

THE LISTENING POST



6th Duke of Connaught's Rifles 11th Irish Fusiliers 88th Victoria Fusiliers
4th Rocky Mountain Rangers 6th New Westminster Fus. West Kootenay Rifles
Reinforcing - Battalions - 11th 30th 47th



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

No 12 BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE, MAR. 15, 1916. Price 1d.

Our Weekly Cinema Film.

Time: New Years Eve 1956. Place: Somewhere in France.

Act 1 Scene 1 (Rest Billets.)

Officer Commanding strokes his flowing beard and inspects his troops from his bath chair. Pte. Davis, 84 last jam issue, is up for orderly room for malingering. The evidence being that whilst on parade he did shake a child's rattle too vigorously for a man who was paraded sick with rheumatism. He gets five days fatigue which will include the job of assisting his older comrades to hook themselves to the parapet at "stand to". The Sgt. Major then hobbles up and the "boys" are ordered to fill milk bottles and proceed to trenches.

A waggon follows up in order to pick up the troops who fall out on the line of "stagger".

Scene 2 (Two days later.)

The front line is taken over and the message "Pass the word to dye whiskers" is passed along. Pte. Davis is again in trouble; having lost his hair dye, he is caught in the act of rubbing a sooty mess tin over his silvery beard.

Two active young men of 65 and 68 respectively are ordered to assist Cpl. Babcock over the parapet so that he may proceed to the listening post. He takes 500 copies of "Listening Post" (No. 4000, Vol. 25) to distribute amongst enemy. His smock and beard become entangled in the barbed wire, the Germans knowing that he has got the papers and hearing his feeble cries for help hasten to his assistance. They are so interested in the golden columns that they forget to pay their usual two sausages in exchange. They also forget to unentangle Cpl. Babcock. A message is sent to Divisional Headquarters for advice with regard to extricating a man from barbed wire. Two days later the reply comes "Sprinkle the man and surrounding country with Boot's powder until the man sneezes himself loose." This has good results and Cpl. Babcock sneezes himself back into our trench. He alights on top of Sgt. Ramage and is immediately arrested on two charges. First, for absenting himself for 48 hours whilst his battalion is in the trenches, secondly for doing greivous bodily harm to a superior officer. There is a noise like rapid fire, this is caused by the cracking of the mens bones as they twist themselves in order to look at the prisoner. Still weeping he soaks up the tears with the moss from his back. At the court martial he is sentenced to be sent to England for the duration of the war and six months after. He is then to have a commission thrust upon him. The scene closes with the dawn when the Brigadier General is seen to take a fountain pen filler from his pocket and issue five drops of S. R. D. to the troops.

Scene 3 Act 2 (next week)

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(To be continued next issue.)

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

(Continued)

12.—And again the O. C. looked around him that he might find another to assist him, for his men were many and did need much training, and numbered nigh unto sixty score. And he looked long upon the face of one of his henchmen; for behold it was a large face; and round and pink like unto a little child's. His stature was of many cubits high and many broad and his paunch like unto that of a good living man, and he had gained high honour in the King's service and fought valiantly in many battles against the peoples of the yellow face; and had dwelt long amongst the peoples of the sun country whose faces are dark like unto Satan's and whose hair is long like a women, and tied round with much cloth. And the O. C. said unto him; "Thou art indeed an imposing figure and thy tales are many and wondrous; therefore, I will make thee to be known as the junoir of my majors; and that men may know thee thou too shalt wear a crown of gilt upon thy shoulder."

13.—And the screeds and parchments did multiply exceedingly, and the O. C. was sorely troubled, and said unto himself; "I must appoint me a chief scribe, who shall watch my many scribes; and shall prepare and keep my parchments and kronicles, that our childrens' children may learn thereof. And there came unto him a warrior, bold and of amazing courage (yet withal learned in the art of letters) who had kept the King's peace in many strange lands. A man who wore upon his breast the trophies of many battles with wild and savage peoples, and who when exceedingly vexed did swear many strange oaths. And the O. C. did say unto him, "I will make thee my chief scribe and thou shalt speak unto my hirelings as with my voice, and thou shalt hear of their murmurs that my rest be not disturbed, and thou shalt keep the rolls of my guards and duties and of the parties that labour; that I may rest awhile and sleep in peace. And thou shalt be known to all men as my 'Adjutant' and shall sit on my left hand in my Courts of Justice and shall wear, that all men may know thee, three stars as of the heavens upon each sleeve and the spurs of silver upon thy heels."

14.—And it came to pass that many of the band became sick and in grievous pain, and the O. C. called together his band and said unto them; "Any of ye that are gentle as a woman and skilled in the herbs that cure the sicknesses, come forth, for I am in sore need of a medicine-man."

(To be Continued)



Just now is a critical time in our Empire. We have reached the crisis. We are, as it were, at the parting of the ways, and we, the people of the British Empire, must choose. We have sent our willing voluntary armies out, they have fought fair and gallantly in opposition to an enemy who has stooped to use the basest methods of warfare, an enemy who is organised to the very last detail as a war machine. We are, as I said at the parting of the ways, and the way we must choose as champions of the oppressed and down trodden, and yes, for the protection of our own hearth and homes is clear. We must become, for the time being, also a military machine. We must organize every available man in the Empire from the oldest to the youngest. Let there be no mistake or misunderstanding. Let no party of cranks of any description brook the onward march over the clear path of DUTY. As an Empire, we must organize—meet fire with fire—gas with gas—and ORGANIZATION with ORGANIZATION. It is the only way, and hesitation to get down to clear business in this matter of war is little short, indeed it really is MURDER. Every man in the British Empire must organize. Many many thousands of young men are still available for armies. Many that have been rejected as unfit for military work, may become hardy and valuable soldiers if provided with the proper training and physical culture. Many who cannot, by training, overcome physical defects barring them from the army, will still be useful for commercial pursuits and for the manufacture of munitions of war. And yes, we must not forget, too, the thousands of women who are anxious to do work that will release a man for the business of war, and they are efficient, too, these women of ours, and if given a chance will help us win hands down. Let our parliamentarians cut out speech reading. When one is reading a speech one cannot see beyond the paper—let us abolish petty rules and get down to the business of WAR—let us ORGANIZE.

We are proud of Canada! We have just cause to be proud; It has been decided to increase Canada's fighting force to 500,000 men. The young men of Canada, we are sure, will nobly support this decision, by making the big sacrifice that is the right and privilege of every Empire born citizen.

We have been favoured with current copies of "Now and Then", published by No. 3 Canadian Ambulance, 1st Can. Division, and the "Twentieth Gazette", published by the 20th Can. Battalion, 2nd Can. Division, and the "Forty Niner" of the 49th Can. Battalion, 3rd Can. Division. These publications are a credit alike to the units which publish them and to the Canadian Division to which they belong.

Our Exchange Column.

The following advertisement appears in a Vancouver paper.

"Two young men, 27 and 28, would like to meet two Old Country girls, object matrimony. One worth 4,000 dollars." Box 869 Province.

THE LISTENING POST

may now be procured from the following agents who have been appointed to make it convenient for all our present readers to obtain their copies regularly:

LONDON, ENG., 392 Strand, W. C.

IN FIELD Canteens of

5th, 7th, 8th and 10th Battalions, Canadians

Ex. Force Canteens at

BAILLEUL and ROMARIN

SOLDIERS INSTITUTE AT BAILLEUL

Y. M. C. A. 1st CAN. INF. BDE.

We would like to offer some very wholesome advice to these two "gallants." Join the Canadian Overseas Forces, and come to England, where they will find a very fine assortment of pretty, marriageable girls. Take it from me, there are some very nice ones left yet.

We would like to draw the attention of our esteemed comrade-in-arms, Tony Bell, whose ad. appeared in the "Listening Post" of Nov. 25th, that in the same Vancouver paper, there are two parties of the opposite sex looking for kindred souls. One is worth 20,000 dollars and the other, a widow, 30,000 dollars. If our advice is of any use to you Tony, we suggest the widow; not because she is worth more money, because, where love is concerned worldly possessions do not count; at least that is what the poets tell us. Personally, a little coin helps. Someone took a chance on her looks and married her, so she may pass in a crowd. It will also relieve you of the necessity of pleading a lodge meeting, or a late night at the office, when she asks you to take her to the neighbours dance.

We learn from a Toronto paper, that there is a movement on foot to have all the girls salute the soldiers who have returned from the front. That will be nice. Come on you fellows who are still undecided about joining. Won't you feel rotten to see your best girl salute all the soldiers' and pass you up?

Encycloedia of Military Terms

(Continued)

Barbed Wire—Someone has written that this was invented by Mephisto. After what we have heard about him it is surprising that he should invent anything of such an affectionate and "clinging" nature. At the front it is used for giving an artistic finish to a trench. No trench is complete without it. It is planted at night in order that the artillery may plough it up in the morning: A good crop of barbed wire has been known to prevent opposing armies from arguing the "point". When a soldier gets tangled up in it he says things which are not taught at school. This may be the reason why the Padre never goes on a wiving party or leads an attack.

Billet. On active service, a billet may be anything from a shed to a chateau. Usually the former. When troops are to be moved from one part of the front to another, a billeting party is sent in advance. These men receive explicit instructions to locate the most draughty and leaky barns in the country. At this they are experts. The generous hearted farmers then inform their cattle and pigs that they must be very polite and wipe their feet before walking over a brave soldier's blankets. He also gives the hens and chickens warning not to lay eggs where a soldier may crush them. The farmer's wife then pours a jug of beer into a barrel of water, his daughters practice a "No compres" smile and everything is ready for the reception of the "Soldat Canadien".

Bivvie. See dug-out next week's issue of L. P.

Bugle. Except in a band, this instrument of torture is seldom used on active service. There are only three popular bugle calls, "No parade to-day", "Come to the-cook house door boys" and "Letters from sister Sue". The bugler who sounds "Reveille" at 5.30 on a cold morning has no friends, although he is often presented with anything nearest to hand.

Bathing This parade is held in order to separate a soldier *pearad.* from his shirt (and several other things too numerous to mention, or count).

Bayonet. This is the business end of a rifle; it has many uses both in and out of the trenches. A few inches of this joy prong placed through the clothing of a Hun will convince him that he is not "Uber Alles".

Boche. This is the French word for Allemande or German soldier. In English it is spelt and pronounced "Bosh". The English meaning is very appropriate.

Bombs. These are good things to keep away from. That is if the other fellow has them. For cleaning up a bivvie full of Boshes (see above) a bomb is better than a bayonet.

Biscuit. The military biscuit "takes the biscuit". On active service biscuits are used by the troops to sharpen their teeth on, to write home on, or (when pulverized) to make puddings of. After the war they will be used for making roads, feeding crocodiles, or shooting at mad elephants.

Bully or Corned beef. The Government issues this when they wish to convince a hungry soldier he is not hungry. It is served under many disguises. It may be boiled, baked, fried, stewed or scrambled. A candidate for a cooks job must pass the bully beef test. When he can make bully taste like an omelete he is called a "chef". If he fails he is called something else.

(To be continued.)

Mentioned in despatches

We are in receipt of a letter from the Secretary of the "Ancient and Honourable Order of Prevaricators of the Truth", asking that names of picked men in this battalion be forwarded, as it is the intention of the Order to make these men honorary members. The Editor will be pleased to receive the names of any men who are qualified to join this Ancient Order. A written statement must be sent with the man's name giving the reasons why the man would be a suitable member.

The Editorial Staff has unanimously decided to recommend L. Cpl. H. Maylor, the News Editor, the reason being some of his articles in the Listening Post.

Herewith is a short outline of the Order. It was founded by one Anannias, in the year 43 B. C., who was afterwards made High Priest, being the highest degree, conferred by this Order. This Order has been handed down through the different ages, its membership being several millions. Amongst some of the greatest High Priests was George Washington, an able American. The present High Priest is Kaiser Wilhelm Hoenzollern.

Note:—The Editorial Staff has been increased by two, in anticipation of the large number of names which will be submitted from this battalion. Ed.

It has been brought to our notice that some of our N. C. Os. shirk their duty and do not have sufficient authority over the men. Of course we know that the Sgts. and Cpls. are up to their work, but the L/Cpls. could certainly be improved. One instance we must relate. A certain L/Cpl. in charge of a number of men share a portion of a hut, the

other portion is taken up by the R.S.M. One dark and stormy night, a man, (excuse me) a batman came into this hut feeling a little under the weather, and inclined to run this war on his own principles. The L/Cpl. lay on his bed, and did not say a word, while a sonorous voice from the R.S.M.'s quarters said, "Make less noise there". The guilty one went to bed without replying, and the poor L. Cpl. saw what an opportunity he had missed to show his authority, and we hope that in the future he will be able to keep the men under him well in hand.

The controversy about the "Fokker" aeroplanes and the superiority of the air in general could be easily settled if the dissenting parties would only pay a visit to the Canadian front. Here they will see the very latest type of planes including the famous Bradbury aeroplane. This famous plane when pursued by enemy machines, throws out barbed wire entanglements so fast that if the enemy pilot is not on the alert his machine becomes hung up in the wire and he is in danger of starving to death.

Pte. Freeman has his fortune told.

You fellows can say what you like, but there is something in this 'ere fortune tellin'. My two 'cousins', one's 20 and the other 22, asked me to take them down to a place they know of where a real live Gypsy was tellin' everything for five shillings each person. As soon as I spotted her I knew she was a real live Gypsy. She had big shiny black ear rings, big shiny black eyes, big shiny black curls, an' a big black cat.

The two girls had theirs told first, but I don't just know what's goin' to happen to 'em cos the Gypsy told 'em, that if they only so much as whispered it to anybody the 'spell' would be broke, an' she trembled to think of the terrible consequences. Anyway when my turn came the Gypsy told me to "Quick march, left turn, stand easy." I was glad she told me to keep my hat on as I was a bit scared of losing my badge. She shuffled a deck of cards and told me to cut 'em. Then she dealt herself a pretty good poker hand and when I told her to discard a 'seven' and draw to a 'straight', she told me to shut up or she couldn't promise good results. She arranged the cards and says "What will you have?" I says "I'm glad you mentioned it, lets all have a little drink." I walked towards the door to ask the girls, but the fortune teller hollers "No! No! I mean what do you want me to tell you?" I says, "The truth, the whole truth, an' nothin' but the truth, s'welp me." She got kind a 'sore then, an' says, "Do you want the past, present, or future?" "Well" I says, "It's like this missus, I know my past, although I don't 'blow about it', and the present looks pretty good while I'm on leave, an' unless you can guarantee the war will soon be over, I guess there aint no future to be told." Then she looks through a glass ball and said the future looked like a garden of roses. I told her to try her best to make it a beer garden instead, an' I'd have the whole works told. She said it was hard on her system to tell all three, an' she'd have to charge me 15 shillings. I told her to go to it, an' believe me fellows it was worth it. She holds up this 'ere crystal with one 'and an' starts to play a sort 'of solitaire game with the other. She says, "I see mountains an' trees, a long, long, line." She got kind a stuck here so I says, "C. P. R." "No! No!" she says, "They are soldiers going to battle, and I see you, I see you." "In the rear rank" I butted in. "No! No!" she says, "You are waving your handkerchief to a lady." Now boys that's just as true as I am sittin' 'ere; and that lady was my boardin' missus, I owe her six dollars yet. Then the Gypsy says, "You're on a liner, you are in England, you are in Flanders." When she got to Flanders she had an awful struggle with herself and then dealt out some more cards. They were all hearts and diamonds; I told her if she didn't mind takin' a

tip from me she'd deal out nothin' but 'spades' as spades and Flan-de-s are closely related.

"Hush" she says "What do I see, what do I see, what do I see. A battle! A battle!" I told her she needn't make a noise about it, cos I had seen several myself. "Someone is wounded," she says "and you take him back, back, back, to a place of safety." I told her I didn't take him back so far as all that, as he said he could walk faster himself, and an officer asked me where the 'ell I was goin'. Well she told me that I was on leave and in love with two girls but I'd only marry one of 'em and that would be after the war. So you see it's worth 15 shillings to know you are shrapnel proof."



The first drink on leave.

Round the teeth, over the gums,
LOOK OUT! tummy, HERE SHE COMES!

Orderly Corporal to Sentry: "Where's Pte. Collins?"
Sentry: "In his Taboon."
Corporal: "What's he doing?"
Sentry: "He's eating his Marconi rations."

It has been suggested that the photo of the News Editor should appear in the Listening Post, but the Editor has declined to allow this till after the war, as he has no desire to spoil the circulation of the paper.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS

A guy came into the Editorial office the other day and passed this on us when we weren't looking.

"I hear that you can't run Ford cars in Seattle over four miles an hour."

"Why?" said we, falling for the horsegiggle.

"They'll get pinched for 'rushing the can' if they do," said the guy then he beat it.

Pte. Douglas McTavish (late of the Alberta police)
"Mon, in ma section 'tis aften fafty degrees below zero. But bless ye, 'tis dry cold, ye'll never feel it."

L. Cpl. Owen Tyrell (late of Carpentaria Telegraphs)
"Down under it is usually 125 in the shade. But there it is dry heat, you are never sensible to it."

Sgt. James Brown (late logger of B.C.) "In B.C. we stake upon 312 to 314 rainy days in the year. But it is dry rain. It don't wet you."

(with appologies to "Punch." Ed.)

One of the 7th Battalion to French chocolate vender who is dressed in neutral attire: "What are you a boy or a girl?"

Chocolate Kid: "Me Scotchman."

Note: This really happened so don't get sore you 13th, 15th, and 16th Battalions.

Two men entered a restaurant and ordered TURKEY without GREECE. After a time the waitress said, "You cannot ROUMANIA. I will not SERVIA."

"No?" said they, "then send for the BOSPHORUS."

This she declined to do, so they went away HUNGARY.

Great similiarity.

What is the difference between a pig's tail and the funeral of a dead German?

None. In each case it means the end of a Swine.

Sgt.: "Fall in six men to draw Maconachies rations."
Cpl.: "Why can't Maconachie draw his own rations?"

Belgian news kid: "Are you a Canadian Soldier?"
Soldier: "Yes, why?"

B.N.K.: "Where's your gold teef?"

The Allies left is trying to move around Germans right, but the Germans right is also moving around the Allies left. Now if the left of the German's right moves around the right of the Allies' left, then what is left of the German right must be right where the Allies left. But if the German rights' left is left right where the Allies left right was right before the Allies left, then the left is left right where the right was right before the left's right left the right's left.

Isn't that right'?

Answers to correspondents.

OUT SINCE JUNE. We have read your letter complaining of the unfairness of handing out "Blighties" in your Regiment, and that many of your men, some of them mere "rookies" have received two or three wounds each and thus spend most of their time in comfortable hospitals, petted by nurses, while you, an old timer, have not received a single wound. We sympathize deeply with you in your hard luck, but we fear we can do nothing for you unless to suggest that you "hold your hand out naughty boy."

Orderly: Yes it is quite true that Pte. Mulvaney got an entire change of clothes and a good sized issue of rum after he fell in the Douve River. You should have waited at least three nights before you fell in, so as not to attract suspicion.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The kind of questions that keep the Editor awake at night

Dear Editor:

A fellow in my platoon, who has just come back from leave, says that the biggest munition factory in Glasgow is at Edinburgh. I say that the biggest munition factory is in Lancashire at Sheffield. Please reply as soon as possible as we have agreed to ignore your decision if it doesn't suit either of us.

Deer editter,

i notised some bad spellin and grammer on a dore near plugstreet it said "Washing done for officers and soldiers hear."

Graduate.



Is it true that the battalion pigeoneers tell their friends in England that they belong to the "flying corp?"

Why can't we bail a comrade out of "clink?"

Is it true that Mike Hunt is getting a commission?

Should the Brigade Band not be arrested for trading with the enemy? Their sheet music was once the property of a German orchestra and the cymbals are stamped, "ZILD-JIANS, CONSTANTINOPLE."

And why should Pte. Tapner take a ration party to the enemy's barbed wire?

A certain section have discovered the unpleasant fact that the Boche have a machine gun that is faster than a Colt. Really, really, and poor Queen Anne we hear is not at all well.

Daily wind report, not far from where we are:- "UP"

"SOME STRAFFING." Who is the individual, upon hearing mortar bombs dropping in his trench, rushed out of his dug-out with a very light pistol and firing same over the parapet exclaimed, "Take that you Blighters."

THE 5TH BATTALION PAGE

Owing to the exigencies of the service, the 5th Battalion was unable to get its copy ready for this issue—but watch the next.

The Ancient Infantryman.

He was a man of the 1st B.C.
(And he stopped one of three.)
"By thy grizzly beard and thy B.C. badge,
Now wherefore stoppeth thou me."

"I have a tale to unfold and it must be told,
So just listen till I get through,
Those others can wait till a later date
But you my friend are new."

"So tarry a while and 'can' that smile
For this is a time for weeps;
Most attentive be and listen to me
While I tell you the story of Ypres."

But he wouldn't stay and he broke away
He'd be blowed if he'd remain,
For I've heard that yarn and I'll be goldarned
If I'll listen to it again.

All honour he said to the glorious dead
And the wonderful stand they made,
But it's past its prime and it's nearly time
That the ghost of the past was laid.

So wait for your praise till the Halcyon days
When for Canada you set sail,
You'll be there with the best so give us a rest,
For it's stale old man damn stale.

L. McKinnon.

Overheard on a Flanders road.

Conversation between two officers riding along a main road in Flanders,

"Say, this Flanders is a wonderful country in more ways than one, and not the least among these are Flanders odours; the 'pleasant' kind, and the 'strong' kind—mostly the 'strong' kind though." "Whew! gee that fellow came close; he almost took off my left leg that time. I'm glad it was an ambulance." "Why?" "Oh, just because; you see if he had 'got' my leg, I could have got inside it."

"This old plug of mine is going to get a 'bunt' from a motor lorry one of these times; when I want to turn him aside, he turns cross-wise on the road, and paddles along with his hind feet on the pave and his front on the bridle path."

"I say old Top, can you tell me if these transport blighters own this road? They seem to 'think' they do anyhow. Even empty wagons stop plump in the middle of a road, no matter who wants to pass—I should say they are regular 'road hogs.' If we did right we would take the driver's name and wagon sign and have a stated case on road ownership, before the powers that be."

"Hey! Oh no, that wasn't a motor lorry that was that blooming aeroplane buster that never does any 'busting.' It shoots merely to amuse the peasants."

"Did you say the speed limit along this part of road is six miles per hour? Humph, I guess that's the 'low' limit

then for any motors that I have seen going slower than that was stopped, dead. You see, when a motor won't go faster than six miles per hour, the driver thinks something is wrong, and stops to examine and look for 'trouble'—simple isn't it?"

"Ha! Ha! The Tommies don't seem to like mud splashed on 'em—that fellows language was simply sulphuric."

"What's that? You're going to write poetry about the lights of night on a Flanders road? All right old Top, I've got my respirator on, go ahead."

(And this is what his pal poeted.)

I see the lights of the lorry
Gleaming o'er the cobbles and mud,
Suddenly I feel all of a flurry
Suppose the driver's a dub.

A feeling of tremble and flurry
That is not akin to fear,
But why should a fellow hurry,
To get crocked so far in the rear.

Come tell me the lorry's O.K.
And the driver is sure of the rule,
That tells him he's now in Belgique,
And he who goes left is a fool.

Not by the trite old phrases,
Can you soothe that flurry of mine,
For of war this is one of the phases
And maybe the driver's had wine.

But treat me to something assuring,
"Why here the speed limit is six,
And that spluttering noise is the driver,
Got under, the old clutch to fix."

"Steady Bobbin—I might have known the Bally thing was stopped, for if it had been Going we'd have been gone long ago."

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

Nemo.

BAND NOTES

One moment gentlemen; about the band; a few words in accordance with strict regulations I feel, would not be amiss. You should hear the flutes, they are scaled every morning, you should weigh the ultimate consequences, when they fall flat, and be sharp to note, if you are within a certain radius of their magnetic enchantment, the truly melodious reverberations of superb manifestations, that would force even your savage breast to be soothed in recrescent acknowledgement of its refined and unpolluted charms. One member of the band in particular, while arduously endeavouring to scale his instrument of gentle torture, fell miserably flat; we should be sorry to note his sharp decline, and advise him to defy criticism and face the music. After accomplishing many rests, he is now doing time, while the band played "Who'd a thought it?" We do not mind chaff, wind will scatter it, it is too flimsy. We can face a much sturdier obstruction by our critics, and disperse them by our deliverance of the "Gladiator." A young hopeful the other day, trying in vain to get rid of an extraordinarily illusive member of the grey-back tribe, was heard to exclaim in his utter wrath and discomfiture, that he would guarantee the future undisturbed existence of a louse between the thumb and forefinger of a nonparticular, unmitigated African gorilla. Our band is not rash, though unfortunately it once suffered from one, and will prove to the complete satisfaction of discriminating critics; undaunted and unflinching, while it will undoubtedly face the music, till Armageddon reigns supreme in all its terrible and fiendish glory. Any man denying such, should have his map altered.

THE 8TH BATTALION'S PAGE

FROM 13 PLATOON
TRENCH

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Lieut. E. Sgt. Sea-Dog
L/Cpl. Snaky

SETTING: Trench on a dark night, wind howling through the shell-rent tree tops. The distant roar of a Howitzer, the vicious snap of the Mauser, and the occasional hearty bang of the Enfield. The vigilant sentry hears the splash of

feet as three men approach the machine gun dug-out.

Sgt. Sea-Dog: This is the Signallers Station Sir.

Lieut. E.: Thrusting his head into the dark bivvie "Give me Headquarters."

L/Cpl. Snaky: "Pardon Sir, that is the machine gun dug-out."

Sgt. S-D. "Yes Sir, pardon Sir, my mistake Sir, right this way Sir." He inadvertently conducts his officer to the entrance of Pte. Bill's abode. Bill stutters frantically in a Cockney dialect when suddenly aroused from a deep sleep.

Lieut. E.: Thinking he has located the signal station. "I want Headquarters."

Pte. Bill: Pu— pu— whoo— sss— whistle sh— pop— whoe— what."

Lieut. E.: "Give me Headquarters."

Pte. Bill: "Who— pop— pop— sh— st— ss— whoop sh— I— I— I— I— hain't got it."

OFFICER OF THE EIGHTH: We'll stand to a little earlier to-night boys, so that we can start fatigue a little sooner.

Who was the Sergeant, who, returning from leave, brought with him two bottles ----- of milk tablets? Scotland converted him alright.

What C.Q.M.S. was it asked for a list of the "shortages of deficiencies"?

CONVERSATION OVERHEARD

OUTSIDE C. S. M's DUG-OUT

Signaller: I've come for my coke.

C.S.M. "What have you brought for it"?

Signaller: "A sandbag."

C.S.M. "What!—go back and fetch your tin hat.

Who said "C" Co."

x x x

Who is the member of the machine gun section, who, eager to win the D. C. M. ran a strange officer all over the trenches. He believed he had discovered a German spy in a Canadian uniform.

We are sorry to announce that Capt. Bingay, Sub-Editor of the 8th Canadian Battalion, to the "Listening Post", has died of wounds. The 8th Battalion Page, under his leadership was always interesting, and a great credit to the Battalion he so ably represented. The Canadian Army has lost a capable Officer, while the "Listening Post" loses an enthusiastic worker.

Where oh where has Jimmy gone? This is the constant wail of Kim, his bosom pal.

"Jimmy" went sailing away to England on a special leave. It was his intention to join the ranks of the bendicts. James has never returned, and Kim is exceedingly perturbed. He had warned him against taking chances on a matrimonial proposition. 'I cannot understand why a man will take

such chances when he has such a soft thing out here," remarked Kimberley.

Who was the man of No. 3 Company who missed his boat at Folkstone. Just as he was entering the pier the band struck up "God Save the King" and he had to stand to attention, his boat pulling out in the meantime.

x x x

A Sergeant of No. 1 Company wishes to know if a bat-man holds a rank or not, or what is an N. C. O. anyway.

x x x

Who was it who said when Fritz threw over a breakfast sausage at eventime, "They are alive; lay low!" Was it a dashhound or a delayed despatch to the Canadian troops, telling them that they are winning the war?

x x x

Is there anything significant in the fact that men of No. 3 Company were treated to cosomme on the same day that Jimmie the Gurkah took his annual bath?

x x x

Who is the officer who remarked to the sergeant when he went for the rum ration in the morning, "The supply is very low, I guess I will have mine now."

x x x

Is it true that Sergeant Mackay and his able assistant Beaudley Mac are to be sent to England to take a course in resouling shoes?

x x x

The boys of the machine gun section are congratulating "Rip" these days. The letters are flowing in from England every day, and the handwriting is very similar on each of the envelopes. "Rip" is picking up nerve to ask for a special leave.

x x x

Who is the fellow in the bomb throwers who awaits eagerly the arrival of the mail. He wants to hear from his girl.

x x x

Will we get any more rum, now that we have an R.S. M. who is teetotal?

BAND NOTES,

(Continued from Page 65)

"Behold" the Band in all its fullfledged pride and glory. May it long survive this turbulent strife. May it revive all the best traditions its name implies; and inspire and soothe our savage breasts, and enter into the fullest realization of superb, productive, and intelligent essence of melodious sound, sufficient to make ordinary mortals succumb to its alluring sweetness, till they imagine themselves in the seventh

heaven of delight. May they not wake up, and thereby spoil the glorious hypnotic effect, only produced at the expense of untiring labour and diligence. After patiently hearing this short revue, don't revue it from the stand-point of somnambulistic wanderings by night, or by somniloquial utterances sufficient to provide abnormal cases of insomnia amongst us, for if you do, my psychological mentality will be fully aroused from their present dormant condition to your own ultimate confusion and undoing.

"LONG LIVE THE BAND"

Sub-Editor.

LIEUT. G. C. BURBRIDGE.

The "Pen Pushing Gink"

HARRY RICHARDS.

To The Officers, N. C. Os. and Men "GREETINGS".

EDITORIAL

Thanks to the courtesy of the 7th Battalion we are going to try and help along the good work of the "L. P.", and incidentally boost our own little show. First of all, we offer on behalf of everyone, our heartiest congratulations to the Commanding Officer, Lieut-Col. J. G. Rattray, upon having been granted the D. S. O., and we sincerely hope that he will be spared many years, to continue the good work that he has already done in the past. Secondly, we want to say RIGHT NOW that the 10th Canadian Battalion is OUT and OUT, PURE and SIMPLE, and unadulterated NON-TERRITORIAL."

No matter from what part of the Dominion of Canada he may hail from, be it NOVA SCOTIA or BRITISH COLUMBIA (which includes the YUKON and BEYOND), he will get just as much a show as the next "Guy" and will always be sure of a WELCOME.

Now, this is our first attempt at journalism whilst on Active Service, and we ask your indulgence for all imperfections, and are open to receive all sorts of criticisms and suggestions.

But we DO NOT want any KILL-JOYS or KNOCKERS, we want all the officers, N. C. Os. and the Boys, to take a great interest in this little page and make it GO. EVERYBODY get busy RIGHT NOW and help to push it along by doing a little bit.

THINK something, SAY something and DO something for the "L. P."

WE KNOW there are a whole bunch of boys in the good old Tenth, that have had a great deal more experience in WRITE-UPS than this "Gink" has, and we want you to come through with the DOPE.

Do not let the people at home think that the Tenth is asleep, but let them see that all the brains and intellect do not come from Manitoba and B. C.

Of course, they do not know much about growing apples in the former province, neither do they know much about handling "No. 1 Hard" in the latter province, but this we do know is, that the "Apple Growing Guys" know how to run a paper and jolly good luck to them.

But whatever DOPE in shape of news etc. is sent in, it must be original.

It does not matter if it bears on any matter in the trenches (but beware of Mr. Censor's blue pencil) or in billets or whilst on LEAVE, but do not dish up any yarn or yoke from the "CALGARY EYE-OPENER" or "YACK YUNUCK", because it won't do.

Now in conclusion, let us have one VOLUNTEER reporter from each Company, who will keep the News Editor posted in all current events that come directly under his notice.

THE GINK.

N. B.—Just as we are going to press we have heard all about the Congratulatory Messages in connection with that "Little affair" the other night.

Good old "Fighting Tenth," keep it up Boys, remember April 22nd 1915.

With apologies to our "Fleet Street" contemporaries.

Advertisements and all Business Communications should be addressed to "Billy Sunday."

And all letters dealing with "Editorial" matters should not be addressed to Sir John Simon.

Editorial and Advertising Offices:
IN THE FIELD.

SIDELINES otherwise DUG-OUT "DOPE"

Why do all Officers (with one exception) when ordering a saddle horse clearly state "DO NOT" send "NIGGER"?

The Q. M. S. wants to know who is going to indent for the MONKEY'S RATIONS.

How is it that so many of the Boys, who, before going on leave only received an odd parcel or letter, and on returning find their mail bag increased so with letters and parcels, addressed in FEMININE handwriting, and they invariably bear the London Postmark?

Say! What was that fellow doing all the time, who had his leave pass made out for Sheffield, and got no farther than the Metropolitan Area?

Never hit a man when he's got you down.

Is M---s OUT OF BOUNDS?

What happened to the teamster in Hazebrouck the other day when going in for coal?

If a man minus both arms boards a street car that has a lady conductor - what's going to happen when she comes along to collect fare?

(Answer next issue.)

Is a tomato a fruit or a vegetable?

(Now this may start something.)

How does the Transport Sergeant like his new billet? Where's the marmalade issue for 1916? Vanished too. Anybody like some "Braised Puss Cat"?

Now boys "play the game" during the absence of the Transport Officer,

Ask the Printers' Traveller from Winnipeg where all the black currant jam goes to?

War Baby Expedition in the Burgomaster's Hall, M---s. Time and date given later. Providing the conductor does not lose his eye-glasses, we may look forward to the good old Brigade Band being in attendance.

Ain't those BANDSMAN devils for route marches.

Do the C.Q.M.Ss. look forward to blanket moving days?

When are the "Five Tough Guys" from Alberta going to divvy up the RENT for the shack they have been inhabiting since June 1915? Have they claimed SQUATTERS' RIGHTS?

Who is the Guy when relating incidents about GIVEN-CHY stated—We were shelled one day for THIRTY-SIX HOURS. Some day eh? He must be from Okotoks.

Anybody like a "stack of hots" and coffee?

WANTED TO HIRE for an indefinite period TWENTY-SIX BATH CHAIRS. We'll explain this later.

What is going to happen when the war is over with the "Little Girlie" in England and the other one in Canada? Whether—some of us are hoping for "Polygamy" to become legal?

Who—drank the RUM at ST. NAZAIRE?

Here's a yarn just to finish up with, then we are going to quit or else we won't have any DOPE left for next issue.

Officers' batman coming out on relief night with the usual load of two packs, golf sticks etc., and other sundries etc., is challenged by sentry.

SENTRY: Halt! Who goes there?

OFFICERS' BATMAN: "Pack mule"

SENTRY: "Pass officers' batman."

To our Readers.

Owing to the impending restrictions of the supply of papers, readers of the "L. P." will greatly assist in the economy campaign, if they will order their copy of this paper through their Newsagent, and have it delivered to their Dug-outs. This course will help to obviate the waste consequent on the issue of papers for chance sale.

Publishing Offices:
SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE FIRING LINE.

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"SIMPSONS", IN THE STRAND.

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Tune, Dolly Gray.

Have you heard the latest out Sergeant dear,
It is full of push and go listen here,
It is new and full of fun
And will surely beat the Hun
In all military skill far and near.

Chorus

Listen to the latest orders
As you fall in on parade,
They will ring across the borders
When we've made our famous raid,
When we've reached our native land boys
And we're safely back at home.
Round the camp fires you will hear the noise,
Frogs singing through the foam.

Change direction to the left hustle up,
Right form your getting out of step,
You are doing worse than me
And I cannot clearly see,
Why they look so much at me in the soup.

Never mind you'll learn it yet Honey Boy,
Then you'll hop, skip and jump for joy,
When you are homeward bound
And the wine is flowing round,
You'll forget you were ever balled up.

Hold your head up like a man try again,
There's no telling what you'll do now and then,
For we've watched you quite a while
And have never seen you smile,
But perhaps by and by you will just grin.

7th Battalion Song.

(Air, Maryland my Maryland.)

Our Army is a motely crew,
In dress and armour duties too,
All other corps are dear to me,
But most of all I prize the Infantry.
In tented field
In lady's bower
Alike they shine,
All fear their power.
Though other corps are dear to me,
Yet most I love the Infantry.

Chorus.

The Infantry, the Infantry,
Who would not love the Infantry,
Though other corps are dear to me,
Yet most of all I love the Infantry

The Engineers with science crowned,
In action traces out the ground.
Artillery at a distance play,
While troopers often clear the way.
A skirmish sharp, a pistol shot,
A quick retreat at rapid trot.
The foe advances, light and free,
Who meets them now, the Infantry.

And see that gallant host move on,
Their bayonets glittering in the sun.
On! On! they hold their glorious sway.
Though death shots madly round them play,
Their comrades slain,
Their banners torn,
Those noble hearts
Still proudly form.
But hark! A shout! " 'Tis Victory."
Who would not love the Infantry.

No Man's Land

The Editor is pleased to publish the following poem kindly donated by the author, who says in part:

"The enclosed lines were mostly composed while on "Listening Post" duty a few nights ago." Those of our readers who fully understand the nerve racking strain of "Listening Post" will appreciate them the more.

There's a barren tract that lies between
The German lines and our own,
'Tis overgrown with tall, rank reeds:
As "No man's land" it's known.

This stretch of country is not safe
At night, much less by day,
So that unless stern duty calls,
'Twere best to keep away.

As darkness falls and night sets in,
Men go forth, without a sound
To listening posts and on patrols,
To reconnoiter round.

When star-flares burst, then all is bright
And bullets whizz around,
At such a time 'tis "safety first,"
To drop prone on the ground.

Shell holes out there are numerous,
They come in handy too,
In case patrols are detected,
They crawl there out of view.

This wasted land contains barbed wire
Entanglements galore,
And tho' our side is thickly strung,
The Germans have much more.

The wire needs much replenishing,
And looking after well,
For often it gets cut away,
By rifle shot and shell.

A dreary sight the stretch presents,
'Twixt the contending foes,
Yet it will surely smile again
And blossom as a rose.

For when the dove of peace returns
To dwell, like days of yore,
Then "No man's land" will flourish soon,
With fighters there no more.

So let us all keep up the fight
Until the ruthless foe,
From every portion of the land,
In haste is forced to go.

No. 9592 Pte. J. H. Mills,
3rd., Canadian Battalion



J.L. HOLIDAY

GOT HIM.