

THE LISTENING POST



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



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT. COL. ODLUM, OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION
 CENSORED BY CHIEF CENSOR. 1ST. CAN. DIV. — CAPT W. F. ORR EDITOR I/CPL. H. MAYLOR. NEWS EDITOR.

N^o 7 **BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE OCT 29. 1915.** **PRICE 1 d.**

Why Listening Post ?

Neither has it any connection with the comfortable lucrative appointment, (in better English "cushy job") you hope to enjoy when you've ceased to sweat your soul case out on the plains of Flanders.

Well what the H... is it then? What the H... Bill. What the H... I beg your pardon I was still thinking of the gluttonous British Householder with the morning paper, his asthmatic spouse and his bacon and eggs. I'm trying to put him off, until he's got his mouth empty, and can get some of his teetotal ideas off the hooks.

It is not true that we've been accused of having for one man in the firing line, ten behind. The people who are supposed to have said it are far too polite. Personally we believe that one well fed man is as good as three half starved. Also we would institute a special pluperfect particular Rum Corps, who would see we got our three ha'pennoth regularly. All the excellent blundering, misinformed, busybodies who would preach teetotalism at 4am. on the parapet, have no idea what it is like to be in a British trench in the "wee sma' hoors" when the vital tide is at its lowest abb. There are no teetotalers in the trench at that hour, when the rum comes round.

We were in the trench at Fleurbaix time 4 am. We walked along slipping on the muddy boards, at times a puddle taking us well over the boot tops. The sentry gazing through a drizzle of misty rain, grunted an verbose response to our morning salutation. Everyone was depressed, and the world seemed sad slushy and sunk in a sea of mud and dispendency.

Then someone passed carrying a pannikin, he was followed by another. In the east a grey sorrowful dawn was struggling with the dismal desolate darkness. Then someone commenced to whistle, and further off a few words of a song rose in the gloom. Down the trench three figures round an object on the ground were laughing. As I approached a voice said "have some rum Old Dear?" The object on the ground was a rum bottle. We declined not because we didn't want it but because it was now required in the trench. As we left the trench the day was brightening in the east, and the whole trench was singing. And as we crawled into our dug-out we reflected that after all good wine gladdeneth the heart,

All this is not explaining what a Listening Post is. A Listening Post may be described as a verbulous non-luminosity of intense optic and acoustic acuity. I dont know what this means and Archbishop W.....s says it sounds like swearing.

Over in front of the parapet of our trench lies what the poetic call No Man's Land, It has been aptly described as the only neutral country in Europe.

Now although this country is neutral, we and the gentle Germaus have to find out what is the state of affairs pertaining to this spot, as is the fashion with other neutral countries. Therefore we send out our listening posts. As with other ambassadors, pleinpotenticous (that takes some spelling and the editor says its rubbish. however I think it looks poetry good, and after all *I m* writing the "leader") and enough extraordinaires, ours has to be a diplomatist.

He wears no diplomatic service uniform, he speaks not meaning one thing with his lips another with his eyes. He talks but that in whispers and always to the point, his dress is khaki and mud and mainly the latter.

Our envoy does not spend his days in a foreign clime, hung round with dispatch boxes and foreign decoctions. His hours are those of the Tom cat from dusk to dawn, his pleasure to arrive as far towards the gentle Germans as possible and his only decoration is his rifle.

As others play with cypher and code, so he has his own private wire. Tied to his little finger or toe according to taste.

One Pull.	The Boots.
Two Pulls.	The Chambermaid
Three Pulls.	The Bell Hop
Four Pulls.	Send up the drinks
Five Pulls.	And more.

(To be continued)

Hotel Grandevue de la Hun

Aug. 28th. **DAILY BULLETIN** 8 a.m.

A Daylight Robbery took place sometime yesterday afternoon when a light fingered gentleman passing down Humble Str. at a time when it was comparatively deserted stole our advertisement off the boarding. In consideration of the fact that it had no commercial value we believe this gentleman must have been paid to destroy our advertising matter by the manager of the "Hirsch Hotel". Anyway last evening when the manager of that hotel and some of his friends had occasion to pass our doors they were noticed to have very happy countenances. Of course such an act of spite as this evidently was, cannot possibly benefit them very much. However we have decided to employ two experts to run the perpetrators to earth.

12.30 p.m.

Our two experts Messrs Davis and Ormrod, both famous for their ability in running to earth and for their connection with the Med. Profession, report that, after a minute examination of the nails, which they evidently forgot to take, they have come to the conclusion that the thief must have been under the influence of Chlorinated water. There was also a strong smell of B. S. a very powerful drug used in the manufacture of No. 9's. Evidently the plot thickens. Messrs Davis and Ormrod are working on the clue and expect to make a capture in the near future.

3. p. m.

Since we published the above it has been brought to our notice that the manager of the Hirsch Hotel has lost his gleeful smile and also that the proprietor of the "Forshaw Tea Rooms" is feeling very uneasy.

3.10 p.m.

Cpl Guthrie at one time secretary to a Dr. Gibson passed along Humble Str. just now and looked very sheepish, but we will wait for further news from Messrs Davis and Ormrod before we go further.



Last night I had a dream; I dreamt I went to heaven. At the portals of heaven I saw St Peter standing. I advanced "What do you require" said he, "To enter" I said. "Stop" said he "Go with that party over there". "Where are they going?" "To H..." I walked to them. "Hold" said St. Peter. "Where were you employed before you came here?" "In the 7th Battn Sanitary Police". "Enter heaven" said St. Peter "You have been in h... long enough". E. Whitworth.

Owing to the great shortage of room at the different clearing hospitals, No. 6 platoon would like to know if they can Turner Diamond Stoor into a Sergeant Major Ward.

Some remarks made by our latest exponents in the Art of trench warfare.

"I dont think I will be worried much by shell fire, because I have put in a number of years in a mine and am used to all kinds of explosions," said one.

Two or three men gathered together in the name of the King, comparing the qualities of their firearms when one was heard to remark, "I know my rifle will be alright, because, one day on the range at Shornecliffe I fired ten rounds Rapid without a jam."

Another one asked me, "what time does reveille blow when you are in the trenches?" While another fellow walked about for an hour and a half up and down the trench asking everyone he met, "Where in H... the cook house was". He had been detailed by his Sgt. to help peel the vegetables for the cook.

One chap asked me where our Regimental Band was, adding that he had heard of the 7th Battn's Band.

I felt very uneasy and much puzzled as to how I should answer his question, as he didn't state what he had heard, Luckily Bgr F. ... happened to be passing so I pointed to him and said, "There is one of the members, he is now fighting along with the rest of us." But I hate to think what his impressions of the band will be, if he ever hears the said Bugler sing.

Sgt. Brown "Halt. You can't go in there".
 Pte. Mulligan "Why not, Sir?"
 Sgt. Brown "Because it is the Colonel's tent".
 Pte. Mulligan "Then what are they doing with "Private" over the door?"

Plays and their Players

"The Sleeping Beauty"P. O. Corporal.
 "When London Sleeps"Nobody in the 7th.
 "The Chocolate Soldier"Pte. Millar.
 "Under two Flags"M....r B.....ll
 assisted by Pte. Hunt.
 "Driven from Home"L.... H....
 "Sapho"L.... T....
 "Charlie's Aunt" (still running)L/Cpl. Ormrod.
 "The Houd of the Baskervilles"Ca. O..
 "Dr. Watson"Sgt Robinson.
 "The Squaw Man"L.... E....
 "All Scotch"Dr. G.....
 "On Trial"Numer. Lance Jacks
 "Watch your Step"C... P....
 "Beauties"Ptes. Allwood, Fraser and Mitchell.
 "5064 Gerrard"L.... Pillphat,
 "Maskyline Mysteries"Q.M. Sgts,

Answers to Correspondents

Sgt. Major and constant reader: — The S.B. badge now being worn by the Battn. Stretcher Bearers, does not mean the vulgar expression you refer to (The expression referred to is of course Silly Blighters. Ed.)

Anxious: — You have our sympathy. It is an old saying that "you can drive a horse to a well but you cant make him drink." The following method has been recommended. Place the wasp on the desired spot, then fix a respirator on the wasp and open a tin of jam. If the wasp does not come through with the desired sting take off the respirator and shout "gas" If this fails, throw the wasp away and get a German wasp and say "Calais or Paris".

For Sale or Exchange

Will exchange several gramophone records for second hand blacksmiths rasps. Records only used once by the P.O. Cpl. Offers should be addressed to the Med. Detail. 7th Battn.

Back numbers of the "Listening Post" clean and good as new. Would take C.P.R. or L.N.W. time table, any date any year. Apply. H.M. This Paper.

Over heard on the high road

"A great thing getting reinforcements, it will put the old boys on their mettle".

My friends, I should like to say a few words on this subject. We have now before us one of those golden opportunities which, if not grasped at once will be lost for ever. The sacred flame of enthusiasm which burned so nobly in our breasts during our short and pleasant stay on Salisbury Plains, has during the last week or two seemed sadly in need of trimming.

Now our opportunity is at hand — we have joining us those who are fresh from all the tediousness of soldiering in peaceful countries, the monotony of dry beds and frequent week end passes; who know not the joy of pets to keep them company — we who have been there, can sympathise with their past trials and know how anxious they are to taste all the joys and exhilaration of real warfare, which our comrades in the A. S. C. and Base write so glowingly about.

Let us take them tenderly to our hearts, sharing our many comforts with them and taking pleasure in their pleasures Let us do our best to give them a full share in our excitements, point out the joys of sleeping in bivvies; wax enthusiastic over the braziers, laughing with the merriest when for the fourth time on a cold morning it has been put out by boiling water uspet by someone deluded enough to think himself sleepy. Let us always bear in mind how truly loved is the man who always merry and bright, cracking jokes at 4 a.m. or when two men in the bivvy are and the third reading.

My friends never let it be said, that after thirteen months in Canada's army, with a short seven doing trench duty, our ardour is the least bit damped. X. Y. Z.

Postmen in the Trenches

The task of the man who delivers letters to our soldiers in the trenches is no enviable one.

Besides the trenches themselves there are many isolated dugouts and advance posts that have to be visited in order that Tommy may have his letters.

The only time when the postman can make his rounds is in the dark, when there is a lull in the firing; and, dodging about from one dug-out to another, it takes him the whole night to empty his bag. Even under cover of darkness he meets with many unpleasant adventures. Falling into holes made by Jack Johnsons and tripping over shells that have failed to burst are just two of his troubles.

When the postman is given his letters to deliver they are tied in bundles, and more often than not these have to be sorted without a light, for even if he happens to have a flash-light with him there is great danger in using it.

But in spite of these difficulties letters are always delivered punctually, the soldier generally getting them two days after their posting in this country.

It is calculated that the mail handled in this way amounts to some thing like 7000 sacks a day containing in all 500000 letters, and 60000 parcels to say nothing of 37000 newspapers.

The above article is from our bright little contemporary "Pearson's Weekly".

Wanted: — Bright intelligent man for position described above. Must be able to read English and dodge shells. Single man preferred. Apply P.O. 1st. B.C. Regt.

P.S.: — We wonder who writes articles as above. Is it a post Corporal?

The Private

The Private is an animal of the biped species very much similar to an ordinary man, but with a much weaker intellect and usually a stronger back,

The bait used to catch this animal takes the form of a shilling, a few drinks and fair- but untrue promises. It is then lead skillfully by a gayly decorated, smoothtongued, individual - known as a recruiting sergeant; into a red-bricked building in which these animals are tamed and then confined.

The untamed Private, or as he is called by the tamed Privates, "The Rookie or Recruit" is then taken in hand by the trainer.

The qualifications necessary for this position are: - A fluent use of very forceable and lurid language, and a heart made of some substance such as - steel or flint.

It takes from one week to six months to break the spirit of these bipeds but before being handed over to the instructors they are effectually tamed. They are then taken charge of by the instructors or N. C. Os.

The N. C. Os. are usually very kind gentle and sympathetic creatures as they are required to have an unlimited stock of patience in order to Break these animals of weak intellect. The Private being of such weak intellect is not allowed to think for himself and is severely dealt with if it endeavours to do so, but is taught parrot fashion. It is taught mainly to carry things for its masters.

After becoming efficient in all its tricks, it is used in peace times - for exhibition purposes and in times of war - it takes the place of the pack mule, it being evidently the intention of the authorities of doing away with these gentle little quadrupeds. The Private is of great use on long marches for carrying amunition in bandoliers and also musical instruments for the use of its masters.

After further teaching it becomes of great use for the purpose of digging trenches and ditches especially at night time as it is found that these creatures work better during the hours of darkness than during daylight.

Very few of them have been able to escape, those which have been caught in the attempt have been made an example of for the benefit of the other Privates.

It is wonderful how attached they become to their masters whom they will follow anywhere, they have even been known to follow them into Estaminets probably for the purpose of protecting them from possible harm.

In time they become so tame that they are sometimes allowed perfect liberty for as long as an hour at a time, without even an N.C.O in charge of them, but these occasions are very rare.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to finish this description with the information that I myself am a Private.

A. P. OWIT.

Promenade in no mans land, or human snakes in the garden of eden

A slight rustle, and where before was the unbroken tangle of coarse grass a face appeared. T'was a peculiar face - not to say a really ugly face - just an incomplete face. The eyes were there, very much so, in fact the seemed to be trying to be every where at once; a little above they eyes and a little below was there too, and that was all. The rest was not, and it was the rest which was not, which gave it that peculiar look. Suddenly the half-light broadened into brilliance as a Hun flare described its parabola and burst over the spot bringing every shadow into prominence. Looking at the place where the face had shown, it had disappeared. Quickly the flare died out as it had come. Once more the eyes showed and after a quick scrutiny subsided to the ground-level. While the figure of a man moved almost imperceptibly forward with a strange snaky motion propelled by the toes and elbows; the hands were busy holding things. This was the R. O. in case you do not recognise him. Following him with equal stealth, (Mc Queen was not there) came the other followers of UNCAS the MOBICAN. Sixty yards from the enemy parapet they disappeared in a shell hole to develop the nights work.

R. O. "Here A . . y tie a handkerchief around that white bandage its too confoundedly conspicuous."

B . . y "That isnt a bandage sir, that's a white feather he got in a letter today and he's afraid to let go of it."

A . . y (good humouredly) "I'll fairmay your bush if you dont shut up B . . y".

B . . y "Right Oh. Froggie, I was only pulling your leg to see if it was good eats."

R. O. "Now this is the third night we've waited for this post, and if they do not come out tonight I think we can conclude that they have given up the idea of patrolling on this front. We will go a little farther tonight and stick it as long as we can, camped behind their listening post near the outer wire. There is no need to tell you what to do."

A . . y "But Sorrh. Do we have to take them alive".

B . . y "Sure you mutt, then we wont have to bury them." They slither over the edge of the shell hole one by one and work toward the Hun listening post.

A . . n (just before leaving) "Why does the chief wear those handkerchiefs round his head?"

O . . m "I've heard tell as how he thinks he's disguised as a blade of grass".

A . . n "Faith and I didn't think he was as green as all that".

B . . y (consolingly) "Ah. well you're young yet".

The Hun post lay in a depression a short distance outside their wire and between the two the intruders grouped themselves for their long vigil, merging with the grass and bushes until almost indistinguishable. For two hours nothing happened at 10 p.m. a party came over the parapet but did not venture beyond the wire. By midnight the circulation of everyone was at a low ebb, and cramped muscles began to voice a protest.

A . . y shifted his position.

A . . n (whispering) "Phwats the matter with you man"

A . . y "My feet are about frozen."

A . . y "I always thought you ruffered from that complaint".

B . . n "Aw take a man your own size B . . y".

B . . y "Well he would be; leaving out his feet".

R. O. "Look here if you boys cant keep still we might as well go in. I dont think its any use wasting any more time out here, so off you get.

The journey was made quickly and served to warm them up. At the entanglement A . . n got caught and swore at the "Bob wire", with a one 'oclock in the morning swear.

B . . y "Its not Bob wier I tell you its Barb wire Barb comes from the Latin word Barbara which means a girl. That's why Cupid used barbs on his arrows".

A . . y "Oh thinking about the girl who sent you the white feather are you?"

B . . y Subsided.

R. O. "Well I guess they are not having any, boys; this is nearly a month since we have seen anything of them outside of their wire."

Inside the parapet he meets M . . B.P

B. P. "Well you're a nice kind of an R. O. you are."

R. O. (stung) "Why, what has happened?"

B. P. "Oh nothing. Just that they bombed our listening post at the other end about an hour ago."

R. O. "Well I'm d d

P. S. D d stands for disgusted. It youbdont believe count the dots

P. PS. O . . m does not stand for Ormrod nor conversley does B. P. stand Baden Powell.

The SHADOWS.

Gilbert the Filbert

He volunteered, was loudly cheered
By folks who love a hero,
He sailed to France to take a chance
In climates worse than zero.

He bravely stood the rain and mud
And passed the time in writing,
But what he wrote would get your goat
Its hardly worth reciting.

So what he wrote, we will not quote
Bar one or two pet phrases,
Like "I am well" and "War is h . . ."
And "Sleeping with the daisies".

As time passed by he gave a sigh
And said that war was jolly,
He thought of girls with pretty curls
Like Emily, Gert, and Dolly.

They sent him socks and cakes like rocks
And things he couldn't barter,
He asked for more and got quite sore
When they sent a Boston Garter.

Pyjamas new he'd quite a few
And neck ties by the score
A fancy vest was laid to rest
Upon his dug-out floor.

Things he loved most, arrived by post
In parcels from Aunt Nelly,
"Pate de foie" for "Aunties boy"
With ju-jubes jam and jelly.

He'd p-riscopes and toilet soaps
And McIntoshe's toffee
He failed to see the use of tea
His drink must be "Camp Coffee".

A panama from Grandmama
A parasol from nieces,
A trouser press from Sister Bess
To keep his pants in creases.

He'd brush and comb to fix his dome
His face he daubed with powder
If he felt bad, he told his dad
To send out tinned Glam Chowder.

The postman groaned, the transport moaned
Until they couldn't stick it
The awful strain, got on their brain,
And then they worked their ticket.

The parcels came each day the same
Until the Quarter Master
Gave one big sigh and did a guy
Which saved him from disaster.

So now you know this tale of woe
Aint worth the time to read it,
Dont make a fuss or tear and cuss
Your cash we've got, we need it.

COLONIALS

War! We rushed to our papers,
War! We left our work
We even started loafing
Who'd never been known to shirk.

Surely there's something doing,
Something exciting and new.
But Mother calls to her children,
God knows we will see her through.

So we took the train to the city
We came in by boat and by trail.
We'd somehow forgotten our Mother.
Her call we could never fail.

So we took the oath by dozens
We took it score upon score.
We swore away our freedom,
Shall we ever see it more?

We who'd never seen discipline,
Never known restraint,
Swore away our freedom gladly
For the chance of dying a saint.

Six thousand miles to travel,
With six long days in the train,
But didn't the people cheer us
And wish us, a speedy return again.

All this took place in August,
Was it last year or ten years ago?
But somehow we've got a bit nearer
We're less than a mile from the foe.

Then we landed at Valcartier,
As a camp undoubtedly fine.
But we had to polish our buttons,
And shave and that's not our line.

Hurrah, for dear old England,
The home of childhood's days.
Soon we'll see parents, sisters,
Then Oh, for London and plays.

But they took us down to Salisbury
On a plain where it is always wet,
Our people wired and wrote us,
We answered "there's no leave yet."

At last our turn for leave came,
Imagine the exquisite bliss,
When we thought about nice food, theatres,
And the old flames we'd once more kiss.

Six short days then back to camp,
But somehow it was not so bad,
You see they'd welcomed us kindly,
Mother's truly "golden haired lad".

Then by and by came Christmas,
And didn't they do us well.
All had six days sometime,
But wasn't returning Hell.

We said good-bye quite gaily
We'll see you 'soon again,
But all knew that we should not
For we'd be holding our link in the chain.

One more move and we're over
Landed at St. Nazaire
We travelled up here in box-cars
Believe me with no room to spare.

Now we spend our days in the trenches
Or lie in reserve in a barn
The shells keep sailing over
So far they've done us no harm.

I'm writing this in a ruin
Its raining and rather cold,
But after all why worry,
We've a trench of our own to hold.

Sons of the Empire

Brothers in the Empire's cause,
Together here they stand:
Defenders of the Nation's laws,
United hand in hand.
Here on this friendly, foreign soil
Where heroes fell before,
They give their best to strife and toil,
As others did of yore.

Even as of old upon the field
They face the tyrant foe,
But lacking now the spear and shield,
They still with courage go.
To gain for loved ones far away
Freedom to them so dear,
When the bugles on that happy day,
Proclaim that peace is here.

When Britain calls her sons come forth,
To muster for the fight,
With pride to show their own true worth
For what they know is right.
Not for the glory of the fray
They bare the shining steel,
Only that justice hold the sway
They set their hands and seal

L/Cpl. W. H. COOKE.

The Diary of a Real Soldier

Another fellow told the Colonel that he was no good in the trenches as he was troubled with insomonia.

"You cant sleep Eh?"

"No Sir"

"You're just the kind of men they want in the trenches, the Germans can never take you by surprise. Up you go with the best of luck"

The Colonel began to feel tired for he sat on the table whilst he examined the next soldier.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"I'm dying Sir."

"How long have you been dying?"

"Three months Sir"

The Colonel's leg began to work like a pendulum in a grandfather's clock.

"What am I doing now?"

"Swinging your leg Sir"

"So are you" replied the Colonel "Up you go and the best of luck."

I thought my excuse would be good enough for him, but he only made fun of me.

"What's wrong with you?" he said.

"I've got new teeth Sir and I cant eat anything yet for a while"

"That's too bad now isn't it? But we dont expect you to eat the Germans all you have to do is kill them". Up you go and the best of luck"

[Patient Reader, here we must leave our gallant soldier (thank god he is typical of but few of our gallant Tommies). As he joins the comrades of the fighting line — let us hope that he will enter the fray with new hopes & new discoveries. The discoveries of the man who "finds himself". If his future Diary contains what we hope it will we may be prevailed upon to continue "his" story in "the Listening Post" — We will wait and see. Editor].