

THE LISTENING POST



6th Duke of Connaught's Rifles 11th Irish Fusiliers 88th Victoria Fusiliers
 2nd 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.

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The Editor invites all members of the Battalion to contribute comic sketches, cartoons or drawings with a view of making "The Listening Post" brighter and better. Pencil drawings will be accepted. Now Boys, who will be the first to hand in a drawing? We are waiting.

EDITORIAL

There was an impressive demonstration in Montreal in honour of Sir Robert Borden on his arrival there on his way to the capital. He was met at the railway station by bands and 6000 troops in training. In reply to an address of welcome from the municipality he said:

"I come back with a truer sense of the unity of the Empire than I ever had before. After seeing the Canadians and the men from every part of the Empire, at the fighting lines I come back with this message.

They are determined that the great cause for which they are fighting — the cause which involves your liberties and the liberties of the whole Empire and of the civilized world — that cause shall be made good on the field of battle and that the war shall never terminate until the cause of the Allies is crowned with complete victory.

That message I bring back from our men at the front. And I told these men when I saw them doing their duty that I had a like message of determination from the people of Canada that those at home were as true in their purpose to fight this battle through to a victorious conclusion as were the men in the lines."

General Sir Sam Hughes was welcomed by members of the Cabinet and by a large crowd of people when he reached Ottawa yesterday morning. He said:

"I bring you a message of good will from the boys overseas. They are all well and doing their duty nobly."

The G. O. C. has received the following message from Major General Hon. Sir. S. Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defence:

"On departing for Canada, I desire to thank all the Canadian Forces at the front, of whom we are all so justly proud, for their, splendid services to King, Country and the cause of Liberty.

The predictions that were made when the force sailed from Canada — that they would reflect honour on the Empire — have been more than fulfilled, and they have earned the recognition of a grateful country.

Throughout whatever trials these gallant soldiers may yet pass, they can be encouraged and strengthened by the thought that in Canada those near and dear to them realize that they will do their duty fearlessly and well.

Will you kindly convey this message to all ranks".

An order-in-council has been passed permitting all women who were formerly in the Government service, but were married three months previous to the war and whose husbands are on active service, to return to their old positions at their former salaries.

All customs employees who are on active service or home duty, have been ordered to return to their positions. Their places will be taken by other soldiers. These men have been drawing double pay, their government salary and militia pay, since going on duty.

Their absence has, in many cases, disorganized the customs and as their places can be easily filled by other militia men, they are being recalled.

Lively Scenes around 7th. Battn. Canteen.

**Military Police Called out (of bed)
to maintain order**

Four Casualties one Missing

**Sgt. Robinson's Coolness (and baton)
Saves the situation**

**Suspected attempt to "Corner"
Prunes Frustrated.**

By our private barbed wire; Sept. 5th.

What looks suspiciously like a well thought out plan to effect a "corner" in prunes and several other articles of

much less importance has been nipped in the bud, through the efforts of one man in the battalion in his desire to satisfy his master's craving for this luxury. From our own correspondent who arrived on the scene long before the police and stretcher bearers, we learn that the trouble started when Pte. Nipius demanded one pound of "Native Sons" for his officer. Of course he met with the usual reply "sold out" Pte. Nipius having been ordered to get prunes (on credit if possible) for his boss's supper, feared to go back to the trench pruneless. Strolling behind the canteen to think situation over in solitude, he espied Pte. Taylor hastily trying to conceal, by means of his apron, a fifty pound box of these Canadian boarding house necessities. Pte. Nipius rushed into the canteen and demanded to know why one man should have all the prunes. The only excuse the bartender could offer was that a colonel is senior to a captain. Suspecting that Pte. Taylor was trying to violate the anti-trust act, Pte. Nipius threw all discretion to the winds and most of the contents of the canteen along with it. Characteristic of the country he hails from, Holland, he had up to this time shown no desire for frightfulness but when his opponents attempted to get between him and food-stuffs in the shape of prunes, "Bang" went his neutrality and "bang" went his fists, with the result that prune trees will probably be growing wild around the canteen, if no one goes to pick up the seeds.

We have heard from Pete

Dear Steve,

How are you logging anyway. I am O. K. out here. This is some life believe me. This country has Coney Island and the Barbary Coast skinned forty different ways for excitement. I guess you figger'd I would be deader than a maggot by now but you can bank on me being right there with bells when they hand out the rum. The huns nearly got my number the other day Steve. We were hiking through a little burg which must have looked like Port Moody before the huns took a dislike to it and tried to put the Post Office on top of the Livery Stable with some of their "Jess Willards".

We were all busy thinking that maybe a bunch of loggers had been let loose after 6 months in the back woods when we heard a noise like a C. P. R. double header broke loose. Some body gave the order to lie flat but I was flatter than a buck-wheat cake already. Then she hit the oil tank and gas tank too I guess, by the noise. It shook the ground like the Frisco earth quake and it rained pig iron and lead marbles for a minute or so. When we got up I looked over Myself to see if I was all to-gether. Our Officer said that the Huns didn't like us being in that burg just because they couldn't be in there themselves. So we moved off. On our way out I saw a big hole right in the middle of the main stem of the town. I shook hands with myself on my luck at not having a job on the city. Write soon, your old chum.

PETE.

Things we want to Know

Whether or not the reinforcements for the battalion cannot be supplied with the regimental badges and compelled to wear them. At present the "red shoulders" predominate, giving the impression that the 7th Battn. reinforced the 30th instead of vice-versa.

Old Chestnut.

"Daddy, what are soldiers for?"

"To hang things on, my child."

New version.

"Daddy what are Canadian soldiers for."

"To hang more things on, my child."

Wanted: — A trench conveyance of some considerable dimensions to enable a certain gentleman to carry sufficient provisions for the term of five days in the trenches. Contracts to be submitted to Madame War-Ton No 2. Co.

Who the subalterns are who give the Bosches gramophone concerts on the parapet at night.

They were in the know.

A distinguished officer of a certain battalion sent home for a tin of bug powder. The obliging purveyors at home having had previous experience of the sanitary condition of this gentleman, at once posted him a 4Lbs tin of strong carbolic powder used for cabinets.

An example of patience.

Our very forbearing, reticent M. O. had occasion to visit on duty, a company of the right half battalion at lunch time. He waited for two hours, naturally to be asked to join at the table (as everyone knows his weakness) but being disappointed had to proceed to No 1. Co. to satisfy his growing hunger. When will this company officer's mess open out.

Has a certain important officer on a staff some interest in a brewery, that he is directing his utmost efforts to establish wet canteens in near of the firing line, or has the estamiet proprietors let him down.

No 2. Co. Notes

Things we want to Know

Does the Q.M. have to qualify as a Customs Officer now?

Who were the two officers who stole the Q.M.'s cart?

Who is the rum censor at headquarters?

Is the Q.M. going to charge for using his bed in the daytime?

Why should officers who snore not be made to wear respirators?

A new book will be published shortly, "Counter attacks made Easy" by C. Plott. Price 5/- net.

Men coming back from leave need not get excited—they are rats they see in the dug-out.

C. S. M. Ward nearly got a blighty, — never mind try again old man.

If it takes a full company six machine guns and ten bombers to hold the front line trench, how many men will be necessary to hold the support. Ask O. C. No 2. Co.

No 2. Co. are short of rations these days. Mulligan is on leave.

Why C... Plotts overflows with the exuberance of his own verbosity when enemy aeroplanes fly over headquarters.

At last Sgt. Hart Got away on leave.

EYE WITNESS.

He went with some fear and trembling however as he expects to meet a wrathful young lady as he has been disappointed twice in his leave thus leaving her twice at the church, and we understand that he got a telegram saying that if it occurred again he might as well join the bomb throwers.

HARDTACK.

No 3. Company's Notes

If the extra guard on Aug. 30th, was for the special protection of the Brigadier or because of the reinforcements. "Strafer".

If the men who volunteered for mining weren't disappointed when ordered to join their new unit.

If the company are not past masters in everything volunteers are called for.

If the canteen authorities who provide U. S. A. canned salmon and California canned fruit, know that the B. C. boys hail from the land of the sockeye and Okanagan fruit.

If the L/Cpl. intends taking out his puppy to play with the tame rat at a certain listening post.

If No 11 and 12 platoons really think that they can play football.

No 3's Grouch

Who is it when our meals we cook
Stands gazing round with a hungry look
Watching his chance our grub to hook

Sergeant Dick.

Who is it always at meal time
Sprinkles my grub with chloride of lime
Then rambles away with a smile sublime

The Sanitary Police.

Who was it from the trench protected
Out into the open his men directed
To bury the rubbish they had collected

The Sanitary Corporal.

Who is it when the "stand to" is o'er
Throws bombs at Fritz till he gets sore
And throws at us a score or more

The Trench Mortars.

Who was that funny little man
From force of habit his shirt did scan
For lice and others of that clan

The Post Corporal.

Who is it when the day is done
Returns at night to tell of one
Imaginary slaughtered Hun

The Sniper.

Who is it with his music gay
Cheers us and drives dull care away
But took a job that didn't pay

The Minister of Munitions.

Who is it a dash of pep require
To go in front and brave the fire
And see the Huns don't steal our wire

The Scouts.

Who might every time you bet
That we stand down all cold and wet
Sees that our ration of rum we get

The Quartermaster.

Who is it as a general rule
Objection has to ridicule
And lacking humour plays the fool

The man without friends.

H. BURGESS.

Second Canadian Infantry Brigade Concert

Sept. 1st 15.

Anniversary of the day General Currie took over command of the Brigade.

One of the best concerts of the season was pulled off on the evening of Sept. 1st at the 2nd Brigade Country Club. As the proceeds were to be given to the "Society for supplying clothes for War Babies" a good attendance was assured from the first. The concerts opened with a selection from "The Pirates of Penzance", rendered by Sgt. Allan and Bgr. Foster. If the "U" pirates we read about are half as bad as the Penzance variety, as depicted by these two musicians, "Strafe 'em".

The next item on the programme was a song entitled "Thora" Pte Stone of Signalling Section who sang the song with such feeling that the audience demanded to know where she lived, being of a jealous nature, he kept them all guessing by singing "Somewhere" in reply to the encore.

We were then treated to a recitation of Rudyard Kipling's "Gunga Din" by Pte. Blanchard. Anyone who is familiar with this thrilling story of the Indian water carrier, will understand why the beer was passed around.

Pte. Morgan of the 8th, Battrn sang the "Flight of Ages" so well that no one could blame the Ages for doing it. The comic song "Gilhooly's Supper Party" by Pte. Cummings created such an appetite among the Irish Element that a special guard had to be put on the Brigade bully beef. As everybody who is anybody is so familiar with Sgt Allan's musical abilities it is unnecessary to describe his rendering of the "Flower Song" and the encore from Il Travator.

By far the most important event of the evening was the speech by Brigadier General Currie. His very presence amongst us always acts as a tonic. As the audience was composed of several battalions, he was unable to praise any particular unit, and his explanation of his affections "like the mother of twins" was greeted with hearty applause. When he told us that this was the anniversary of his command, we found it impossible to remain seated and the hearty cheers which were loud enough to reach the enemy lines, must have given them an uncomfortable feeling somewhere below the belt. The card tricks by Pte Owens of the 8th Battrn were interesting especially the one which knocked the footlight on to a tin of nitro-glycerine. At this point of the entertainment several brave soldiers left the barn, I mean Hall, for the above incident brought to our attention the dangerous articles used in the construction of the stage. A trench floor formed the platform, but the supports looked suspiciously like trench mortar bombs. The footlights were fixed in biscuit tins placed on the top of tins of gun powder. When the candles burned low, several war scarred veterans suddenly remembered that they had an appointment elsewhere. The boys got a real treat when Capt. Napier sang "The perfect Day", and the encore "Annie Laurie". Of course both songs were sung as the author intended them to be sung.

The Signalling Section Glee party gave us "I Want a Girl" and if they don't cut out making fun of the Listening Post, they will probably want an ambulance and several girls with nice red crosses on their nice round arms.

There is music in a mouth organ. If you don't believe it you should hear Pte Ford. His imitation of the bagpipes was far better than the real article, and he nearly brought the house down when he said he would play "Home Sweet Home" upside down. He stood on his head during the first verse and played the second verse without touching the instrument with his hands.

A violin solo by Pte. Cummings was very well rendered, the audience insisting on an encore.

"Tommy Atkins was the next song Cpl. Gosnell being a very suitable singer was greeted with well deserved cheers. The next turn was the biggest success of the evening. Pte Green of the 8th Battrn should never be invited into a poker game. They way he handled those "aces" in his sleight of hand stricks gave the crowd something to think about on the way home. He may be a good fellow with a pair of "Queens" if they were of the "hobble" type but the way he got rid of the cards must have ruined his chances of getting a job with the Paymaster. He couldn't be trusted. The way he got Capt. Clark mixed up with the cards will go down in history. A man like Pte. Green should be on listening post every night he ought to be able to steal the German dispatches.

Among other items of the programme were songs by Sappers McLaren, and Jones, Pte. Rabble, Cpl. Gosnell and Irish ditties by Pte Crozier.

On the conclusion of the programme the Brigadier thanked the musicians Sgt. Allan and Bgr. Foster for their services and hoped the fraternal spirit would continue.

Mentioned in Dispatches

Madame War-Ton's lunch at No. 1 Coys. Headquarters mess was a dismal failure.

Cold-bully, Dry bread, Cold tea. What a menu to set before one used from birth to Devonshire Cream, Plumpudding, and Cider.

To add insult to injury he left an atmosphere of asparagus, pate de fois gras, spring lamb, caviar and young corn on cob.

Date, 12.54pm. 22nd. Aug. 1915.

Never to be forgotten.

In No. 1 Coys. Officers mess they have an idea that the gramophone takes the place of food.

A: J A: — "I hear Pte Jerkins shot himself last night".

B: — "How did he do that, did he have cold feet?"

A: — "Oh no, He was on listening post and pulled the wire and his gun went off".

The attention of the public has already been called to the danger of accidents from playing with lethal arms, of ten the most frequent causes arise from people going about with their weapons at full cock.

First British Columbia Regiment

F is the Firing line, muddy and wet,
I is the Indent for clean clothes to get,
R is the Rum, but should we get a decent drink,
S stands for Sergeant who will put us in the clink,
T is the Trench through which the crafty Germans come,
B is the Bomber who soon puts them on the run,
R is the Rifle that shoots the Hall grenade
I n amongst the Germans that makes them afraid,
T is the Telephone through which the message runs
I n case the artillery shell our trench- not the Huns,
S the Stretcher bearer that we send for on the double,
H the High explosive that causes lots of trouble,
C stands for Colonel who has earned all kinds of fame,
O stands for Odlum — The gentlemen's surname,
L is the Little fla who canters all around
U is the Undershirt where he usually is found,
M is Machonchie the main stay of the Army
B is the Biscuit that drives poor Tommy bammy
I is the Infantry who have to dig down in the earth,
A our Artillery who shell us for all they are worth.

R is the Route March that we all love so well
E the Equipment as uncomfortable as H...
G stands for Dr. Gibson who will give a number nine,
I n the event of your liver being tangled in your spine,
M is (censor) where we are gonig to I fear,
E stands for England where we *should* go for a year,
N ow its time to quit, but I'll tell you I've a hunch,
T hat this is the finest Regiment of all Canadian Bunch.

REST

TUNE:— "I wonder if you'll miss me sometimes".

1st. VERSE.

I stood in a line of trenches,
 And gazed O'er the darkening view,
 I dreamed of a home in England
 And a sweetheart so loyal and true,
 And also the old folks at home
 In B. C. across the sea.
 But then I awoke with a start, for,
 My comrade was whispering to me.

CHORUS

I wonder if they'll rest us sometimes
 Rest us when the war is o'er
 I wonder if the reinforcements
 Are ever coming o'er.
 I wonder if they know we're pining
 Pining for them in despair
 And I wonder if they know our backs are breaking
 And I wonder if they care.

2nd. VERSE.

Altho' from the trench they take us
 We do not expect to rest
 For the picks and the shovels await us
 The C. Es can do all the R. E. S. T.
 But when we get home to our billets
 We quit giving vent to our spleen
 Oh! would we could wake in the morning
 And find it was all just a dream

A. P. O.

WORRY

There's a microbe in the air, called worry,
 Its the cause of all our care, is worry,
 For its worse than any shell,
 And it makes your life a hell,
 And the world don't treat you well;
 If you worry.

Now just think it over carefully all you boys,
 We've got work to do and mustn't think of toys,
 When you're feeling awfully blue,
 And your girls the'same way too,
 Don't read her letters thro'
 To save worry.

When she asks you about leave, Say "I don't think".
 But write and tell her, ——— "I am in the pink."
 But you'll find that she's true blue
 And will try and help you to
 Not worry.

L/Cpl. J. S. WHITE.

The Diary of a Real Soldier

Friday. — When it means doing a little scouting for fire-water, the Red Indians cant teach me anything. I only wish that I could drink as much as an Indian, or a Canadian Q. M. Sgt.

I managed to extract one of those jars from the Quartermasters tent, and the contents have got lime juice beat fifty different ways. What I am up against just now is how am I going to dispose of it all? It is too much for me to drink alone, and if I show anyone of these transport fellows where it is hidden, he would invite all his friends and the affair will finish up with everybody up for a general court martial. If this bunch of mule killers ever connect with a full jar of rum, these transport lines will be far more exciting than any Wild West Show. They've had nothing stronger than lime juice or French beer all summer and if they only so much as smell that rum they would imagine they were all sergeants, Given a good drink of it and they would be making violent love to their noble steeds. The jar of rum has been missed alright, and the Military Police have been hanging around me far too much for my peace of mind. One "Smart Aleck" asked me for a drink out of my water bottle. Now a real soldier would never dream of carrying booze in his water bottle, since the officers got the habit of smelling them before the fellows go

into the trenches. I gave him a drink and I dont think he will forget it for some time to come, for the water had been in there for two weeks. This place is getting uncomfortable and I must get out. I never had a better chance of going to hospital than the present, for that Lynx-eyed M.O. of ours is in the trenches and the transport men can visit the Ambulance Doctors. I must make sure of getting sent away, so the only thing to do, is to either break or lose my nice front teeth and they cost me over fifty dollars It will be almost as painful as if they were real. A little tap with a hard rock and they will look the way I want them to look - As though a horse had trod on them.

Saturday. — The doctors at the Ambulance are thorough gentlemen, that is if they are all alike, the one at No.... Field Ambulance didn't ask me any foolish or difficult questions. I climbed into a limousine with a red cross-painted on it. There were six of us booked for Charing Crobs. We whizzed through the country at about 30 miles per hour. I told the driver to hop right along and open the speed to the limit. I also told him he couldn't go too fast for me, if he kept it steered due West. If I had only brought that jar with me, we could have had a real good time. When we got to the clearing station I told the doctor how I was starving to death through breaking my teeth and he put my name and number on a seperate piece of paper which had the word base on it. Got a good feed of bread and milk and pinched myself to make sure it was not all a dream.

Medical Detail Weekly Grouse

A doctor in the army and a doctor in civil life are alike in one respect only; they are persons to be strictly avoided. A doctor in civilian life may possibly be a gentleman. That is if he is not a doctor of medicine, whilst a doctor in the army is a (deleted by the censor). When a doctor leaves the civilian life for the military, he becomes a different person altogether. Just like Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde.

After this great war, doctors may go completely out of business. If a doctor has to leave his sergery or dispensary he will have to be guarded by mounted police and machine-guns and maybe a portable trench with barbed wire. Anti-que or modern suits of mail or armour will become fashionable among the medical fraternity. They will get no sympathy from any ex-soldiers. Of course they wont want sympathy, they never did. All they ever wanted was easy money. And before the war they generally got it, or, like Shylock, they would have their pound of flesh. The first part, and one of the most important parts of a civilian doctors equipment is a beautiful brass plate. On the plate he has his name and initials M.D. and perhaps one half of the alphabet also. The difference between M.O. and M.D. is, M.O. gives advice whilst M.D. sells it. The more letters he has to his name the bigger the sell. Nobody knows what all these letters mean, but they look well on the door. They also protect the M.D. from being arrested for "daylight robbery with intent to kill". If he put the right inscription on his brass plate it would read like Dantes Inferno, "Abandon all hope all ye who enter here". When a man visits a doctor in the army, say with a bad leg, the M.O. would say "Dont swing it so much or you will get six months". But if he went to see a M.D. about it, say in Vancouver, the M.D. would find out how much money the patient had, by asking him what he did for a living. If the patient happened to be a lumber jack, the M.D. would take about ten dollors from him and give him in exchange a small piece of paper with some mysterious letters and signs on it. This prescription must be filled at a certain drug store, close by, and probably owned by the M.D. The victim throws away another five dollors in the drug store and probably fifty more in the next saloon. In the endeavour to forget how near death he is, he will get on the outside of several bottles of, what is commonly called, Whisky but in reality is a composition of drugs, from the store owned by the M.D. If a very rich man called to see M.D. he would be admitted by a man wearing an uniform a cross between a "Life Guards" and the little "Lord Founteroy". This freak would grab on to the victims hat and coat to prevent him from escaping. The rich man then commences his giving and losing career by sending in his card, the card is the forerunner of a good many things he will lose before M.D. hands him over to the undertaker. He may only lose a little of his anatomy but he will surely lose all his money and everything else that is worth anything. He waits in a splendid room, and just as he has finished reading some old magazines and medical papers, the splendid uniformed man appears through the heavily curtained doors and the doomed man is ushered into the serpents lair.

DRONE.