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**No 17 BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE, JULY 7, 1916. Price 1d.**

### A Night on Listening Post.

I was on Listening Post during the last turn in the trenches. The weather, for a wonder, was quite good and I found the peaceful moonlit space of no-man's-land pleasantly conducive to pious reflection. Unfortunately, I had a new man with me who was very nervous.

You know, if you look long at an object at night it will certainly seem to move. This blighter was seeing things every few minutes. Finally when he grabbed me by the arm, just where I had been inoculated and gasped, "L-l-ook, they're coming!" pointing at the same time to a row of dejected willows, which he mistook for a battalion of Prussian Unterwehr of the 314th Blut und Eison Regiment, with flame projectors strapped neatly on their shoulders, bayonets at the trail and bombs at the ready, I became downright peeved and said, "See here, dearie, don't disturb me again unless a six inch shell hits you".

To give him confidence I then juggled rapidly with three bombs without missing once, and resumed my occupation of playing imaginary golf over to the German wire and back.

After a time of silent and soulful communion with nature, the chief listening post martyr came out, and warned us that the Germans were expected to attack on our left. Br-r-r. The moon paled and waned, a chill mist crept over the sodden grass slow music suddenly an owl hooted at least if it wasn't an owl it ought to have been, it hooted I say, but did not offer to attack us, so we breathed freely once more. With the going down of the moon the darkness deepened until it was opaque as velvet. "Now" I said to myself, "The Hun is due", and loosened the pin of a Mills bomb, but apparently the "All Highest's" local representative had mislaid his shining armour, or his troops hadn't slept well and felt out of sorts, "headachy", you know, that kind of feeling; For dawn lightened in the East, and soon the signal came to return to the trench, and we were free to burn bread for breakfast.

### How I beat a Pioneer.

The two other occupants of the barn ignored my suggestion that we should all three sleep together, so I gathered a few sand bags and squeezed myself in between them.

Now anybody who has done a turn in the trenches just beyond Z— will agree with me when I say that a battalion orderly's job is no "long sweet song". I had four or five days (more or less) running from No. 1 Co's trench to No. 2 Co's crater and from No. 3 Co's ditch to No. 4 Co's canal, and was back in supports for a rest.

I had barely closed my eyes when I felt myself being slowly carried outside. Thinking I must have got into somebody else's bed, I thought it would be just as well to say nothing so like Brer Rabbit I kept on saying nothing until I overheard the following conversation:

"He was a damn fine fellow".

"Yes, if he only had one franc, he'd lend you half of it".

(This 'touching' tribute from a man who, only a few days previously had said he had never seen me give anything away excepting our position).

Footsteps approach.

"Is that you Sergeant Major?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Could I have this man's rum issue, my nerves are all shot to pieces?"

"I'll see, is everything ready for the Chaplain?"

That was the last straw. "Look here you fellows," I said, "I don't mind you carrying me all over the country or digging me a nice deep dug-out, but I won't stand for anybody drinking my rum issue".

Noodles

A dear, good, kind lady sent a box of shamrocks to one of our officers last St. Patrick's Day, for distribution amongst his dissolute soldiery. "Any of you men want some?" asked the exalted one displaying his wares. "If you please Sir," said a hungry looking private, "May I have a shamrock, I haven't tasted salad for a donkey's age".

**WANTED:** A printing press, (portable, foot power) that will print with one impression two pages of "The Listening Post", with type complete for one issue of eight pages. Write Editor "The Listening Post", 7th Canadian Infantry Battalion, c.o. Army Post Office, London, giving prices delivered to Military Forwarding Officer, Southampton. (Ad.)





PRINTED TWICE MONTHLY (Huns permitting), and may be procured from the following agents—

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**EDITORIAL**

"Love and faith and duty call;  
England's honour summons all  
By her side to stand or fall."

The Nawab Mizamat Fung Fahadur  
(To our Indian troops going to the war).

**EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A REAL SOLDIER.**

Look out fellows, we have some more pages from the diary of a Real Soldier. You remember when he came back from the Base determined to win his Lance Corporalship? Well, we believe he has bach slid. He never rose to the dizzy height of a Lance Jack, but we heard a rumour that he had (when the Fritzes were not there) been second in command of a crater. No more just now, but don't miss the next issue of the L.P. A whole bunch of the news was picked up from fellows who talk in their sleep.

The trenches are bad enough, but a good old *Sunday* fashioned trench would appear like a lodge room after being in this hole. Craters, (and this one must be held at all costs). Wish there was a little more wire between me and Fritz. The fellow who said that barbed wire and machine guns were the inventions of the devil, should be told to hold a crater at all costs. Just now a good crop of barbed wire would look like a gift from the Gods. I wonder what they mean by "all costs?" That bag of bombs, that tin of bully and—yes, I guess they mean me too.

So that officer who crawled in here yesterday *Monday* was the Brigadier. I don't just know the right thing to do to a Brigadier in a crater, perhaps I should have presented arms or saluted. Must ask the Sergeant (when he wakes up) to look up the drill book. Anyway he didn't wear any red hat band etc., so how was I to know him from an E. F. C. Sgt. Major.

"Do you understand your orders?" he asked me.

"No Sir" I says.

"Can you repeat them?"

"Yes Sir. I must make no sound whatever, or let the enemy see any movements I make, so that he will think the crater is unoccupied".

"Well that's simple enough isn't it, what is it you don't understand?"

"Well Sir", I replied, "I'm only a private, but I think the best way to hold this crater would be to keep a-banging all those tin cans and hoist my cap in different places, and so make Fritz believe there are thousands of us in here; then he'd be scared to come out". The Brigadier looked at me as he would a consciencions objector, sighed, and crept towards the trench.

(To be Continued.)

**Encyclopedia of Military Terms**

(Continued)

**Fix Bayonets!**

This command has caused more casualties among Drill Instructors, than all the Bucking Bronchos, Bertha Barkers, or Bottled Bass, that ever went to create a battle. He, the D.I., warns the squad that on the command 'Fix' you must do no such thing, you must watch an unfortunate comrade who has found himself on the right of the squad. This wretched creature, will, if he wishes to prevent the D.I. from having an apoleptic fit, take three paces to the front. From then on, he is the "Guiding Star". When the "man with the voice" is convinced that the G.S. has taken exactly three paces, and not two steps and a shuffle, and everything conforms with K. R. & R. and that no Rookie has grasped his entrenching tool handle (which hangs dangerously close to the bayonet) he thunders the remainder of the request "Baynits".

At this stage of the game, the Rookie is expected to perform a physical impossibility. He must keep an eye on the man in front, and the other on the job in hand. The G.S. will then be seen to raise his left arm in a horizontal position, which is the signal that he is about to spring to attention and back up.

Note:—To anyone in Group 909, who might read this, I have some cheerful news for you. You, like the rest of us, are fed up with fixing bayonets by numbers; well, when you get out here your bayonet troubles will be over. A generous Government has seen to it, that we have all kinds of them. There is the bright one for Fritz, another for toasting, one for poking the brazier, one for opening tins of peaches, one for scraping the mud from ones boots, bread, puttees etc. One for a candle stick, one for manuring purposes and a hundred and one other things.

**The Downfall of Isobelle.**

Sgt. Holland D.C.M. has bought a goat. To be precise, it is a lady goat or goatess. She is to be christened (we hope) on pay day, and from then on she will be known as "Isobelle". Nobody below the rank of Sergeant could afford to keep a goat with an appetite like Isobelle's.

Although her entry into the regiment cost only four francs and two hours bargaining, her enormous appetite has been the cause of her guardian's purse assuming the dimensions of a common private's.

Now Isobelle is under close arrest, and I think you will agree with me when I say that her downfall was the indirect result of her coming on active service without first suffering the preliminary training. On account of her sex, she was forgiven for inwardly digesting the contents (yes, and envelopes) of several love letters, but when she displayed a tendency to follow in the footsteps of her suffragette namesake, she became a prisoner or prisonesse.

This is what I know of Isobelle's last day of freedom.

When I arrived at-(*Censor*)-where Isobelle resides, I found her "Queen of all she surveyed".

Looking around, I saw about fifty hands beckoning me to come to a ditch. The first man I met was Isobelle's guardian.

"What's the matter Joe?" I asked, "been shelled out?"

"For goodness (he didn't really say this word) sake take cover" he replied, "Isobelle's chewing the safety pin of a Mills high explosive bomb".

I beat it.

**Reinforcements.**

There was absolutely no doubt about it; we were going to the front. Not just "Somewhere in Flauders", we were going right into the firing line. Why should we not burn with excitement? Were we not going to play a most im-

(Continued on last page.)



## HIGHO WORKEN PARTY.

(A dirge by Bill).

Then again said "Hiawatha"  
 I am hugely interested  
 In this working party business.  
 Should you ask me who discovered  
 And commenced this form of torture,  
 I would tell you in a jiffy.  
 It was not the Brigade Major  
 Or a Company Commander,  
 'Twasn't Victor of Vancouver  
 (Who commands this here battalion)  
 Wasn't anyone with feelings  
 You can bet your dollar ten per.  
 'Twas a special friend of "Wilhelm's"  
 Who receives his correspondence  
 Where the conscientious shirkers  
 Toil and labour at his fires,  
 (Cashed-in with the mumps and measles  
 And such ladylike deseases).  
 Shovelling coal to beat the devil  
 To torment themselves forever.  
 (You can guess the map location).

Full of patriotic spirit,  
 We came out to fight the Broches,  
 Blast their hides and damn their whiskers,  
 Now the greater part of Belgium  
 Is contained in bags, sand, common  
 Through the energetic efforts  
 Of the ever ready "Seventh".  
 Should you meet a column, moving  
 Single file, and stretched out snake-wise,  
 Loaded down with stake and wire,  
 Shovels, picks and Susie's sand bags,  
 Mortar bombs, expanded metal,  
 Newton Pippin's detonators,  
 Mills grenades and other "hangos",  
 Cruising slowly twixt the shell holes  
 (Using language not atrocious)  
 On a night as dark as Hades—  
 Cloud-bursts bursting from the heavens  
 With enthusiastic fervour—  
 No great intellect's required  
 To identify the unit,  
 We have been there and we've had some—  
 "Pass the Seventh".

Mortars trench are mostly useful  
 When there's no retaliation.  
 Picks and shovels have their uses—  
 Sentries not on duty notice.  
 Stakes and wire and Susie's sand bags  
 Built by our Black Art exponent,  
 Are most excellent as targets,  
 And the Bosche esteems them highly,  
 Bashes them in high good humour  
 And "Kr-r-r-umps" the work of hours.  
 So the merry war continues  
 And we're satisfied to be here.

Now, a word to you "objectors",  
 Cranks and peace talk agitators  
 Who cosrupt the air in Blighty.  
 "Safety first" and no conscription  
 Will not beat the Bosche in Flanders  
 Which is our immediate business.  
 We will *do* our working parties,  
 Grouse and growl but get the work done,  
 Whilst *your* maiden manhood grovels  
 At the prospect of a duty  
 Which should be your highest privelege.  
 Those who murmur "Gott Strafe England",  
 As they sight along their barrels,  
 Have their *own* Gods—what have *you* got?  
 Damn *your* hide and blast *your* whiskers,  
 And just wait till *this* is over.

Working parties are the devil,  
 And we grant you that most freely;  
 We could use *you* if you'd venture,  
 In the meantime we'll continue  
 At this unpleasant pastime,  
 And the knowledge that we've done so  
 When at last we're ticked for—Hades?  
 (Where all good old Seventh go to)  
 Will not make us lie uneasy  
 And alone, before our fellows.

W. A. C.



Who was the painfully truthful private, who, when writing to a correspondent, said: "Dear friend, I had a close shave the other day. A shell struck the parapet and buried me under what I thought was ten tons of earth, later, I found it was only five tons".

x x x

Who was the person who said: "Essence of body is better than presence of mind". Oh, my prophetic soul. He must have had the salient in his mind's eye.

x x x

Who was the man, who, when offered his rum ration in a large spoon, took it, surrounded the contents with a sigh of satisfaction, cocked his head with the air of a connoisseur and said: "Very fair rum Sir. I'd like a drink of that".

x x x

Why is it that when men are going on leave they nearly knock each other down to be first on the boat, and first to land at Blighty, but on the return trip it's "After you my dear Alphonse".

### Mentioned in Despatches. 2nd Brigade Band.

We're back again—with the Brigade, I mean. I say this for the information of those who don't know it And, that all may know it I say we are glad of it. The 2nd Brigade Band away from it's Brigade is like a wife away from her husband. Everybody is very nice, but it isn't the same you know. But 'Pop' isn't the deminutive Paris it is cracked up to be. We've been there, so we know.

Our time was not wasted during those few weeks in the city. With great assiduity the war was studied from all points of view; how it is being won, how it can be won, and why it ought to be won. Information on these points can be had on application to the various military experts. A new pattern shower bath has been another result of those eventful weeks; and it's inventor, who has a certain fame among graveyard ghosts, will be pleased to demonstrate it's capabilities to interested persons. Also, a new field service hammock—but enough of that. You know now that our talent and time has been used to fine advantage.

In our spare time we held a few practices and gave one or two concerts—about two or three practices to be exact, and as many concerts. During those weeks when the band of the Coldstream Guards was in Pop, the members of the 2nd Brigade Band chummed up with those Guards soloists who seemed patient and amiable, got what tips they could, and have been trying ever since to make good use of them.

Capt. Rogan himself paid us a visit one morning at practice. His praise was encouraging and his advice good, He realized, he said the difficulties under which such a band as this must have been organized, and what obstacles would frequently confront it. But his confidence in the abilities of band master James made him confident of the band's success.

He had known Bandmaster James for many years, and had been a college chum of his father's. There were other pleasant words, about Canada and the welcome the Canadians had given the Coldstreams on the tour of that land.



On the evening of Wednesday April 3rd, we gave a concert to Sergeants of the Coldstream Guards. The other concerts were to divers units of this and other Canadian Divisions, in Pop or miles from it. Cinema shows, Y.M.C.A.'s, open air concerts, entertainments in barns; anything and everything was played for. And on Sundays we travelled all over bally Flanders from morning until night doing a combination church service and band concert stunt.

Our efforts, however were appreciated by one and all, and we are thankful to know that our work has helped to brighten many an hour for our gallant comrades and may we continue to do so (and more) in the future, is the wish of the 2nd Brigade Band.

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

(Continued)

42.—And at this time the commanders of the companies did raise many hirlings to brief authority and did call them 'Sergeants' and 'Corporals' and give them much labour to perform, so that all henchmen might visit the City on the Hill.

43.—And the Chief Councillor had gathered many ships from all corners of the seas and did cause his armies to march thereon; they and their horses and chariots; and their cannons and the mules that are of the burden.

44.—And in the dead of night the ships did leave the land of Our Lady and with much secrecy, that they might confound the many spies of the King's enemies.

45.—And the many ships did hide for two nights on the shores of a barren country.

(To be Continued)

### **A Challenge.**

3rd Bde. A. Column vs. 1st Brigade. A. Column.

Q.M. Sgt. T. E. Jones, 3rd Brigade Artillery Ammunition Column, who captains the baseball team of his unit, sent the following challenge to the 1st Brigade Artillery Column:

"Bring over your 'near ball team' and get a d--n good trimming."

A few hours elapsed and then three riders cantered abreast through the gates of the billet of the 3rd Bde. Col. Bringing their foaming steeds to a halt in a cloud of dust in front of the 'bivvy' of Q.M.S. Jones. The centre rider produced a scroll from the folds of his tunic, which he presented with a flourish, to the startled Jones, who had just emerged from his abode. Jones opened the scroll and read the following reply to his challenge.

"Whereas the herein named rapscaillon, one varlet of the bully-beefe and of the harde-tacke G.S. called by hyse fellows of the nayme—Jones—being of unsounde nature, and of a certain vacancy of the upper storie, hath with true malevolense of mynde and character, given voice to unsavory comment upon the abilities of WE, the Kynges moste trusted yeoman, hath by verdicte of his peers, *omne exceptione majores*, been founde guilty of the abominable cryme of UNMITTIGATED GALL, to wit, that he did in defiance of publick opinion, and contrarie to the true word of the Realm, give voice to wordes of antagonism, having withal full cognizance of the great importe of hyse wordes.

IT IS THE JUDGEMENT OF HIS PEERS, that the said Jones, and hyse villians, be drawn to the place of execution and there before the assembled POPULACE, to suffer an humbling of theyre o'er proude spirytte, bar ACTS of GOD and the Kynges ENEMIES.

"SO PERISH ALL OUR ENEMIES".

The above elaborate epistle was hung with a "seal" consisting of candle wax, and a chunk of issue cheese attached to a string.

It sure was some ball game; The "Acts of God" intervened and the 1st Brigade lost.

### **Experiences of a Manchester Recruiting Canvasser.**

(Continued)

At another house an old campaigner bitterly lamented the rejection of his son. He had been in many engagements himself, and was one of those who went to the relief of Khartoum. He rejoiced greatly over the wonderful way in which the boys from our far flung Empire had rallied to the flag. "Eh" he soliloquized "If only me and a few of my pals could have charge, just to lead such lads on, eh?"



"IF ME AND A FEW OF MY OLD PALS  
COULD HAVE CHARGE, EH?"

With a flourish of his arm he signified that the whole business would be over before the public had had time to grasp it. A rheumatically Irishman at one house admitted he was forty years of age—"Would he go?" "Yes, I'll go alright, but my ankle's out of joint and me nay-cap's displaced, but I can just manage to mount a dray and mayhap droive a transport".

(To be continued.)

### **A better time coming.**

I'm jolly glad my wife's not here  
To see me as I am,  
For then I'd live in constant fear,  
Of trouble, with a slam,  
I know her ways, and you'll agree  
Her temper though so sweet,  
She would just scream, if she could see,  
"John Henry, wipe your feet".  
Here I can slop about the trails,  
And feel at ease, perhaps,  
No more I hear those dreadful wails,  
While working with those chaps,  
Though sometimes through the sighing wind  
Out through the rain and sleet,  
I seem to hear a voice behind  
"John Henry wipe your feet".  
John Henry will come back some day,  
And then the tune will change,  
For Mary Jane's not quite so gay,  
And home's a wee bit strange;  
I think that when I march back there,  
Parading through the street,  
Some sweeter sound will fill the air,  
And she'll not mind my feet.

Sgt. W. J. Cook.





## OVERHEARD

"Ivery time I miss me rum issue I 'ave a feelin' we ain't goin' to win this war. I come all faint-like, my heart's weak I fink. I've 'ad ups an' dahns, lots of 'em in me life. Used ter be a seaman stoker onct, ran a crahn an' onchor gime 'nother time".

Coaxingly—"Nah ven quartermaster sergeant shawn't I sye—compliments of the Q. M. S. an' mayn't Quiney 'ave 'is rum issue"?

x     x     x  
TRENCH MAXIMS

The first duty of an Infantryman is to be shelled.

x     x     x

## OUR COLONELS

They have given their word, as everyone knows,  
And they'll surely retrieve it with ease,  
That they'll either be covered with D. S. Os.  
Or covered with S O Ds

x     x     x

## Hints to camp cooks.

To cook corned-beef croquettes, better known as whizbangs, take several cans of resurrected cow-flesh, pare the greater part of the tin off, retraining if possible, the inner or blue lining. Dash violently about with a bayonet hilt or entrenching tool handle. Grapple vigorously with them and having secured a half nelson, burn thoroughly over a hot fire. Rub well with Dichebusch dust, and serve with sauce Belgique, garnish neatly with barbed wire and hawthorn hedge.

## POTATOES

These may be cooked either in their tunics, or, if short of water, great-coats also, or they may be stealthily assassinated and when perfectly dead, pared cautiously with another fellows razor and fried to a finish. Sunburn well or colour, with khaki paint as a protection against aircraft.

## WELSH RAREBIT

Grasp firmly, or lull to rest with kind words and soothing music, a small piece of issue cheese. Tamp lightly with a rifle butt and press through a section expanded metal. Cook to a crisp. (They'll eat it anyhow).

x     x     x

## OVERHEARD IN THE ORDERLY ROOM.

R.M.P. giving evidence respecting limp and bibulous absentee: "Sir, I found this 'ere objec' 'angin' over the oficers cloes line. I seen 'im wipin' 'is degraded fice viciously an' wiv malice aforethought on them there purple pyjamas you own Sir, I think. W'en arrested 'e tried to bite me an' 'e stunk 'orrid of rum".

x     x     x

Joe Drumm says: "It's the side that makes the biggest noise that's going to win".

x     x     x

## Situations vacant.

Why not work for the Government? No lay-offs.

Steady employment. Anyone seeking a position in a neutral territory should apply to O. C. Brigade Wirers. Ex-circus hands preferred. Rubber beaded hammers provided free. Night work only. Every day a holiday.

x     x     x

He sat in the "tube", trench-stained and unshaven. His pack slanted wearily from his heavy shoulders. He gripped his rifle in his right hand and stared straight in

front of him, not with the rapturous intensity of one who visions from afar his first drink foaming creamily in a delicate glass, but with moody directness of a tired man.

She was dainty, and fresh, and fair, sweet-faced as the flowers at her belt. Eagerly she leaned forward, like a lily nodding in the sun. "Did you ever bayonet a German", she asked.

The colour crept slowly over his face. He shuffled his feet uneasily "Well, to tell the truth miss, I did once"; he admitted reluctantly. "Couldn't help it. It was a case of him or me", he added shamefacedly. To his surprise she beamed with delight. "Oh, how frightfully interesting" she cried. "Do come up to tea and tell mother all about it".

## Do you ever realize—

That a war is on around here.

That two maiden aunts and a girl cousin greeting you as their hero when on leave does not entitle you to the V.C.

That it is quite easy to dive into the nearest dug-out and yell "Stretcher bearers at the double" when the bombardment is over.

That because the girl at your billet gives you a crucifix to hang around your neck as a souvenir doesn't mean that you are the only "Soldat Anglais" she ever saw.

That "It is better to give than receive" when it comes to a deal in old iron with the gentle Bosche.

That it is better to be the "Old man's darling" than to be a young sub's "slave". (See short cuts to batman).

That if your O.C. catches you kissing the girl at your billet you don't really have to blush—perhaps he was young himself once.

That being on guard does not give you the right to "Present Arms" and give the "General Salute" to every pretty girl you see.

Iddy Umpty.

## Ain't it sad?

Ain't it sad—when you're "marching in"

With a change of nice dry clothes,  
When you step in a ditch full of water,  
That soaks you from head to toes,  
And you've got to stick it, for three days—p'raps four,  
And dry yourself out by degress,  
Especially when it's snowing galore,  
And doing it's best to freeze?

Ain't it sad when you're caught on the hop,

Right out in the open at that,  
And to dodge a murderous shell fire,  
You've got to flop down flat,  
Or jump in a shell hole, with a headlong rush,  
And fancy yourself in luck,  
To find you are up to your neck in slush,  
Ain't it sad when you want to duck?

Ain't it sad when you are making tea,

To warm yourself up in the morn,  
When the night has been dirty—and busy  
And you wish you had never been born,  
When just as you've finished and put in the rum,  
Brother Fritz throws a bomb at your smoke,  
And blows your breakfast to kingdom come,  
Ain't it sad when you can't see the joke?

Ain't it sad when your numerous friends,

With "squatter's rights" on your vest,  
Take a notion to go for a promenade  
Or start on a foraging quest,  
And try as you might, you can't go where you want,  
But simply get carried away,  
And they take you "over the top" for a jaunt,  
Ain't it sad when you want to stay?

Ain't it sad when you're out for a rest

All wracked with rhumatical pains,  
When you take a couple of snorts for a cure,  
And they run away with your brains  
And you find yourself pegged for F. G. C. M.  
Without an excuse that will fit,  
And you do "No. 1 F. P." pro tem,  
Ain't it sad when you're doing you're bit?

R. Williams, C. A. S. C.



THE 5<sup>TH</sup> BATTALION'S PAGE

Dear Tom,

In my last letter I believe I groused a trifle, but now that is all over. Never again will my manly voice be heard raised in argument with the Orderly Officer, nor will I feel depressed or down-hearted. We are having the time of our lives between working parties, and juggling mulligan mixers. Say, we pulled one out of the slop chest, the last shuffle, who is a regular joker; a Khedive of all the cooks. Mind you, he can't cook. Far from it. But he's so original. The first thing he does when he was enticed into the cook house with a handfull of oats is to chop up some bacon, and when he's complimented on the symmetry and general contour of the chunks he claims the bone impeded the course of the knife. And black already! Say Tom, you ought to see him. He looks like a cloud on a rainy day. You'd think the sun had gone into total eclipse when he appears on the horizon. The Sergeant-cook, who has experience in this line and naturally ought to know, says that this cook should take extreme care and not let the black get shiny, because the Germans might take him for a howitzer and treat him accordingly.

You know yourself Tom, I'm not hard to please in the way of grub, but I leave it to you, when a man is a trifle unlucky and comes kind of late for his chicken giblets, and reaches down to the bottom of the dixie and fishes out an old sock that has somehow wandered away from the home pasture, a man is entitled to speak his mind free and unhindered. And variety! the same yesterday, to-day and forever more. We had mulligan three times running and o-day we had a stew. Can you beat it? Our beloved cook says he has got a change for us for to-morrow. I expect it is what the old woman used to call a New England boiled dinner when we had company on a Sunday afternoon. Personally I'd rather have a nickles worth of fried liver. Say Tom, I came mighty near to getting this same cooks job a few days ago but the German spy system is just about perfect. You see, it was this way. I was just getting a treaty drawn up to be striker to the guy on the fire and the spy must have waggled the information to the enemy; or maybe the news was carried by pigeons. Anyway, just when I was completing the terms, ringside weight, forfeit and all, Fritz sent over one of his ninety six inch shells. You have probably heard all about these new guns of theirs. They fire a shell and then throw rocks for two hours. Well you can see that was no place for me. But this new guy is a whale. He fears no Huns nor their diabolical contrivances. Sometimes he takes a walk with me when times are busy or cold feet, this is no sign of "bigunitis" but merely what we military people term a masterly rear guard action.

It's a funny thing, Tom, how the Primus stoves and Tommy's cookers have boomed around here lately. Seems like somebody's going to eat around here soon. Me, I bought a cook book. Say, she's some volume. It's already settled a subject that has been puzzling me for a long time. You know how great minds run. I expect Columbus was already in doubt about the shape of this earth until he found out for himself. Well that was the way with me, I had some potato soup in a French farm house a while back and I always had a sneaking suspicion about the recipe of this said soup. But when I got the book which should be in every homesteaders shack and on every white man's house boat, the mystery unravelled itself, as you might say. You know Tom how the Pacific coast Chink makes his bread. Well there's your potato soup, otherwise it's not too bad.

Your old friend,  
Smoky.

## MY EPIGRAM

I have seen the beautious splendours  
Of the mystic Northern Lights;  
And the Southern Cross I've worshiped  
In the warmth of topic nights.  
I have roamed around the prairies,  
I have sailed o'er several seas;  
At my own sweet will I've wandered,  
With no one to please.

For some are born to wander  
And some to stay at home,  
And there's surely a taint in the blood of the man  
Who eternally longs to roam.  
It's a fierce and burning fever,  
And it keeps him on the go;  
To day he stands on coral strands,  
Next month he'll freeze in snow.

But it's a glorious independence,  
To revel in God's free air,  
To go where you may choose to go,  
And no one else may care.  
And when your span of life is run  
And you pass beyond the pale;  
You have come to the great Adventure,  
To the raising of the Veil.

Your body to the earth consigned,  
Is buried 'neath the sod:  
While your soul, unfettered and unchained,  
Goes out to meet your God.  
"Requiscat in Pax" so says the cross  
That decorates your mound;  
But your carcase is food for the loathsome things,  
Which are crawling underground.

So when I leave this mortal plane  
I would "Rest in peace" to know  
That my body in death, was, as in life,  
Quite free to come and go.  
My bones cremated to an ash,  
And not to the worms be given,  
But thrown on high, to wander free  
On the wings of the winds of heaven.

FRANC.

## We are coming Mother England.

We are coming Mother England  
One hundred thousand more,  
To help you guard your island home  
As we helped you once before;  
But then we fought with honour,  
For we faced a worthy foe,  
While now we fight the culture of  
Three thousand years ago.

For they drown our little children  
And they crucify our men;  
They bombard your defenceless towns,  
And in the trenches when  
They fear to meet us face to face,  
Their Kultur finds excuse  
To save what they term "Honour",  
By the deadly gas they use.

We're coming Mother England  
Seeking neither wealth or fame;  
We want to meet the ruffian Huns  
Who to honours but a name.  
For them "the day" has come and gone,  
But for us the hour draws near  
When we'll hail our final victory  
With an old time British cheer.

So we're coming Mother England,  
To help you in your need,  
And the Huns will find we're Bull-dogs,  
Of the old time British breed.  
For we won't lay down our weapons  
Till this bloody war is o'er,  
And the faithless Hohenzollern falls  
To rise again no more.

Pte. Walter Hill.



THE 10<sup>TH</sup> BATTALION'S PAGE

PITY ITEMS

THINGS WE DO KNOW AND THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW

JOURNALISM REVOLUTIONISED

What a day that was in B----- when Divisional Hely D'Oissel decorated Canadian Officers, N.C.Os., and men. We should like to give the complete list of honours etc., but space won't allow us. It was a sight men, that if you had been priveleged to witness it, would have made you feel proud of the fact that you belong to the Canadian Contingent.

It was the best answer to the downfall of KULTURISM that one could ever give.

Let us all try to uphold the Dignity and Honour of that glorious Dominion of ours.

x x x

Well now did we not have a real pleasant couple of hours on Saturday afternoon 29/4/16 in the Y.M.C.A. when the "Lena Ashwell" Firing Line Concert Party paid us a visit. That everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves goes without saying. It was sure some concert.

x x x

Someone from the Base the other day paid us quite a compliment. They said, "You know the 'L. P.' just smells of the TRENCHES". And this came from one of the boys who HAS done his BIT.

x x x

The following took place at Festubert:

Scene, trenches. Poor old Ferguson coming out pretty badly wounded, was beating it to the Dressing Station. McDonald, our old stretcher bearer was chasing Ferguson to give him first aid, but could not catch him. So Mac yelled to somebody to shoot that blamed fool and stop him, so that he could get him to the M.O.

x x x

Did the Queen's Own ever wear kilts?

x x x

Did you ever see a mounted bagpipe band? Ask the man from Brandon.

x x x

Our cooks want to know if all the cattle now have only TWO legs. Where have the HIND ones gone to?

x x x

Can any of our readers inform us if they ever saw an eighteen pounder mounted on pneumatic tyred wheels? There's a herrin choker from N B. that we are acquainted with who says HE HAS.

x x x

Did you ever take a trip in a "side door Pullman" in Manitoba during the month of January? Well this reminds us of the Pessimist. When we come in contact with one of those grouchers and knockers they always make us feel like a refrigerator.

x x x

It's enthusiasm that's going to WIN boys, so for the love of Mike KEEP SMILING.

x x x

When the whole blamed world seems gone to pot,  
And business is on the bum,  
A two cent grin and a lifted chin  
Helps some old boy, helps some.

x x x

Did you ever take the trouble to figure out how many hands it requires to feed one fellow in the front line?

x x x

Roaming round the "suburbs" the other day we were asked the question "which side of a cow's horns is his ears, fore or aft? Now then you homesteaders put your thinking caps on.

x x x

And the same "Nosey Parker" wanted to know which is the proper side to milk a cow on, off or near side?

B COMPANY NOTES

Can anyone tell Pte. Pappas why the U. S. ammunition sticks half way up your barrel when fired?

x x x

Which Private says the German shrapnel is no good because it bursts in the air?

x x x

Who are the wise looking guys who walk about the trenches in the day time, with note books and pencils, supposed to be observing? Why don't they join the Army?

x x x

Which N.C.O. is it that rose from Lance Jack to O.C. of the sanitary section in one trip to the trenches?

x x x

Why is it that on a certain wet night, the scouts were not on hand to go out in front. Is it true that they were in fact scouting for dug-outs in the support line, and were the sentries who went out in front on that same night, tickled to death to get wet through?

x x x

Why is it that Headquarters Details eat steak in the trenches whilst the front line live on Maconochies. Do the powers that be consider beef steak a brain food?

x x x

When is the officer in B Co., who took a mess tin containing tea, (save the mark) going to report on the result of his analysis. If not, will he return the mess tin, in view of the fact the men rarely get anything indented for?

x x x

Is Swift a Swallow or does he Swallow Swift?

x x x

Is it true that some of the officers in B Co. have an interest in the firm who manufactures our sandbags?

x x x

Why does B Co's. rum ration invariably taste of chlorine, or is it the water in it?

x x x

Which Sgt. Major of the 10th is looking so fat since his batman went on pass?

x x x

Did Pete take our F200 support to Blighty with him? Good old Pete.

x x x x x

C CO. NOTES

Heard on the line of march.

Tall Pte: "Some Cooks tour, eh Shorty?"

Short Pte.: "Well I could stand more cooks and less of the tour, my appetite is long but my legs are short",

x z x

It is going to be pretty hard on eleven platoon now that the War Office is down on the lonely soldier stuff.

x x x

The names are wanted of all the men who were present at the heroic rescue of S. M. R.--d from that shell hole on the night we marched back to rest billets at -----.

x x x

Did those two Corporals in No. 12 Platoon go over to the farm to drink buttermilk or for some other purpose?

x x x

Did you notice how pleased C Co's. Storeman was to be back on parade?

x x x

In the words of Bruce Bairnsfather. "When the 'ell is it going to be strawberry"?

x x x

We'll bet our iron rations (a gentleman's bet) that the General knows about 12 Platoon now that he had a chat with scouts Granger and Sullivan. Good old 12 Platoon. What's that you say it can't be done? "No Archibald, it can't be done.."



**Reinforcements.***(Continued from page 102)*

portant part in the greatest conflict the world has ever known? Yes, at least the British Government had remembered, that in this little colony, there were thousands of us willing and ready to do our little bit.

The long journey across the ocean, passed with only one incident worth mentioning. A sailor came down to see us one night, and after a few minutes acquaintance with one of my companions, he began to grow quarrelsome. They clinched and fell, but before they could be separated, my comrade almost died. Although it took nearly the entire ships crew to do it, the sailor was eventually placed in irons. We were heartily cheered upon our arrival in France, but as we drew near the firing line our welcome seemed to take the form of a silent worship. We were numbered off and detailed to various companies, and conveyed to the support line. That was the last I ever saw of any of my companions. A burly N.C.O. gave instructions for the distribution of the others, saying HE would escort me personally to the Sgt. Major. I stayed in the S. M's dug-out all that night, but I never got a wink of sleep. Everytime a Sergeant would enquire about me, I was introduced, fondled and caressed until I actually cried; but when a Private or Corporal appeared I would be hastily concealed.

I felt so weak by morning that I feared that I would be unable to go round the company. And oh how I longed to make the acquaintance of the boys who had been on sentry all night; especially those who had been way up close to the Germans, doing listening patrol duty. By supreme effort I went along the trench, and from the very first I knew I was going to be popular. Nearly every man we met would ask the same question, "Was there any more at home like me?" On our return journey to the S. M's dug-out I fully realized what an impression I had made, and what cheer I had brought to this vale of strife. Gone were the ashen faces, song and laughter prevailed the chilly air. I must have looked almost as bad as I felt, for dozens of the boys shouted after us asking "Was I dead yet Sgt. Major?" From then on, I was put on water fatigue. Each night I would go with a carrying party, either to a stream, shell hole or pump. I am near a pump now, and had this pump not squeaked this autobiography would not have been written, nor would I have become a casualty.

I don't know which noise attracted the German sniper, wheather it was the squeeking of the pump or the awful oaths which my guardian uttered. All I know about the tragedy is this. There was a noise like "Ping-phut", an oath which will take a deal of penance to wipe out, the cry of "Stretcher bearers at the double", and an officer's orders to someone to gather me up and bury me.

So endeth the story of a poor rum jar.

*Esses Arr don.*

**A Noble Order.**

Most of us knew, or imagined we knew, a little of the history of the famous Garter, which was the birth of that dignified rank "Knight of the Garter". After we had thrashed this matter out and convinced everybody in our trench (and probably the occupants of Fritz's trench), that the original owner was a lady and that one jewel in that Garter would buy a whole shipload of Boston garters, one seeker after knowledge wanted to know the meaning of C. B. "Confined to barracks" came the loud chorus. This verdict was about to pass unchallenged when the figure of a trench stained warrior was observed to approach from the next bay. "Ain't our General got this 'ere C.B. after his name?" he asked. "Oui Musier" we replied, "What about it?" "Well he ain't done no C.B., he's Commander of the Bath, and he got that for getting shower baths instead of tubs when we was at Estaires".

**Stray Shots from our Contemporaries, and Books we have Read.**

Party leaving trenches dog-tired ask their war to some place or other. The first informant said three miles; half an hour later another gave the same distance. The last person asked, after an hour's tramp, replied "About three miles". A sad voice from the ranks was heard: "Thank God, we're keeping up with the bally place".

*Army Service Corps Journal.*

One of the non-combatant corps, refusing to wear khaki, dressed himself in a blanket, his face resembled a sheet, and altogether he presented a bed-raggled appearance.

*The Passing Show.*

We hear great tales of Johnnie French  
And Jellicoe the sailor,  
But never do we hear a word  
Of great Lance Corporal Maylor.

He was our "L. P." reporter,  
Our chief purveyor of news,  
He knows just how we're going to win,  
And how we're going to lose.

'Tis grand to head a gallant charge  
Or sink a frigate bold,  
But pens have far more might than swords,  
So say wise men of old.

Doc Wilson never storms a fort,  
Or sinks a foeman's boats,  
He simply draws his trusty pen  
And sends out stacks of notes.

There is no chance of loss of life  
When he shells a position,  
With fountain pens as howitzers  
And ink as ammunition.

'Tis so with our news editor,  
He's wise to all our bluff;  
He pans us in his "Listening Post",  
Until we cry enough.

He never asks us out to fight  
Should e're we bawl him out,  
He just writes tales of our miss-deeds,  
And puts us all to rout.

There'll be great fame for many a man  
The day they end this war,  
Also Lloyd George when he repeals  
The anti-treating law.

But what is such poor fame as this  
Compared with peddly vapour?  
I would not trade with all of them  
Were I but O. C. the paper.

C. H. Arliepiece.

**ACTIVE SERVICE**

Up, Through fresh and smiling meadows, peaceful towns,  
and woodland fair,

Up, where death lurks 'mid the shadows, or the star-shells  
fitful glare;

Far behind, the smiling province, growing crops and chim-  
ing bells.

Up the line on active service in the range of German shells,  
Minding not the flying metal, laughing at the mud and grime,  
Buying tales of Kidd or Kettle, with the dollar and the dime.

Knowing how to conquer trouble, meeting danger with a  
sneer,

Coming up, and at the double, for a fight or for his beer;  
Strafing on the working parties, mocking mud-stained  
engineers,

Using still his "muck stick" hearty, though the war goes  
on for years.

Dying sometimes in the trenches, wounded, broken, maimed  
or blind;

Sun that burns or rain that drenches, none of these he  
seems to mind.

Scorning to be called a hero, hating war's unholy din,  
Nerves as calm as those of Nero, time he played his violin,  
In a dewy land of clover or the city's throbbing life,  
Hoping soon the war is over, there awaits his promised wife,  
Fondly reading, flushed and nervous though not much his  
letter tells,

Still out on active service, dodging work and German shells.

43825, 2nd Co., C.E.