

THE LISTENING POST



6th Duke of Connaught's Rifles 11th Irish Fusiliers 88th Victoria Fusiliers
02nd Rocky Mountain Rangers 04th 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 I/CPL. H. MAYLOR. NEWS EDITOR.

No 10 BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE JAN. 20. 1916. Price 1d.

CONSTABLE Cpl. CARTER CLEAN CAUGHT Dramatic arrest.

The dramatic arrest of Cpl. Carter has caused a great sensation in the ranks of the 7th Battalion. When all the facts of the case are brought to light, including the escape from England, the journey across the continent, the arrival at the front followed by the arrest, it will probably read like a chapter from, "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard", or "Baron Munchausen". After being wounded in action, sterilized by doctors, thermometered, iodined and manicured by nurses, automobilized and exhibited by society, the military authorities informed him that his services were no longer required to fill sand bags, kill Germans, or stop bullets. Noting the look of sadness, (ahem) which crept over his Napoleonic features when this news had time to soak in, they rushed to the rescue with the offer of Home Duty. They presented him with a beautiful armband bearing the ever to be respected letters, R.M.P. (Regimental Military Police). This decoration not only allowed him to use the private entrance of any hotel, which may appear generous, but it gave him full permission to assist timid ladies to cross the street. (Note:— My partner wants to know what more could a country do for a hero). But Cpl. Carter wanted more; Yes, he wanted revenge. After searching every sausage and saur-kraut factory on his beat, he failed to find anyone who looked just a little bit like the Hun who "potted" him.

One day Sister Susie and all the other sisters who had insisted on being assisted by Cpl. Carter, found his place filled with another. They journeyed to the soldiers club and consulted detective Ramrod, whom they found disguised as the head char-lady. He got on the scent of our hero, (which was an easy matter) and, guided by his foot-prints, tracked him from the city to the coast. Here a sight confronted our slueith which brought great beads of perspiration to his intelligent brow. It was a small piece of board, on which was inscribed the innocent words, "THIS WAY TO THE FIRING LINE". At this point of the hunt he remembered that there was a lot of decorating to be done at the club before Xmas, so he begged to be excused. Two other brave slueiths were then ordered to proceed to the Arsenal in order to get equipped with 4.7's, and the arrest was successfully accomplished.

Information for the Canadian Soldier (Continued)

4.—If you are taken prisoner and wish to assign a small portion of your pay, say 3 pounds a month to the Canadian Red Cross Society, for the purpose of purchasing comforts, write to the Chief Paymaster, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, London, and necessary action will be taken.

5.—If you are sent to hospital in England from the front, your Pay Book will be taken from you and sent to the Chief Paymaster, as you are not allowed to receive money while in hospital.

Before leaving the hospital, if the Chief Paymaster is notified, an advance of pay will be sent to your address on proceeding on sick furlough, or you can obtain money on transfer to a Canadian Convalescent Hospital.

6.—Be careful not to lose your Pay Book; it should always be kept in the inside pocket of your jacket; don't leave it in a Kit Bag, etc.

7.—Always state your Regimental No., Rank, Name, and Unit when writing. Hundreds of letters addressed to men in the Contingent are delayed in delivery to them, owing to insufficient address not showing the unit to which the man belongs.

8.—To avoid trouble and expense to relatives be sure to have your will sent to Canadian Pay and Record Office, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, London, or if your will is in Canada or elsewhere, notify the Chief Paymaster where it has been lodged. The mention of the next of kin on your attestation paper is not a will.

Found in the C.O.'s., waste paper basket To,

Officer Commanding,
1st., B. C. Regt.

Sir;—

I have the honour to suggest that you do not sufficiently appreciate the fact that it was due, almost entirely, to the signal section, that the attack of the 17th., inst., was so successful. You will realise the importance of the signallers in this attack, when you remember that we have a FORD. We also have a GATES for the wire and a HILL to give us a commanding position. WINTER was in our favour, and the Krupp works were useless while the signallers held ESSON. The soft mud would have made others SKIDMORE but this section has a good WALKER; moreover their disguise as WINDOW cleaners was excellent. Of course this was greatly due to the BUCKETT added to their special GRANT from Scotland. All these taken together was of such great assistance that we PRESTON to victory.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

No 16211 Sgt. C-----n.

The "L. P." can be procured at 392 Strand, London, W. C. opp. Hotel Cecil.



Bravo! Fifth Battalion.

For friends above; for friends still left below;
 For the rare links invisible between;
 x x x x
 For sweet hearts tuned to noblest charity;
 For great hearts toiling in the outer dark;
 For friendly hands stretched out in time of need;
 For every gracious thought, and word, and deed;
 We thank thee, Lord.

John Oxenham.

Germany has found that two can play at the innocent game of "submarines".

The Big Stick

The royal Mail Steam Packet Merionethshire, running in the Eastern service of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, has arrived in London, having amongst its cargo a flagstaff measuring 215ft and Weighing eighteen tons. It has been presented by the Government of British Columbia to Kew Gardens, to replace the one recently taken down, measuring 159ft.

The new flagstaff, is one of the largest in the world, and is made from the trunk of a Douglas fir tree grown in British Columbia.

Encycloedia of Military Terms

Not to be read by soldiers.

Why? because they know all about it.

A number of letters have been received by members of the Battalion from their respective fathers, mothers, and sisters, saying, that although they enjoy reading the "Listening Post", they are afraid they are missing something through not being conversant with the military words and signs which sometimes appear in spite of our appreciation of these praises, we have decided to attempt to explain, in the form of a dictionary or encyclopaedia, a few of the most important of these baffling, mysterious signs and words.

Editor.

Absent, or absent without leave. This military term is as old as the school house on the hill. When we went to school or when we were supposed to go to school, and didn't, we put the whole sentence into one word by calling it "hookey". The girls, (they never played hookey) called it truant. In just the same way as the girls, (bless 'em) used to tell the Headmaster "on us," so the N. C. Os. tell the O. C. On active service, to be absent without leave means, that some bad, bold, brave, bosche-killing, Kanadian, has ventured too far from his billets without a "chaperon" or N. C. O. It also means an interview with the Regimental Police in the "clink", and the O. C. in the morning.

Ammunition. This was first meant to be used for shooting at Germans, but the bombers claim it is out of date. It is still used for target practice, and for shooting at German periscopes, and stove pipes. It keeps the soldiers from becoming poetical as they have to clean it, and it keeps the officers from getting "gouty", or rheumatic, as they have to go around the troops to examine it. It is worth having if only for the purpose of keeping a man balanced. When he has full pack on his back and his ammunition in front he is able to walk very gracefully.

Artillery. The word artillery is used when referring to guns bigger than a rifle. It has been found impossible to train infantry to carry these guns, but these guns often cause the infantry to be carried much further and faster than any other means of locomotion, or propulsion yet invented, and for less money; with or without flowers.

Armistice. This is something the enemy asks for when they are in urgent need of reinforcements, ammunition, or both.

Ambulance. This is usually an automobile used for conveying soldiers who wish to have German pig-iron re-

moved from their system, and a trip to "Blighty". (For blighty see page 99 1-2).

Adjutant. An officer, sometimes found at Headquarters on the end of a wire, (telephone). He can be easily recognised by three infallible signs; his clothes, his worried look, (whither married or single), and his language.

(To be Continued)

Trench routine orders by Major Eller Mainzes Commanding the Umpteenth B. Q. Regt.

IN THE FIELD
29/9/15.

(1). SANITATION.

- All bath mats must be taken up and shaken immediately after stand-to each morning.
- All food refuse, tin cans, tin hats, and other useless matter, must be buried at least 50 yards behind and below the trench.
- Old socks must NOT be thrown over into the German lines. (This is a breach of a clause in the Hague Convention forbidding the use of weapons calculated to cause cruel, and unnecessary suffering).
- It has been decided that in future, Officers' dug-outs must be swept out; a different method of identifying them having been adopted.
- Dusting must be carried out between the hours of 8 and 9 a.m. only; the practice of dusting the fire-step with an old handkerchief is forbidden, the regulation feather dusters only to be used.

(2). DISCIPLINE.

- Prisoners.** It has been brought to the notice of the O. C. that members of the unit have been regarding prisoners taken by them as personal property, and in some cases training them as pets. This practice must cease at once; attention is drawn to Regtl. Routine Order Q. Z. Y. 13. which states that all prisoners captured each night must, — if officers. — be handed over to the Sgt. Cook; and in the case of other ranks, must be tied up in bundles of ten and handed over to the Q. M. In the latter case a description must be attached shewing numbers, age and sex, and whether, when secured, they were in possession of sausages, saur-kroust, or other offensive weapons.
- Patrols.** Information has been received that night patrols have been trespassing in grain fields when out in No-mans-land. It must be distinctly understood by R. O's., that when out on patrol they must select well worn paths, and avoid bear traps, and injury to growing crops.
- Sentries.** It is pointed out for the benefit of all ranks that the sentry-boxes on the top of each traverse are for use in bad weather only. Sentries must not use them in fair or even moderate weather, but must walk up and down on the top of their section of the parapet in a smart and soldierly manner; arms correctly at the slope, and bayonets fixed.

(3). DRESS.

The practice of wearing coloured ribbons on respirators, and embroidery or lace edgings on smoke helmets, is to be discontinued immediately. All ranks must at all times, when in the presence of the enemy, show a neat and smart appearance in dress; buttons must be polished twice daily: The Kingdom of Bulgaria, having been declared to be in a state of war with us, the practice of officers wearing multicoloured ties commonly known as "Bulgarian", must immediately cease.

(4). RATIONS.

The O. C. notes with grave displeasure the abuse of certain rations recently. It has been proved that a large percentage of the men have been pouring their rum ration into their boots, on the plea that it keeps their feet warm. This must cease instantly. Any further breaches of this nature will be severely punished, and the offenders compelled, as an additional punishment, to drink three issues of rum daily in the presence of an officer. The Q. M. reports that the recent shortages in the issues of coke and charcoal are due to the ravages of rats and mice in the trenches. In the best interest of the service, all ranks should endeavour to exterminate these pests. The following simple method has been found very successful, and is circulated for information:—Drive in a 9ft stake until only 3ft shows above the ground, secure the rat to this by a 3/8 in. steel cable passed round the hind legs (D.5. or E.2. signal cable are equally effective if available). Pass a

noose of a 3/8 in. hemp cable over the rodents head and detail a fatigue party of 1. N. C. O. and 4 men to haul on this until the increasing strain dislocates the animals neck; when life is extinct the body may be buried, care being taken to comply with Trench Order No. 1, sub section A. of this date.

(5). GENERAL.

The habit of cutting out the telephone wires for minor repairs, and to use as boot laces, must stop. The Signal Officer has arranged that each signal office in the trenches shall carry a stock of all sizes of wire in various lengths, for repairing shovels, bailers, gum boots, broken ankles, etc. and for tying up souvenirs to send home. This can be obtained by indent approved by G. O. C. 19th Army, The Secretary of State for war, First Sea Lord, O. C. Regtl. Carrier Pigeons, or any other Officer of equal rank.

The O. C. expresses the hope that these orders will be carried out with willing obedience by all ranks, so that it will not be necessary for him to visit the trenches in person, as they are most unhealthy places.

By Order

Hetty Susan Darke

Lieut. and maybe Adjutant.

Iddy-Umpy.

The Rape of the Fritzes being The 1st Epistle of Bill to the Columbians

— Cap. 1. —

1. Now the armies became blasè, with nothingdoing; even so that the Brasshats roused themselves and howled for action; and prisoners; and they tore their hair; and considered the matter craftily together; and decided it with cunning.

2. For it was the "Intelligence", who saught intelligence and moreover, this must needs be granted unto them.

3. And the Brasshats; they who drew their Kopecks and Correspondence many leagues behind the Front, consulted, the one against the other; and they used many words, and banged the atmosphere with their fists, and made greivous holes therein. For their greifs were manifold, But even as The Seventhbatt had proved skookum, the Brasshats said, the one to the other, "Let it be these", and it was these.

4. And the Seventhbatt had long desired this thing.

5. So that the Ruler of the Seventhbatt, when he heard news thereof, was bucked up, and his chist grew northward one-half metre, and he communed with himself, softly, saying, "We will start something". And yea verily I say unto you, he STARTED something.

6. For he called unto him his young men, and his jokers, and his subs, and his bombers, and his scouters; and be it written, and engraved upon their sargophaguses, "These scouters were mooses".

— Cap. 2 —

1. Now it came again to pass, that after many rainy days and starshelly eyes of travail and headwork and wriggles, these scouters found wire; and it was barbed wire; and there were very many wire, for Fritzthe-enemy had overmuch leisure on these bombless nights. But the scouters, with much languidness, cut these wires, and lay on their shoulders, and waxed merry; for they loved it, and scoffed at the dangerousness.

2. And the scouters, Byash and Styermein, and Cockbab, scouted. And they discovered the trench wherein the Fritzes slept, and lo, it was even where WILDY the scout had planned that it should be.

3. So they schemed together, and framed up, one with the other, a scheme to get into it, even the trench. And they made a headquarters and named it OWEN-POST, in memory of one good scout, and this post lay five and one-quarter meters south by west of the nearest fritzes. And it was good.

4. And moreover, Fritzthe-enemy knew naught of their scheming, nor did he worry his bean concerning it; for his bivvys were cushy, and his sentries were weary and heavy with sausage; and these scouters were waryones.

5. And Wrightson, the Quiet One, was to lead the bangup, and Macillerey the Bomber, and Costigan the Irish were detailed to make loud and improper noises at the festival.

6. And they did so.

7. Now it came to pass, this thing, as it was planned. And lo! Fritzthe-enemy went high into the air. For he knew not whence came this sudden festivity, nor where it departed, nor what the devil it meant; and he was sorely distressed, and penetrated, ---and bayoneted.

8. For Macillerey the Bomber and Costigan the Irish made much rowdiness and bango, the one on either side; And there was much bango, and highu stickem.

9. And Fritzthe-enemy lay low in his dugout; and as he lay there, Robertson, the Quickly one, appeared unto him suddenly, and said unto him with much feeling, "Beat it!" and as the Fritzes beat it not expeditiously, being sorely harried, he gave unto them Millses of great bango, and spoke again cheerfully unto them, saying, "UP she rises!"

10. And UP she rose.

11. And there was much explosion and confusion therein, and casualties, and unhappiness and Blighties.

12. For he and all the others straaafed them; and the details corralled many prisoners and information; and the red signals of the Tribe of Fritz soared high into the Heavens, for it was lights out, and curtains and lamentations, and Gott straafe Everybody.

13. And the HERRLOOTENANT, being the boss jocker present, after that the shouting had died away and the gang had went, with gross heroism, bombed he his own front line. For he must make a showing, and he dreamed that the BRITISHERS still held to his trenches,

14. But the artillery and M.Gs., grew suddenly spiteful, and hostile; and they caught him bending and biffed him, so that he became wise to himself, and quitted his joking.

15. And the wild Fritzes who had been taken were herded together. And even BILLWHITEHOUSE, he whose countenance is like unto a bowl which has better times, mocked them, saying, "To the TIMBERS!" Yea, varlets, even unto the cellars of IRISHFARM. "And he scorned them, and stole their ironcrosses; and the scouters, by stealth, possessed themselves of many identitydiscs, and one pickelhaube.

(NOTE. These verses are too long. ED.)

(Will make them shorter. BILL.)

16. Now the Fritzes were depressed, and worried, for they would be shot at RUMISSUE.

KAMARADES



17. And they held up their paws, and yowled "Kamarade" and --- (deleted).

18. And the SEVENTHBATT, who were elevated and wished them no ill, welcomed them.

19. And stole their equipment, and joshed them; and gave unto them writing paper and fodder and RUM-- I think so!

20. And there were STARLIGHTS, and machineguns, and rejoicing. and many noise.

21. Now Fritzthe-enemy had stayed not to examine that which our bombers had handed unto him;

22. Nor had he tarried overlong to yarn with our bayonetmen.

23. For his barometer was low mit his belly in, and his digestion had forsaken him; and he wished that he was back again in SOHO.

24. For had he not consumed many bombs and many shells, and many bayonets? And I say unto you, this diet is not a wise diet for the FAT-ONES.

25. Nor doth it lead to ripe and merry age and slippers, and schooners.

26. So that the conclusion of the whole matter is this. Ye must have "SCOUTERS" and "LISTENING POSTS". So I say unto you thusly, "Be early with thy shopping, for the POST is for sale, but it is meet that we sell not our SCOUTERS".

(Besides, the C. O. wouldn't stand for it. BILL.)

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE on this controversy must now cease.

EDITOR.



Officer (to sentry who has been asleep):— "Why have you got your boots off?"

Sentry:— "So as not to wake the 'orses, Sir"

Punch (London)

More Truth than Poetry

In six days the Lord made heaven and earth----- then the devil got busy on barbed wire and machine guns.

"The way of the transgressor is hard". Contemplating our endless weary miles of Belgian pavè one must conclude that the 1st B. C's are hopeless sinners.

"A fool there was, and he made his prayers,
Even as you or I;

To a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair-----

Judging from Kiplings life-like description, he must have been billeted in a Belgian farm house when he wrote the above.

When will the "powers that be" realize that a man returning from seven days leave to England should be given three days to rest and recuperate?

The next best

Scene:— Transport Lines.

Time 6 A.M.

Subaltern (arriving from English leave) "Heavens, I am hot and thirsty".

Youthful T. O. "How would a scotch and soda taste just now? Come over to my tent with me".

Subaltern "Sure I will. Have you got some Scotch?"

Y. T. O. "No, but we can talk about it."

Canadian Tommy (somewhere in France) to French shopkeeper:— "Speak English Moosoo?"

French shopkeeper:— "But yes, a leetle, M'sieu"

Can, Tommy:— "Right y'are, give yours trooly ten pounds of spuds, an arnce o' baccy, a packet o' fags and a box o' lights; do you get me Steve?"

Mrs O'Brien:— "And how's your brave soldier son getting along at the front?"

Mrs Flanagan:— "Sure an' he must be doing foine. He says, says he, that afther having a D. C. M. he's promoted from Corporal to Lance Corporal.



There is no truth in the report that the Brewers and hotel props of W.....e, have asked the military authorities to place the town out of bounds to all troops except the 7th Battalion Pioneers.

Medical Detail

The Dear old Doc; He got a terrible shock,
Sick parade at seven o'clock,
Whew!!! - - On a cold and frosty morning.

Machine Gunners

If it is true that the Hunnish stretcher-bearers were busy when No. 1 Machine Gun opened up the other night?

If it takes two hours to correct an unknown jam, how long will it take to correct a simple jam?

If it is true that the navvies are getting leave before the Machine Gunners?

If the "blighty" that a popular Machine Gun Corporal received the other evening deters him from his Falstaffian proclivities in which he had excelled himself during his sojourn in France?

If the sobriquet "Trooper" is a pet name or merely an affectionate name for the capricious method he conducts his section?

When we shall be counted as Machine Gunners and not as engineer's helpers?

No. 2 Company's Notes

The other day while on my way
With several of the boys,
A short discussion then took place
About my Captain's toys.

Twas asked the reason why a whip
Should be his only weapon,
And if it was for self defence
Or was it meant to threaten.

He never rides that we can see
So is it his own notion,
To strut about with such a thing
And make a big commotion.

In days of old they had a sword,
So is it change of fashion?
That now is carried whip and cane,
Or adulterated passion?

'Tis said the Huns across the way
Have used it to their profit,
So can it be another scheme
Of there's we are to mimic?

The reason we may never know,
Nor shall our thoughts be riven;
For though a whip may drive a horse,
That way we can't be driven.

—J. C. Cruikshanks.

Who are batmen? What are they for?
They drive one mad and make one sore,
They clean our boots and bring us water,
Do little work and act as porter(s).

They cook our eggs and also bacon
Our mush betimes, and God-forsaken
Steak and onions, tough as leather;
We sometimes have to live on weather.

My batman (who is quite a clown)
Just "boiled" and spoilt my dear "Sam Brown."
He said he really quite forgot
That water on a stove gets hot.

Not satisfied with mischief done,
He further acts the Kultured Hun,
My boots, old pals for comfort noted,
Completely ruined, burnt, fried and roasted.

Mentioned in Despatches

On behalf of the officers, N.C.O.s and men of the 7th Canadian Battalion, "The Listening Post" (for Xmas gifts so generously provided), heartily thanks the donors, as follows: The London Daily News; Vancouver Daily World; Frederick Buscombe, Esq.; London Daily Express; Angus Campbell Patriotic League, Victoria, B.C.; McAlpine Tobacco Co. (per Capt. F. Bayliss); H. H. Stevens, M.P., and Dominion Government Employees in Vancouver; Montreal Gazette; Ruskin Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, Vancouver; Canadian Field Comforts Commission; Kamloops Comforts Association; Kamloops Ladies' Guild; Vancouver Red Cross Society; Admiral Sir. A. Markham; Canadian War Contingent Association; The Ladies' Aid Society (per Mrs. Geo. Davidson) Frankford, Ont.

A cig isn't Big,
But it's ends to the invincible "Listening Post"
As hearty a greeting as any can boast,
And a boost as long as Pacific Coast
For its laugh, — and a half,
From the library staff.

The Editor, on behalf of the "Listening Post" staff desires to convey our very heartiest editorial thanks to the staff of Victoria Public Library, for the grand smokes so kindly sent at Christmas, and which the staff so much appreciated.

2nd Canadian Brigade Sports

The athletes of the Seventh Battalion are not losing any sleep through guarding the prize money they won at the recent sports. The championship cup, which was presented by Brigadier General Lipsett C. M. G., was won by his old battalion, the 8th. They sure did win it, and for a while they will hold it; but Oh you 8th, watch out for the 7th and 10th the next time that the cup is in the lime light. It is Rumoured that after the 7th beat the 10th 4-1, they had an automobile in readiness to take the cup away. If this is true, they must have had a false report of the 5th's scoring abilities. The 5th battalion won the toss, and played the first half with the wind in their favour. They kept the 7th's goaler busy, but only managed to get one past him in the first half. In the second half both teams realized that it was impossible to soak up any more mud and water, so they wallowed right into it. The 5th scored two more in the first five minutes, which made the cup look much smaller in the eyes of the 7th's team, and supporters. The 5th then commenced to play like first leaguers. Their combination was perfect, and before the whistle blew they had the score up to 5-0.

Both teams then proceeded to the boxing contest. As usual, the 2nd Bde band were the only people allowed to create a disturbance, and brotherly love commenced with a preliminary bout between the two lightweights Ptes, Lawdrigan, of the 5th, and Pearson, of the 10th. After chasing each other around the arena for a few minutes, Pte Pearson was given the decision.

The next bout which was between Sgt. Holland, of the 7th, and Pte. Wiley, of the 8th, was very interesting. These two gladiators rushed at one another as though they hated each other, but they would usually finish up in a clinch. Pte Wiley's style helped the referee to make his decision. The preliminary middleweight bout was won by Pte Clark, (Nobby), of the 8th. Nobby's long reach is something to be envied, (and avoided). His opponent, Cpl. Edwards, 7th Bn, retired in the second round with a damaged hand.

Pte Cheron 5th Bn. and Pte Le Fevre 10th Bn. put up the best scrap of the evening. Pte Cheron getting the decision.

In the heavyweight preliminary, C. S. M. Allan was knocked out in the Second round by Pte Mellin, of the 8th.

Pte. Brady of the 5th, and Marshall, of the 10th gave, and received some hard punches. Marshall getting the points.

Lieut. Gwynne, the referee, had no easy task to decide some of the final bouts. His decisions, however, were popular with the audience.

Pte. Pearson won the lightweight purse, the middleweight going to Pte. Clark, and the heavyweight to Pte. Mellin.

The purses were presented by Brigadier General Lipsett C. M. G. He spoke a few words to each winner, and thanked the sports committee for their splendid programme.

At the field sports the 8th Battalion had a good man working for them in the shape of Lieut. Davidson. The many points he brought home helped considerably in winning the cup. General Currie presented the sports prizes and the cup. He told the boys that he had found it necessary to put them back in the trenches a few days earlier than he had at first intended. His remarks about the civilian population being very well pleased with our behaviour, brought forth three hearty cheers.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Agony Column

Tony Bell, who advertised for an affinity in No. 7 issue, of "The Listening Post", desires to again hear from "Sweetie", "Little Fairy" and "Some Baby Girl", as he finds it quite impossible to choose his hearts desire with correspondence in hand. As Tony has been kept busy fighting Germans, he has had no time to reply personally, and therefore desires his correspondents to accept this apology. Please address reply to Box 23, C/O. the Editor the "Listening Post".



From Katherine — Mine Gott!! for have you been??
Here I have to ein Canadian Surprise party beer!!!!

THE 8TH BATTALION'S PAGE

A Merry Christmas

A merry Christmas to all. Its an old, old greeting, but one that rings true nevertheless. Christmas opens mens' hearts and makes "white men" of even those "Old Scrooges" who still inhabit the earth.

We can almost wish the Huns a merry Christmas. We can at least see to it that they have a lively one.

We will also try to ensure that their new year is not monotonous and dull. We will try to keep them interested.

Regarding the serious illness of the Kaiser we will also be charitable and hope that his death will not be too painful.

It will be seen by the above sentiments that our heart is warm with good wishes. To one and all of our readers (the circulation is the largest in Flanders) we wish most heartily the good old wish: A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Our Christmas Dinner

When St. Nicholas was distributing his Christmas gifts this year he favored the Little Black Devils by permitting them to spend their Christmas Day in Divisional Reserve at B----- camp. This is a very pretentious place-- wooden huts with pitched roofs and two foot walls for living accommodation also a large hut used as a lecture room and miscellaneous purposes.

Adaptability is a Canadian characteristic so it was inevitable that a few days respite from the restricted trench area should find all hands prepared to celebrate Christmas to the best of their necessarily limited material resources.

The fact that all officers of the battalion dined in mess for the first time on the night of the twenty-fifth since coming to France portended something out of the ordinary, and this was only possible because of the large hut.

The culinary staff surmounted great difficulties in the preparation of the meal, and how it was all cooked on the little 2 by 2 stove is a secret that the chef would not divulge. But cooked it was, and excellently too.

Lack of space precluded the possibility of having many guests, but it was a source of gratification that a number of the brigade staff were in attendance. Among them was our Yankee ex-machine gun officer, who arrived in kilts. 'Gene said he'd try anything once.' Certainly Solomon in all his glory had nothing on Houghton.

A pleasing announcement was made during the evening of the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. The genial C. O. was the recipient of many congratulations on this Christmas gift.

The customary toasts were duly honored, including those to "Our Allies" and "Canada" while the impressive silence that followed the toast "Absent Friends" was a deep tribute to the memory of the men who have lain down their lives in our glorious cause, those incarcerated in German prisons and at a time like this ones thoughts naturally reverted to the loved ones across the sea.

A pleasing feature of the many speeches was the kindly reference to our sister battalions of the second brigade than whom there are none better, while the Divisions and Canadian forces in general were eulogized by the various speakers. The Home Workers Association was also referred to in glowing terms.

The Christmas banquet was a huge success. It was a case of "When Good Fellows get together."

The non-commissioned officers and men of the battalion had their celebration of Christmas also. The large marquee of the Y. M. C. A. was requisitioned for the purpose. There was no shortage of rations in this case. The

long tables groaned under the weight of the good things provided. Many were the goodies from over the seas while the officers of each company took care that there was no lack of grub. The choruses that made the welkin ring the best evidence that the boys were happy and in the true Christmas spirit of "Away Dull Care." The Little Black Devils had a good Christmas. Their many friends over the sea can rest assured for that fact.

ON Dit

The Divisional Baths are said to furnish the friskiest breed of pediculae—in Flanders.

English Farm is a very good second 'tis said.

The S. A. veterans miss the ant hills, the best disinfectors yet invented.

We know now what Kipling meant when he called us a "licentious" soldiery.

The men who "do their bit" may get trench feet. Its the shirkers who stay at home that have the cold feet.

The lassies of M--t--rn are sighing for the gallant boys of the L. B. D. especially as the sale of silk aprons is falling short.

Folkestone Landlady:—"Yes Sir, the rent of this room is two pounds per day and very snice too."

Officer:—"Good Heavens woman, I'm not a Canadian".

Folkestone Landlady:—"Oh! A thousand pardons Sir. It will be seven and six a day to you."

"Where was Bill hit?" asked the survivor of a charge.

"In the sternum", replied the M. O.

"That's a sanguinary untruth. Bill would'nt run from the best Hun in the Kaiser's army."

Officers' mess derived its name from the condition of the mess presidents book at the monthly audit.

New Year resolutions by the Runners of the 8th Battn.

Together we resolved—

1. To arise every morning without the help of the R. S. M.
2. To treat the pioneers as men who have "hairy ears" and who are almost; not quite, our equals.
3. To keep the fire in the orderly room with or without either fuel or smoke.
4. Not to swear every time the buzzer buzzes, even during meal hours. As each of us has a special weakness to confirm and strengthen the Canadian corps these resolves are solemnly made.
1. Doc. Not to fall suddenly and violently ill on a rainy day when the road to brigade or transport is slimy with mud.
2. James. To drink all my rum ration at night and save Britts for the morning.
3. Britt. To love my neighbor as myself even tho' he be an N. C. O.
4. Ed. Not to get sore when asked to fill sandbags for the pioneers as pioneers do not work very hard anyway.
5. Clem. To light a fire myself once in a while instead of advising how it should be done. Theory is good but practise is better.

Stop Press News.

Should this catch the eye of "Would Be Suiter" and she replies at once, sending photograph and address, she would undoubtedly be the means of saving the life of Pte. Tony Bell, of this Battalion, who has been much infatuated by her letter, which was just received as we were going to press. Please reply Box 23 c/o Editor, Listening Post.

The Padre again

The Listening Post hasn't pulled the wire to tell me I am to be strafed for the first one, so here's a New Year's thought. To men under arms-- not in arms-- in the greatest war the world has seen, the best New Years wish is Victory, complete, crushing, and soon.

But every man has two struggles on his hands. We all have our share in the contest of J. B., Sons, & Co., against William of the big bluff. The result of this is in no doubt at all, tho' it may go more rounds than we think. But the Kaiser will have to back down before the Allies, who are in dead earnest, to put him where he belongs.

The second struggle is your own personal scrap with Satan, also of the big bluff. He simply can't stand long against the man who is in dead earnest about religion, and life, and goes to the proper place for his munitions of war. Christ said, "All power is given unto me, and I am with you always, even to the end of the world." So the padre's New Year wish to you is just VICTORY, that you may be bigger, cleaner, and stronger. May the God of Victory guide you and guard you, forever. AMEN



Whether one of the Crown Prince's names is "Thomas"?

Whether the rats have taken to smoking pipes and cigars, as well as cigarettes?

Whether the winter trenches will be finished by the summer of 1918.

Whether L... N... of No. 2 Co., is any relation of L... N... of No.3 Co.?

Whether a second in command of a battalion does more work than a company commander?

What became of the Christmas pudding lost in the Padre's tent?

Please direct all replies to Ptes. Yearwood and Downie, c/o Pte. Gray.

Who is the young Canadian with a profile like the 'Clown Prince, who wandered far into the country in order to buy real "Belgium" lace? And how many colours did the turn when, after struggling with his best French for 15 minutes the "Country Maid" sweetly exclaimed, "Cheese it kid, and dont waste my time."

We always have wondered why (some) people always called the 47th Battalion the best (?) Canadian Overseas Battalion, and now we have learned the reason why. It seems that while in training the boys of the 47th, had a penitentiary on one side of the camp, a lunatic asylum on the other, with the rear amply guarded by a large (we presume this was necessary) hospital. It is plain to see that in order to get in or out of the camp they had to pass under the eye of the Regimental Police; but then there are such things as "spoiled boys".

Who were the two Officers who couldn't wait until morning for their mail?

We wonder, Does the Kaiser REALLY want this country?

Why the Paymaster calls his office "The Sam Hughes Redoubt"?

Why certain people dont want the soldier to get his one comfort "tobacco"?

And how would they like it if their tea was stopped?

When the pack mules will be issued with rubber boots?

When the party who borrowed the Paymasters coal and cutlery is going to bring it back?

If Jones is in training for the ring?

And if a match could be arranged between him and Howe?

What the fellows said who "slept in" and missed the leave train?

If the Paymaster's dog is still absent without leave?

If the man Gray "who bums around all day" has not taken the hint and is now "digging in"?

If it is true that the Canadians are going to Serbia?

What the young ladies of Shornecliffe will do now that Mr. Quinney K. C. has returned to the front?

Should the mule ration party be called the Maconachie Horse?

Who was the batman who boiled his officers Sam Browne belt?

New war dishes now being served in the trenches.

Boiled belts,

Stewed socks,

Pickled puttees.

Who was the officer who said, in speaking to a brother in misery, that, "He would take a feed on the horse".

Who indents for the DOUGH?

The P. M. or the Q. M.?

THE POETS CORNER

Reinforcements

We've stood in the mud filled trenches,
With water up to our hips,
We've sickened at a hundred new stanches
And shivered, froze blue to the lips.
We've sat through the shrieking silence
That stretches between the shells,
Wet, woeful, weary waiting through
An eternity of hells.

Far beneath our sodden footboards the German miners
They blew us flying heavenwards [mined,
Shattered, maimed and blind.
They shelled us sometimes sudden
And sometimes not a few,
And we grovelled waiting praying
As the casualty list grew.

We fled to our own shell ditches
When the British batteries fired,
We called them sons of Hanan
And said they made us tired,
We watched our bombers bombing
And bursting premature
Perhaps a trifle careless
Their efforts immature.

We've drunk of dead filled rivers,
 We've eaten flyblown dirt,
 We've never changed our stockings,
 We wear the same old shirt.
 Inoculation maybe
 Has kept us in the line,
 The rum we think it helps us
 At least we don't decline.

We've played at burial parties
 When mines beneath us burst
 But we always boil our water
 To allay a sizzling thirst.
 We wear our sweet pea helmets
 To dissipate the gas,
 We don't asbestos jackets
 And let the flame burst pass.

We crawl about in cover
 And never show a face
 When the enemy's gentle Taube
 Hovers o'er the place.
 We've taken all precautions
 We thought we knew the game
 And we never yet were frightened
 Till the Reinforcements came.

They come to us in dozens
 And chuck a mighty chest
 To sit upon the parapet
 They think a holy jest.
 They think to please the enemy
 Attracting of their fire,
 They smile in gentle pity
 When we grovel in the mire.

At night on working parties,
 They indulge in striking lights,
 They tell how brave they'll Hun him
 When the Hun comes out to fight
 They never speak in whispers
 And always march in time,
 Phisic insolence to danger
 Is sometimes quite sublime.

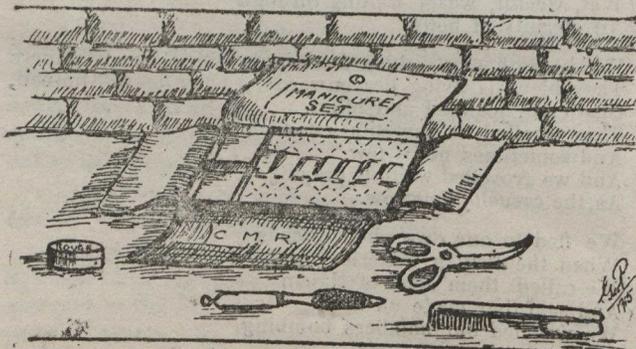
Their bayonets in the trenches
 Just peep above the top.
 The man impaled upon them
 They love to see him hop.
 They love to drop a pickaxe
 In the direction of our toes,
 At times with spades and shovels
 They like to deal out blows.

Their casualties are horrid,
 Their sick parade immense
 They think that we are timid
 When we try to teach them sense.
 They always sprain their ankles
 They get the toothache too,
 Their knowledge of malingering
 Its beautifully new.

Well send them p'rambukators
 Instead of hand grenades
 Instead of horrid sergeants
 We'll indent for nursery maids.
 They're brave as lions and grizzlies
 And spoiling for a fight,
 Our only kick against them
 Is, they will not do things right.

Herbert Rae.

FOUND!



MANICURE SET. (SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE) initials on case C.M.R.

SOME-WHERE

Somewhere in the future
 A Blighty waits for me—
 And I shall seek a rest cure
 In a home beyond the sea.
 With the nurses buzzing round me,
 And feeding me on sweets,
 I'll wash with soap and water,
 And sleep in linen sheets.

Maj. F. G. Scott.

"The Listening Post"

We've news to-day from the "Listening Post"
 On the far off battle line,
 And in fancy we think we can bear almost
 The cheery song and joke and toast
 In spite of the bullet and shell and mine.
 We're each of us at our Listening Post
 At this other end of the world,
 Longing and waiting and hoping the most
 For the peace that is coming through Britain's host
 When War's red banner's furled.

So think, when you're out at your Listening Post
 That we are all out at ours,
 Through the dark mist and rain or through
 Sickness or pain,
 The sun will shine after the showers.

A. S. Barton

Victoria B. C.

Sept. 14th 1915.

Out in no man's land in the crater I lay
 Close to their lines. There were voices there in the dark,
 "Good-night Fritz, good luck", I could hear them say,
 And he loomed up there for a moment, a useful mark.
 But I couldn't shoot and rouse two camps from their rest.
 Possible? Well, in a sense, but it isn't done.
 So I crouched to the ground considering which was the best,
 To stick it or call it a washout, to stay or run.

Fritz settled the matter, for down he came
 And halted by me in the darkness, knowing no harm;
 And there as he stood—it was all in the laws of the game—
 Six inches of bayonet caught him under the arm.
 And Fritz, the lusty, paused for a moment's space,
 Sat down like a man grown weary and stretched and siced,
 And quietly, decently, there in that lonely place,
 Not knowing the hand that had struck him down, he died.

So we remained till the dawn broke cold and chill,
 I staring into the darkness and listening yet,
 And I thought he seemed listening too, he lay so still,
 And I looked at the man I had killed with a vague regret,
 Till I spotted his rifle there with the snipers sight,
 And knew what devil's business my thrust had barred,
 But I'm glad it is somebody else's turn to-night
 To go-and sit out by Fritz-listening hard.

