rum issue, when all the world seems painted in roseate hues, and life is just one long sweet song. I had just returned from my usual before-breakfast constitutional down the trench, and satisfied myself that all my company's riflebarrels were “mineral jellied” and all feet “frost bite greased” satisfactorily—that is the former—I cannot claim that the smell of pedal extremities is ever really satisfactory to me in the early morn. I had solemnly assured the irate adjutant (through the long distart phone) that to the best of my knowledge the wind was north-east by east, with a slight taste of muskmelon in it that might be a new German gas; but on the other hand it might be from someone having thrown over the parapet the last pair of lavender socks he had received from home. Sitting down in my dug-out I made out my report to the O. C. concerning our progress during the twenty-four hours that elapsed since my last report—I acquainted him with the fact, that our working parties had really worked themselves to a standstill (that is; in the opinion of the junior N. C. Os. and privates) and that the revetting stakes driven had really been driven in the manner laid down by SC/14/Z/942 and that the prescribed number of filled sand-bags per square metre had been well and truly laid (I was tempted at this point to add that if he didn't believe me he could come and count them himself, but an inborn reverence for discipline stayed my hand—and besides I am due for leave in two weeks). Then having done my “bit” towards ending this terrible struggle, I breakfasted.

My Aunt Agatha heard some time ago that there was a dearth of suitable literature in the trenches and since that time has kindly forwarded the “War Cry” each week. I had just picked up the latest copy and was enthralled in a graphic personal description by Brigadier - - - - of how in the dim past he had fallen from grace, and how on being picked up by the police he had claimed that it was

a banana skin that was the cause of his downfall—but that he had seen “the light” in time and pleaded guilty and got away with a fine of ten of the best or the option of twenty-one days of the worst—and how “They” had come forward and held out a helping hand (and paid the fine) and given him a job beating the big drum and so he had never “back-slid” again, and had risen to his present high and dignified rank.

I was, as I said before, enthralled in this wonderful story when HE walked in. He wore no equipment; though this is always done in the best of circles when on “front line” work; he spoke never a word either of apology or enquiry; though he was a stranger to me and had no right to come in. He did not stand to attention and salute, in fact his whole manner was so insolent that instead of inquiring his business I simply yelled “GET OUT”. He merely turned and glared at me with a half-snarl on his face and shuffled over to one side of my dug-out.

Thoroughly enraged by now I seized the first thing handy on the table (which happened to be my “very pistol”) and threw it at his ugly head—unfortunately I missed; then getting more enraged every minute I threw everything else I could grab until suddenly I realized that my only box of “De Reskes” had gone with the rest, then I pulled out my automatic, for my blood was up by now and almost without looking I fired—there was a terrific crash and splinters of glass and my last bottle of pickles had gone west, and there appeared as though by magic a neat hole through my new trench waders hanging on the opposite wall. He gave one earthly shriek as the bullet whistled past his ear and jumped for the other corner—outside I could hear cries of “stand too”, “here they come”, “gas” and the banging of gongs, and the yells of men suddenly awakened; but I was past worrying about how much disturbance I caused now. A terrible calm had come over me now and I stood there looking down the sights full into his terror stricken eyes. He stood in his corner, his back to the wall and snarled horribly yet afraid to advance. Then I fired, and as the bullet struck him full in the forehead he rolled over sideways and with a last sobbing gasp he died.

I returned my gun to it's holster, and with a forced calmness, I called my batman to bury the corpse and clean up the mess, then went and quieted the false alarm, that my shooting had caused.

In my reports to the O. C. that day, at noon, was recorded the following:

Casualties. Killed in action 23/1/26.

One rat, brown, large; regtl. number and unit unknown.

By Iddy Umpty.



Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, has been sworn a member of the Canadian Privy Council.

He attended a meeting of the Cabinet, such an event being unparalleled in the history of Canada.

7th Battalion to the C. M. R.

The golden rule that governs war,
Most widely taught, 'tis said, by far,
The "come-back" swift, and strong, and sure,
You've got it—Good old C. M. R.

THE BARRICADE.

From a trench whose number doth end in one,
There runs a road or there used to run,
Up twixt the trees to a Belgium Town,
And this is the road the Huns came down.

Down the road at their own sweet will
With never a shot to stay or kill,
At least they did in the days gone by,
The good old days they recall with a sigh.

When the 5th and 10th, and 7th too,
Did mighty deeds as all men knew,
For didn't they tell us in communiques
That never varied for weeks and weeks.

How an officer with a bomb or two,
(This is the way the story grew),
Went out with a man on either hand
And strafed the Hun, from "No Man's" land.

But after a time they wearied of war,
And begged relief from the C. M. R.
Poor beggars who didn't know the way,
To fight the Huns with words that flay.

But hung on to the swelter of mud and stench,
Called by the 2nd Brigade, a trench,
And did their bit with such a vim,
That Fritzie wondered what happened to him.

Had he not used for months gone by,
A listening post, snug, warm and dry,
Convenient too to the British wire,
Quite unmolested by hostile fire.

But all had changed when the C. M. R.,
Quite unversed in the rules of war,
Imagined whenever they saw a Hun,
'Twas time and place to use a gun.

The rifles ring, the machine guns roar,
The listening post rests safe no more,
But in a hurry with pick and spade,
Erected the famous BARRICADE.

The Barricade twixt you and me,
Was nothing more than a cut down tree,
A little mud, a stone or two
But, oh dear me, how it grew and grew.

In Bulford Camp, where the warriors lay
Who had strafed the Huns in such a way,
That Fritz, by nature a timid wight,
Walked down the road in broad daylight.

The yarn was told that the Barricade,
Would cost the lives of a whole Brigade,
And they hurried up, those stalwart men,
Eager to face the foe again.

Colonels two, of Majors a score,
Captains and Subalterns galore,
A thousand men and a ration of rum,
To take the Barricade away from the Hun.

The Gunners lent a helping hand,
In fact, they were the whole d---d band,
They blew the Barricade sky-high
And left poor Fritzie high and dry.

Then the gallant boys of the 2nd Brigade
Hopped over, and oh what a noise they made,
They captured a corpse and a senseless Hun,
A bomb, some wire and a rusty gun.

And returned in triumph, those dashing men,
And killed the Hun again and again,
And published the news both far and wide,
Then hurried back to their Q. M's side.

Indent, said they, so all may know
How we have earned a D. S. O.,
A cross or two, a D. C. M.,
A mention in despatch, "Pro Tem".

And now again peace reigneth deep,
They never rouse the Hun from sleep,
But sit and dream, in those trenches far,
And no longer slam the C. M. R.

By C. M. R.

Mentioned in despatches

3rd Field Ambulance gives a concert to the 7th Canadian Inf. Battalion.

TROUPE

If Christies Minstrels were still in existence they would undoubtedly take off their concertina hats to the "Boys" of the 3rd Canadian Field Ambulance, (or blush beneath their burnt cork).

Lack of space prevents us from doing full justice to the splendid programme with which these boys held their audience in a continual state of laughter for almost three hours.

Captain McGreer being somewhere in England, his position as Interlocutor was ably filled by Ben Allen, the 'End Men' being Jack Higham, alias 'Bones'. Jimmy Goode, alias 'Tambo', Ed. Barrows, alias 'Rustus' and Dick Edwards, alias 'Sambo'. In the 'circle' were the tenors Jack Geddes and 'Nobby' Clark. Baritone, William (Scan) Scanlon, E. (Bobs) Roberts and, Al Nuttall. Basses, Geo. Smith, Alex Hood, Bill Baird and Geo. Leacock. Musical Director, Gitz Rice. The jokes were all pulled off in true 'niggah' style and dialect, and the choruses would do credit to any professional entertainers.

On behalf of the Officers, N.C.O's and men of the 7th Battalion, we take this opportunity of thanking the troupe, and hope to have the pleasure of meeting them again, (before they meet us professionally) before the footlights of the old marquee.

BAND NOTES—"LA BANDE"

'Drums of the 7th' are still going strong, but not before 6 inch shells as the Boshe had apparently intended on that to-be-remembered morning of Feb. 16th. We shall 'beat' a retreat alright, 'but at the usual hour', shells or no shells. If our pugnacious playmates over the line don't like our music, well we never asked them to. Neither need they send over a reveille smoke box at 7.30 a.m. We shall our own reveille sound (now and for ever more) and it has a better sound, and blossoms into melodiousness at 6.30 a.m. The 6 inch reveille sounders (over there) evidently wish us an hours extra sleep. We thank them for that but think we can conveniently do without a '6 inch sleep' which also means 6 feet of earth; we can do without that for the present. It is 'non bon' anyhow. However, until further orders we beat the drums, (you can't beat the flutes), and the bugles shall play the 'rest'.

L. H.

Encyclodedia of Military Terms

(Continued)

Cavalry. A 'superior' type of soldier. They are used for reviews and always take a leading part in moving picture battles.

Captain. An officer who knows he ought to be a Major.

Colonel. (Deleted by Censor.)

Censor. A high official who is paid by the Gouvernement to ruin soldiers letters. He has a staff of soldiers who take a fiendish delight in splashing paint over the best news. After the war, a censor will have to leave the country before—
(deleted by censor)

Coal Box. This is the name given to a German high explosive s(hell). They are in great demand at the front as the noses bring anything from one to five francs.

(To be Continued)

It is reported that the French Government has adopted a device for locating shell noses and unexploded shells. We have no hesitation in stating that there will be no necessity for such an instrument behind the 7th's frontage.

Have you ever noticed the difference in speed, between a man digging a trench and a man digging for shell noses?

Extracts from "Short Cuts for Batmen"

(1) When in rest billets it is not advisable to wake up your officer in order that he may return your salute.

(2) If, after searching his kit, you find "na poo" Abdullas or "Wincarnis", his fire should be started in the following manner: Plug up stove pipe and fill stove with tar paper or wet straw. Pour on about one pint of creosol and coal oil and apply a match. This will cause a little extra work cleaning his uniform but you will be doing him a good turn by getting him up in time for breakfast and breaking him in for a gas attack.

(3) Should your officer 'loosen up' and say "Here's ten francs get me something for lunch", be sure to take several water bottles with you and patronize the poor civilians who are trying to eke out a living by keeping an estaminet. When you explain that you spent the money in the cause of the 'Entente' he will admire your noble act.

(4) When trying to explain the cause of your boss's depleted grub box, be careful how you explain away the pickles and sardines. He will probably swallow the 'rat' story with regard to the short cake and the prunes; but even an officer will be hard to convince that a Belgium rat can open a tin or pull a cork.

(5) Never scratch in the presence of an officer. If the shirt you received at the baths is a bit 'Hitchy coo', exchange it for one of his. Should he become peeved and threaten to 'fire' you, tell him you used your own to clean his belt and leggings.

(6) It is a batman's first duty to guard his officers effects. When the enemy shell the front line, remember that there are plenty of officers, but kits cost money. By seizing his fountain pen, air cushion etc. and taking them beyond the reach of the enemy, you will win his undying friendship.

(7) Don't be caught fooling with his field glasses. For all you know that may be where he keeps his 'malted milk'.

(8) If you wish your officer to bring you something from England, present him with a few shell noses. Don't allow him to dig them himself for two reasons. The market price is 5 francs, and you have to remove the mud from his boots.

(9) The 'morning after' your officer returns from leave, he will need a lot of attentio. By placing a few bromo-seltzer powders at his bedside, you will be rendering valuable service to the Empire.

(10) When Mlle. laughs at his French, put it down to her ignorance.

Cronicles of Ye Ancient and Honourable

1st B. C. Rifle-iers,

(Continued)

to ministar unto my band. And there stepped forth one who was comely to look upon, with eyes that sparkle and break the hearts of white women. And he said, "Oh Great O. C., though I am a soldier without fear yet also have I much skill in the healing herbs, and plants of the field. Yea Sire, even I can make wondrous number nines that cure all evil," And the O.C. noted that he was fair to look upon

and gentle like unto a woman and said unto him, "Thou shalt be my medicine-man and shalt be known as my M.O. and that all my band shall come unto thee only, thou shalt wear in thy head dress a coiled serpent, and on thy shoulders the mystic symbol C.A.M.C. But the O.C. knew not that his M.O. was of guile like unto the serpent; and that his tongue was like the lash of many scorpions; and the bowels of his compassion had dried within him; so that though many sick men came before him, few would he allow to rest and he would hiss in their ears the mystic word "Skrimshanker" so that they would depart in great haste and in much fear.

15.—And the Adjutant came in much distress to the O.C. and said unto him, "Sire, thy hand murmur loudly; for behold there is none to obtain food and raiment for them, and the keeper of Our Lady's storehouse laughs in my face when I demand of him to furnish me with the food for their bellies and apparel to cover their nakedness; and doth answer me "Begone thou fool, thou art not one to do this thing." "Grant me therefor Oh Great O. C. that a man may be appointed from amongst thy henchmen, that he may minister to thy hirelings,"

16.—And the O.C. saw that the words of his Ajutant were wise and called unto him one of the sharpshooters of the rifle and said unto him; "Thou art fat and jolly like unto the keeper of a tavern; and thy smile and laugh are like unto the healing medicine of my M.O. And thou hast in thy long life played many parts, and gathered and put away many time the food of the people, that they may eat thereof at all seasons; both in the can and preserved by the cold. Therefore I will make of the to minister to my band; both of food and raiment, for man and horse; and of the weapons of war, and henceforth thou shalt be known as my Q.M.

17.—And it was discovered amongst the O.C's henchmen that one of them could speak in strange manners, but without the words of the lips; both with the sun by day and candle by night; with the waving of cloth upon a stick and on threads along the earth; and the O.C. sent for him and said "Thou art indeed a worker of magic, and so that thou may pass the words of my lips and none other know it I will make thee my S.O. and will give unto thee a fleet horse that thou may chase the sunbeams to use in thy magic."

(To be continued next issue.)



Who was the man who spilled the dixie of beer and then mopped it up again?

Who took Yorkies rum ration?

If the trenches is a quieter place than the transport lines?

If our band is going to tour Germany après la guerre?

If the 7th Battalion is to make up the Guards Brigade?

Having issued us with web equipment, why not issue us with a pair of web feet?

Do the (censor) at Headquarters tell their friends they are on active service?

Do the fellows really like Marie's coffee, or do they go there just to hear her swear?

Is it true that she has the largest collection of badges and buttons of any Mlle. on the Frontiere?

And how many fellows has she promised to promenade with après la guerre?

Did the navvies battalion reinforce the engineers, or vice versa?

When are we going to get the Bailleul concert party again?

If a man is unable to see his ration of rum, would it excuse him from being absent from a working party?

Is it true that the Q. M. S. of No. 2 Co. has received an indent for four Sergeants, worn out?

????????



We must apologise to one of our contributors who sent in a very excellent piece of poetry—sort of “Christmassy” poetry—but on account of certain passages which read something like this, “Gawd how my eyes grew dim”, it was considered advisable not to print it, as the stragetic staff considered that the location of our stores of rum might become known to the enemy thereby.

Note:—We would strongly advise this contributor to write something after the style of Kipling’s “Gunga dia the thirsty hindu.” Ed.

ENCOUNTERED BY THE CENSOR.

My dear Son,

How long do you think this war will last?

Reply (a few days later)

Dear Mother,

It can’t possibly last much longer, as I have most of Belgium in sandbags already.

Inventions wanted.

A “mechanical saluter”, must be of the clock work variety and capable of saluting from Red Lodge to English Farm, able to distinguish an Officer from a Sgt. Major, and a Belgian Postman from a Field Marshall.

Submit all sketches, drawings, working models with paybook and marriage licence to the “Black Prince”, M. G. Section, 7th Battalion.

Pte. Wiseman wants to know, “If our artillery got the range of a German gas tank, would it be called a ‘Gas Range’?”

(Will somebody put a smoke helmet on that ‘gink’. Ed.

OLD CHESTNUT.

Why does the Can(n)on ball?

Because the Vicar(s) Maxim (smacks him).

HURLEY BURLEY.

TONSORIAL ARTIST. PLOEGSTREET WOOD

(Allemande papers please copy.)

Hair cutting at the following rates.

With cap on (guaranteed to pass officers inspection)	2 1/2d
“ off - - - - -	5d
By weight - - - - -	per lb. 1d
By acreage - - - - -	per sq. yd. 1d
During enemy bombardment - - - - -	5 francs
“ Canadian “ - - - - -	10 “

Splendid “close shaves” during artillery duels. Hair and scalp stains free to red-headed scouts. 5 minutes from front line, 2 minutes from 2nd Field Ambulance, 1 minute from Brigade Canteen.

Val Shake’s knockout drops administered to nervous patrons.

Latest rumours received daily from 7th Batt. Pioneers.

O. C. (inspecting rest billets). “How long have you been stablrag your horses here?”

Q. M. “Beg pardon Sir. This is Headquarters batman’s hut.”



Company Notes.

No. 1 Co. To the Editor,
Sir,

On behalf of No., 1 Co. I wish to state that we have decided to withhold our Co. notes from the next issue of the L.P. There are several reasons for doing this, the chief of these being, writers cramp, and lack of S.R.D. liniment, also the consequent lack of inspiration; and the trench rats’ enormous appetite for good literature.

One of No. 1 Co.

No. 2 Co. Sir.

I must apologise for the absence of notes from No. 2 Co. (Possibly the Paymaster could assist us in this matter, by issuing a few more.) We do not wish to encroach on President Wilson’s priviledge in this issue.

One of No. 2 Co.

No. 3 Co. Sir,

You will no doubt excuse our rather short contribution to the L.P. When we explain that the news of the successful attack made by the Brigade Staff on the unsuspecting “leave list” caused such a feeling of depression to the owners of the various names and their comrades, that when our contributors scanned the awful ‘casualty’ list their brains became a blank. After eating two oxo cubes and drinking one jar of chlorinated water I feel almost strong enough to ask—“Would you care if I should ‘leave’ you”?

Yours etc.

One of No. 3 Co.

No. 4 Co. To the Editor,
Sir,

It grieves me to have to inform you that our Co. notes will not be available for some time. If, during the past few days you received a rather ridiculous effusion in the form of a love letter, you will greatly oblige if you would return same to me without delay. Through one of those little mistakes which will happen in war time, I unconsciously placed the Co. notes in an envelope addressed to my fiancee. They have been returned; but with something written across them which I do not wish to be made public. It is this ‘something’, which has taken everything of such a frivolous nature as Co. notes, entirely out of my breaking heart. Hoping you will give this your immediate attention, I remain, yours in distress,

One of No. 4 Co.

THE SOLDIERS INSTITUTE AT BAILLEUL

for light refreshments,
cigars, cigarettes, chocolates
French papers, Canadian
Regimental Badges,
souvenir post cards etc. etc.
Reading room and canteen
open daily from 10 a.m. to
8 p.m. to all in khaki.

THE 5TH BATTALION'S PAGE

The invitation and acceptance were of course couched in the most approved army language. True our old friend Authority was A. O. D., but your obedient servant was right there in good form.

The aforesaid invitation and acceptance also travelled in the correct conduit and were escorted by the customary "For your information and necessary action, please," and "passed to you, please," and "noted, please" which is only what would be expected of such bright and shining battalional examples as the Seventh and Fifth, but getting down to plain ordinary Western Canadian English, the whole thing meant, "there's a page in the 'Listening Post' for the Fifth. Come on in the water's fine." And the come back was, "you're on kid".

The fact is lots of fellows said they could help and would send in all kinds of funny stories and plenty of skits that would make Shakespeare, Byron, Kipling and all those shilling a word boys look like selling-platters, but so far they haven't come across with the goods.

It's all very well you young fellows to relate stories which I believe would go good in the worm room of your favourite club and give excuses that your dug-out leaked and ruined a sheaf of real fine stuff, but you know the 'Listening Post' is a nice trench paper and always parades on time. There's the 'Bird' sending fancy letters to 'Blanche' not that anyone can blame him for that, because we know she is a classy dame, and Jacky raving about Eve who is also some kid, and other fellows raving up what little spare time they have between bombing courses, and machine gun courses, and trench mortar courses, and very light courses, writing to sweet young things all over dear Old England to say nothing of the reams they write to the Candy Kids in Canada and gloating over 'La Vie Parisienne' and 'L'Amour en Campagne'.

Just put a little salt on the tail of a few ideas and send along your copy to the Sub-Editor toute suite. Christmas Garland only come once a year whereas the 'Listening Post' has about twelve thousand listeners twice a month. Get that? Alright, jake. Sorry Herr Chief Editor that we were not with you earlier, but exigencies of the service and all that sort of thing you know, it won't occur again, believe me.

PIPE DREAMS

End of war in May.

Best in billets near (Paris) in April.

Bonus of 50 pounds per man upon completion of a years service in the field.

Rum issue all summer.

Being withdrawn from the Western front, a trip to Marseilles to Cairo and a ride on the Crocodile.

Horses for the "Fifth Western Cavalree".

Real tobacco in lieu of 'Tough guy' cigarettes.

Open season for Belgian Hares.

Military police doing a turn in the trenches.

Three months leave to Canada for all original First Canadian Division fighting men.

Situations vacant. (Wanted toute suite)

Stretcher bearers for flying corps.	Charcoal burners.
Guides for men going on leave.	Pigeon trainers.
Wind-jammers for Brigade Band.	O.C. ferrets for rat catching.

"Boil eau" is company cook, but he can't do that without burning it.

M. O. to orderly Cpl.: "The sick this morning all complain of colds."

Orderly Cpl. (an old timer): "Yes Sir, it must be the fresh draft."

A soldier of the Fifth on leave was exhibiting his souvenirs and he proudly produced the brass nose of a 4.1 which had messed up his "booby" his loving aunt piped up. "And is that what they shoot from machine guns?" "Oh no auntie, that's what the snipers send over by way of good morning."

"Indeed, and what is a sniper?" Then a few minutes after snipers and their ways had been explained she said, "And do you really shoot at each other when you're on your own sides?"

O. C. to prisoner charged with shooting a hare.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Please Sir, I shot it in self defence."

"In self defence?"

"Yes Sir, it bit me here and made a hole in my puttee."

A New Stunt.

The pigeonier had cheerfully borne the chaff of his fellows for weeks about his birds. Of course they 'stood to' at the usual hour and they were going on leave etc. And because he never smiled they thought he was a slow guy and without imagination. To everyone's surprise therefor, one day he approached his O. C. saying he had been figuring out a brand new stunt which would surprise the staff.

"If you wouldn't mind indenting for some parrots, Sir." "Indent for parrots," said the officer, "Why parrots are not an issue." "Well if you could get them on repayment, Sir." "What in the world do you want parrots for," asked the officer, thinking the man daft. "Well Sir," said the O. C. of pigeons, "If I could get some parrots, I'd cross them with the pigeons then we could send the young birds across the lines and they'd come back and tell us all about it."

When I was born I got a name

Of Smith, Augustus John,

And when a soldier I became

And put my khaki on,

I felt as proud as Punch could be

When some old Sergeant said to me,

"You're now a separate entity,

And here's your DISC-identity."

When on a list he entered me,

My bosom swelled with pride.

A. J. SMITH. "Your twenty-two, six, seven three,"

"Yes Sergeant", I replied,

"When you become a casualtee,

You mustn't get mislaid, you see."

In order to prevent it, he

Numbered my DISC-identity.

He asked me if my Kirk was old,

Or if I was R. C.

A. J. SMITH

22673

answered like a soldier bold,

That I was C. of E.

"I've got to know my lad," said he

"In case you have to buried be."

And just to show he meant it, he

Endorsed my DISC-identity.

And then I put it on a string

And took to my breast,

A. J. SMITH.

22673

"Now stick to it like anything,"

The Sergeant made behest;

"A prisoner immediatelee

Is shot on sight unless," said he

"When called on to present it he

Can show his DISC-identity.

And here in my dug-out I am

Enjoying M & V

And biscuits Army, Damson Jam,

And tea with S. R. D.

A. J. SMITH.

22673

How sick those chaps at home must be,

Why couldn't they be brave like me?

5th Can. Bn.

C. of E.

A fellow's a nonentity

Without a DISC-identity.

R. M. E.

THE 8TH BATTALION'S PAGE

SKETCHES AROUND M-----S

The popular conception of war as a series of closely following dramatic and heroic incidents is one which we think is destined to be obliterated when the values of war in a life, and life in a war come to be understood.

Not the least interesting part to us seems the review of the characteristics and mannerisms of a few of the men we have met in our stay in Flanders.

The first to come to our mind is a genial soul locally known as "Uncle Joffre", to the men and officers amongst whom his particular work takes him. Short and somewhat round of figure with which a beaming smile and ruddy tan complexion will assist: he is capable of an extremely rapid transfer of his person from one spot to another, particularly when his health demands it. His opening remarks upon entering a hut or dug-out may appear a trifle cryptic, but convey to his friends a world of meaning—thus: "Good morning", (this with an engaged smile). "I've just come up that very steep path. I wonder if you have a——" (shaking jar picked from floor) "No, nothing doing, what's in this one, ah! That's better, just a little won't hurt me I think: ah! that's the real is'n't it, er? The General was around this morning, and he said to me, Uncle Joffre, the men are looking splendid. And I said, yes sir they are the finest in the world, and he agreed with me, so I took just a little one on that, and came down here—No! I think it's a little too early in the morning—well, that's so, one does'n't know when one may get another, here's ho."

It must not be thought that considerable adventure does not come his way. Only a few days ago he was observed to be approaching the farm of Grand Monk, at a prodigious pace, arms and stick going furiously. He was easily breaking all previous records for the great cross country walk, from the Piggeries. The guard scarcely got beyond the preliminary hitchings up for the slope when he had already made the Haven of the Mess, and sank exhausted upon a chair. Many hands rushed for a reviere and gratefully accepting, he wiped the copious perspiration from his head with a "Phew! that was a close shave." pressed for an account he said, "Gentlemen, I had scarcely left my hut when, crash! Five coalboxes broke where I had stood. I was bound for the Piggeries, and when half way, again four coalboxes lit right behind me. I hate to run, it looks bad, and is hard on the digestion, but I increased my pace by about 3 miles an hour. Arrived at my first calling point I lost no time in passing on to Grand Monk, when, you would hardly credit it, eighteen more fell right in the place I had left. Tremendous stuff, eight inch I think, at least, and for no apparent purpose but to 'snipe' at me. Those Boches are marvellous, how they knew I was out the devil only knows. However I saw their plan firing on the square and if I could only make the billet in something like 4 1/5 seconds, I was safe. I made it, and only just in time for, Gentlemen, three more fell half way between there and Grand Monk. Gad, I think I'll wait till it gets a little darker before returning. I don't particularly care for all that attention; it reminds me of that front line trench I was in, where they made a practice of potting at me with Jack Johnsons whenever I passed down the line, and did I ever tell you of my experience at Fes—"

Unfortunately we were called away and still have that to hear. No doubt a man so marked by the hostile artillery, was the recipient of such compliment so early in the game. How he keeps so cheerful under it all, we do not know, but it is a great spirit.

S.L.

ON DIT

Will Doc Crozier prescribe medicine and duty on his civilian sick parade.

For heavens sake never put "Windy" on listening post again." This is the prayer of the boys of No. 2 Company. Four stand-too's in one night get a man's goat.

Right in the trench—some ranging—what! The first two grenades landed dead on, and they haven't dared to put a sentry there again. Then they started strafing the Tenth and I located the exact spot they were firing from. Of course I am pretty sure I killed them all, but maybe I just frightened them.

If only the C. O. would leave "Wife Gwenade Weggie" in the firing line all the time, how it would relieve the monotony.

One of our soldiers wants to know if a writ can be issued on a man of Khaki. He left a number of broken hearts during his leave in England, and word now comes to the front, that breach of promise proceedings are to be commenced. Give us your opinion.

"Slim" must have been put on the cook wagon to fatten up, or has he grown too tall for the trenches.

At one time it used to be, got a cigarette? Only issues. (a pause) Oh! anything will do. But now "Arf a mo" cigarettes are not "Arf bad" since Tucketts of Hamilton have the making of them.

(Surely this should be good for a special gift from certain cigarette manufacturers.)

The sublime optimist—"When I get back to Canada."

The gloomy pessimist—"I think the first five years of this war will be the worst.

After much banging on the door of a certain place where only stars, crowns and stripes are viewed with favour, the following was heard, "Open Mademoiselle, we officers servants, we got plenty money." No names—no pack drill.

THE WORKING PARTY

"Laborare est orare"—Simple tag of Roman days, Meant in our modern parlance, "He who worketh also prays."

As we slither down the slipway, every step is fought with ill. Brothers of our working party, let us pray for Kaiser Bill.

Load the trucks and load the flat cars, fill them see that all is good.

Better fifty miles of pushing, than a furlong carrying wood.

Off we go, the rain is dripping down my trusty friend.

Now the bitter grade we're hitting, backs are breaking as they bend.

Mark the bombs—ah! see the black flash, how that shell the ether sears.

Bump—jump—crash! A rail is missing, heaven bless those engineers.

Fifteen minutes feckless fozzling; Strain and struggle might and main.

And we bide here till the dawning. We must lift her on again.

Strafe those snipers! They have heard us. By the flare-lights balefull glare

They will wing us if they're lucky, then our outfit's out of gear.

Sulphuretted are our speeches as we stumble through the sloughs

Watch me leave a full length imprint in the mud from head to shoes.

Oh! my puttees muddy coated, oh! my rifle full of earth. All to-morrow must I clean ye, keeping time to Minnie's "werf"

In the trenches we dump our burdens; turn again with lighter heart

All is fair unless machine guns, chance to dish us "a la carte".

"Laborare est orare", question; Was the Roman right? Let him come and test his theories. Take my place and work to-night.

"Ebor".

THE 10TH BATTALION'S PAGE

EDITORIAL

Well, our first issue is out, and oh say! it was some struggle, but, anyhow, it was a great success, and judging by the wireless messages received from all parts of the globe, WE HAVE COME TO STAY, but enough of our selfish old selves, we want to say a few words about something far more important.

We refer men to the great fire at Ottawa, and the lesson it teaches the Empire. It is a debt we owe to that great Dominion of ours, and those we love, to repay it back with compound interest.

Sir Wilfred Laurier said:

"When we look at the mass of ruin on the hill, although we know it is the result of an accident, we are reminded of Louvain and Rheims, caused not by accident, but by the wickedness of a cruel foe. If there is anything in the present calamity, it should impress upon us the desirability of going on with our work, and doing everything to bring the murderers to justice."

Sir Robert Borden wired in reply to a message from Lord Kitchener, as follows.

"Above the ruins of the historic building just destroyed, will arise an even more stately edifice symbolising the renewed purpose of the CANADIAN PEOPLE."

Now men GO AHEAD, QUIT YOURSELVES LIKE MEN, BE STRONG, BE FEARLESS AND TRUE.

Congratulations to Lieut MacDonald (late of the mining section) upon his new appointment. We will do our best to help things along.

x x x

Applications will be received on or before the Fourth of July next for the position of escort to 'Rosie' with the green sweater coat, now located at the Divisional Laundry. Oh Ye Gods! Now watch the whole battalion send in their names. Men only of a sensible age need apply. We know two in the Police Force that would be eligible. Army Form C. 2123 must not be used when making application.

x x x

Bye the bye, talking of the Divisional Laundry, we know of a certain N.C.O. who wouldn't have a kick coming, if he was detailed off to report there for duty.

x x x

Any K. Cs. or lawyers in the battalion? There's a guy issuing a writ for liable against us for "Inflammation of Character." He will collect his fees for "Services Rendered" AFTER THE WAR.

x x x

Say! That War Baby Exhibition is going to be a HUGE SUCCESS. Get your entries in EARLY. No baby fed on "Keatings" eligible. Must have been reared on nature's own diet. Please bring your own bottle. Waterproof aprons provided.

x x x x x x

PROVERBS FOR "CANUCKS"

All that happens is not told

Half-a-loaf is better than none at all.

The early cathedrals get the first shells.

Two's company, but not an Army Corps.

A stripe on the arm is worth two on the back.

He jests at stars who never held a commission.

A contemptible little army goes a ---- of a long way.

Who lives in cheap braces, should always carry string.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to blame the censor.

KICK AND KICK HARD!

IF YOU DON'T RECEIVE YOUR "L. P." PROMPTLY, we want you to kick and kick hard. If you don't get it, it is either the fault of the delivery boy or the mails. In either event we can not correct the complaint without learning of the non-delivery, SO KICK LIKE A BAY STEER EVERY TIME YOU FAIL TO GET THE GREAT "L. P."

RANDOMISYMS otherwise THINGS WE DO KNOW

(All the same W-----n C-----l.)

WE ARE GOING TO REVOLUTIONISE JOURNALISM.

(With apologies to the "Harmsworth Press".)

Here's a good description of "K. of K." that was put to us the other day.

The type of man who has put the Fear of God in KULTURISM. The man who is going to get there. The man who gets things done. The man with a heart, but cold as steel. The man, who at the beginning of hostilities said:

"BEWARE OF WOMEN AND WINE.
FEAR GOD. HONOUR THE KING"

Now you all know who we mean, don't you? Well, let's live up to his ideals, shall we?

Oh! So you intend to start something eh? On or about April 1st, 1916.

Well all we can say is Mr Fritz, "hop right to it Old Timer", and we'll be right there with our shoes dubbed, also we'll have a new shave and have our ears put back, and don't forget Boys to have your buttons shined. (Make a note of the date) because we would hate like-well-to receive His Majesty, looking anything but spruce, and you know he's such a sticker for etiquette.

N.B.—Boys you'd better have a neck shave as well. We are arranging for a lady manicurist to wait on the battalion to attend to all your little wants. (Watch Battalion Orders for announcement.)

Oh yes! And don't forget to be extravagant with your 'Colgates Dental Cream.' This is one of old Kaiser Bill's pet hobbies "the teeth".

Space for Latest News.

Just as we are going to press, we received the following via "Pack Mule" from the various companies and sections etc.

"A" Company.

Everything going jake, everybody exceedingly busy, hustling coke and kindling, more news next issue.

"B" Company.

The only man in our Company with a decent fountain pen is away looking for the guy who stole his tin of 'Ticklers', so we will crowd all our news into the next number of the 'L.P.'

"C" Company.

Nothing doing around our billet, everybody busy writing home, thanking the Girlies for all the parcels received. (In the hope they'll send more.)

"D" Company.

Have not yet appointed our Reporter, but there's a fellow who once sold a copy of the 'D. M.' to Horatio Bottomley, so thinks he'll get the 'job' We are holding back a spicy yarn till he gets started. Good luck.

To all Concerned.

Please note that we do not run a livery barn nor transfer baggage waggon.

In answer to correspondent under the Non De Plume of 'Hard Tack', would say, we are not affiliated with the 'Associated Press'. We have our own leased private wires between New York and London, also we are arranging in the very near future, connections with Berlin and Vienna.

We belong to no Combine. We are non-political and un-denominational. We have no axe to grind. Nor do we want concession off any Railroad Company.

N.B.—We have not yet appointed our Selling Agent for BERLIN, but hope to do so in the very near future. We are re-organising our Circulation Department and hope very shortly to have a gang of "Boe-Hunks" at our disposal to assist us in our delivery system.

The circulation is going up by leaps and bound. Last week's issue totalled the million mark.

Our advertising space is all booked up TILL AFTER THE WAR.

BRAVO! BRITISH COLUMBIA

Down in B. C. where the Fraser flows,
Someone is waiting and watching who knows.
Nightly a prayer is whispered for me
In that little grey home in B. C.

Down in France where the Yser flows,
"Somewhere in Flanders" nobody knows—
Where the rain drenches, there in the trenches
Stand five thousand brave sons of B. C.

Down in France, in the sea of mud,
A terrible test they have surely stood,
Fighting as only veterans could,
Those five thousand brave sons of B. C.

Down in old England "holding it down",
Are another "one thousand" from Vancouver town,
Eager to stand in those trenches of brown,
With the five thousand brave sons of B. C.

Pte. R. W. Mawdsley, 47th Bn., C. E. F.

Our Weekly Cinema Film.

(Continued)

Time: New Year's eve 1956.

Notice the enormous increased circulation of the 'Listening Post' has convinced the Editors and stockholders that our first serial story has made a direct 'hit'. (The artillery would say 'Registered').

In order to cope with this phenomenal success, our press is (when not pressing officer's pants) working night and day and often day and night. When all the officers pants are in creases, the out-put of the Listening Post increases. (Please don't give me credit for that 'pun' it was a pure accident or 'fluke'. I couldn't do it again to save my neck).

To prove that our circulation has increased and that the serial story has undone that which the Editorial ought not to have done, we publish the following itemized account.

Editorial took whole of front page	1.000	500 not paid for.
Copies sold when Editorial took up half the front page	2.000	500 still owing.
Number sold when Editorial retired to support trench on page 2	3.000	250 on tick.
Copies circulated when Cinema Story commenced	3.003	less 3 copies returned by three Scotchmen

New readers can begin this thrilling war story to-day by memorizing the names of the principal actors.

PTE. BILL DAVIS. A young stripling of 84 summers and almost as many winters. He is madly in love with a refugee at English farm named Mary.

CEASAR. Mary's dog.

PTE. JOHNS. A tall dark youth of 83 plum pudding issues. He also knows about the beer and 'vin' in the basement at English farm. (The plot thickens, be very careful to memorize these two names. I should advise you to keep on saying them in bed like you used to say your twice times table). If you are afraid that you may forget them, keep this paper by you or in the jewel box.

MARY. The fascinating charmer of English Farm (just behind the windmill, across the road from the 'Staminet'). Her beauty of form and her dreamy eyes, not to mention her auburn hair, are the cause of the onetime college chums looking daggers at one another.

Synopsis of the previous chapter or act.

The first instalment of this story exposes Davis's attempt to deceive the doctor in order that he (Davis) may be excused duty and so 'put one over' his rival Johns by visiting Mary when his company are fighting the foe. He is caught in the act and punished. Whilst in the firing line he gets into more trouble; but is compensated by witnessing the complete downfall of a L. Post Corporal who is exiled to the Island of Britain for the duration of the war.

(To be continued.)

To the boys of The Third Tunnelling Company.

They sing about the submarine,
They ain't no (penny) liner;
Their aerial craft, God Save the King,
There could be nothing finer.

I'll not forget the Auld Scots Greys,
The Forty 'Twas, The Scots wha hae.
For what could be sublimer.

But listen to me just a while,
As I indite in ma ain style,
To grimy fearless sons of toil,
The Army Miner.

He's nought to see him on parade,
In fact for that he was 'na made,
For grand review nor sic a thing,
Or royal salute, wi' but a spade.

Since Waterloo he's something new,
You find him down in Cariboo
And there he might have stayed.

Tho Canada to him was dear,
The Mother's call he chanced to hear,
From underneath the foe drew near;
Was he dismayed?

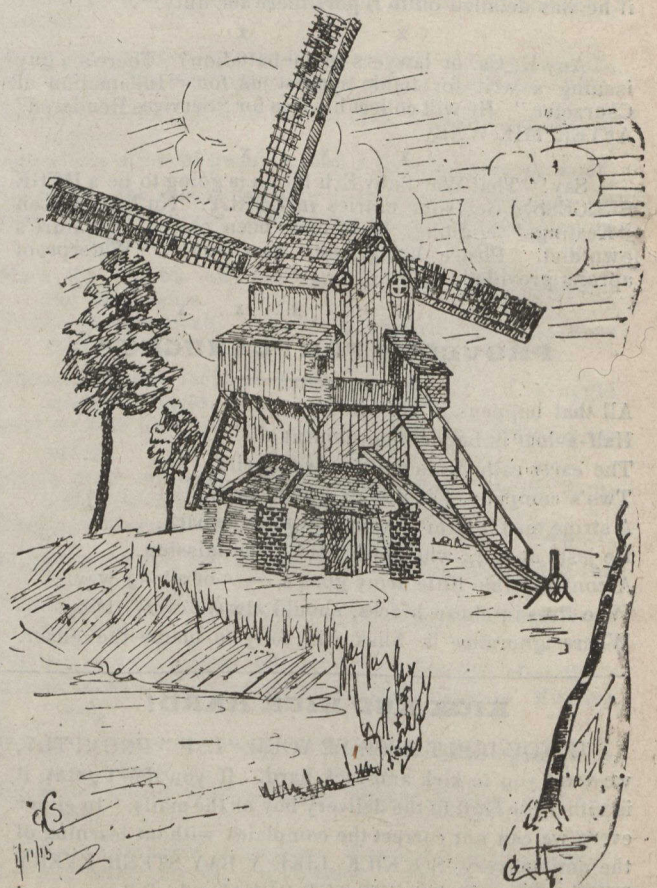
He goes to work 'gainst Hun or Turk;
For in their galleries they lurk.
If they might win with deadly mine
To do our heroes fatal hurt;

Courage will rise to face the foe
All's well, the miners are below;
He's driving hard with all his heart.

At listening post he does not shirk
To match the foe at his own game
For Britians honour and fair fame,
Let nought besmirch.

Then here's to all the grimy crew,
All arms come round, give them their due,
The submarine doth nothing lack,
To subteranean hold not back;
If but the one could raise a funnel
The other glories in his tunnel.

Pte. John Murray.



Anywhere in Flanders.