

THE LISTENING POST



6th Duke of Connaught's Rifles 11th Irish Fusiliers 88th Victoria Fusiliers
 2nd Rocky Mountain Rangers 10th All India Westminster Fus. West Kootenay Rifles
 Reinforcing Establisments 11th, 30th, 47th



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT. COL. IV. W. ODLUM, D.S.O., OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION.
 EDITOR. — CENSORED BY CHIEF CENSOR, 1st CAN. DIV. — NEWS EDITOR.
 CAPT. W. F. ORR. — — — PTE. J. W. CAMPBELL.

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MANNA FROM HEAVEN

For four or five days and nights he had toiled and moiled, helping out the slightly wounded, carrying stretcher cases, caring for the maimed and broken men, the shell-shaken and the unstrung. He had marshaled burial parties to their ghostly errand of gathering up the pitiful pieces of human clay that were once sentient beings. He had stood by the side of innumeral graves when the Chaplain hurried through the service, for there were many such to be said.

All the previous night he had labouriously worked along the battered communication trench up towards the front where the clangour and glow of bursting shell were incessant and the quivering flare lights rose and fell continuously. Now it was nearly day, and, his task ended, he was headed for the rest billets; bruised in every limb, stumbling with weariness, heavy with the reaction of nerves so long on the rack. In all that time he had scarcely tasted food, for there was little time to be had and excitement had robbed him of appetite.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

The other evening I was ordered from my dug-out for "Carrying party" and stumbled down the dark trench to Headquarters. While the N.C.O. was reporting for instructions, an Exalted One came along. He had evidently sprinkled a little rum on his handkerchief, or his hair, for he carried a soul moving atmosphere.

I was sniffing appreciatively and with emotion when he addressed me. "Goo' night o' boy" he said. Standing severely at attention, I replied "Good evening Sir".

Disapprovingly and in silence, I watched the dark figure mount the parades and waver uncertainly through the maze of shell holes behind the trench. He was smoking a cigarette and carried a lighted electric torch in a place, where, to show a light was to invite a shower of bullets.

Suddenly I heard a splash and at once dashed to the rescue. I found the Exalted One floundering profanely in the depths of the wettest shell-hole amongst many bobbing jam tins and several hysterical rats. His chief concern

WATCH FOR OUR SPECIAL NUMBER AUGUST 10th 1916

The thought of the long miles back to the billets was not pleasant to a man in his weakened condition, but there was no help for it, so he set out along the cobbled highway. It was almost daylight when he reached "Shrapnel Corner", a dangerous spot which had justified it's name in the past day or two judging by the smashed and splintered wagons over-turned by the road side. An ammunition limber had been upset and shells were spilled in all directions. Half mechanically he began to collect these and pile them neatly by the road side. Just then he spied a sandbag. It was a new sandbag and it bulged suggestively. He picked it up and ran across two straw bottle cases, plucked these off and nearly fainted, "Bass, !!!" Bottled Bass no less. He dived deeper and drew out a whole roasted duck done to a turn and infinitely alluring to the eyes of a hungry man; deeper still and he ran across nearly a whole loaf of bread thinly sliced, a knife and fork all complete.

That morning there was at least one soldier and Provost Sergeant who breakfasted thoroughly and turned his steps "homewards" with renewed energy and reviving hope.

appeared to be for his cigarette which had been mislaid somehow. I pulled him out, soothed him, wrung him out and started him on his way. Just then a German machine gun opened up. They throw about six hundred bullets a minute and have a most compelling accent.

Inspired by visions of the V. C., I dashed after the Exalted One and with a fine flying tackle hurled him violently to the mud, hacked his shins, sat on his chest, and then with a supreme effort pitched the pair of us in a mutual heap into a shell-hole, and safety. For a moment we lay panting, while the bullets cracked and sang over head. Then I untwisted my wrist watch from his left ear, dusted him with my bayonet, put his false teeth back into his face, kissed him twice on the bald spot, curtsied gracefully and said "Sir, I have saved your life". "Dem you, you've sprung my floating rib" he growled and limped off, leaving me after a last long lingering inhalation of his alcoholic aura to reflect bitterly on the ingratitude of human nature and the fallibility of human hopes.



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IN THE FIELD.

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EDITORIAL

We are not here to play, to dream or drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift,
Shun not the struggle, 'tis God's own gift.

Corp. Herd, 7th Can. Inf. Batt.

Like a thundercap came the announcement on Tuesday afternoon, June 6th, that Lord Kitchener, while on his way to Russia on board H.M.S. Hampshire, had been drowned together with his staff and the complement of that cruiser when it foundered and sank at 8 o'clock Monday evening June 5th, following the striking of a mine or being torpedoed off the west coast of the Orkneys. Lord Kitchener was Canada's ideal soldier, and the profound and explicit trust of Canada's soldiers in his ability to guide the Empire to victory in this great world war is evidence enough of their great love and respect for him. The great Field Marshal's tragic death came as a great blow to the Canadian Army in the field; and will fill every Officer N. C. O. and man with a new determination to completely crush the Hun, who is, after all, a low type of human being that were better totally exterminated.

Horatio Herbert, first Earl of Kitchener was, in 1914 appointed Minister of State for War after forty years strenuous work for the Empire. Born at Gunsborough Lodge, Co. Kerry, Ireland, on June 24th 1850, the son of Lt. Col. Henry Horatio Kitchener, of the 9th foot (now the Norfolk Regiment) and Francis, daughter of the Rev. John Chevallier, D.D. of Aspell Hall, Suffolk. The Kitcheners came from Hampshire, and the Chevalliers, (an old Huguenot family,) came from Jersey to Suffolk in the 17th century. His eldest brother Col. Henry Elliot Chevallier Kitchener, who succeeded to the Earldom, gained honours in Burma, and was transport officer of the Manipur Field Force.

Lord Kitchener received his education privately in Switzerland, France, and Germany and thus he became early acquainted with foreign languages. He entered the Royal Academy, Woolwich in 1868 and when the Franco-Prussian war broke out he volunteered for service in the 2nd Army of the Loire, and while in France, as the result of a balloon adventure, contracted pleurisy and had a severe illness. Returning to England he obtained a commission as Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers spending three years at Chatham and Aldershot. From 1874 to 1877 he was engaged in the work of surveying Western Palestine, later spending a short time in the Balkans following that by making a survey of Cyprus, and later becoming Vice-consul in Anatolia. During this period he gained mastery of Turkish and Arabic, and in 1882 assisted as an officer under Sir Evelyn Wood in building up the remnants of the Egyptian Army, and also served through the campaign of

1882 as major of the Egyptian Cavalry. After doing further important organizing work, he became engaged in negotiating with different Egyptian tribes (while Gordon was in Khartoum), travelling disguised as an Arab and always carrying a concealed phial of poison for his own use in case of necessity.

We next find him as Boundary Commissioner in Zanzibar, and from 1886 to 1888 he acted as Governor-General of the Red Sea littoral and commandant of Suakin, Egypt. At Handoub he narrowly escaped death from a bullet which wounded him in the jaw. He soon recovered however, and led the 1st Soudanese Brigade against the trenches at Gemaizeh, and the mounted troops at the battle of Toski. Brevetted a Colonel in 1889, he became Inspector General of Police, and Adjutant General of the Egyptian Army, and in 1892, with the temporary rank of Brigadier General he became Sirdar of Egypt. Then followed the occupation of Dongola, the Battle of Atbara and the final revenge of the death of Gordon by the brilliant victory at Omdurman, all carried out with the masterly patience and resourcefulness that has always characterized his work. For these feats of arms he received the thanks of Parliament, the G. C. B., a peerage, and a grant of thirty thousand pounds.

Lord Kitchener next displayed his abilities as a diplomat by his tact at the meeting of Major (now General) Marchand, at Fashoda, which averted a war between Great Britain and France. He also founded the Atbara Brigade and Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum.

From 1899 to 1902 he acted first as Chief of staff to Lord Roberts and later as Commander in Chief in South Africa, receiving a grant of fifty thousand pounds and an advancement in the peerage to the rank of Viscount with the title of Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, of the Vaal in the Transvaal, and of Aspell in the County of Suffolk. In 1902 he was gazetted a General.

From 1902-1909, Lord Kitchener was Commander-in-Chief in India where he rendered invaluable service to the Empire in succeeding, not only in re-organizing the Indian Army, but of abolishing the old system of mixed civil and military control, and in establishing a staff college at Quetta.

Created a Field Marshal in 1909 he came back from

India via, China, Japan, New Zealand and Australia (where he was consulted on Colonial defence) and the United States. His not visiting Canada was a matter of keen disappointment to Canadians, though just why he did not visit Canada at this time has never been explained. In 1911 he was appointed British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, and followed this appointment by being given the post of Inspector General of the Forces of the Mediterranean from which he resigned. In 1914 he was created an Earl.

His work at the War Office may, in a sense have been achieved—that splendid work of raising the Great New Armies of great Britain, but a National loss has been sustained in the removal of his personality, with all its traditions, glamour, and compelling force. We sorrow for a great soldier dead; but "On to Victory" is still our watchword impelling us to battle more sternly than ever against the foe who fights with all unclean things and shuns the manful combat in which Kitchener rejoiced.

**Kronicles of Ye Ancient and Honourable
1st B. C. Rifle-iers,**

(Continued)

46.—And on the third day they did leave for the wide seas in many lines; with ships of war of our Mother's Country on the right, and on the left; in front and in the rear; and the hearts of the henchmen and of the hirelings did gladden within them for they said one unto another "Soon shall we be in our Mother's Country" and did tell unto each other stories of cities that flowed with milk and honey and other wondrous liquids that cheer up the heart of man and bring to him strange visions.

47.—And after many days they did come to the land of Our Mother and sail into the Sound of Plymouth amidst the cheers of great multitudes.

(To be Continued)

About Nurses.

Dear Editor :

The next time a well meaning stretcher bearer tries to interrupt my groans by his cheerful "Buck up old man, think of the swell nurses you'll have buzzing around you in the morning". I shall either ignore him or present him with something which will be the direct cause of his being introduced to a bevy of these doctorettes.

I'm not kicking or anything like that, in fact, I honestly think they mean well; but after a man has served his King and Country faithfully for twenty-one months and finally reached that haven of rest, the Canadian General Hospital, he naturally expects a little peace and quietness.

But does he get it? No; most decidedly not. If the Sister isn't taking your temperature, she's taking your shirt; if it's a clean shirt she will purloin a sheet; and it is while she is juggling this from under you that her eagle eye will alight on the cosy hollow that your manly form has made in the mattress. She groans and seeks the assistance of an accomplice. A tug o'war follows, and your little nest is given place to an ice-berg. Even in the night time, the Sister will steal from her poky little desk, and if you so much as bat an eyelid she will pounce on you, thermometer in one hand and a glass of water and a pill in the other.

I am probably the very first person to discover the real cause of premature greyness which accompanies the nursing profession. Most people imagine that a nurse ages in appearance through seeing so many terrible wounds; but that is not the case. She sizes up a case as a shingle would a roof. He would say so many shingles, while she estimates in yards of gauze and bandages.

Now what really brings nurses to an early grave are the beds or cots, From sunny morn to dewy eve they tuck, stroke, massage and caress the beds. Their one ambition in life appears to be that of making a long row of beds look as though they contained no legs or bodies beneath the clothes; giving the heads and shoulders which rest on the pillows, the appearance of belonging to people who have had their bodies run over by a steam roller.

Just to show to what extent a nurse will go to get this desired effect in her ward, I might mention the case of a young fellow who used to have bed No. 11. He had a very bad leg which necessitated the instillation of a contrivance to support the weight of the bed clothes.

Struggle as they might, the Sisters could not get that bed down to the level of ours. We all expected something would happen sooner or later, and sure enough one cold clear dawn we noticed No. 11 missing. At the solemn hour of midnight he had been either kidnapped or spirited away. It is now freely rumoured around the ward that as a punishment for requiring a clothes support, No. 11 has been banished to England. Cruel world.

L/Cpl. maylor.

To Canadian Soldiers in the Field.

If any Canadian Soldier, having Canadian documents requiring legal attestation, is unable to have same attended to at the front, according to Canadian law, we would recommend him to send particulars of his difficulties to Lt. Col. J. Obed Smith, Canadian Government Office, 11-13 Charing Cross London, who will be very glad to advise and assist in any way possible, without charge.

Mentioned in despatches.

This publication is read by thousands of trained men in YOUR LINE. Do you ever realise it's wonderful advantages as a "get together" medium? Read the "Listening Post" as it is always out in Front".



Why is it that we don't hear much from the Bantams. Are the trenches too wet for them to "lay" in?

If C. S. M. — (1st Field Co. Engineers) is really a Musician or is he trying to work his ticket?

What has become of that frozen fish we heard so much about?

Did Sgt. Cassidy, 2nd Leinsters (no, not Michael V.C.) get the 10 pounds and the month's leave when he caught the spy (Sic). One of our bandsman would like to know.

OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL STORY**The Adventures of Ignatz Hump, Soldier and Batman too.**

By R ATHER RAWTEN.

It was a beautiful spring morning in Flanders, that is to say, it was merely drizzling and not raining with that silent persistence, that stern devotion to duty which characterises nearly everything connected with Flanders at the present time. The highway was barely ankle deep in mud, wherefore the soul of Ignatz Hump, the batman, sang within him, and as he trudged along the uneven cobbles he occasionally burst into melody, and "My little Wet Home in the Trench" floated on the air with surpassing sweetness and yet with that hint of nostalgia, that undercurrent of fatalism which is such a noticeable feature of trench songs.

Pte. Hump was not a particularly beautiful person according to peace time standards. He stood fully five feet three in height and was of the build called slight. His knees had an ineradicable affection for one another. His features were non-descript and greatly overlaid by freckles. His pompadour required pruning, or, in other words he needed a hair cut.

There were soup stains on his lapels, or there would have been had he had either soup or lapels. For the want of the later his tunic had suffered. He wore an officer's cast-off cap, a pair of dingy riding breeches, the gift of a fellow warrior of the A.S.C; puttees with the effect of ballet skirts, and large boots of one time tan colour which he inherited from a deceased comrade. Apart from his identification disc, an aluminium ring popularly supposed to have been made from a piece of shell, an Ingersoll wrist watch and a metal spoon stuck in the top of his puttee, he wore no other jewellery.

On the same morning, the one already mentioned, Pte. Hump didn't have the hump. He was happy. The comparative excellence of the weather was not wholly to blame for this. There were other reasons. The previous night he had been burning the midnight oil, or in actual fact the evening candle end, along with several other criminals. It had been "black-jack", and Pte Hump had held the bank for an unprecedented period. He had turned up black jacks and twenty-ones with uncanny regularity, not that Ignatz played unfairly. No indeed. He was the soul of honour when watched, but, as he said himself "He simply couldn't lose". Stung to madness by his unbroken success and his constant remarks that it was "Like taking candy from kids" his opponents plunged and plunged and plunged. Quite useless however, for Ignatz continued to annex the kale with almost monotonous regularity. His pockets gradually filled with crumpled heaps of five franc notes.

(To be continued.)



LACONIC

A young lady wrote to one of the boys recently asking in a very categorical way, his age, birthplace, middle name if any etc. Being pressed for time and unable to give the desired information on a field post card, he simply enclosed his birth certificate in a green envelope. Cute, eh? but hardly the way to encourage correspondence.

x x x

RETALIATION

The platoon was competing for a twenty franc prize for the most accurate bomb thrower. Just as the successful anarchist was pocketing the dibs, an unlucky competitor shouted to him, "How's chances for five?" "Nothing doing" was the report, "You wouldn't let me into your shell hole the night of the big scrap".

x x x

IT'S REAL WORTH

Opinions may vary as to the exact value of military training, but at least it makes a man an excellent judge of jam.

x x x

Why is the mess orderly's favorite song the "Watch on the Rind?"

x x x

Why is it the boys who used to spend most of the Government's money on milk and candy in the dear old B. C. days, grouse the loudest when the Sergeant-Major says "Short rum issue this morning boys".

x x x

The fellows who were on leave when the Daylight Saving Bill came into force have a unique Kick. They lost an hour's leave by the putting forward of the time.

x x x

"I've got a fine job now" says Kelly, wiping his moustache with the Transport goat, "Head waiter in the Corporals mess".

x x x

It was a low part of the trench, and a dangerous part of the "tall slim gentleman" was projecting over the parapet. "Pass the word to that man to keep low" came the order. "Pass the word that Quiney's knees are well protected" was the answer.

x x x

We have heard from Mulligan (John). He seems to have got in an awful stew. (There, we will say no more.)

x x x

Mlle. Poperinghe (our estaminet barmaid) "What you rather have in a Madame, beauty or compree—what you call it, brains?"

Pte. Kamloops: Neither; I'd sooner have you, Dear Epre".

x x x

Every Spring needs a shock absorber.

x x x

Don't WISH for a position, advertise for one in the "Listening Post"—in fact like a Vancouver street car, there's always room for a few more at the "front".

Hints for War Brides.

1. Obtaining a War Husband.

Take one large soldier—preferably Canadian or Australian as they are much more tractable—smile sweetly until he blushes with confusion, then seize him by the left elbow and guide him gently but firmly home to tea. Gag him with a piece of mother's home-made cake and whilst he is struggling with that, obtain the help of your young brothers and old maid sisters and tie him securely to a chair (mother's apron strings will be found useful for this).

Standing in front of the now helpless victim, make a swift passing of the hands, at the same time fixing him with a baleful left eye and repeat slowly, and in even tone, the magic formula "He loves me, he loves me not"; until the victim passes away into a state of hypnotic coma. Procure a minister and have him read over the marriage service until he gets to the passage "Wilt thou have this etc.". It is advisable to pause a while here and wait until the victim recovers. As soon as he opens his eyes papa will whisper in his ear "Will you have a drink", and on the victim eagerly exclaiming "I will", the minister will continue the service. After untying him the rest of the family will retire from the parlour and you spend the rest of a blissful evening explaining how much cheaper you can furnish a house at the "Midland".

2. Discipline.

a. After obtaining a war husband, do not allow him to go out for the first week without an escort, as some have been known to be in such a bewildered state during this time that they have forgotten their home address and have been unable to return.

b. Always insist that he gets up at "reveille", lights the fire and cooks the breakfast—it keeps him in training for the trenches—and, incidentally, enables you to have that extra hours snooze you always longed for.

c. Make him attend to your orders "without hesitation or remark". He will get into the habit of doing this, eventually, if he values peace and quietness, but it is just as well to start him right.

d. See that he always "salutes" properly, but don't let him practice on your "flapper" sister—"it ain't wise".

e. Practice squad drill "with intervals" and "skirmishing" frequently—he likes it all the better when you "close up" to him.

f. Don't mind him being all "attention" when you have girl friend visitors; but don't allow him to "present arms".

g. Give him a short "working party" each morning; he'll appreciate it—maybe.

h. Allow him to smoke in moderation; but if you want to live the day out don't let him light an "Arf a Mo' or Kitchener" cigarette.

i. Open warfare should be avoided except "enveloping tactics and encircling movements".

j. Don't "parade" him unnecessarily—it isn't done in the best of circles—really.

k. Don't place all "Estaminets out of bounds" to him—his only human.

3. Rations.

"Bread and cheese and kisses" are usually considered sufficient for the first week by civilians, but owing to the generous issue of cheese in the army, it is better to cut out this item and give a double issue of kisses,

4. Rum Issue.

This should be handled with greatest care—a half issue should be sufficient for the first week as he will naturally be in a high state of mental exhilaration—a double issue should always be given when your mother is going to visit you; when you are going to demand money for a new hat, or at any other such critical times.

5. Passes.

Permanent all night passes should be stopped immediately you have secured him. Short passes for the purpose

of visiting "Picture shows" the National Portrait Gallery or the Zoo may be granted sparingly—Saturday afternoon passes to the River at Richmond or Hendon should be firmly refused.

6. Pay.

This demands most careful attention—a mutual banking account is usually found to be the easiest way with an equal division of work and responsibility. In the majority of families this desirable arrangement is obtained by the husband depositing the money and the wife drawing it out. Needless to add, this simple system of financing the home has been most deservedly popular—with the wives.

7. General.

If you find the experiment is not a success don't fly to divorce. It is much easier these times to explain to him how you would just love to read of him having captured a trench full of Germans single handed and how you will idolize him when he returns with a V. C., and then persuade him to return to France—and when the casualty list records him "Killed in Action", try again.

8. Final, and not by any means the least important hint; take "Punch's" advice to those about to marry and—don't.

(I know you won't take notice of this last hint, but I had to put it in so that sometime in the dim and distant future I can say "I told you so".

Dedicated to the—(Censor)—, A/Adj. to the 1st Moaners Battalion, and greatest living authority on the subject.

Did ever you hear of the poor moaning man,
Who's built on the grumbling and all grousing plan,
Who murmurs strange oaths from each early dawn,
And continues complaining in tones all forelorn.
Till night closes in and slumber prevails,
This poor moaning mortal his fate e'er bewails.

We have such a man in our number eight
Whose troubles and trials, I'll try to relate.
He'd moan at the stars, he'd moan at the moon,
He'd moan at the lasses when out for a spoon.
He'd moan at his breakfast because 'twas hot,
He'd moan at his dinner because it was not;
He'd moan at the Sergeants and wish them in H-1
And if they should get there, he'd moan just as well.

He'd moan at the mud and he'd moan at the dust,
He'd moan at his rifle and leave it to rust,
He'd grouse at the Germans and fume at the French,
And mumble his curse on mortar or trench.
He'd moan at the horses, the wagons, the goat,
He'd moan at his harness, his boots or his coat.
But one thing gave rise to no little surprise
When he moaned at the cook house about the chef's pies.

He'd moan at a private, a sergeant or sub,
He'd moan upon entering a popular pub,
His comrades were stupid, or noisey, or dumb,
He'd moan if they had or had not some rum.
Never, I ween has this wicked world seen,
So morbid a moaner or kicker so keen.

It came to the ears of Headquarters at last
And a major they made him (promotion is fast),
But he moaned all the more—far worse than before.

So they dubbed him a martyr till after the war,
And gave him the run of the Q.M. Store,
With a team of rare moaners with grievances sore,
A batman or two who had nought else to do
But sit still and grouse at their duties so few;
The pick of the Moaners Battalion were they,
For they mumbled all night and they grumbled all day.
But nobody seemed one penny the worse
Except the poor readers of this wretched verse,
And so when he quits this weary old earth,
Be sure he will haunt us in trouble or mirth.
His shadow will murmur when we tell the tale,
'Of how we fought Germans and drank Belgian ale.

G. J. G., No. 8 Co., Divl. Train.

Seventh Battalion Concert.

The evening opened with pyrotechnics from the moving picture machine, and after the riot had subsided, and two or three unbefriended privates had been pried off the fire-escape, we sat down to wait the turning on of the "juice". The engine stuttered and groused, but finally took the order and showed intermittent snatches of "Charlie the Champion" which were quite good in places. During the dynamo's first rest, Cpl. Woolworth did a disrobing act in the wings (oh, it was perfectly all right. He had his "Vpres" ring on) and gave us "Gunga Din" very acceptably.

By this time, with the help of mud, mucilage, and strong speech, "George" had induced the engine to resume, and we followed the fortunes of "Charlie" for an indefinite period. Finally the gas contraction came to grief, and "George" wakened up wearily and gave it another peppermint. While "George" and the engine were discussing things at intervals, a variety of artists toed the mark; Mr. Allan with violin music, Corp. McVie in his inimitable impersonation of a drunk drygoods salesman, peddling a pink silk under-skirt to a blind squaw. Blushing coyly, Bandsman Braybrook gave us his masterpiece "I've had some so I know", with appropriate gestures and "alarums and excursions" from the band. "George" and the gas outfit had by this time made it up, but under the cover of a white flag, the machine showed two or three lines of a well known hymn, a sketch of wooden side-walk, badly blurred, then straffed fiercely, sighed thrice, turned over once and gave up the ghost.

Capt. Paterson, who until that time had presided with perfect propriety, called for a little purple music and two officers, and plunged recklessly into an exposition of hypnosis-s-s, which, although inaudible for the most part was very learned, doubtless-s-s. His remarks on the subject of Black Art were more generally understood and appreciated.

There were other artists and other "turns", and then there was the "froth" of course for those whose stratigical position permitted of an out flanking movement on the orderlies.

The evening closed with the usual observances.

A Request.

Spare us now, oh senior Sappers,
For no war time stuff we yearn;
Save those tales for wide eyed flappers
When to Blighty you return.

Long ago we heard the the story,
Know we well the classic tale;
Slings not time worn tale of glory,
Tie them down till home we sail.

Tell us not of blood stained "Wipers"
Days of slaughter, nights of tears,
Gas and shells, and bombs and snipers,
Out to kill the engineers.

For a day still lies before us,
When at last the big drive starts;
All war's hounds of Hell in chorus,
Testing then, all human hearts.

Sapper Smith,
2nd Field Co. C. E.

Mentioned in Despatches.

With this issue we bid farewell to our News Editor who has been with us so long—in fact his wit and humour has been making us laugh since the birth of the "Listening Post", almost a year ago.

L/Cpl. Henry Maylor, who, we are sorry to say has been invalided to "Blighty" with blood poison from a slip on a wet bath mat in the trenches and a fall on his elbow which eventually caused a swelling of his arm and gradually turned to blood poison. He has since under gone an operation, and we are glad to report that he is now out of danger. While L/Cpl. Maylor has been compelled to sever his official connection with the paper, I have his promise "to send us some dope" from time to time. We wish him a rapid recovery and hope he will soon be back with us again.

And also we introduce the new News Editor, Fte. J. W. Campbell—being a Scotch name (by the way he is not the first Scotchman we have had to worry with on our staff) it is, as are all Scotch names "something to juggle with" (no I didn't say "gurgle"; he's teetotal), and we are sure that he will dig us up all the news and jokes etc., in the part of the country we happen to be connected with—we tender him a hearty welcome and offer our assistance towards success.

Experiences of a Manchester Recruiting Canvasser.

(Continued)

At another house a man with a cork leg intimidated his willingness to go if someone could supply him with a sound leg in place of the one he left behind him in the South African Campaign. Amongst the large number of cases



"GIVE ME A NEW LEG."

that I visited, there was one unmarried man that might rightly be described as the real thing in "slackers". He wanted a job as good as the one he had—"Five bob a day and no rifle to carry, that's me". Those were his terms. The example of our Colonial kinsman was quoted, and a strong appeal made to his sense of duty as a son of the Empire, but without effect. Not wishing to leave him without a piece of my mind I hinted that after all Lord Kitchener did not want men who were afraid. "What" he replied, "me afraid. Why damn it man, I risk my life everyday—I'm a steeple-jack".

The conscript class to which steeple-jack belongs having now been called up, he must, of necessity, be with the colours, but let us hope not at "Five bob a day, and without a rifle".

Finis

J. L. HOLIDAY.

How to become a successful sentry.

First spend several years as a footman or butler in one of the homes of the aristocracy to obtain the necessary immobility of feature and statuesque aloofness of attitude. Study carefully the art of close scrutiny without appearing to observe. Learn to eavesdrop without self consciousness or any hint of curiosity. As physical poise and control are absolutely essential at all times, neither drink nor smoke, but slip your cigarettes and rum issue to our News Editor, who, although he doesn't drink, has thirsty friends. Study deeply and earnestly the arts of elocution and lip movement. Cultivate the science of ventriloquism, for by means

of these no mademoiselle will be able to pass without being aware of your presence, your past, and your hopes of the future. A complete knowledge of stage movement is also most desirable, for you will then be able to convey, by the shrug of the shoulder and the tender sigh, that your's is a blighted life and a broken heart, and by the lift of an eyebrow that with the advent of the particular mademoiselle in sight, hope has once more dawned for you.

Being a sentry and therefore forbidden conversation except in your tour of duty, to speak French is out of the question, but in your off hours you are free to take such liberties with the local language as may appeal to you—and mademoiselle. Never talk "Chinook" to the dear, down-trodden people of Belgium. They don't understand much of it, and they resent being treated like children. Give them the real straight-goods English, or as much of it as your training will permit. All good sentries drop their aitches, so in the face of your own personal likes and dislikes drop them and keep dropping them no matter how it hurts.

Saluting will form the greater part of your days work, therefore learn to stand at attention, salute at the slope and present arms, not merely with bare efficiency called for in the military text books, but with the flexibility of wrist, the stiffness of back bone, the unerring judgement of time that marks the master saluter. For officers of the higher command, the mere "present" seems a little meagre, a trifle insufficient. You may accordingly bring "kudos" to yourself and honour to your regiment by adding a few movements of the bayonet exercise. This will infallibly have the effect of bringing you before the notice of the "powers" although discretion and extreme tact must be employed in the use of this embroidery of the manual.

If you have a Brigadier or Major-General to work upon, let him have it with all the snap and go in you, and as he returns your salute, he will say to himself "There's a soldier with a soul, there's something more than a mere regimental number, and little round disc of tin, there's a person with personality, there's an individual with initiative". Result—cushy job—bright buttons—eggs for breakfast—bed to sleep in.

At night redouble your efforts and in addition, practice incessantly the power of falling asleep while leaning against the barn wall as if about to spring to the "on guard". Halt all persons bearing mess tins with froth on the top and demand the countersign, and having obtained this, hand the empty tin back again. It is desirable, in the interests of strict discipline, that you become able to suck a snifter of stout, smoothly, swiftly, and silently from a mess tin without rusting your rifle or spattering your puttees, and also you owe it to your regiment that there be no excessive drinking amongst the men under your charge. To that end sacrifice yourself to almost any extent.

You may smoke, (if you must), if you can without showing a light, and should an officer complain of the smell, blame it on the barn refuse, but above all never be found out.

In the cold grey dawn you will have few opportunities for relaxation, but there are always possibilities open to the enterprising and inventive mind. If you can engineer a fight between the watch dog and mademoiselle's pet goat you will have accomplished what almost every night sentry has thirsted to achieve since Mons, and for the most part failed. Hens are always worth while watching, so if you see a hen with a preoccupied look and an anatomy beginning to bulge, sleuth with all your might. You never know what you may pick up.

Do all these things my son, and so shall your face shine with fatness and your days pass in peace and plenty, and in time you may become the perfect sentry.

THE 10TH BATTALION'S PAGE

Who was the N.C.O. of the Tenth who purchased Keating's for pepper at the Ex. Force Canteen, and used same on his tin of salmon the next day?

x x x

Is there a fellow in the outfit who can "Hog tie" a bull and throw him at thirty paces with a grass lasso, from the back of a horse who knows the tricks of the trade.

x x x

Why is it you cannot purchase candles at the E. F. C., B----- Ask the S. M., he knows.

x x x

Eva had a No. 3 Field Ambulance "cocktail".

x x x

Now then you "Pat Burns" croud, here's one for you. Can you ride a horse who can buck jump, sun fish, swap ends, and side step at the same time, with the universal saddle?

x x x

Overheard at the C. A. V. C.

"Say Bill, what's the matter?"

"Oh, my S. M. made me sit up all night and hold my horse's HAND".

x x x

Did you ever hear of the despatch rider to Divl. H. Q. Signalling Section, who rode into the German lines on his motor bike and blew up a trench with his tyre pump?

x x x

How did the fellow feel in No. 2 Platoon, who when sent for a supply of bombs, got mixed up in an inoculation party, and despite his statement to the M. O. had a second dose?

Dame Rumour.

Dame Fortune is a fickle jade,

One never knows her humour,

But for one worse, I'm sore afraid

That one must seek Dame Rumour.

Each prank she plays with merry jest,

Nor is she known to tarry;

Her latest, deals with six weeks rest

At gay Patee—or—Calais.

But when she whispers in your ear

"'Tis true"—pay no attention,

For many a tale she's told this year,

Too numerous to mention.

Remember all, when tales absurd,

So many are deceiving,

Take good advice, think o'er each word,

"That seeing is believing".

Jeordie.

Sanitary Section.

Is it true Robbie you are getting the D.C.M. for devotion to duty?

x x x

SAMMY who got the tin of beans sent by the Christian Science?

x x x

Does a sniper snipe in the front line or is it cigarette snipes they look for in the mornings?

C Company notes.

And the band is still sober!

x x x

It is rumoured that the croud of C Co. N. C. O's who went to ----- on the 22nd of May did not find what they were after, what can they expect for a franc anyway?

x x x

An awful calamity happened last week. The sanitary boss was absent from canteen parade. He must have been sick.

We are tickled to death with the support we have been getting of late from the boys of the battalion towards making this page of ours a success.

Stick to it boys, your doing fine (we don't think).

x x x

We think it awfully unkind of the dear girls from Al-trincham not to unite.

x x x

Bugle Band, Bugle Band

How we love our Bugle Band;

For reveille we get retreat

And reveille when it's time to eat,

Every night when we try to sleep,

Outside our shack they stand,

Trying all they can to get lights out.

Will someone KILL that Band!

x x x

The cooks will be pleased to know the cattle now have four legs.

x z x

Good old cooks, look out there's a big shipment of Sunlight Soap on the way.

x x x

Did any of you fellows see that picture the other day in the "Daily Mirror" of what was supposed to be a Canadian Soldier (somewhere in England). "Oh you bomb proof job", carrying four boxes of ammunition strapped to his back all the same Foley, Welsh and Stewart ticking it to Tete Jeane Cache. We presume the cases were empty ones otherwise we would like to know who the Guy was that was pulling the photographer's leg.

Now don't any of you fellows try to pull off any of these stunts.

x x x

A bomb for a bomb.

The Zepilins have ravaged far

And harried civic folks,

And slew the unoffending babe

Who lies at mercy of their bolts.

We cannot stop them coming here

Then why not bomb for bomb?

The powers must take action,

We'll stand this not for long.

The Germans have depraved the laws

Of fighting fair and square,

Then why not hit them harder back,

For we can do our share?

The Sepoys many years ago,

Paid for their folly ample,

Then why not serve the Hun the same

And make him an example?

This sort of thing has gone too far,

Humanity has failed;

The Germans still from heights above,

Defenceless towns assail.

Bomb their towns and cities all,

Let all our murdered dead

Be mercilessly avenged

And doubled on their head.

Let bomb for bomb be our watchword,

It is the only way,

For every raid upon our shores

We will three-fold repay.

C. W. Harris age 15, brother of
Sniper Harris.

HOW THE L. P. READERS CAN STOP WASTE.

Serious waste is caused by the casual purchase of newspapers, for the newsie never knows how many copies to order. L. P. readers who do not have their copy left at their dug-outs, should ask "Susie" to receive a copy.

x x x

How many Belgium Mademoiselles have accepted the invitation to go to Canada "after the war?"

A word about our contemporaries.

Foremost amongst these, stands the "Forty Niner". It is issued by the 49th Canadian Battalion, and contains a wealth of good clean Regimental humour, and is a credit to the Editors. The last issue was the "Birthday" number and is now out of print. We hear there is another number on the way from the press, and if you wish to secure a real good souvenir, we advise you to order a copy now, as there won't be nearly enough to go round.

We have also received a copy of the third issue of the "Brazil". Like our own, it is now a family paper; that is, the whole Brigade are in on it. Commencing this issue, there will be a series of photographs showing each company and detail. This feature makes the paper very valuable as a souvenir for home and could we get permission to use a camera, we should not be a bit backward in taking a leaf from their book.

One of the least known but never-the-less one of the most interesting journals is the "Trench Echo", published by the 27th Canadian Battalion. It is profusely illustrated and is chuck full of active service jokes, stories and poems. This clever little paper is not for sale, the expence of producing it being borne by the officers; each man receiving four copies. We hope before long to see it on the market when we can buy a few.

And now we come to our latest Canadian Army Newspaper Cousin, the N. Y. D. published by one, two and three Canadian Field Ambulances, incorporating into one exceedingly interesting journal the "Iodine Chronicle", "Splint Record" and "Now and Then". We were just on the point of giving away the mysterious meaning of the three letters, "N. Y. D.", which constitutes the name of this interesting journal, but on second thought we won't and I'm going to leave it to the readers of the "Listening Post" to guess the meaning; if those who think they have guessed correctly will send in their answer to Editor of the L.P., they will appear in print for the instruction of our less fortunate readers.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A REAL SOLDIER.

(Continued)

Tuesday Haven't heard anything more about yesterday's Brigadier incident. If our interview pained him or caused him to loose any sleep, he's only got himself to blame. If I was a Brigadier, this is the last place I'd ever dream of nosing into, even the rats are deserting it. Supposing he got taken prisoner? They'd probably blame me for it.

Wednesday I read in the papers that this little business of keeping the Fritzes from hoisting a statue of "Willyum" to the top of the Eifel tower, is costing us from three to five million pounds per day. I think it cost twice as much yesterday, just because I shouted four little words "Stand to" and "Rapid fire". When I realize that somewhere in one of those millions, there are five pounds of my money invested, and what my officer called me for getting his "Wind up", I wish I had been more careful. The Fritzes were there all right, in fact they are there yet, but four Fritzes with four rolls of wire are not considered sufficient reason to start a three mile "Rapid fire".

Thursday Some fellows, who like myself, have given up hopes of ever getting their second leave, would call that fellow who got wounded yesterday, lucky. But I'm sure that I'd not care to be wounded in the

(To be Continued.)

Answers to Correspondents.

Anxious. There is no truth in the rumour that there will be an issue of "Monkey Brand" for cleaning messstins, so if you have been diligently putting off the day of reckoning, you'd better find a shell-hole and get busy.

Enquirer. The water bottle smile is a beautific beam not bred on water. To obtain, tilt to an angle of 45 degrees. One long and two short.

Perplexed. Most certainly a "Lance jack" is a Non Commissioned Officer.

Desperate. Thank you for confiding in me so fully. Since your girl has thrown you over and you have nothing left to live for, why not volunteer for the next bombing stunt? She'll be sorry then.

**WHAT YOU SEE IN THE WAR ZONE.
DRAWN BY A 'BOMBER'**

