

THE LISTENING POST



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OF
LT-COL. W. F. GILSON.



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SHRAPNEL BILL STORIES. (A. D. 1967)

By 16264.

No. 19141981 Private Somme Smith (draft, second generation War Babies Battalion) hurried along the trench shouting down each dug-out entrance for Shrapnel Bill, but without result until he came to the last and the deepest. In answer to his call Shrapnel Bill slowly emerged enquiring gruffly : "Well, what's all the excitement, young fellow ?"

"You're wanted by the M. O." answered Smith.

"Shrapnel Bill hobbled along the trench to the dressing station with the help of his cane, and entering the M. O's sanctum did his best to stand to attention, a feat which was becoming increasingly difficult owing to the fact that age and several decades of taking cover from shell-fire had bowed him into the shape of a question mark.

"I have some good news or you", announced the M. O. "I have just received a letter from the A.D.M.S. with regard to your case. Your long and faithful service in France has brought you before the notice of several high officers who are personally interesting themselves in your behalf".

Bill could not believe his ears. Was this the old, heart-less M. O. before whom he had paraded year after year in the vain hope of wearying him into signing a recommendation for his return to civil employment ? Tears of joy rolled slowly down his long, white beard. "Oh, Sir", he said between sobs of happiness, "thank you so much. I'll be just in time for the christening of my brother's great grand child".

"Don't be foolish", said the M.O. sharply. "I wrote to the A.D.M.S. that you had been through the battles of Ypres, the Somme, Vimy, the first battle of Antwerp and the fourth of Berlin, and that you had never had the good fortune to make Blighty. Moreover, I added that your wooden leg was a constant source of annoyance to you on account of getting caught in the rungs of the bath-

mats, or being removed in your sleep by the younger soldiers to use as a block for loop-holes when sniping was bad. I concluded by saying that you had increasing difficulty in getting around the trenches with the help of a cane only".

"Thank you, thank you, Sir", said Bill. "I'm sorry to leave the boys, but I've been looking forward to this for many a year. Pardon an old man's emotion. I always said I'd pull out of this war if they had to send me home by parcel post, a bone at a time".

"Not so fast", remarked the M.O. "The letter I have received states that your age and service have been fully taken into account. That they hear with regret that you have never made Blighty, and learn with sorrow of your increasing disability, and as a special mark of consideration have decided to grant you permission to use a crutch for which you will indent through Ordnance in the customary way. That will be all. Good afternoon".

- Just Out : "What's that bag up in the sky ?"
Old Timer : "Observation balloon".
J. O. "Whose ?"
O. T. "Ours".
J. O. "What's that white puff of smoke near it ?"
O. T. "Shrapnel".
J. O. "Perhaps that's Fritz trying to hit it".
O. T. "PER-HAPS !"
J. O. "What does W.D. stand for on that guy's pack ?"
O. T. "Water Detail".
J. O. "Must be an important branch of the army".
O. T. "Huh ! show me".
J. O. "Well, I see it on all the lorries and equipment".



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EDITORIAL

In order to provide a little material for our Christmas issue we have decided to inaugurate a competition open to N.C.O's and men of the Canadian Corps only.

We require stories on any conceivable subject providing they are humorous, interesting, or amusing ---

For the best short story of from two to five thousand words, we offer a prize of one hundred francs.

For the story adjudged the next best — sixty francs, and for the third in order of merit — forty francs.

All Stories must be original and signed by the competitor (not necessarily for publication) and must be mailed addressed to the Editor of the "Listening Post" so as to reach us not later than October 31st 1917.

No undertaking will be given to return mss and all competitors must enter on the understanding that any story submitted may be used for publication in the Listening Post without any payment further than the prizes awarded to the three stories adjudged to be the best sent in.

The decision of the Editor in the competition and in any question that may arise out of it must be accepted as final.

The winners of the three prizes will be notified early in November by mail and published in the Special Xmas issue of the "Listening Post".

CHRONICLES OF YE IST B. C. RIFLEIERS.

102. — And on the twenty-second day of the fourth as the day drew to a close Fritz the enemy did release many clouds of vile vapours which did travel with the wind over the ditches of our Allies and over the ditches of Our Lady's hirelings with the loin-cloths of many colours, and these vile vapours did choke and distress them so that many died where they stood and many scores became helpless and sick unto death.

103. — And at the same time Fritz the enemy did fire many cannons both into the trenches and

into the city of Ypres so that many both hirelings and the natives of this country perished.

104. — And after a little while the legions of the enemy were turned loose upon our Allies and did sweep many leagues across the ditches, and as the sun went down they dugged for themselves new ditches in the forest that is called St. Julien.

105. — And as midnight approached the chiefs of Our Lady's army gathered together and discussed this thing that had happened and said one to another: "We must attack this brazen enemy whilst it is yet dark else perchance when dawn breaks we shall find him crawling around our backs".

106. — And the Canadians of the West from the Western Brigade and the Scots of Canada from the Brigade of the coloured loin-cloths were chosen to make this attack.

107. — And as the midnight hour chimed they charged a thousand metres at the enemy with many war-cries and much vigour so that Fritz the enemy became terror-stricken and fled from the forest leaving there the cannon that he had captured.

108. — And the Band of our O. C. did move in the night and dig many new ditches and on the twenty-third day did rest and conceal themselves from the enemy until the night should fall that they might dig the more.

109. — And on the twenty-third day our O. C. did go out in front of his band that he might see for himself the ditches of the enemy but a sharpshooter of the enemy did espy him and shoot him through the body with a musket-ball and wound him grievously so that after a little time he died.

110. — And he that had been known as second-in-command did now become Chief of our O.C's Band and did work with much vigour for no man knew what perchance may befall on the morrow for our cannon were few and of no great weight whilst the cannon of the enemy were many and of great weight.

(To be continued)

The Hero's Reward.

When he emerged from the dressing station, after having been doctored for a boil on the back of the neck, he was covered with bandages until there was barely room to see out by.

Immediately he headed for a certain estaminet the young owner of which had been very affable to him in times past, and the following conversation ensued:

"Bon jour, ma cherie!"

"Bon jour, m'sieu! Vous avancez?"

"Oui, Vimy. Comprenez Vimy?"

"Oui, m'sieu".

"Beaucoup advance, cinq kilometre".

"Vous etes blese?"

"Oui. Moi napoo dix Allemands. Comprenez haionette? Comme ça (soldier indicates that he is well versed in the slaughterhouse trade).

"Vous fashez avec les Allemands! Je vous donere un souvenir".

(shouts within)

"Lucienne, apportez une chope bière française tout de suite".

TRENCH TERMS AND THEIR MEANINGS

(continued)

Listening Post.

A squad of carefully trained soldiers placed between the lines in "no-man's-land" to gauge the ration shortage of the enemy by the amount of noise he makes in eating. Have been known to detect signs of Fritzie coming over on a raid, but this is unusual. The Scouts like to have lots of Listening Posts out as it saves them the trouble of roaming no-man's-land, and, incidentally, adds to their span of life--and sleep.

« Minnie. »

A dark lady of uncertain age and vicious intentions who swoops down on unsuspecting Canadian soldiers and heralds her arrival with much unseemly noise. All self-respecting soldiers refuse to associate with her unless compelled to do so, and many revile her in absolutely unprintable terms. This seems to have no effect on the hussy who persists in her unwelcome visits. She is of enemy origin and her full name in her own country is "Minenwerfer".

« M. and D. »

The total amount of sympathy handed out to suffering humanity by members of the medical profession on morning sick-parades. The "M" means "medecine" which consists generally of sarcastic advice on the question of beating it and not returning thither. The "D" represents "duty" which in these unsettled days may mean anything from going over the top to the latest thing in drill, such as turning about in four movements without letting the feet touch the ground.

« No-Man's — Land ».

A stretch of wild waste land between two rows of entrenchments set aside as a playground for Scouts, Listening Posts and Patrols. These various details are furnished by each of two opposing forces who hold the entrenchments, and they are allowed to go out each night and play at "Catch me-stroked me". Many of these details are of a very shy and retiring disposition so that there is very little "catching", or "stroking".

This land is only good for cultivating shell-holes, mine-craters, wire and stakes, of which large crops often spring up in a single night.

« O. P. »

Commonly pronounced "Oh, Pip". This is merely an abbreviation for "Observation Post", and may be any place from the top of a factory chimney to a little two by twice cubby-hole with a loop-hole in the worst straffed corner of a trench. The object of it is to allow the observer to see Fritz without embarrassing him by letting him know he is being watched. When this object is attained Fritzie gets straffed; when it isn't the the observer gets straffed--and they put up a little white cross, select a new O. P., and indent for another observer.

« Overland. »

A hair-raising, temper-drestraying journey to the trenches at night, when communication-trenches have caved in and the Subway isn't

running. Consists chiefly of falling into disused trenches, tripping over telephone wires, slipping into shell-holes, getting mixed with barbed-wire and flopping to avoid machine-gun fire in about the following proportions. Taking the average number of mishaps on any one trip at 240, the percentage would be: "falls" 27 %, "trips" 19 %, "slips" 24 %, "getting mixed" 7 %, "flops" 21 %, "easy going" 1 %.

« Over the Top. »

A much over-rated pastime indulged in by the infantry when in need of a change of scenery and more souvenirs. Usually takes place in the early hours of the morning when self-respecting people would prefer to sleep, and has for its object the establishment of a new no-man's-land where fresh crops of wire, etc., may be raised.

« Pioneer Party. »

A band of desperate citizens clad in khaki who steal out in the middle of the night to tear up the face of this fair country with picks and shovels. Judging by their remarks these individuals generally work under protest. Their chief mission appears to be constructing elaborate entrenchments for the edification of Fritzie's artillerymen who otherwise would have nothing to shoot at.

« Resting. »

A period of torture for infantry during which they are taken away from their trench homes to some compound in rear, and assiduously instructed in the art of cleaning buttons and shining mess-tins, saluting by number and by request, and such intricate knowledge as the correct manner of pointing the toe in the "slow march". After a couple of weeks of "rest" they are generally quite willing to return to the trenches.

« Rations. »

An all-embracing term covering things eatable and things issued to eat, such as "Biscuits", "Bully" and "Maconachies". It is believed that in the earlier stages of the war rum also was issued as a ration, and many old soldiers insist that this was done, but in view of the many incredible stories they tell of those early days very little faith is placed in their statements.

Support Trench.

Originally intended to contain soldiers who would support their comrades in front in case of trouble. The only things it supports now are Batmen, Runners, Scouts, H. Q., etc., and anyone who really objects to living in the frontest of front lines.

« Sausage-right ! Sausage--left ! »

A terse expression of warning issued generally in a falsetto voice as a long sinister shape tumbles over itself through the air towards our trenches, usually followed by a wild scramble in the direction indicated — Oh, no, dear reader, not to partake of the toothsome morsel, but to get away from it. This particular type of sausage being a variety of overgrown "Minnie" loaded for bear, and not very particular just what happens to you should you stay around to hear its little talk.

(To be continued)



Before the Attack

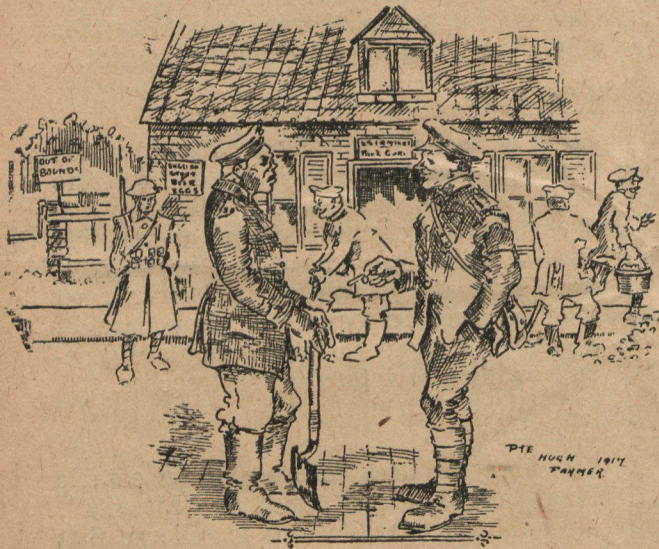
Officer : "Well, Rooney, what sort of decoration are you going to try for this time?"

Rooney : "Not wan that they need you identity-disc for, Sor".

The Jocks big drummer was making a noise like a bombing-attack with shrapnel interludes, as the two soldiers reached the road.

"I thought music was prohibited in this area", said one of them.

"So it is", answered the other, "but you can play the bag-pipes as much as you please".



TOM : "D'you think you'll ever go back?"
 HUN : "Home was never like this!"

"Yus", said the Canadian Cockney, "when our draft left England the Colonel told us to beware of wine an' wimmil'in France. An' ever since I've been out'ere I've been hup to the ruddy knees in mud. Or else for a little light recreation washin' wagons in the transport lines.

Wine an' wimmin' - - wot 'opes!"

The Sergeant Cook informs us that the latest form of fright-fulness in use by the Germans is a gas which smells like a full order of fried fish with a tenderloin steak "smothered", on the side. Four days after a whiff you turn green with pink spots, and first thing you know you're napoo.

1st Soldier : "Do you think we're winning the war?"

2nd ditto : "I don't know. I haven't seen the paper today".

THE TOWN MAJOR

I am the Town Major of ---
 A spot all and sundry abuse.
 You'll agree, I am sure,
 It is no sinecure
 To be the Town Major of ---
 I am monarch of all I survey ;
 My rule none dare disobey.
 I've a plentiful line
 Of dug-outs, in fine,
 Deep dug-outs are my specialty.
 My word here is absolute law.
 I rarely admit to a flaw
 In my traffic-control,
 I do, on my soul,
 Think it's rather superior.
 My civilians are wondrously free
 From bickering and jealousy.
 They never dispute
 My rule absolute —
 For there are not any, you see.
 The landscape is beastly dishevelled
 Were "crump" and "whizz-bang" have revelled,
 And I fear before long
 With strafing so strong
 The whole town-site will be levelled.
 I'm Mayor and Alderman too,
 I'm the captain as well as the crew,
 Despite Hunnish hate
 My office of state
 With high civic pride I review.
 I am the Town Major of ----
 The spot all and sundry abuse.
 You'll agree, I am sure,
 It is no sinecure
 To be the Town Major of ----.

There were not enough dug-outs for the number of men in the line, so a miner told a bunch of the homeless ones that they could bunk in the tunnel if they wished.

"Till morning", he said. "You'll have to get out then".

The troops agreed. They didn't much care how short was the tenure of their lease so long as they could get out of the rain -- to say nothing of the "pineapples" and "minnies".

They made themselves as comfortable as possible on some sacks of sand which were piled in one corner.

Next morning one of the miners came down and looked at them curiously for a moment.

"Sorry, boys, but you'll have to move out", he said, adding as an after thought : "I wouldn't leave a lighted candle on these sacks if I were you. They're filled with Amonol!"

Sergeant-Major : "Now, I want your name, birthplace, etc."

Recruit (in nervous haste) : "Yes, sir. English and Welsh on father's side, Irish and Scotch on mother's, born in Canada, American by choice, Socialist in politics, Free Thinker in religion and a soldier by profession. My name Thomas Horatio Is that all, sir?"

S.M. : "Yes, that'll be about enough!"

THE RUM CONTROVERSY

(The controversy whether it is advisable to issue rum to the troops or not has been raging violently in the press. At last dug-out journalism has been obliged to fall into line, and accordingly we print the following letters which give the points of view of widely differing parties. We dissociate ourselves entirely from the opinions herein expressed, and leave them to stand on their own merits without comment.—Editor.)

Horatio Bottomley writes :

"Let the boys their rum ! Shame on the cranks who seek to make capital out of our absorption in a World War by introducing freak legislation which they well know does not represent the real feeling of the country.

"From time immemorial the British soldier—of whom we are all justly proud—has drunk rum whenever procurable. I, for one, consider him all the better for it. Let those who decry its use endure for one day the dangers and hardships of our noble fellows in the trenches. I warrant they will change their tune.

"In any case as the War cannot possibly continue for more than ten days I fail to see that this outcry against the use of rum is either expedient or justified.

"In my next weeks issue of "John Bull" I shall settle this matter for all time".

The Rev. Augustus Banks writes :

"I deeply deplore the use of such a potent agent of evil as rum in the ranks of our army composed as it is of so many youths — one might almost call them boys — on the very threshold of life, as it were.

"I am by conviction in favour of the substitution of cocoa. Cocoa is the true stimulant. It warms and invigorates, and never by any chance lures one to harmful overindulgence. Failing that, pea-soup properly prepared is an ideal drink under trying weather conditions. I myself have tested it thoroughly when camping by the sea-side, and can testify to its efficacy.

"My parishioners, who were at one time addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants to an appalling degree, are now largely in favour of temperance beverages which are strengthening and healthful. This happy result, I rejoice to say, has been partially brought about by my own precept and example".

"I trust our military leaders may be induced to stop this pernicious practice ere the love for the Demon Rum becomes ineradicably rooted in the breasts of our young manhood".

Pte. M. O'Brien writes :

"Take away th'rum an' a fellah might as well be a civvy for all the fun he'll get out of the war. Besides, what kind of a soldier does he make that turns up his nose at a snort o' S.R.D.? I'll tell ye ; when it comes to a dirrty bit o' bombin', or maybe a turrrn wid the bay'nit, he ain't there, that's all ! Take it from me if ye want the war won give the throops their rum regular an' often. That's me opinion !"

The Company Commander writes :

"The men are wonderfully keen on their rum issue. Send for a working party and you wait half the night for them, but just whisper "rum" and the whole company's treading on one another's heels to get near the jar. Most extraordinary ! Can't fathom it. So long as I get my peg of Scotch with decent regularity I never care if I see the stuff myself"

The Company Sergeant-Major writes :

"I like to see the boys get a full issue of rum whenever possible. Of course it can't always be done, but the army system is so good that I've rarely had to go without mine"

Lce. Cpl. Eustace Finlay-Jameson writes :

"I never could stomach rum before the war, but I really enjoy it now. When a fellow's chilled to the bone and half dead from want of sleep along about "Stand down", and everyone's grey-faced and morose, it's wonderful how one's rum issue warms one up and makes one look on the bright side of things".



Hindenburg (to badly battered souvenir from Hill 70) :
"What? Fired 200,000 shells, used gas, liquid fire, and failed to take the position ! Who were you up against !"
German General : "Der Canadians !"

APPLE BLOSSOM

In the orchard where I met you
'Mid the tender pink and white
Tiny voices whispered to me,
Fairy magic gave me sight,
And I stepped from out the shadows
Into light.

Sunshine played on branch and blossom
Setting all the world aglow,
Trickling 'tween the dainty leaflets,
Forming flakes of golden snow ;
Then it was that Cupid, laughing,
Bent his bow

By the scented wall we wandered
When the sunset hour was nigh,
Souls aflame with gentle gladness,
Hearts athrob with hope set high,
In our love all else forgetting,
You and I.

THE ADVENTURE OF IGNATZ HUMP, SOLDIER AND BATMAN TOO.

By R. ATHER RAWTEN.

Ignatz Hump :	Soldier : Her to Batman. In love with.
Marie Erillon :	Once a lace-maker, now, by the cruel vicissitudes of war, barmaid in an estaminet also heroine, Kind of stuck on Ignatz.
Old Man Brillon Auguste :	Marie's father. Villain : Roadmender : Spy' : Marie's cousin.
Other Accessories :	Canadians : Soldiers : Human Beings.

(Continued)

When his battalion returned to the line Ignatz became aware by a variety of signs easily read by the soldier that there was soon to be "something doing" on his particular front.

The huge heaps of engineering material and the immense quantities of ammunition passing along the roads, as well as the camps and butments which sprang into being over night, pointed to only one thing—an offensive.

Ignatz was not displeased.

"'S better'n layin' in the trenches waitin' to be napooed by a shell', he declared to his pal, Hicky Dunh. "You've always got a chance of collectin' a blighty, an' some o' them Fritzes carries swell watches. I onct seen a fellow sellin' a Fritz watch for fifty francs'".

The guns had been thumping and bellowing for days, steadily pounding the enemy defences, when the battalion went into the trenches. It was generally understood, although not officially announced, that the boys would have a trip across no man's land before they came out again, and everyone was keyed up in anticipation.

Throughout the night the German guns were busy as well as our own, crumping the trench lines, or soaring high overhead to burst with a distant crash in the area behind. "Freight-cars" Ignatz called the latter, and was no further interest in them so long as they did not deliver the goods in his vicinity — the type of selfishness war breeds.

There was no sleeping that night. He was on sentry duty for part of the time, and, for the rest, chiefly interest in the problem of cover.

Bye and bye when a faint heartening aroma of rum was wafted into his bay Ignatz knew that the fateful hour was near. He was glad to get the rum. It had been a raw, chilly night and the pungent stuff tasted like nectar. The glow of the neat spirit went right through him dulling a little his sense of the imminence of the attack.

By this time the roar of the guns was deafening. At last the thin shrilling of the whistles penetrated his consciousness and at once he scrambled over the parapet and began to traverse the ruined, shell-pitted waste of no man's land at a hurried walk.

It was heavy going over the sticky, churned up mud, but he was in and over the battered German front line directly. A number of dead

Germans were lying about, but so far as he could see there was no resistance.

The thunderous crash of our barrage was so confusing that he was not conscious of German shelling or machine-gun fire, until he noticed a man here and there quietly subside and lie still.

As he neared the objective he could see a party of men far over, running—Germans. He flopped down and opened rapid fire on them, but was so shaken by excitement that the only effect appeared to be to accelerate their speed—if that were possible.

At last he dropped into the trench which was to be the limit of the advance and immediately dropped a bomb down the entrance of the first dug-out he came to. When the noise had died away he saw a head hurriedly popped round the corner and as quickly withdrawn.

He motioned to the German to come up, quite uselessly adding verbal advice to his actions. Hesitatingly the first German came up the stairs followed by six fellow Hums each with his hands as high as he could get them. They were all a lovely greenish tint and pitifully shaken. Their leader, a Bosche person with a chin-whisker, put his hands in the attitude of prayer and babbled something in broken English about his wife.

Ignatz was pretty shaky himself, so, on the impulse of the moment, he patted the Hun on the back and motioned to him to get out of the trench and make his way back to our old line. What became of his captives, whether they got through their own barrage or not, he never was able to find out. His chagrin was extreme when he suddenly remembered that in his hurry and excitement he had forgotten to "go through them".

(To be continued)

THE W. A. A. C.

We soldiers have learnt, in the midst of alarms,
How worthy of trust are our brothers-in-arms,
But now let me say just a word for the charms
Of our sisters-in-arms.

For they've come! Our girls from our tight
little isle,

Dressed in neat khaki uniforms quite in the stylo.
Oh, 'tis heaven to see the bright face and the
smile

Of our sisters-in-arms!

Tell me not of the beauty of the French demoi-
selles,

Of Italian, Dutch, or American Belles,

Why, for sweetness and grace they are mere
bagatelles

To our sisters-in-arms.

Bless their neat little figures and bright, cheery
faces,

Their modest demeanour and manifold graces.

Oh, how far they exceed girls of all other races,
Our sisters-in-arms!

Just one glimpse of them, then the dull trench
once more,

'Mid whizzing of bullets and loud cannons roar,
But we're nerved and encouraged for what lies
before

By our sisters-in-arms.

And when the war's over — it surely will be —

All our girls of the W.A.A.C.,

Will learn from their soldier boy what 'tis to be
A loved sister-in-arms.

A SUGGESTION TO PAYMASTERS.

Comfortably seated on an empty packing-case the Paymaster begins his mornings business, and is deep in official correspondence when a pair of badly wound puttees ending in feet of a generous area are noticeable under the flap of the tent.

The person surmounting the puttees salutes more or less regimentally, according to his temperament, and "stands to attention" — if his half-embarrassed stiffness of attitude may be justly so called.

"Well, what do you want?" asks the Paymaster, not morosely, or challengingly, but as one would ask that question who has other duties waiting.

"Sir", answers the putteed one, "I'd like to have a little extra money — to buy a watch", he adds, hastily, as the Paymaster's face hardens. Quite often it is "to get a safety-razor". Indeed so frequently are these two articles in demand that we strongly advocate that Paymasters be authorised to carry them in stock as a side-line. We feel sure that if this were done it would result in a great saving of time and simplification of labour.

Then, instead of saying "The rolls are made up. You'll have to wait till next pay-day. Speak to me about it then", the Paymaster would simply produce a watch and say: "Here you are! Special war movement, sixteen jewels, nickelled case, illuminated dial, strong pig skin wrist-strap with protector — sign here!" Or, "This is the Wizard Safety Razor. A highly finished shaving tool. Superior to the five dollar out fits and costs less than one half. Quick, clean, hygienic. Just the thing for a nervous shaver in a whizz-banged trench. Extra blades six francs a dozen — enter your name and number in this column!"

BILLETS.

Ofi amidst plenty in crowded streets I've wandered,

No roof, no walls, or place to lay my head,
Seeking — not luxury in gorgeous palace
squandered,

But just a chair to sit on and a bed.

Foot-sore and weary, tired and all complaining
Dusty and sleepy — surfeit with all of them —
At last I've hied me — the one last hope re-
maining —

To the Prince of World-providers, our Q. M.
And he hath sheltered me in quarters all alluring
Where beauteous maidens smile and bid me rest ;
Whilst he explains, in manner most assuring,
That these, though fair, are not the very best.
For he who rules must lives in fairest places,
And he who serves must be content with less :
Do I but bid him and he'll search the spaces
To find the super-billet with a mess.

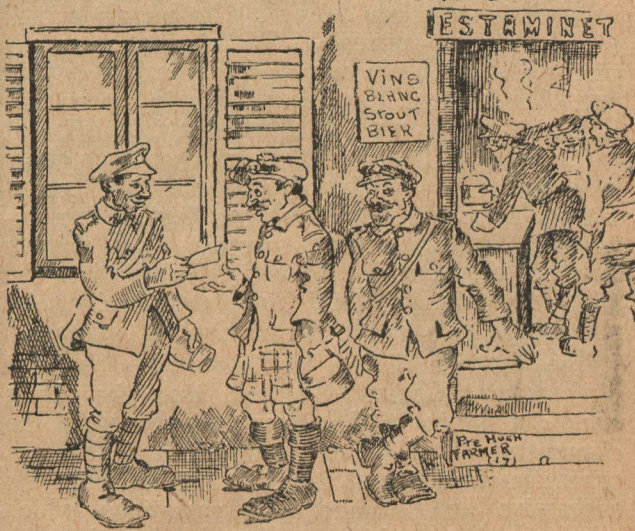
A mess that shall charm, delight, enthuse me ;
With conference chairs arranged as I desire ;
And, perchance that winter winds should chill me,
He'll guarantee the most seductive fire.

I listen through then speaking softly tell him :
"Young man, since you are skilful in the art
Of finding billets with such charm and comfort,
Cease to regard this one as yours — depart!"

"And for, yourself seek all these places,

Whilst I in comfort tarry here awhile" ;
And he departs to search through all the spaces,
Whilst I find rest and peace in maidens' smiles.
For this I tell — nor ear or brook denial —
(Just jot it down as one more useful "mem").
If you would rest in comfort without trial
Just swipe the billet from your wise Q.M. !
Iddy--Umpty.

ANOTHER SUCCESSFULL LOAN



THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

Who stages all the big affairs
Like Vimy and Messines ;
Who puts the foe upon the run,
And makes him ill at ease ;
Who sends you o'er the parapet
With just a drop of run,
And makes you fight with all your might ?
The man behind the gun.

Who sends the daily orders out
That make you curse and swear ;
Who puts the dram-shops out of bounds,
And makes you tear your hair ;
Who says you can, or cannot,
Draw money and have fun ?
You know the guy and so do I,
The man behind the gun.

Who makes you live on bully-beef
With hard-tack on the side ;
Who makes you march the dusty road,
While he, behind, may ride ;
Who puts you on a dress-parade
And stands you in the sun,
And makes you mad to please his fad ?
The man behind the gun.

Who dishes out your furlough
As though he owned your soul ;
Who makes you shine your mess-tin
As though t'were made of gold ;
Who is the man whose word is law ;
Who makes you stand at "shun" ?
We all know him with face so grim,
The man behind the gun.

Who wears the finest medals,
And makes you toss salutes ;
Who smokes the finest of cigars,
While you get cheap cheroots ;
Who gets his name in history, boys,
When this old war is done ?
It's this same man so spick and span,
The man behind the gun.

Spr. Jess Lewis, Can. Div. Sigs.

CALCIUM CARBONATE.

Most of us are acquainted with calcium carbonate, although we may not be particularly aware of the fact. We know it in a limestone or granular form, in a marble or metamorphosed crystalline form, and, best of all, in an organic form called chalk.

Who has not noticed the chalk into which our beloved dug-outs are driven? Who has not cursed its interfering propensities? It intrudes upon our privacy in an ungracious and insinuating manner. The back of our august neck is a favourite hiding-place. It conceals itself within our pedal protectors to the detriment of the locomotary extremities to which these articles are consecrated. It makes itself an ingredient in our nutriment, destroying our digestion and ruining our temper. And in a pulverised, semi-dissolved form it plasters itself upon our epidermis, clinging with a seemingly everlasting embrace.

The doctrine of the late savant and natural philosopher, Herbert Spencer, that the living organism is in vital correspondence with the circumstances of its environment, and that the organism must adapt its functions to meet the successive and simultaneous variations which occur in the environment lest its functions be suspended, was never more universally recognised than now. And who shall deny that the circumstance in our environment with which we poor mortals emeshed in the toils of a world cataclysm are most vitally in correspondence, is this calcium carbonate! To what variations do our internal functions more quickly and completely respond than to those of this calcium carbonate.

Strange as it may seem to you, intelligent reader, these mighty strata of chalk, these huge beds of calcareous matter in which we live and move and have our being, and upon whose slightest alteration we are so dependent, are composed of the skeletons of a tiny animalcule so small that a microscope is necessary to render it visible, and which rejoices in the awful name "Globigarina".

In the profoundest depths of the Atlantic Ocean one of these huge chalk beds is in the process of formation now. Millions of years hence, when the floor of the present ocean is raised above sea-level, these accumulations of chalky ooze will become dried and hardened into the sordid white rock we know so well. And this modern formation, like its infinitely more ancient brethren, is composed of the skeletons of "Globigarina".

On one occasion the late Adjutant overheard me remark this to a friend.

"Ghoul!" he cried. "You would disinter the relics of creatures dead these millions of years"; and then in the lurid light of an illuminating brain-storm he continued, "What an opportunity the Germans have missed! What treasure-trove for their corpse-factory!"

The Professor.

"What's an optimist in the army?"

"A soldier who takes his mess-tin lid with him when 'tea-up' is shouted".

Long before he reached the long hill he was bowed beneath the weight of his pack, shedding perspiration and profanity in a steady stream. Noting his distress, the Platoon Commander kindly offered to carry the pack up the hill which loomed, steep and long, in front of the column.

At the top of the rise the P.C., blown and exhausted, turned to the man and said: "What on earth have you got in your pack? No wonder you're tired. It weighs about a ton!"

Silently the soldier opened his pack disclosing a whole eighteen pounder shell which he said was "to make a base for something".

Whether the shell-case will ever make a base for anything more than an orderly-room case is uncertain, but it is quite decisive that the owner of it won't "make the Base".

It has been suggested that Runners be given nick-names while on duty in the battalion orderly room. Numbers have been tried, but have proved unsatisfactory owing to the fact that there are just thirteen Runners, and in endeavouring to give each man a shot at owning the unlucky number, things got mixed up.

A distinction is necessary for the simple reason that a general uproar was narrowly averted recently when the Adjutant held out a slip of paper and shouted, "Trotter". Several Runners and a clerk dashed for the epistle, and the only thing that saved our reputation was the calm remark from the Adjutant that it was Private Trotter he wanted and not a "fleet-foot".

CHANGING MAPLE LEAVES.

The maples leaves are turning
From their green to red and gold;
And proudly waves the tasselled corn
As it's ripening ears unfold;
And from the bluff the Bob-o-link
Sings mellow in my ears;
Though it reaches me o'er plunging seas
And down the flight of years.
And list' the song of the Bob-o-link
As here it reaches me -
"I've missed my boys or two years now;
Send that it be not three.
E'en now is our land a home of souls
Whose wanderings none may check;
Send back what's left of the living freight
Of the thirty odd ships from Quebec.
In our pride - - we gave.
In that pride we'll give more.
For every one of the "First" to return
We'll gladly give you four.
Those who were boys, today are men.
The chance of a man they crave.
Trust them. (It's what you did with the "First")
Think you they'll be less brave?"
There's a Peacock, strident calling
From the Flemish farm hard by.
There's the throbbing of a battle-plane
Between me and the sky.
And - - man, dear! - - I'd give my pay book,
With it's tale of francs all told,
To see the maples turning
Crimson, scarlet, red and gold.

14758. A.K.M.

A. Squadron, (19th A.D.)
C.C.C.R.