

THE LISTENING POST



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OF
LT-COL. W. F. GILSON



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PLEASE NOTE : — The present number has been unavoidably delayed owing to our printer having been called up for the French army ; and also, on account of the increased cost of paper and printing, we are obliged to raise the price of the "Listening Post" to two pence.

THE FIGHT FOR THE GUNS

(Suggested on seeing in a collection of trophies a German field gun marked « Captured by — Divisional Ammunition Column.»)

Would you like to hear the story
of that most eventful day
When the war-stained D. A. C. sir,
were engaged in mortal fray ;
When we charged right o'er the crest, sir
in and through Attila's sons,
And we scattered them like chaff, sir,
then we swiped their blooming guns.

Through the still clinging strands of wire in the old « No Man's Land » the north-east wind was shrieking dismally ; a stinging rain endeavouring to make the mud underfoot even more treacherous, and blinding ones vision, did not tend to make matters more pleasant ; whilst over all a blackness of night absolute and impenetrable.

Through it all splashed and cursed alternately a devoted little band urging on with lurid invective two teams of mules. Brave men are not deterred by the rigours of a wild night in Flanders, and this devoted band of D.A.C. warriors, fired with an unholy zeal, and with a patience worthy of a better cause, plodded on. For days they had loaded ammunition for the forward guns whilst the battle raged, and had proved by the sweat of their brows that « They also serve who only stand and wait », and now, goaded beyond endurance by the tales of desperate fighting passed to them by the «walking wounded» they had determined that they too would do some deed of imperishable glory, or perish in the attempt.

They had reached the crest by now and were passing over into the wood. Silence was the order,

and the hoofs of the mules were deadened by sand-bags as they crept closer to the enemy. Suddenly a twig snapped (Don't be sceptical, dear reader. Ser tries always put out twigs so that they will snap if anyone comes near) and a voice rang out from the darkness : « Hello ! Who the hell's snooping around there ? »

A whispered order, a concerted rush and our brave heroes threw themselves upon the challenger. To hitch up the mules to the gun he had been guarding was the work of a moment, and throwing caution to the winds they galloped back to their lines with their prize.

It is the year 1935 and on a homestead in the far western Prairie Provinces a young boy clambering around his father's knee suddenly asks that eternal question *What did you do in the great war, Daddy ?*

With a thrill of pride the grey-haired veteran turns to the old album and taking out a faded photograph of a field gun whose broken wheels and shrapnel-torn shield bear mute testimony to the fierceness of the fight, and with a voice husky with emotion answers :

« My son, I helped to *Capture* that gun ! »

We have worked a bit and we've talked a bit,
And we've had our turn at fun,
And we've done our share in this world-wide war
As the men behind the gun.
We're the D.A.C. and proud as can be :
We've been out since the war began,
And at the end of the row for our prowess we'll show
That captured German gun.

Iddy-Umpty.

It was in the Y.M.C.A. Headquarters hut. The Man with a Message rapped at the door marked PRIVATE, entered, clicked his heels together, whipped a smart salute to the gentleman in the elegant, clean shirt and began :

« Sir — »

« I'm not an officer, » quietly remarked the party behind the roll-top.

« I beg your pardon, » said the Man with a Message, turning sadly away. « It was the immaculate lingerie that fooled me. »



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EDITORIAL

On August 18th of this year the « Listening Post » will have completed two years of strenuous life, and we propose to celebrate our birthday by the issue of a special number. As this issue will be too big for the local printers to handle, it will be printed, for the first time, outside the zone of shell fire — in France if possible.

We need all the assistance possible in the preparation of this number, so once again appeal to everyone to send on jokes, articles, sketches, — or criticism — everything helps.

To our friends in the other Battalions of the Brigade we especially direct this appeal. Commenced as a purely Battalion effort the L.P. afterwards enlarged its scope to include the rest of the Brigade, and we would like, for this special issue, to devote at least half of our space to the Western Cavalry, The Little Black Devils and the Western Canadians.

KRONIKLES OF YE 1st B. C. RIFLEIERS

98. And after many leagues they did halt at the village of V.... and did descend from the chariots and walk once more upon the soles of their feet into and through the city of Y... and up to the lines of ditches
99. And the city of Y... was fair to look upon even though its Temple and the Hall of Cloth were destroyed by the cannon of the enemy and many people there were in the city and they cared but little for the war but bought and sold goods and made much profit from the hirelings of Our Mother's Country
100. And Fritz the enemy became wise that the Army of Our Lady had confronted him in the night and in the morning did wreak much havoc with his cannon so that the hirelings became wise unto themselves and said « Damn this War » and crawled hurriedly into holes in the ground as the cannon-balls of the enemy came over and great was the surprise that many of the hirelings that hitherto had been slothful and lazy and the despair of the Henchmen did now display much agility and did disappear into the holes called dug-outs with a speed great as the flash of the lightning — and many of the cannon-balls of the enemy did contain some weird and potent mixture so that all who saw them fall immediately wept bitterly and laughed amidst their tears that they should do such things.

101. And on the fifth day of their sojourn in the ditches the Band of our O.C. were relieved by the Devils of a Dark Hue and did move back amidst the meadows and farms of the country and prepare themselves to enjoy life and to visit the city of Y... for mirth and to drink of the waters that cheer.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Stately your hills and grand,
Wide sweep your valleys and
Sweet sing your rivers
Their song of the snows,
Down from the dim sky line,
Soft through the whispering pine
Joining the chorus
The Chinook wind blows.

Ages ago, I'm told,
There came a warrior bold
Saw your broad rivers
And wide sweeping plain
Said : « In this land of mine
I'll cause the sun to shine
Only a portion
Shallt thou have of rain ! »

And as he promised you
Almighty Manitou
Fulfilled his promise
With largesse untold :
Tempered the winds that blew
From out the hills to you,
Dotted the hillsides
With silver and gold ;

Set on your eastern rim
Mountains that hem you in,
Said as he placed them there :
« Guard them for me !
No land shall be the same
Teeming with fish and game,
Land of my hearts desire,
My children ye. »

Cloud racked Mount Robson stands
Guarding our favoured lands
Mirrored by crystal gems
Kissing its feet.
« Down from thy high estate
Gaze on my children great.
Oppressed of other lands
I bit thee greet.

And when the cause of right
Calls for thy manhood's might,
Fairest of lair lanas,
Be thou assured
None shall a laggard be,
None shall from battle flee
Whate'er the dangers
To be endured. »

Joe SULLIVAN

The Orderly Officer was walking round with the Sergeant-Major inspecting the quarters when he paused near a group of men playing « Crown and Anchor. »

« Lucky old sergeant-major ! Lucky old sergeant-major ! Come here in your stocking feet and go away in automobiles. » (motor-transport) crooned the manipulator of the bones.

« Is that a game of chance ? » enquired the O.O.

« Yes, sir, » replied the S. M.

« I suppose you're rather fortunate at it. »

« How's that, sir ? »

« I always hear them shouting « Lucky old sergeant-major ! »

**THE MUSHROOM TOWNS of the WEST OUTDONE
ALL PRE-WAR RECORDS BROKEN
HOW THE HOME OF THE PIONEER GROWS
OVERNIGHT**

We have seen and taken part in land rushes, theatre queues, sports lineups, bargain crushes, tramway free-for-alls and dinner parades, but never before reaching the front in such scenes of human striving and resource, determination to succeed at all costs and hurried industry as in the creation of Brigade Transports Lines in France.

Not being in a position to know the inner workings of these matters, we assume that Those in Authority decree that a certain area will be available for settlement on a defined date. Thereupon the Q.M.'s, T.O.'s and underlings affected develop an unprecedented — and occasionally tiresome — agitation. They scheme and plot and plan : they silt and weigh and discard : they make eleventh hour decisions and last minute alterations, but when the hour is finally named they show a cunning and power of contriving with which their best friends would never credit them. Silence and speed are their mottoes. They cajole, threaten and entreat to procure transportation for their thirty five pound excess officers' kit, and for all the goods and chattels which time and opportunity have brought to their doors. In the dead of night, it may be, or at that hour when soldiers yawn and the tired give forth their profoundest snore, they despatch an advance party to spy out the land, gifted with unlimited powers to beg, borrow, or otherwise acquire the material needed. These unfortunates lose their way generally, not being gifted with second-sight, intuition and nerve to the degree insisted on by all Q.M.'s, T.O.'s, etc., but impelled by the urge of necessity, thrust forward by a force that knows no relenting, they, at length, reach the spot indicated, or near enough to satisfy all but the Q.M.'s, T.O.'s, etc., who have failed to get there first.

If there are other persons in occupation of the tract they proceed to cultivate amicable relations with them, invite them casually to partake of the vinous product of the country, while their confederates « go through » the victims belongings on search for the indispensable tent, the invaluable « tarp » and the humble ground-sheet.

In the chilly dawn, or by the light of the crescent moon, they scour the surrounding country for such debris of camps and hutments as promises to yield a harvest of material. And then, with hay-wire, tar paper, packing cases, gun coverings, corrugated iron and bad language, begin to throw up the shelter needed for themselves and the stranger within their lines.

Later, when the lines have been furnished with horses, soldiers, stores and chloride of lime, the camp begins to assume the appearance of a populated town. Then, when every head has its covering from the dews of night and the suns rays by day, the Q.M.'s, T.O.'s and underlings look on their handiwork and find that it is good.

Perhaps it was the same officer who noticed two peculiar looking vehicles in the transport lines.

« I never knew we had ammunition limbers in the Infantry, » he remarked. « Are those for eighteen pounders ? »

« Those, sir, are the limbers for the Mulligan Battery. » replied the Sergeant Cook as he pridefully surveyed the freshly painted forward halves of his travelling kitchens.

Medical Officer coming down trench to dressing station says to one of a long line of men :

« What's this, a working party ? »

« Yes, sir, come to carry away pills. »

DICTIONARY OF WAR TERMS

A.D.M.S. — Ailment Department — Main Squeeze
A.P.M. — A superior sort of officer done in khaki with red trimmings. The terror of evil-doers. Chief mission — to make troops wonder why they enlisted.
« Arf-a-Mo. » — A war-time substitute for tobacco and cigarettes.

Bacon. — A mythical breakfast dish rumoured to have been issued to soldiers sometime in the forgotten past. It is every soldier's ambition to get two pieces for souvenirs.

Baths. — A place where soldiers exchange old friends for new.

Batman. — The appendage of authority, the price of promotion and the crowning sorrow of commissioned rank. Rather resembles a soldier.

Bay. — The portion of a trench between two traverses. So named because it is frequently under water.

Bayonet. — A domestic utensil invaluable to cooks and quarter-master sergeants. May be used for an infinite number of purposes from cleaning puttees to picketing horses. Mistakenly supposed by some to be a weapon of offence.

Barbed Wire. — The only perennial crop in the zone of hostilities. Grows overnight. Cultivated by both sides.

Beef — Bully. — One of the chief horrors of this awful war.

Biscuit. — The other chief horror.

Bivvy. — Short for bivouac. Generally very short. Liberally furnished with clay and crawlers. A home for destitute rats.

Blanco. — A substance, not a swear-word. Designed to add the final touch to a soldier's troubles.

Blighty. — A place of everlasting peace and enjoyment. Regarded by troops as a sort of annex to Heaven. The reward of good soldiering and successful skrimshanking.

Alternatively, it may be a fairly severe wound. When a stretcher bearer tells you that you've « got a nice blighty » — make your will.

Bomber. — A peddler of Mill's Pills for Prussian Persons.

Bombing Post. — A warehouse, or show-room, of the Mills Manufacturing Co., Unlimited., where their local representatives push their goods in the face of considerable competition from dealers in foreign substitutes.

Bomb-Proof. — A sort of cyclone cellar with a reinforced roof designed to stand between the Brains of the Army and immortality.

Alternatively. — A job with the same characteristics and for the same people. Spoken of slightly by all troops unable to land one.

Bread. — (See « Bacon. »)

Cold Feet. — A trench ailment aggravated by hard work, loud noises and unpleasant sights.

Symptoms. — An intense and constant desire to land an « bomb-proof » job : reluctance to leave a « bivvy : » susceptibility to sickness of all kinds.

Cook. — A private who by reason of his occupation wields more power than a major, puts on more side than a subaltern and makes more enemies than a Hun. Occasionally cooks food.

(To be continued)

**Dedicated to the R.S.M. who likes to paddle around.
(Tune. — « Happy Land. »)**

There is a swimming hole
Not far away
Where we took the Major to
Only yesterday,
Oh ! how the Major yelled
When that deep hole he beheld,
Oh ! now the guide got hell
— Ten miles away.



Berlin is still out of bounds to British troops !

The shining light of the leading platoon got a parcel from a religious relative with a note enclosed saying :
« Dear George,

We never expect to see you again. It is a solemn thought... »

Encouragement for the troops, what !

Regimental numbers are becoming so long that by 20 our drafts will be wearing identity-discs the size of soup plates.

Extract from a German air observers report after watching the hurricane finish of a Lacrosse game :
« At the junction of D.X.Y.K. and F.L.Z.N. troops were observed to be practising long distance bomb throwing with a singular type of laticed stick.

I would submit that reports of the declining moral of these troops is quite without foundation. They appeared to derive great enjoyment from this species of training, and were encouraged by large masses of their fellow soldiers who eagerly watched them from a safe distance.... »

Odd bivouacs are common enough now a days, but a man who laid his ground-sheet under a particularly wide mule, one stormy night recently, says the situation was more peculiar than pleasant.

An enterprising gentleman in a local French town opened a tea-room for officers with the custom draught name of « The Hole in the Wall. » Unfortunately for his prospects of trade his premises were leaned on by a shell, since when business has — so to speak — fallen off.



Hank : « Say, Bill, the little old paper reminds me a lot of 'Stand to !' »

Bill : « How's that ? »

Hank : « Of, because it's such a rum little issue. »

Funk Hole Stories from Eleven Platoon by C. Mills

New Draft : « Why do we have to wear two identity-discs ? »

Old Timer : « They take one when you're napoo'd and the other one is left to identify you by when they dig you up a year later to see if you're properly shaved and have you iron ration with you. »

Pte. Warren of the Machine-Gun Section is the only mounted machine-gunner in the Canadian Army. He has the riding pants and expects to get the horse any day. Then look out for some fancy shooting from the saddle, but in case he don't get the horse he will still keep the pants. Pte. Warren attributes his wonderful ability to the use of «Force.» He got a box last pay-day, but complains that pay-days are too far between.

Pte. Harry Cowan says that after eating two salt, red herrings he raised a thirst worth a thousand dollars. In fact he says that if thirsts were money he'd be a millionaire.

Recruiting Sergeant (to likely looking recruit) :

« Well, my young man, like to join up today ? »

« No ! »

« Just mink for a moment. What will you say when your grand children climb on your knee and ask « Tell me, grand daddy what did you do in the great war ? »

« I'll tell them I was a recruiting sergeant. »

« Whats in a name ? » The Platoon Sergeant thinks there is a good deal particularly when he tries to pronounce the monikers of some of the latest additions : « Morriseyrowspinsky..... Quityerkickinbutinsky Youranofalgoodfellwinyourownometownsky and Dropinanyoldtimeatallfallinsky. »

Pte. E. A. Jones says that when he enlisted he joined for three years, not for the duration. He already has two years service in. Lucky old Jones !

BEWARE SOUVENIR HUNTERS

One Hundred Francs Reward

One hundred happy days reward for the apprehension and conviction of the person, or persons, who maliciously took, or caused to be taken, a SET OF FALSE TEETH from Fritzie Hamburger a soldier in Kaiser Bill's Army. Complaint has been made that the said teeth were extracted by means of a bayonet presumably in the hands of a BOMBPROOFER at the back of our lines on or about April the 9th. Suspicion falls on three of the boys of Eleven Platoon, viz : Doane, Rowe and Perry. Rowe is not in possession of the missing articles ; Perry has proved an alibi. The burning question is WHO TOOK THE FALSE TEETH ?

Pte. Daddy Mc Kinnon went to the Stores

To get himself some new dress,

But when he got there

The Stores they were bare

— And so is Mc Kinnon, I guess.

New Arrival : « What do you think of that ? I was reading in the Bible that when Lot's wife was driven from the city she stopped, looked around and turned into a pillar of salt. »

Old Timer : « That's nothing. Last winter when I was on leave in England I saw a soldier walking down the street at 10 o'clock one morning. He stopped, looked around, and then all of a sudden turned into a public house. »

THE SNIPER OF THE VIMY RIDGE

The sniper of the Vimy Ridge
 Was long, and lank, and lean and old ;
 Was mirage-born, or fancy-wrought.
 White bearded too, I rather think,
 Unless the tales I have been told
 Were soldier-fables, one and all ;
 And that lone fleeting glimpse I got,
 Before he drilled my helmets rim,
 No more upon the morning air
 I hear his cheery « whut... whee... whack ! »
 No more my nervous shoulders shrink
 Whene'er I hear the sudden « crack ! »
 And see in glassy splinters fly
 The ruins of my periscope ;
 A tribute to th'unerring eye
 Of that grey, grim, old misanthrope.

I often wonder how he fared
 When over Vimy broke the crash
 Of shell and shrapnel, heralding
 The storming columns forward dash :
 Does he in some emplacement lie
 In death forever cold and still ;
 And does his formless spirit lurk
 Through Thelus Wood, o'er Vimy Hill ?
 « Thirteen ».

REST-BILLETTS

In the green fields and leafy lanes the troops have
 wooed the local Janes, and found in peaceful village
 life surcease from trouble and from strife. Adown
 the dusty village street the base-ball fan has paced
 his beat, warming his unaccustomed wing with curve
 and drop, and everything used to have before the
 war brought other pursuits to the fore. Forgotten
 is the cannons roar, the shrieking shell, the scenes
 of gore : the toilful trials of the line soon from the
 memory decline when steeped is every sense in calm
 enjoyment of the Spring-time balm. In barn and
 bivvy, field and farm, the boys have found a welcome
 warm ; and every pay-day felt the urge to have
 downright, old-time splurge — a joy impossible
 because of military rules and laws. Now every
 youth who e'er was wont to chuck a chest, or throw
 a front to catch a giggling maiden's eye re-
 practises his rusty sigh, refurbishes his ancient arts,
 hies forth a breaker of she hearts. What though his
 sentences of French are hardly compreed by the wench,
 he speaks the universal speech that youth to youth
 alone can teach ; and she — she understands enough
 to give him just the right rebuff — those words that
 never hope confer, those bitter words « après la
 guerre. »

Mcney — L'argent — Munze

The topic was money. One of the Crusaders re-
 marked that « If he could only get back to God's
 Own Country and handle some good old *green-backs*
 he'd be satisfied ». Now, what do you think of that
 for taste ? *Green-backs* ! Dirty, dying, old — but
 what's the use ! All the same it gets my goat.
 Now, where on earth could one hope to get better
 money than they have in this country, and they're
 not *green-backs*. Oh, no ! not *green-backs*. The other
 day out of change of a five franc bill I received mo-
 ney reinforced by the following « backs. »

- 2 pieces court-plaster
- 2 pieces adhesive tape
- 1 ten centime stamp (unused)
- Half page of the *Daily Mail*
- 1 Crosse & Blackwell's marmalade label

And yet some people sigh for *green-backs*. Mr.
 Edison I take my hat off to you that you didn't invent
 concrete money as you did furniture Our packs are
 quite heavy enough now, carrying our winnings
 from a « Crown and Anchor » board.

S. T. S. 16264.

OUR MINSTRELS

Opening Chorus : —

« When You Wore a Tunic and I Wore Civilian
 Clothes. »

Interlocutor : « Gentlemen, be seated. That was
 splendid. That song always reminds me of home —
 beautiful England. You must all know that England
 has the finest soldiers in the world. Look at the
 Grenadier Guards ! Everyone of them stands over
 six feet in his stocking feet. »

Endman : « That's nothing. Look at the Canadian
 Army ! We have with us tonight men who, until
 they joined the army, never wore a stocking — and
 some of them are over six feet tall. »

Interlocutor : « Yes, but you must admit that our
 soldiers are always cool under artillery fire. »

Endman : « Oh, I don't know so much about that.
 I was one of the coolest men in our regiment. I
 shivered from the time I went in until I came out. I
 thought every one was aimed at me. »

Interlocutor : « Listen to this. In the English
 Army we had a sniper who killed 26 men before
 dinner. »

Endman : « That's nothing. In our regiment we
 had a man who killed off a whole company at dinner
 time, and he was none of your crack sharpshooters. »

Interlocutor. « Who and what was this marvelous
 man ? »

Endman : « Patty, the cook ! But, take it all
 round, there is only one fault I can find with this
 army : They don't pay enough money. They give
 you only 23 bucks to go and get shot, and according
 to old Phil that's not enough to get you half-shot. »

Interlocutor : « That will do. We will now sing
 beautiful ballad entitled : IVE GOT ANOTHER
 MASCOT IN MY SHIRT. »

Endman : « I love that song. It is so moving.
 Did you notice how much feeling was expressed in
 the audience ? »

Grand Finale : —
 « DEAR FRITZ, SOMEWHERE A VOICE IS CALLING »

Curtain

16264

VIMY RIDGE

« Vimy Ridge is impregnable ! » the blatant Prussians
 [said.
 For two and a half years they held it, and laughed
 [at our noble dead.
 Broke grey that Easter Monday ; and Canada's
 [fighting sons
 Thrilled to the order given — as the deep-tongued,
 [British guns
 That had swept the Ridge by day and night slackened
 [their cannonade —
 Went over the top, wave o'er wave, with a spirit
 [undismayed.
 Rifle and machine-gun fire they braved, their
 [bayonets soon were red :
 They fought as they did at Ypres, and avenged the
 [noble dead.
 They cleared the Ridge from end to end ; the
 [Prussian prisoners tell
 How they swept across the German lines like hordes
 let loose from hell.
 In Ontario's rich, deep valleys, where the pleasant
 [farmsteads lie,
 They read the tale which brought the tear of pride
 [to many an eye.
 And far, far west beyond the Rockies last great
 [barriers white
 Vancouver heard the immortal tale of Vimy's
 [hard-won fight,
 And proud she was, and aye will be, long after this
 [« la guerre »
 To say with pride and gladness : « My own brave
 [sons were there. »

Pte. G.J. Walker, 3 Coy. 1st B. C.

THE ADVENTURE OF IGNATZ HUMP, SOLDIER AND BATMAN TOO.

By R. ATHER RAWTEN.

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

(Continued)

Whenever parades would permit Ignatz was to be found operating the Wheel of Fortune to his own enrichment, and to the enlarging of the experience of his patrons. Nightly he occupied the place of honour near the bar of the «Field-Workers' Paradise» where he spent the proceeds of his industry with a lavish hand. By his prodigality he endeared himself to Madame and Ernestine as well as earning a name for generosity amongst the troops. His courtship was marred a little, perhaps, by the fact that he spoke rather little French to convey the finer shades of admiration. However such phrases as he had he used to the best advantage.

Entering the estaminet one evening he found it full of civilians. The village bloods were there in large numbers wearing quite the latest modes in local tailoring, natural whiskers and violent neckties. Some of the latter were distinctly trying to the eyes, but Ignatz, whose tastes were simple and natural, rather liked them that way. He walked up to the little bar opening conversation something as follows :

« Bon jour, Mademoiselle. »
 « Ullo, sweet'art. »
 « Comment allez-vous ? »
 « Trez beans. »
 « Couch — »
 « No bon ! »
 « Ah oui : encore stoot. »

He took his nourishment with the dexterity of long usage and prepared to enjoy himself. Judging by the rapid fire talk and laughter from a group of civilians in the corner, and by the song chorused noisily at intervals events were shaping towards what Ignatz called « a fine, large evening. » He himself mixed with « a bunch of Imperials » and talked « Lewis Gun » for a straight hour with intervals only for refreshment. Thereafter he drifted back to Ernestine and the softer side of social intercourse. He was aware at intervals of a portly person in imposing « blacks », a civilian with large, pale cheeks and half-moon moustaches who surveyed him with a cold and constant stare. Ignatz took no notice of him until he interposed rather rudely in the conversation. Always affable and good-natured our hero turned to him hospitably. « Feel like irrigatin' old timer ? » he asked. By some subtle intuition the Frenchman understood and waved an angry dissent. Then he exploded on Ernestine with a salvo of high velocity speech, shrugging his shoulders and waving his hands dramatically. He talked far too fast for Ignatz to catch his drift, but there was no mistaking his annoyance. « Seems peevish, » our hero remarked to Ernestine, who was far too busy shrilly replying in kind to take any notice of the interjection. At length when the verbal storm had subsided a little Ignatz enquired :

« Who's the gink, anyway ? »

« My'usban' » replied Ernestine, simply.

Ignatz stumbled forth into the evening sunlight for once at a loss for words. For the three hundred and seventy fourth time in his variegated career he railed inwardly at the inherent duplicity and unmodulated avariciousness of womankind ; and for the four thousand two hundred and twenty ninth time determined to have nothing more to do with them. He imaginatively mapped out a military career for himself bristling with achievement. He would become a paid lance-corporal : he would win the Military Medal — yes, and the D.C.M. and V. C. as well ; and then once fairly launched on the path of promotion he would forswear womankind forever and live, for all time, a life of austere and splendid isolation. He pictured himself riding through the streets of London — well, not exactly riding, even paid lance-corporals don't ride — but striding along to the plaudits of a multitude of beautiful, if deceitful creatures who would then be engulfed in sorrow that his iron resolve had forever cut them off from the future of fame which would be his. In this mood of melancholy exaltation he repaired to the barn and slept.



Slacker (doubtfully) : « What do I have to do, Sergeant, if I join up ? »

Sergeant : « Oh, just eat meat, follow the band, and go around with a hat on, son. »

Quite a unique reason was given by a gentleman who appeared in public for the first time after being relieved of his stripes by F.G.C.M.

« Took'em off on account of the heat. »

For the 52nd and last time « John Bull » gives the war just 2 weeks duration. But you needn't begin brushing your hair right away.

« Why don't you indent for it ? » said the R.Q.M.S. to the private with the dilapidated mess-tin.

« But it's already dented in, » replied Pte. Simp.

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

The Western Brigade — The Highland Brigade

Played in ideal weather, there was an excellent attendance, (thanks to military discipline). Quite early in the game it became evident that the Western Brigade had not a very hard task ahead of them. Their team-work was much superior, and with Kootenay in the box stolen bases were few. On the average of play the Western Brigade well earned their win of seven runs to one.

Western Brigade team

P.—Pte. Kootenay. (W. Cans.) C.-Sgt. Bell. (Bde.)
1st B.-Pte. Doame. (W. Cans.) 2nd B.-Pte. Ross. (W. Cans.)
3rd B.-Sgt. Harper. (1st B.C.) L.F.-Lieut. Tait. (1st B.C.)
S.S.-Pte. Chapman. (1st B. C.) R. F.-Sgt. Mahood. (L.B.D.) C.F.-Sgt. Coulter (L.B.D.)

THE BRIGADE TRANSPORT SHOW.

The clear, sunny weather was just the final touch required to show off to perfection burnished brass and shining leather. No one who looked at the sleek transport horses and their spotless equipment could have believed that only a few short weeks before both had been doing their part in a great advance.

Below the results are appended:—

- Walking Race.* 1st Prize Dr. Andrews. (1st B.C.)
2nd » Dr. Wilson. (W. Cav.)
- Transport Turnout.* 1st Prize. (1st B.C.) 2nd Prize (L.B.D.)
- Driving.* 1st Prize (Bde. Transport.) 2nd Prize (1st B.C.)
- Pack Mules.* 1st Prize (Bde M.G.C.) 2nd Prize. (1st B.C.)
- Alarm Race.* 1st Prize. Dr. Brown. (1st B.C.) 2nd. Dr. Tyrell. (L.B.D.)
- Officers' Mounts.* 1st Major Mckenzie. (L.B.D.) 2nd. Major Critchley. (W. Cans.) 3rd. Capt. Day. (W. Cav.)
- Chariot Race.* 1st Dr. Reber. (1st B.C.) 2nd. Dr. Baptie (W. Cans.)
- Wrestling on Horse-back.* 1st. (W. Cav.) 2nd. (1st B.C.)
- Mule Race.* 1st. Dr. Smithers. (W. Cav.)
- Jumping on Horse-back.* 1st Dr. Nott. (1st B.C.) 2nd Dr. Batch. (L.B.D.)

Comic relief between the competitions was provided by the Band Waggon, the Brigade T.M.B., with a clever skit on local transportation, (1/2 moke power) and Charlie Chaplin and The Girl, both exceedingly well done.

THE BRIGADE SPORTS.

By a margin of twelve points the « Little Black Devils » proved their right to the title of champion athletic battalion of the Brigade.

We regret that we are unable to print the names of the winners of each event in detail.

THE BATTALION SPORTS

Wheel-barrow Race

1st Graham Blake (Details) 2nd Dunn & Cove. (No 1 Coy.)
3rd Vance & Lawson. (Details)

Equipment Race.

1st Stevenson. (No. 3 Coy.) 2nd Mortison. (Details)
3rd Wotton. (No. 4 Coy.)

Potato Race.

1st Details. 2nd No. 3 Coy. 3rd No. 1 Coy.

Centipede Race.

1st Details. 2nd No. 4 Coy.

100 Yards Race.

1st Mc Mahon (Details) 2nd Spear (No - Coy.)
3rd Pinson (No. 3 Coy.)

Tug-of-War. Final No. 2 Coy.

Sack Race. 1st Porter (Details) 2nd Musgrave (No 3 Coy.)

3rd Russel (No. 1 Coy.)

Mule Race. 1st Porter (Details) 2nd Null (No. 2 Coy.)
3rd Sekenek. (Transports)

220 Yards Dash. 1st Mc Mahon (Details) 2nd Webber (No. 3 Coy.)
3rd Hanan (Details)

Three Legged Race. 1st Mac Mahon & Cummings (Details) 2nd Laycock & Smith (No. 1 Coy.) 3rd Deremaker & Webb. (No. 3 Coy.)

High Jump. 1st Box (Details) 2nd Mc Mahon (Details) 3rd Laycock (No. 1 Coy.)

Broad Jump. 1st Mc Mahon (Details) 2nd Webber (No. 3 Coy.)
3rd Laycock (No. 1 Coy.)

Obstacle Race. 1st Laycock (No. 1 Coy.) 2nd Thomas (Details).
3rd Cummings (Details)

Officers' Obstacle Race.

1st Capt. Mathews. 2nd Lieut. May.
3rd Lieut. Sargood.

Bandsmans' Race.

Carey (Cymbals) 2nd Pearce (Flute) 3rd Clements (Drum)

ENGLISH CREEK or THE SPIRIT OF THE GLEN

From War's vile visage, and the horrid waste
Of chalk and clay on fertile oil displaced :
From sights and sounds that on the spirit jar,
And typify the madman's game of war
My soul revolts, and with her easy stride
Passes the ocean deep, and prairie wide ;
Sets me again beside that sparkling rill
Whose music gladdens all the glen so still —
A stillness too profound for sons of men
Save for thy voice, O Spirit of the Glen !

Again for me the graceful spruce trees rise
Waving their cone-clad tops against blue skies ;
Again the willows arching o'er the stream
Blend with the gentle memories of my dream,
As when my soul and body found relief
From grime of toil ; from weariness, or grief,
Laved in some silent, peace-enchanted pool
My frame to freshen and my brow to cool
Receiving help beyond our mortal ken
Thy balm and solace, Spirit of the Glen !
Pte. C. Morgan 160479. 1st B.C.

Funk Hole Stories from Eleven Platoon by C. MILLS

Sgt Musgrave (5 ft. 3) meets Pte Mills (6 ft. 3) at entrance to sap of bombing post.

Sgt. M : « Well, Mills, she's a rotten place . »

Pte. M : « You bet your life. »

Sgt. M. « How deep is the water ? »

Pte. M : « Up to the neck ». »

Sgt. M. : « Whose neck ? »

Pte Paulson to friend :

« Ever hear about the wooden wedding ? »

« Never heard of such a thing. »

« Sure. Two Poles got married. »

Sergeant-Major : « Two ranks, fall in. Come on, double . »

Voice : « To ell wiv doublin n »

Paddy : « An to hell with London too ». »

Who got the message mixed when it came down the line ? This is the message we got :

« Keep still, from Mr Quiet. »

This is what the message should have been :

« Keep quiet, from Mr Still. »

Mac says :

« What's the difference anyway. »

KISMET

I watched him as he sat at his ease,
 So care-free and handsome, and gay,
 With never a thought for the morrow
 And never a sigh for today.
 Flusned with the vintage of life he sat,
 The image of youth and of grace,
 When the breeze through the open window
 Swept the Shadow across his face :
 The shadow from out the swaying palms
 Fell sinister, ugly and grim,
 Blanching the bloom of his youthful cheek
 In the lamp-light grown pallid and dim.
 And I saw there scarred on his temple
 The cicatrice baleful and raw,
 The mark of the death-wound o'erspreading
 His forehead, his cheek and his jaw.
 I banished the thought as prepost'rous :
 I sneered at the Finger of Fate :
 I thought my fancies were womanish,
 But nothing had power to abate
 The fear that had clutched at my heart-strings,
 The chill that crept over my mind,
 The knowledge to me had been given
 Of seeing where others were blind.

T'was here, in the path of the path of the tempest
 Of steel that had swept on ahead,
 In the midst of stark desolation,
 I found him stretched out cold and dead.
 And I saw there scarred on his temple
 The cicatrice baleful and raw,
 The mark of the death-wound o'er spreading
 His forehead, his cheek and his jaw.

J. W. C.

ADVICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

By « Sister Smiff. »

Perplexed.

Que. « To settle a wager, could you tell me whether our new 20 inch howitzer is fired by fuse or electricity ? »

Ans. Neither. It is necessary to wait until a thunder-storm blows along and let the lightning strike it.

Chislehurst.

Que. « How is the Military Cross gained ? »

Ans. Just put your head above parapet level and Fritz will see that you get a Military Cross.

Highflier.

Que. « I am going to join the Balloon Section of the R. F. C.
 Is there any danger going up in one ? »

Ans. None. Only coming down.

Those Runners Again !

1st Runner : « This tea's rotten. Too much *aqua pura* in it. »

2nd Runner : « Oh no ! Our cooks are too decent for anything like that. Of course if the M.O. was watching them they'd have to, but they wouldn't put it in every day like this. I know ! »

« Charge your glasses, » said the Sergeant-Major.
 « The toast is The King »

After the patriotic murmur had subsided one sergeant was heard expostulating with a waiter :

« Why didn't you fill my glass full ? I only drank the Prince of Wales. »

Pte. R. Jones (a little deaf on guard at Headquarters at midnight hears footsteps approaching, turns quickly and shouts :

« Halt ! Who goes there ? »

« Army Chaplain, »

« Pass Charlie Chaplain, — all's well. »

ADVERTISEMENTS
HUNTING IN FRANCE

Season Always Open

No « Licence » Required

Scientific Description of Game : — Koo, Itchy Marks I-II-III-IV.

Information as to Habits, etc. : —

The four known varieties of these industrious creatures, are expected to be unusually prolific this year. Not of any recognised value as food, or for their pelts, but are eagerly sought for on all spare occasions by all ranks. They provide one of the most absorbing pastimes practised by troops contiguous to the line. Keep the men of our armies from wondering about who is winning the war. Banish melancholy and prevent silent brooding. The Y.M.C.A.'s one serious rival as a means of diversion. An end to ennui. Restore interest in « life. » Adopted as pets by many members of the B.E.F. Soldiers refuse to be parted from them. Carry them about wherever they go. They generally prefer to feed an hour after bed-time, but will dine at almost any time. Latest news of these pets is eagerly « read » daily.

WAR TRAINING BY MAIL

The soldier of the future will receive a much more varied and extensive course of instruction than has hitherto been considered necessary to fit him for war. In consideration of this need a well known and deservedly popular correspondence school has added *Scientific Extermination* to its list of subjects.

Home students — those whose occupation and circumstances do not permit of their taking advantage of this excellent opportunity to acquire one of the most absorbing if exacting professions — are earnestly advised to study the following text-books :—

The shovel, how to use.

Pack carrying, its history and purpose.

Trench cookery.

Bivvy architecture.

Dug-out housekeeping.

Artistic wire weaving.

Drinking water and its deficiencies. Including.

S. R. D. As a substitute.

Batmanship on the battlefield.

Trench ailments, how to acquire.

How to deceive doctors. Including

Counteractants for the number nine.

Social life on active service (Estaminating — Crown and Anchor,

Mademoiselles and other Games of Chance.)

The complete puttee guide

How to replace lost equipment also

Rustling in all its phases.

Souvenirs, how to acquire.

Horse wrangling and mule maltreatment.

The whole ration question. (An exhaustive and exhausting study).

Shell-zone chinook and near-French. (With vocabulary)

Brazier engineering and trench plumbing.

The art of bomb-proofing.

These publications will shortly be on sale at the office of « The Post. »

Pte. Jack Mc Lean says he hears that men up to 50 are to be called up and then the girls are to be called up. Jack is wondering when our first draft is due.